

GORGEOUS TUCK HAMPERS FOR READERS!

The Greyfriars Herald $1\frac{1}{2}$ ^d



No. 4. (New Series).

FULL OF SCHOOL STORIES AND ARTICLES

Nov. 22, 1919.



MAGNIFICENT, LONG, COMPLETE SCHOOL TALE IN THIS ISSUE

Our Photographic Supplement

Continued on Page 19

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.

STICK IT, CHARLIE!

SNIPS FROM THE FILMS



SEND US YOUR SNAPS

Popular Charlie Chaplin puts on the padded mitts with Ed. Lewis, but does not make his usual big "hit." He has decided that "discretion is the better part of valour."

ROPE STUNTS!



In a new play Douglas Fairbanks has to throw a few lariat tricks, and is here seen practising the difficult art.

PALS!



How often can it be said, particularly by cavalymen, cow-punchers and others who have to spend much of their time in the saddle, that a man's best pal is his horse. The splendid little picture above shows the clever cinema star, Wm. S. Hart, with a pal he has often acted with in his best photo-plays—a pal whose intelligence and loyalty he can always depend on.

FINE HERRING!



Whilst enjoying a holiday off the coast of Florida, William Farnum caught the tarpon shown above. It weighed 253 lbs.

The Staff



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The Greyfriars Herald



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Occasional Contributors from GREYFRIARS

Occasional Contributors from Other Schools

Editorial

By Harry Wharton.

THE VERDICT!

At last I am able to give my reader-chums some idea of the reception which was accorded to THE GREYFRIARS HERALD on its reappearance. By every post letters have come pouring in, and the vast majority of them have been letters of praise. One reader contented himself with sending a postcard bearing the words, "Simply top-hole!" A brief, but satisfying verdict this—a verdict which has been re-echoed by many thousands of boys and girls in Great Britain and her Colonies beyond the seas.

A POETIC TRIBUTE!

I cannot refrain from quoting in full the remarks of Miss Gladys M., of Eastbourne, who writes as follows:

"Dear Harry,—I am jolly glad you've sprung to life again. THE GREYFRIARS HERALD's great, my lad, and never may it wane! We love to follow, week by week, the bright and breezy stories. With laughter all your readers shriek, down where the southern shore is.

"Please give our kind regards to Bull, and likewise good old Inky and all the rest at Greyfriars School. We love them—what you tinkee?"

"Long may THE GREYFRIARS HERALD reign. My girlish heart most sad is to have to wait a week again for its appearance.—GLADYS.
Hats off to Miss Gladys for her poetic tribute!

THE WAIL OF THE CRITIC!

Of course, not every letter has been of a glowing nature. The following bright specimen of wit comes to hand from a person signing himself "Catchpenny" (he'll catch something else if he's not careful!):

"To Harry Wharton,—Sir, I don't approve of THE GREYFRIARS HERALD, and I don't approve of you! The HERALD would have been a very good paper if you had published my series of articles on birds'-nesting. Instead of which you go and shove in a lot of tommy-rot, and I sincerely hope you come a cropper!"

The hope, friend "Catchpenny," is mutual. Your article on birds'-nesting was deservedly chucked out. Beware lest you share a similar fate!

HARRY WHARTON.



DICK PENFOLD



MURREE SINGH



BILLY BUNTER



TOM MERRY



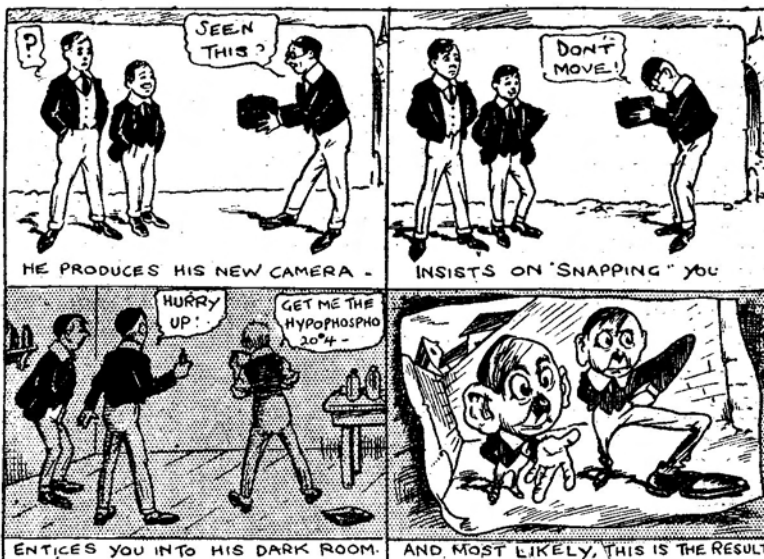
JIMMY SILVER



ARTHUR A DARC'Y

Our Weekly Cartoon.

Specially Drawn by FRANK NUGENT



HE PRODUCES HIS NEW CAMERA.

INSISTS ON 'SNAPPING' YOU

ENTICES YOU INTO HIS DARK ROOM.

AND, MOST LIKELY, THIS IS THE RESULT.

No. 4. "TYPES WE MEET."

OUR PHOTOGRAPHER.

Let this story in pictures be a lesson to those readers who intend to enter for our grand Photographic scheme. We absolutely bar efforts such as are shown in our fourth picture!



My Weekly Interview.

This week :

Jimmy Silver

at Rookwood in the middle of the afternoon (it was a half-holiday), and, in spite of the notice on the school gates to the effect that no dogs were admitted, I was allowed to enter.

As I passed through the quadrangle, three sallow-faced youths approached me.

"Would you be so good as to direct me to Jimmy Silver?" I asked.

"I'm Silver!" said the youth in the middle.

"What's the little game, Peele?" asked one of his companions, nudging him.

I became suspicious.

"Look here," I said, "if you're Silver, as you say, why did this fellow address you as Peele?"

"Because, my son, my name happens to be James Peele Silver, and I'm generally known by my second name."

"Oh!"

"And who are you when you're at home?"

I produced my card, showing that I was the special representative of "The Greyfriars Herald."

The trio made me a sweeping bow. "This is indeed a great honour!" said the fellow who claimed to be Jimmy Silver. "Come along to the study, and we'll entertain you!"

"Yes, rather!" said the other two.

I must confess I was very disappointed in Jimmy Silver. I had heard him described as a decent-looking fellow; whereas, the merchant who now escorted me through the quad had a face like a hatchet.

However, first impressions are sometimes deceptive, and I hoped I should like Jimmy Silver more after he had treated me to a jolly good spread in his study.

When we reached our destination, Jimmy Silver locked the door on the inside, greatly to my surprise.

"Why lock the door?" I asked.

"To keep the common herd from barging into this sacred apartment, of course!" was the reply. "Are you ready for tea, Mr. Reporter?"

"Rather!" I said, beaming.

TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION RESULT!

The great popularity of this novel feature has been proved by the thousands of readers who have tried their skill with No. 1. Each solution is receiving the careful attention of the judges, and it is hoped the result may be given in next Tuesday's issue. Meanwhile,

TELL ALL YOUR CHUMS

about our splendid Tuck Hamper offer and try your own hand with Competition No. 4 on page 20.

"Good! Trot out the tea, Lovell!" The fellow addressed as Lovell went to the cupboard. But instead of bringing forth a teapot, he produced a tin of red paint!

I began to get alarmed.

"Look here, what's the joke?" I exclaimed.

Jimmy Silver chuckled.

"Your face is the joke!" he said. "And we're going to make it a bigger joke still!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the other two. Then, before I knew what was happening, a noose was slipped over my head and drawn tight, pinning my hands to my sides. I struggled and kicked and yelled, but to no purpose.

"You rotters!" I roared. "Is this your idea of entertaining a guest?" "We're going to send you back to Greyfriars looking like nothing on earth!" was the retort. "Hold him down, you fellows, while I demonstrate my skill as a face-painter!"

The next ten minutes or so were very painful ones. Never, in all my long experience as a special representative, had I been so roughly handled. My chivvy was painted a flaming red, and feathers were stuck in my hair. Then my tormentors pinned a placard on my back, bearing the words:

"To Harry Wharton. Returned with Thanks."

The painful ordeal was over at last—though I knew that a far worse ordeal was in store.

"How do you think I'm going back to Greyfriars in this state?" I spluttered. "I shall be mobbed by the first set of street-urchins who spot me!"

"Your legs are free, at any rate!" said Jimmy Silver. "You can run!"

The study door was unlocked, and I was liberated—though it was like passing out of the frying-pan into the fire.

The laughter of those heartless beasts followed me as I ran through the quad and set off in the direction of the village.

What would have happened to me eventually goodness only knows, had I not chanced to meet a party of Rookwood fellows just outside the railway station. They shook with laughter when they saw me, of course. I don't suppose they could help it, for I must have looked a funny sort of freak. But one of them—a nice-looking chap—severed my bonds with his penknife, and escorted me to a place where I could remove the feathers and red paint.

"I—I'm awfully obliged to you!" I said. "You've saved my life! I should have been lynched as soon as I got inside a railway carriage! Would you mind telling me your name?"

The reply knocked me all of a heap. "I'm Jimmy Silver!"

And then it turned out that this fellow was the genuine article, and that, on arriving at Rookwood, I had fallen into the hands of the Philistines.

I had a long chat with Jimmy Silver and Co. near the railway station, but I can't stop to describe my interview in full. I'm going to have "a few words" with the editor!

"HALF A CROWN!" said the editor firmly.

"But that's all rot!" I retorted. "How do you imagine I'm going to get to Rookwood on the strength of a mouldy half-crown?"

"You can take the train—"

"Rats! That's not enough for a single fare, let alone a return! Look here, Mr. Editor, I've made out my list of expenses in advance, and you've jolly well got to pay them, or I don't go!"

And I handed over my neatly tabulated list, which ran thus:

	£	s.	d.
Return fare to Rookwood	7	6	
Luncheon basket	3	6	
Tip to porter for directing me from Coombe Station to Rookwood School	0	6	
Sundry refreshments at Rookwood	2	6	
Toffee, slabs, two of, from penny-in-the-slot machine	0	2	
Copy of "The Boys' Friend" to read en route	0	1½	
Out-of-pocket expenses	0	0½	
Total	14	4	

The editor's eyes nearly bulged out of his head.

"Fourteen - and - foupence!" he gasped.

And he kept on muttering the amount to himself, like a parrot.

I patted him soothingly on the shoulder.

"Now, don't be mean, old chap! Fourteen-and-foupence is nothing to a flourishing paper like 'The Greyfriars Herald.' It circulates all over the world—from Camberwell to the Cannibal Islands! It's read on every door-mat and in every domicile on the globe! A little sum like that can't possibly break the bank!"

All the same, it nearly broke the editor's heart to have to part with it. He handed it over eventually, and I trotted gleefully away on my mission. But I expect the editor will have the best of the bargain in the long run. He'll underpay me for writing up this interview!

To cut a long story short, I arrived

THE LAST FLUTTER!

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

OWEN CONQUEST

Author of the Famous Rookwood School Stories.



"I only want a word or two with you," pleaded Rodney, quietly. "You're going out—breaking bounds at this hour. Drake, old chap, I've come to ask you not to play the goat."

THE FIRST CHAPTER. The Letter From Home.

LETTER for you, Drake, old chap!"

Tuckey Toodles came into No. 8 Study, in the Fourth Form quarters on the old Benbow, with a letter in his grubby hand.

There were three fellows in the study: Drake of the Fourth, and Daubeny and Egan of the Shell. Drake was seated on a corner of the table, and the two Shell fellows were lounging elegantly by the window, beneath which ran the rippling waters of the Chadway.

Drake glanced impatiently at his study-mate, as he came in.

"Bother!" he answered.

"I say, the post's in, and I've brought you your letter, dear old boy," said Toodles in an injured tone. "Is that your way of thanking a chap?"

"Chuck it on the table!"

"And cut off, Toodles," said Daubeny of the Shell. "We're talkin', and you're interruptin'."

Tuckey Toodles gave a sniff.

"Talking about the odds on Brown Boy for the race on Saturday, I suppose," he remarked. "You want a prefect to come along and hear you."

"Drake, old man," yawned Daubeny. "Do you mind if I pitch your study-mate out on his neck?"

"Not at all."

"Oh, I say!" ejaculated Toodles, backing away to the door. "Look here, Drake, I've brought you a letter——"

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, cannot understand his sudden zeal for swotting and induce him to give up the idea temporarily.

"Put it on the table then, and clear."

"But ain't you going to open it?" asked Tuckey anxiously. "It's from home you know."

"How do you know, you grubby bouncer?"

"Oh, I know your mater's fist," said Tuckey. "I say, there might be a remittance in it. Your mater 'used to send you whacking remittances last term. Open it, old chap. I'll lend you my penknife."

"Give it to me."

Drake's expression changed a little as he took the letter. The talk in No. 8 study had been running on "gee-gees"; as talk generally did where Daubeny of the Shell was present. But the sight of his mother's handwriting on the envelope brought other thoughts into Drake's mind.

It was a week since the St. Winifred's fellows had gathered for the new term, on board the Benbow; and during that time, Drake had not heard from his people. And somehow or other, the new resolutions he had made on leaving home had been growing dim in his mind.

It was not exactly Drake's fault. Among his old associates, and his old associations, he had insensibly dropped into the old ways.

More than once he made an effort to settle down to work; but always something had turned up to make it unavailing.

Tuckey Toodles—keeping one eye warily on Vernon Daubeny—watched Drake eagerly with the other, as he sat turning the letter over in his hands, with the colour deepening on his cheeks.

"Open it, old top!" urged Tuckey.

"I say, old Capps has got a new lot of tarts in the canteen. I've seen them. I was going to sample them, only——"

"You had to wait for Drake to get a remittance first!" suggested Daubeny sarcastically.

"Look here, Daubeny——"

"Oh, don't worry, Tuckey," said Drake irritably, "there isn't any remittance in this letter. Cut off, and don't bother."

"But there might be," urged Tuckey. "Better look."

"Open your letter, old scout," said Daub. "We'll excuse you if you've got a fiver there, it will come in useful."

"I haven't!" muttered Drake.

He opened the letter slowly, and took out the enclosure. He glanced over it with a gloomy brow.

Tuckey Toodles watched him anxiously. Tuckey was in a chronic state of hard-up, and he had found his study-mate very generous in money matters the term before. And he did not know that circumstances had changed in Drake's home.

But the expression on Jack Drake's face told plainly enough that whatever there was in the letter, it was not a remittance.

Tuckey gave a discontented grunt. He had fagged down to the study with that letter, and evidently he had fagged for nothing. Tuckey felt that he had been "done."

"You used to have jolly good tips last term," he said.

"Oh, dry up."

"Not even a postal-order?" asked Tuckey.

"No, you grubby ass."

"Oh, rats!"

Tuckey Toodles grunted again and rolled out of the study. His interest in the letter ceased suddenly and completely.

Daubeny and Egan looked rather curiously at Drake's gloomy face, as he read the letter.

"Lectures?" asked Daubeny.

"No, no."

"You don't look very bucked."

"I'm not feeling bucked," grunted Drake.

There was a paragraph in the letter that still seemed before his eyes, as he crumpled the sheet in his hand.

"Now that our circumstances are so changed, my dear, dear boy, you can help your father, you can help me, by doing your best to win the scholarship. But you must not work too hard. I know you will keep the promise you made me; but even to help your parents, you must not overwork—you must not neglect your health."

Drake smiled bitterly.

He had not run the risk of overwork so far.

"Well, if you've finished your letter——" yawned Daubeny.

"I've finished it."

"Well, what about the little run we were planning for to-night?" asked the Shell fellow. "You'll come along to my study half an hour after lights out, and we shall be there. The boat will be waiting under the study window, and all we've got to do is to drop into it——"

"I'm not coming."

"Eh? You had as good as arranged it, when that fat noddle came in," exclaimed Daubeny.

"I can't come."

"Why not?" asked Daubeny warmly.

"It's not good enough! Look here, I'm going to work."

"Oh, give us a rest on that, old top. You gave us that and plenty of it, when we came back for the new term," said Daubeny impatiently.

"All very well for a stunt; but it's become a bore now, old chap."

"I mean it."

"Bow-wow! By the way, Drake, if you haven't had a remittance——"

"I haven't!"

"Well, I wouldn't worry you for worlds, but you know there's a little account outstanding—a few quids you know. It would come in useful at the Lobster Pot to-night."

Drake coloured scarlet.

"I can't settle to-day," he muttered.

"Well, I won't worry you, of course; between pals it's all right. But why don't you ask your people for some tin?"

"It—It wouldn't be any good."

"But a chap must have money," said Daubeny, with a stare. "You're pater's rollin' in it, and he can't want to keep you short."

Drake breathed hard. It was upon his lips to tell Vernon Daubeny the truth—that his father was a ruined man; that the horn of plenty had ceased to flow. But the words died on his lips.

He was poor—as hard up as Tuckey Toodles, whose chronic impecuniosity

was a standing joke in the Fourth Form of St. Winifred's—but the confession was too bitter, too humiliating, to the fellow who had always held his own in the most expensive set in the school.

It must come out sooner or later, he knew that; the fellows would have to know. Rodney, the new fellow, knew already; though he could be relied on to keep the secret. But—the later the better.

"I think I see!" rattled on Daubeny. "The Roman parent, what? Stern old johnny, cuttin' off supplies, to bring the merry prodigal son to reason. Dash it all, Drake, couldn't you put in a little repentance an' soften the paternal heart? Write a really good letter home—I'll help you."

Drake shook his head impatiently. "It's no good, I tell you," he muttered.

"We'll all help," said Egan. "We will, really, by gad. We'll all put our heads together, old nut, and turn out a letter that will be warranted to melt the Roman parent."

"Pathead!"

"Well, if supplies had run out for the present, all the more reason why you should make a stake on Brown Boy, if you can," said Daubeny. "Gentleman Smith, at the Lobster Pot, is your man."

"I've not got the cash to put up for one thing," grunted Drake.

"You've got pals here," answered Daubeny. "I could stand a fiver to a pal in distress. So could Egan."

"Oh, quite!" assented Egan, with a nod.

"I'm not goin' to start borrowin' money—thanks all the same."

"What rot! You used to borrow last term."

"I could square then."

"You can square now—when the Roman parent comes round! An' he'll come round—I know these Roman parents! I've been there!" said Daubeny sapiently.

Drake made no reply to that.

"Anyhow, you'll come to-night, Drake?"

"No!"

"I'll ask you again after tea," smiled Daubeny; and he strolled out of the study with Egan.

Drake kicked the door shut after them. Then he sat down to read his mother's letter again; to read it, with shame in his heart, and new resolutions forming in his mind, resolutions which he meant to keep—this time!

To Go or Not?

FIVE to one against!" Dick Rodney, the new junior in the Fourth Form, gave a start, and glanced round as the muttered words reached his ear.

Low as the tones were, he recognised Jack Drake's voice.

Rodney was sitting on a camp stool under the shadow of the poop of the old warship, with an open book on his knee. Some of the Fourth were punting a footer about on the main deck at a distance; other fellows were lounging by the rail and chaffing passing craft on the Chadway—an amusement the juniors were much given to,

when masters and prefects were not about.

Rodney's was "sapping," as Daubeny and Co. would have called it; he was polishing his Latin. Rodney did not make any secret of the fact that he had come to St. Winifred's to work—and he did what he had come for. Jack Drake had observed him more than once, with rather envious looks. He had made friends with Rodney coming down to the school, and they had agreed to work together—and if that arrangement was not kept, it was not Rodney's fault. But Drake did not observe the new junior at the present moment. He was standing with his hands in his pockets, looking away over the football ground on the bank, where some of the seniors were at practice. The muttered words fell from his lips involuntarily.

"Five to one against!" Dick Rodney coughed loudly. He did not want to overhear any of Drake's self-communications.

Drake made a quick movement, and looked round, flushing as he saw Rodney so near him. He knew at once that Rodney must have heard him.

Rodney gave him a pleasant nod.

"Oh, you're there!" said Drake.

"Here I am," answered the sailor's son cheerfully.

"Swottin' as usual?" asked Drake, with a touch of scorn.

"Exactly."

"You stick to work," said Drake.

"Mr. Packe is giving me some extra toot," explained Rodney good-temperedly. "I'm trying to make it worth his while. He's a good sort."

"He made me that offer," remarked Drake. "I was going to—but—but—dash it all, Rodney, how do you stick it? I came back to St. Winny's meaning to grind away like thunder. But—I haven't."

"You're down for the Foundation, though," said Rodney. "You'll have to grind a bit if you are going in for the exam."

"Yes, I—I'm going to. But——" Drake glanced round. There was no one quite within hearing. "I suppose you've never kicked over the traces, Rodney—a quiet old fogey like you. You wouldn't understand a fellow's position. I told you in the train—about my pater comin' a cropper——"

"I've never mentioned it."

"No, no I know you haven't. That's all right. I came down with the very best intentions in the world," Drake smiled bitterly. "And the very first night I got into the old game—banker in Daub's diggin's. I owe ten quids."

"My hat!"

"Of course, I've got to pay somehow; the fellows don't know I'm hard up. It seems almost like deceivin' them, somehow, but—but——" Drake paused. "Of course, I shall pay; only I don't quite see how at the present moment. They're good chaps."

"Are they?" said Rodney, rather drily.

"Oh, yes they've offered to lend me money if I want it. I'm not goin' to begin borrowin', though."

"I wouldn't."

"I've got to work, of course. But I've got to get clear, too. I'm not

goin' to ask my people for money. I can't! But I've got a chance—"

"Five to one against?" said Rodney, with faint smile.

"Oh, you heard me? Well, I was goin' to chuck up all that rot—make a clean sweep, you know. But—but Brown Boy runs on Saturday, and Daub's had word that it's a regular cert, and—and Gentleman Smith is willin' to lay five to one against him."

"Who on earth is Gentleman Smith?"

"A racin' chap—he hangs out at the Lobster Pot, up the Chadway, you know—he's often there. Some of the fellows go up to play billiards with him. He does a good bit in the book-makin' line. It really seems too good a chance to throw away, doesn't it? It would see me clear!"

Drake fixed his eyes on Rodney's face anxiously. Rodney's look was almost compassionate. Strong as his own character was, he could understand weakness in others. The resolution in Drake's handsome face touched him.

"My dear chap," he said quietly. "You've told me this—I suppose because you'd like to hear my opinion."

"Well, yes."

"Is this man Smith very poor?"

"Eh? No fear. I believe he's rather prosperous."

"Looks as if he's rather in the habit of winning his bets, then?"

"I—I suppose so."

"He couldn't very well live on losses, could he?" said Rodney, in a musing tone.

"N—no."

"Then if he's willing to lay five to one against a certain horse, doesn't it look as if he's pretty certain that that horse will lose. And he knows the business, if he lives on it."

Drake's brow puckered with a worried expression.

"There's a lot of chances," he said. "Even the keenest bookies get caught sometimes. Daub's had the tip from a man who knows the trainer. Brown Boy is going to be a surprise-packet on Saturday."

"For those who back him, I should say."

"Well, of course, you wouldn't know anything about such things," remarked Drake. "Naturally, you wouldn't."

Rodney smiled. If Drake wanted an opinion, the opinion he wanted was evidently one in agreement with his own.

He was about to speak again when Drake gave him a short nod, and walked away along the main deck of the Beubow. Rodney cast a rather troubled glance after him, and dropped his eyes to his book again. He liked Drake—in spite of the latter's irresolute weakness—perhaps, indeed, all the more because of it. He would gladly have stood by him and helped him; but it was impossible to help a fellow who would not help himself.

Drake moved along slowly forward, to the Shell quarters. Daubeny and Co. were chatting round the doorway of their study, and they greeted him with nods and smiles.

"You're comin' to-night?" murmured Daubeny. "All arrangements made, old top—the Lobster Pot boat

will be under my window at half-past ten."

"I've been thinking," said Drake. "Look here, you say it's a dead cert about Brown Boy."

"Absolutely a sure thing," answered Daubeny confidently. "I'm puttin' every red cent on him."

"It's queer that Smith is willin' to offer the odds."

"Simple enough—he doesn't know Brown Boy's form—it's a stable secret, an' it's been kept dead dark. If I hadn't had the tip straight from a man who knows the trainer, I wouldn't touch Brown Boy with a barge-pole."

"I suppose it's all right," said Drake slowly.

"Right as rain."

"Well, I'll come."

"Good man," said Daubeny approv-

a salve to his conscience to begin working with a view to the scholarship examination—when he was "sapping" the letter in his pocket seemed less of a reproach to him.

But he could not fix his mind upon his occupation.

In spite of himself, his thoughts wandered to Saturday's race—to Brown Boy, the rank outsider who was to romp home, to the astonishment and dismay of the professionals, and enrich the lucky few who knew that precious stable secret.

He rose at last, and walked about the study, and stared from the window upon the darkening river.

It was a relief to him when Tuckey Toodles came into the study for prep. Tuckey was in a grumbling mood.

"Supper in the study to-night, old chap?" he asked.

"Oh, rats!" was Drake's reply.



"Here's a letter for you, Drake, old chap!" said Tuckey Toodles. "It's in your mater's fist. I dare say there's a remittance in it, you know."

ingly. "Dash it all, it wouldn't be like old times without you."

Drake nodded, and walked away to his own quarters.

His conscience was troubling him a little.

His mother's letter was in his pocket; and his newly-formed resolutions were still strong within him. He meant to work—to do his duty! This was to be the last flutter—the very last! His winnings would see him clear; and then he would bid a long farewell to Daubeny and Co.'s reckless proceedings—he would keep friendly with them, but he would never again enter into the worrying and troublesome business of "geegees." If he lost!—but he would not lose. It was a sure snap; and it was to be the last time—the very last.

Still his conscience was not at ease.

He sat down at his study table, and began to go over his books. It was

Tuckey grunted.

"We haven't had supper in the study since we came back," he said.

"I say, you're growing jolly mean, Drake."

"Br-r-r-r-r."

"You know I'd stand supper if I wasn't hard up," said Tuckey warmly. "I say, you're not hard up, are you?"

"Yes," growled Drake.

"You shouldn't punt on the races, old top!" said Tuckey. "I've warned you lots of times—"

"Oh, shut up!"

Tuckey sniffed and settled down to prep. Drake followed his example; but his prep. was not well done that evening, and it was pretty certain not to satisfy Mr. Packe in the morning. But Drake could not help it. His thoughts were elsewhere, and try as he would, he could not fix them upon his work. But he told himself, hope-

fully, that when that "last flutter" was once over, he would work—he would have a mind free from care, then, and could settle down to it. For the present it had to "go."

Breaking Bounds!

DICK RODNEY woke suddenly. The Fourth Form of St. Winifred's slept in hammocks slung under the main deck; and after "lights out" it was very dark in the 'tween decks. Something had bumped on Rodney's hammock and awakened him.

"Hallo! What the dickens!—" he murmured, peering into the gloom. "Shurrup!" came a whisper.

"Hallo! That you, Drake?"

"Sorry I bumped you. Don't make a row," came Drake's hurried whisper from the darkness.

Rodney could hear his Form-fellows dressing quickly. His face was a little set in expression, as he peered down in the gloom.

"You're not going out, Drake?" he whispered.

"Don't ask questions."

Drake moved away quietly among the hammocks. He was fully dressed, and carried a pair of rubber shoes in his hand. It was not the first time the reckless lad had stolen out of the junior sleeping quarters after lights out, though it was the first time that term.

At the ladder leading to the main deck, Drake stopped, and put on his shoes. Then he crept up, and made his way forward to the Shell studies. All was dark and silent on board the old Benbow; though there were gleams of light on the river from some of the windows aft. The studies were dark and deserted; but as Drake came into the passage, there was a whisper in the gloom.

"All serene."

"That you, Daub?"

"Waitin' for you, old top."

Daubeny took hold of Drake's sleeve, and guided him into his study. Egan and Torrence became dimly visible to Drake's eyes there, standing by the window, which was open. There was a rope tied to the table, and it dangled from the window to the river below.

Drake looked out.

Below, on the swirling water, he could dimly make out the shape of a boat, with a man standing in the stern holding on to the dangling rope.

"All ready!" whispered Egan.

Torrence swung himself out, and down the rope, and dropped lightly into the boat that swayed on the calm river. Egan followed him.

Drake was about to follow, when Daubeny uttered a low, suppressed exclamation of alarm. There was a soft footfall outside the study.

"What—what—"

Drake's heart leaped, and a feeling of almost sickness came over him.

The footfall had stopped outside the study, a hand was fumbling with the door. If it was a master—or a prefect—and who else could it be, at that hour?

His heart beat almost to suffocation. To be discovered breaking bounds at that hour of the night—

A low voice broke the frozen silence.

"Are you here, Drake?"

Drake gasped with relief. It was Dick Rodney's voice.

"You!" he stammered.

"That confounded Fourth-Form cad!" muttered Daubeny, his terror changing to rage. "You sneakin' cad, what are you doin' here?"

Rodney, in his pyjamas, loomed up dimly.

"I came after Drake," he said quietly. "I thought I should find him here."

"What the thunder do you want, then?" muttered Drake.

"Only a word or two with you," said Rodney quietly. "You're going out—breaking bounds at this hour. Drake, old chap, I've come to ask you not to play the goat."

"You cheeky cad!" muttered Daubeny. "I—I'd smash you, if it wasn't for kicking up a shindy and wakin' the prefects."

"You've tried smashing me before," answered Rodney contemptuously. "You didn't find it pay, Daubeny. Try again if you like."

"Look here, Rodney!"—muttered Drake.

"Let that rotter go if he chooses," said Rodney. "It's good enough for him; it's not good enough for you. Come back to your hammock, like a sensible chap. Suppose you're missed—"

"Likely enough, with a sneaking cad prying about," sneered Daubeny.

"Won't you come back, Drake?"

"No, I won't!" muttered Drake.

"You don't understand, Rodney—I'm not exactly playin' the goat; I've really got to go. Get back to bed like a good fellow, and leave me alone."

"You won't come back?"

"No."

Drake swung himself from the window, to end the conversation. Daubeny of the Shell followed him, leaving Rodney standing alone in the cabin. The new junior looked down after them, with a rather grim face.

The four St. Winny's fellows were in the boat, and the boatman had silently pushed off from the hull of the Benbow. In the deep shadows, the boat glided up the Chadway, the oars making scarcely a sound. Rodney drew a deep breath, as the breakers of bounds disappeared into the night.

"I've done all I could!" he muttered.

And with a clouded face, he returned to his hammock.

Jack Drake sat silently in the stern of the boat, with a grim frown on his handsome face. Between brown, silent woods, the boat pulled on up the stream, and the black outline of the Benbow faded astern.

"Interferin' cad!" muttered Daubeny, referring to Dick Rodney. "He must have woke up when you got out, Drake."

"I think I woke him."

"That cheeky cad wants a lesson," said Torrence. "Look here, what price givin' him a good raggin' tomorrow. Drake can get him into his study, and we can be on hand to collar him—"

"Good egg!" said Daubeny heartily.

"Oh, quite!" came from Egan.

"Nothing of the sort," said Jack

Drake curtly. "Let Rodney alone. He's a good chap, and he means well."

"A meddlin' cad, you mean," said Daubeny savagely.

"Let him alone!" growled Drake. "He was givin' me jolly good advice, and I was a fool not to take it. Let him alone."

Vernon Daubeny's eyes glistened; but he said no more just then. The boat pulled on up the Chadway in silence.

A Merry Evening.

GOOD-EVENIN', young gents."

Young friends from St. Winifred's very cheerily. The boat had landed them at the foot of the garden, and the breakers of bounds had skulked through the shadowy trees to the verandah that ran round three sides of the Lobster Pot Inn. Mr. Smith's private sitting-room opened on that verandah, and the bookmaker was standing at the open door to welcome them in.

There was a bright fire burning in Mr. Smith's room, and there was a thick scent of tobacco in the atmosphere. The night was cold, and the fellows from St. Winifred's were glad to crowd in, and get round the fire.

Gentleman Smith eyed them rather oddly, as they warmed themselves. The sharper made a good thing, generally, out of the reckless "Bucks" of St. Winifred's, and he was always glad to see them. Daubeny and Co. were under the impression that they were "seeing life," in these little escapades. Mr. Smith was under the impression that they were making life easier for him, and helping to save him from the unpleasant necessity of doing any work. It was Mr. Smith's impression that was well-founded.

Mr. Smith passed round a box of cigarettes, and the "Bucks" were soon smoking away cheerily, and chatting on the subject of Saturday's race. Jack Drake was silent, but he listened. Mr. Smith was a gentleman with many strings to his bow—and he did a little billiard-sharpening, a little book-making, a little card-sharpening—all was grist that came to his mill. He seemed quite willing to book the bets Daubeny and Co. were eager to make, in blissful unconsciousness of the tremendous possibilities of Brown Boy.

"Five to one against is the price, gents," said Mr. Smith, "but it's only fair to tell you that that 'orse is a pretty fair outsider."

Daubeny smiled.

"I've a fancy for him," he answered.

"I'm your man, sir—I'm your man," answered Gentleman Smith. "I don't know much about the 'orse, as a matter of fact; nobody seems to know very much about him. Might turn out to be a dark 'orse, and romp 'ome," added Mr. Smith jocularly.

"Such things have happened," said Daubeny.

"Right you are, sir—and so they might agin," agreed Mr. Smith. "I'm takin' the risk."

"Fivers all round," said Daubeny, glancing at his companions.

"I'm on!" said Torrence.

"Oh, quite!" chimed in Egan.

"Drake, old man—"

Drake lifted his gloomy gaze from the fire.

"You'll have to leave me out," he said. "I'm stony!"

"Bless your heart, sir, that doesn't make any difference," said Gentleman Smith heartily. "I knows you, Master Drake, and you knows me. You give me a bit of writing, and it comes to the same thing."

Drake hesitated.

Mr. Smith was not an over trustful gentleman, as a rule; but he had known Drake as a wealthy fellow—as wealthy as Daubeny himself. More than once already he had had a "bit of writin'" from Drake, and it had always been redeemed.

Circumstances were changed now; but Mr. Smith was not aware of it. Drake hesitated. It was a sure thing. Daubeny said it was, and he had proved his own faith by laying a five on his "dead cert." And if it was a sure thing, the bit of writing was only a matter of form. But if—if there was bad luck, after all he could pay the bookmaker somehow—he was not a swindler. It would be difficult—but he could do it, somehow. But there could be no bad luck. Brown Boy was going to win on Saturday.

"Say the word, sir," said Mr. Smith, with his little book and a stump of pencil in his fat fingers.

"Done!" said Drake suddenly.

And the bet was entered.

"There's a fountain pen, sir—you just dot down that if Brown Boy don't win on Saturday, you owe me five pounds, sir," said Gentleman Smith. "You'll see me Saturday evenin' to settle."

Drake nodded.

Mr. Smith tucked the "bit of writing" carelessly into a waistcoat pocket, and lighted a cigar.

"The evenin's young yet," he remarked. "What price a round or two of poker afore we say good-night?"

"Rippin'!" said Daubeny.

Jack Drake rose.

"I'll take a turn in the garden, and wait for you," he said. "I can't play—I'm stony."

"Oh, rot," said Egan. "We'll stand you a stake."

"Sit down, Drake," said Daubeny. "Don't be crabby. We're all stony at times—and they're the times for pals to stand by one another. Borrow a couple of quids of me, and get goin'."

"I—I'd rather not."

"Rot!"

Daubeny shoved a couple of currency notes into the Fourth-former's hand, and Drake found himself sitting at the card-table with his friends.

After all, why not? he reflected. In for a penny, in for a pound. He threw other considerations to the winds, and plunged into the poker game. And his face flushed, and his eyes glistened, when he found himself the winner of a "pot" that contained seven or eight pounds. Drake had never cared much for money; had never given it much thought, in his prosperous days; but he had learned the value of it since then. For the first time in his life, he experienced now something of the fierce greed of the gambler.

He played on.

But fortune did not smile on him for long.

Gentleman Smith lost several times, and jovially smiled over his losses. But later—Gentleman Smith being dealer—each of his adversaries found himself in possession of a very strong hand, and plunged on it. And the "pot" was full of silver and currency notes. Drake was the first to pass out, beaten, when his last coin was in the pot. Egan followed suit, and then Torrence, beaten to the wide. The game remained between Vernon Daubeny and Gentleman Smith.

Daubeny's face was flushed and eager—Mr. Smith seemed to hesitate. The more he hesitated, the more Daubeny was determined to press on, and make a clean sweep of it. It was not till the buck of St. Winifred's had dropped his last currency note into the pot that he called for a show of cards, and turned up four aces and a king.

Gentleman Smith smiled, and showed a straight flush—the only hand that could have beaten Daub's. Daubeny's face was a study, as the sharper reached out to the "pot" and collected his extensive winnings. Mr. Smith's skill as a dealer had stood him in good stead.

"Oh, gad!" gasped Daubeny.

He rose rather unsteadily to his feet.

"Not goin' out?" smiled Mr. Smith.

"Another time, what—give you revenge any time, you know, gentlemen. Must you go? Well, good-night! Take another smoke before you go."

It was a subdued and chastened band of "Bucks" that skulked through the shadowy garden of the Lobster Pot towards the river. Every member of that merry circle was "broke to the wide"—and their cash reposed in the capacious pocket of Gentleman Smith. They had paid rather high for their evening's entertainment.

After they were gone, Mr. Smith stood himself a whisky-and-soda, and lighted a fresh cigar—and shuffled the cards with a smiling face—putting in a little more practice at dealing from the bottom of the pack. That was a very profitable accomplishment of Mr. Smith's.

Daubeny and Co. stumbled into the boat. The boatman came down from the inn as Daubeny whistled shrilly and angrily, and the boat pushed off with its crew of dispirited sporting-men.

"What awful luck!" groaned Egan. "Broke to the wide."

Daubeny muttered something.

"Same here! It was Satan's own luck—I thought I had him, sure. But luck must change. But—we shall be in a bad box if Brown Boy doesn't pull it off on Saturday."

"Oh, ye gods!"

Drake uttered a sharp exclamation. "Is there any 'if' about it? You said it was a cert."

"Are you goin' to whine 'if it is' ut?" sneered Daubeny. "Don't give me any of your rot now—I'm not in a mood for it."

Drake did not answer; he sat in stunned silence. If it were not a "cert" after all.—

The boat glided alongside the Ben-

bow, dark and silent in the night. Drake was the first to clamber up the rope. Without staying to exchange a word with his companions, he crept away to his own quarters. His head was aching, his heart was throbbing, as he turned into his hammock. In the next hammock, he could hear the quiet, steady breathing of Dick Rodney—on the other side, the deep snore of Tuckey Toodles. What a fool he had been! He laid his head on the pillow and tried to sleep.

THE END.

Another grand story of Jack Drake next Tuesday. Order Early

OUR PERSONAL COLUMN

(With acknowledgments to the Daily Newspapers)

By BOB CHERRY

Loid Bunter de Grunter has accepted the post of Director-General of Keyholes.

Mr. Horsey Jolliffe, of "The Cross Keys," is retiring from the Bar.

Wuu Lung has been sent to a sanatorium to get another fitted.

Mr. Horace Coker's new football pamphlet, "How to Score Goals for the Opposition," is being widely read.

Mr. Harold Skinner is nursing a swollen nose.

Mrs. Jessie Mumble evidently dislikes boys, for she refuses to give them "credit" for anything.

The Viscount Alonzo Todd will spend the Christmas Vacation at Hamwell.

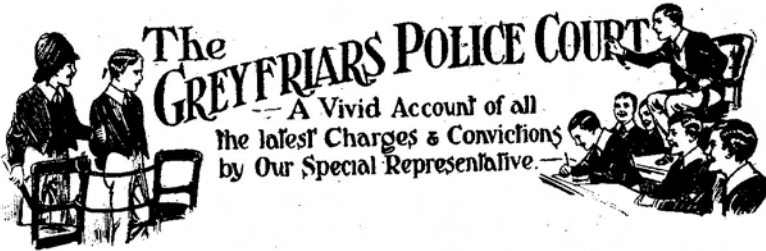
Mr. Horace Henry Quelch, M.A., is engaged upon the 259th chapter of "The History of Greyfriars," which will be published by Messrs. Waite and See in the year 2010.

Mr. William Stott, who applied for the position of "outside left" in the Remove football team, has been notified that he will be "left outside."

When fishing in Pegg Bay a few days ago, Mr. Fisher Tarleton Fish, the eminent angler, netted two small sprats, an ancient bucket, and several tons of seaweed.

Mr. Gerald Loder still visits his shady resort in Friardale, where he states he is enjoying the best of spirits.

Mr. Sidney James Snoop, the victim of a recent booby-trap, has rented the nearest bath-room for a month.



The GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

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

Statistics show that the amount of crime at Greyfriars has greatly deteriorated since last week.

Apart from a number of trifling offences, only one big case came before Mr. Justice Wharton and a special jury.

MAGISTRATE'S STRONG COMMENTS IN THE GREAT BUNTER TRIAL.

"You are not fit to associate with a blackbeetle!"

William George Bunter, against whom were 499 previous convictions, was rolled into the dock.

Mr. Robert Cherry, K.C., for the prosecution, stated that the charges against accused were as follows:—

- (1) Loitering in No. 1 Study, with intent to steal.
- (2) Listening at the keyhole of the said study.
- (3) Soliciting alms in the Close, and making false statements to the effect that he would settle when his postal-order arrived.
- (4) Borrowing, without permission, a bicycle, the property of Mr. Frank Nugent, and leaving the said bicycle, smashed to fragments, in a local duck-pond.
- (5) Making himself a general and perpetual nuisance.

P.-C. Johnny Bull, being called, gave evidence of the fact that he caught the accused hiding underneath the table in No. 1 Study. He cautioned him, and told him to mind his eye. Shortly afterwards, P.-C. Bull saw the accused tying up his bootlace outside the study door. His ear was glued to the keyhole.

Detective-Inspector Redwing then gave evidence:

"I saw the accused in the Close, your worship, seated at the foot of the School House steps. On his breast was a placard, bearing the words:

'OW! I'M BLIND!'

He asked me for a few coppers, so I promptly produced P.-C. Johnny Bull and P.-C. Morgan. He was formally charged, and remanded on bail. Whilst on remand, he borrowed Mr. Nugent's bicycle from the shed, and rode off in the direction of Friardale, dismounting at the first duck-pond. I might also add that the accused has made himself a continual nuisance."

Just as Detective-Inspector Redwing concluded his evidence, accused complained that he felt faint.

Magistrate: Give him some water, usher!

The Court usher thereupon dashed two buckets of water over the accused, who emerged from the ordeal with a powerful breast-stroke.

Magistrate (grimly): Do you still feel faint?

Accused: Yes! It—it's lack of nourishment, you know! I had no

breakfast, barring fourteen fried haddock and a dish of sausage-rolls. And my dinner was a complete wash-out. I refused a twenty-eighth helping of chicken!

Magistrate: I wonder you don't burst! Anybody got a pin? (Laughter.)

Accused: I'm so faint and famished that I really believe I'm dying!

Magistrate: In that case, you'd better dictate your last Will and Testament!

Accused: Oh dear! I—I'm about to expire! To my brother Sammy I bequeath all the things I've borrowed since I've been at Greyfriars! (Loud laughter.)

Magistrate: Where do I come in?

Accused: I'll leave you the remains of Nugent's bike, your worship! (Renewed laughter.)

Magistrate: And what do you propose to leave the gentlemen of the jury?

Accused: They can each have a lock of my hair.

Magistrate: And would you like any flowers placed on your grave?

Accused: No, your worship. Just jam-tarts—tuppenny ones!

Magistrate: Mr. Penfold, the Court poet, will doubtless write you an epitaph.

Mr. Penfold: How would this do, your worship?

"Here lies the lean and wasted frame
Of Bunter, W. G.,
Who starved because he only ate
Sufficient tuck for three!"

Magistrate: Splendid! Help yourself to three-halfpence from the Poor Box!

Mr. Cherry: I rise to a point of order. This is a Court of Justice, your worship—not a pantomime!

Magistrate: Indeed! Judging by my learned friend's countenance, it is a freak museum! (Loud laughter.)

Mr. Alonzo Todd, K.C., then rose.

Magistrate: Further evidence of the freak museum! (Laughter.)

Mr. Todd: I am instructed by my corpulent client to plead guilty on all points. The various offences, however, were committed under extreme provocation—

Mr. Cherry: Go and eat coke!

Mr. Todd: The price of that commodity being what it is, I fear that I cannot obtain a sufficient quantity for mastication. With regard to Mr. Bunter, I feel convinced that his criminal instincts are due to heredity and environment—

Mr. Tom Dutton (indignantly): Do you suggest that we're a set of criminals in No. 7 Study?

Mr. Todd: My dear Dutton, you misunderstand—

Mr. Dutton: Underhand, are we? My hat! I'll jolly soon show you!

Mr. Todd: Alas! my dear fellow! Your unfortunate affliction—

Mr. Dutton: Conviction, eh? Convict your grandmother! If you say another word, I'll pulverise you!

Mr. Todd: My feelings, dear Dutton—

Mr. Dutton: I've been stealing your mutton, have I? Great pip! Take that—and that—and that!

(Leaping on to the Bench, Mr. Dutton proceeded to commit assault and battery upon the learned counsel.)

Magistrate: Order, there—order!

Mr. Todd: Oh, by dose!

Magistrate: Chuck them out of Court!

(Detective - Inspector Redwing, assisted by P.-C. Johnny Bull, succeeded in separating the aggressor and the aggressed, who were violently ejected amid cries of "Good-bye, Bluebell!" and "Mind the step!")

Magistrate: I won't trouble the jury to consider their verdict, because tea's ready in No. 1 Study, and I'm dying to get to it. You, Bunter, are hereby found guilty on all five charges. You are a fat, greedy, and good-for-nothing porpoise! You are not fit to associate with a blackbeetle! Shake him, usher!

Accused: Yow! Groooh! Yarop-ski!

Mr. Cherry: He seems to be of foreign extraction, into the bargain!

Magistrate: Quite right. He is a spy. These pests must be stamped out once and for all. You, Bunter, will be shot at dawn!

Accused: Yaroooooh!

Magistrate: The firing-party will consist of the gentlemen of the jury. Mr. Vernon-Smith will provide the pea-shooters, and Mr. Peter Hazeldene will see to the ammunition.

Mr. Vernon-Smith: What shall we do with the body, your worship?

Magistrate: It will be conveyed to the headquarters of the Royal Air Force, for use as a kite-balloon.

Accused appealed wildly for mercy. P.-C. Bull gave him two helpings—one on the nose, and one on the right ear. Accused was then rolled into the dungeon to await his doom.

REPORTS IN BRIEF.

Master George Tubb was charged with being an absentee from fag service.

His commanding officer, General Sir George Wingate, gave evidence against him.

Magistrate: I can't be bothered with this sort of thing. You must settle your differences out of Court.

Master Samuel Tuckless Bunter was charged with exceeding the feed limit.

P.-C. Bull, giving evidence, said: He was recklessly driving a bag of jam-puffs into his mouth, your worship.

Magistrate: This is not the first offence. Accused will be fined two penny stamps, with costs.

There were other minor charges, to which his worship refused to listen, the Court usher having announced that the kettle was boiling in No. 1 Study.

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

Stinging!

Frank: I say, you fellows, why is old Quelch like a bee?
 Bob: Well, what's the answer?
 Frank: They both give whacks (wax), of course!
 Sent in by A. Azzaro, 19, John Street, Brighton.

Naturally!

Visitor: Why does your baby brother cry so much, Tommy?
 Tommy: I reckon if you had no teeth and all your hair was off, and your legs so weak you couldn't stand on 'em, you'd feel like crying, too!
 Sent in by F. R., Crewe. (Full name and address wanted.)

Going One Better!

Egyptian: Ah, you have no wonderful hieroglyphics, no mysterious inscriptions, no undecipherable relics of an ancient literature whose secrets the wise men of the ages have tried in vain to discover.

Englishman (humbly): No, we haven't any of those things, I admit, but what about our railway timetables?

Sent in by H. W. Oakley, 21, Silverbirch Road, Erdington, Birmingham.

MADE HER (S)CREAM!



FOND MOTHER: "What is it, darling?"

DARLING: "Willie said I wasn't drinking the milk right. So I let him show me. Boo! Hoo!"

Quite Excusable!

Waiter (to guest who has been waiting a very long time): Did you ring the bell, sir?

Guest: No, I was tolling it. I thought you were dead!

Sent in by H. W. Oakley, 21, Silverbirch Road, Erdington, Birmingham.

Of Course!

Dear Editor,—I am glad to hear that my nephew, William Bunter, is so interested in football. Could you inform me his position?—Aunt Rebecca.

Answer: Left outside!

Sent in by E. Little, Front Street, Alston, Cumberland.

The Relic!

Englishman: That's a fine axe you got there, Pat.

Irishman: Shure, that axe once belonged to George Washington, and it has only had four new handles and five new heads since, begorrah!

Sent in by B. Higton, Lower Road, Meriden, near Coventry.

Correct!

A teacher once asked a little boy of what the surface of the earth consists, and received the answer: "Land and water, sir." To impress the fact on the pupil's mind, the teacher then turned the question about: "What, then, does land and water make?" Quick as a flash came the reply: "Mud, sir!"

Sent in by S. Wright, 162, Heyworth Street, Everton, Liverpool.

CHEESE IT!



"George, George! The mouse trap's gone off."

GEORGE: "All right, Ma. It won't hurt for five minutes."

Too High!

Teacher: Now, Johnny, when you are singing "Hark, the lark," why don't you sound the "H"?

Johnny: Please, sir, there's no "H" in music; it only goes up to "G."

Know This One?

Bubble: When is a boy not a boy?

Squeak: Give it up!

Bubble: When he falls into a river and comes out dripping!

Very Moving!

The old lady was over eighty, and for the first time in her life she went to the "movies."

"How did you enjoy yourself, mother?" asked her daughter.

"Oh, pretty fair considering," was the reply, "but I doubt I'm getting deafer than I used to be, for it's a fact I never heard a single word they said the whole time!"

OUR FOOTBALL COLUMN

Conducted by Our Sports Editor
 H. VERNON-SMITH

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Famous celebrities—and others—have been asked to contribute reports on the Remove's recent matches. This week's report will prove a source of amusement—except to the fellow who wrote it!—H. V.

GREYFRIARS REMOVE v. ROOKWOOD.

By Harold Skinner.

I was smoking a Flor de Turnip in the sanctity of my study, when I received an urgent message from the Editor of "The Greyfriars Herald," requesting me to write a report on the match with Rookwood, which was about to take place.

Balancing the stump of my cigar on the mantelpiece (for future consumption), I hurried, as quickly as shortness of breath would permit, to Little Side.

The teams were lining up for the fray. My money was on Jimmy Silver and Co., every time! I saw at a glance that they would make mince-meat of the puny Remove team.

Of course, if I had been playing for the Remove, it would have been different. (Oh, of course!—Ed.)

The Rookwood forwards went away with a rush. Great was my delight when Johnny Bull was knocked head over heels by a hefty shoulder-charge. Greater still was my joy when Jimmy Silver, charging up with great impetus, was hurled into the net, taking with him Bulstrode, the goalie, and the ball!

"Goal!"

Rookwood were leading. Oh, what bliss! I nearly forgot my unfinished Flor de Turnip in my delight.

Ten minutes later, Rookwood scored again. I could have hugged myself. (We'll hug you all right, later!—Ed.)

After this, Rookwood simply swamped the Remove players.

When they had scored half a dozen goals, Jimmy Silver and Co. slowed up. They didn't want to pile on the agony too much. They just strolled around the field until the end of the match, discussing the weather.

Most of the spectators were heartily glad when the final whistle put an end to the sorry exhibition.

The Remove eleven played exceptionally well, barring Wharton, Cherry, Nugent, Bull, Hurree Singh, Squiff, Linley, Peter Todd, Bulstrode, Redwing, and Vernon-Smith. These were the most hopeless set of duds who ever disgraced a football field.

I hope I shall never be called upon to report a Remove match again. (You can set your mind at rest; you won't!—Ed.)

My rooted opinion is that Wharton and Co. are absolutely no good at footer. (But we are experts in the time-honoured pastime of "bumping," and you, Master Skinner, are going to get it in the neck! Kindly arrange to provide your own ambulance!—Ed.)

THE RED MAN'S TRAIL

A stirring serial story dealing with adventures amongst Redskins

By Mr. PAUL PONTIFEX PROUT

(Master of the Fifth Form)

READ THIS FIRST.

Kit and Joe Desmond, two British boys whose father is a prisoner in the hands of the Redskins, are accompanying a convoy of emigrants across the prairies. Towards nightfall, 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. During the night, by means of a Redskin's dress and some phosphorus, Uncle Baldy, a leader with a taste for fighting and chemistry, manages to create a panic in the Indian camp whilst Kit and the others secure some water.

Now Read On.

THE water which Baldy and the boys had gained from the spring brought new life to the camp.

The waiting children, tormented by thirst in their narrow dug-out in the little fort of flour sacks, were served out with a needed and satisfying ration of water which they drank eagerly. Then they went to sleep.

The ox killed by the stray Indian bullet was flayed and cut up.

Its meat was tough enough, for the poor brute had been toiling over the prairies for months. But it was fresh, and Silas Cobb had intended to kill an ox in any case rather than allow his following to aggravate thirst by eating salt meat or bacon, which formed their chief provision.

There was enough firing amongst the waggons to keep up a good fire, and the ox was roasted there and then in great joints and steaks.

And the boys realised how hungry they were now that their thirst was satisfied.

All was quiet now. The Redskin attack on the camp seemed rather a dream than reality as they gathered round the camp fire, eating barbecued ox, roasted in the flames on a ramrod, with hard biscuits for bread.

It seemed almost impossible to imagine that only a few hundred yards from them the Redskins were camped, watching them as a vulture watches its dying prey, and that, on the morrow, they would have to fight Redskins at the rate of thirty to one.

They had but a shadowy chance of coming through alive. But these reckless pioneers laughed and joked over their roasted steaks and hard biscuits as though they were making a picnic.

The fight had been wonderful. Thanks to Baldy's rockets and fire-



It was Black Snake, Paramount War-Chief of the Arrowheads, who was bringing up his hosts against the Palefaces.

works the Redskin attack had been completely stayed off, only one man had been wounded and the ox killed.

And the wounded man who had been shot through the shoulder was sitting there by the fire, laughing and jesting and eating his brother casualty, the ox, as cheerfully as the best of them, whilst he arranged to fire from his sound shoulder in the fight of the morrow.

Of such stuff as this were the hardy pioneers of the Far West, and when the night supper was over, the boys rolled into their blankets and slept as calmly as they had ever slept in their beds at home.

They did not realise the odds against them. Their first venture in Red Indian warfare had turned out a glowing victory, and they had infinite faith in their companions.

Baldy rolled them in their blankets, tucking them up as though he were a nursemaid.

"Ye've done very well, you British Johnny Bulls!" said he. "Now sleep as well as ye've done an' I'll call ye if the Redskins get on the move!"

Teekoopi, the Laughing Shadow, did not lie down to sleep. He crouched down nursing his knees and staring out into the darkness towards the camp of the Redskins from whom he had escaped before his disguise had been torn off him.

Teekoopi was never seen to smile, and seldom seen to sleep.

His solemn eyes turned with affection upon these two Paleface boys as he watched over them.

"Me like—a Kit!" muttered Laughing Shadow. "Me like—a Joe. Me all same Paleface. My grandma Paleface lady!" added Laughing Shadow to himself.

Which was perfectly true. It was the strain of white blood in his veins which called Laughing Shadow to a deep and lasting friendship with the two boys which was to remain with them all their lives.

A Black Outlook.

THERE was no stir in the night. The boys slept on till the rising sun was casting long shadows on the prairie, its warming beams rolling up the light ground mist like a curtain.

There was no doubt that it was going to be a hot day. The cobalt-blue tint of the cloudless sky showed that. And Baldy pointed to the numbers of little sun beetles which were crawling in and out of the fissures and cracks in the parched earth.

"When you see them beetles running about that lively, boys," he said. "'tis a sure sign th' day's gwine to be a smoker. We'll be frizzling like steaks on a hot plate by noontime.

A curious truce had fallen between the two camps of Paleface and Red Indian.

Behind the willows by the Deer Springs, where the lodges were pitched, straight, blue columns of smoke were rising from the cooking fires of the Redskins. The Indians had carried away their dead, save those which had fallen close to the waggons, and these Silas Cobb had caused to be buried in the night.

Uncle Baldy, regardless of a chance shot from the Indian camp, marched boldly out to the grave of the buck whose account he had settled with his bomb; and laid the head-dress, tomahawk, and scalps of the deceased warrior on the little mound, together with a couple of biscuits, a calumet and tobacco pouch, so that the spirit of the departed should have something to eat and smoke on his way to the happy hunting grounds.

The Redskins did not shoot at Uncle as he performed these offices, though their ugly copper-coloured faces were watching him through the screen of the willows.

Perhaps they had not recovered from the shock of the luminous spirit of the previous night and were glad that Uncle Baldy should do anything that might cause this restless warrior to stop quiet in his grave.

Whilst the boys had slept, Silas Cobb

and his convoy riders had not been slow to increase the defences of the camp. Silas Cobb had listened to the counsel of Uncle Baldy and proved that he was a man born before his time, for not only had he planned a dug-out in the little fort in the centre of the circle of the waggons, but he had strengthened this fort with the whole of the contents of the waggons.

Flour sacks and beef barrels, furniture and all sorts of gear were built into the walls of this queer defence. The waggons were stripped of their contents.

And from the circle of waggons, there projected into the prairie, a series of zig-zag trenches and listening posts, representing on a small scale the fortifications which were to come later into use in trench warfare.

Uncle Baldy was leaving nothing to chance for he knew that the Redskins were only waiting for reinforcements to take their revenge for the defeat of the previous night. And Uncle Baldy did not underestimate his old enemy, Black Snake, Paramount War Chief of the Arrowhead Nation of the Navajoes.

Uncle Baldy knew that Black Snake had long been looking for him and that his death if he fell into Black Snake's grip would be protracted and painful.

But this did not diminish Uncle Baldy's cheerfulness as he went about his work of completing the defences of the laager of waggons.

Uncle Baldy kept the boys busy making bombs which were simply bottles filled with gunpowder, and tightly bound with raw hide so that when they burst, they would burst with deadly effect. And quite a number of these bottles of lightning were put up during the course of that long, hot morning; during which the sun blazed down mercilessly on the waggons and the air over the prairie shimmered with the heat.

Everyone was thirsty again now. All the little supply of water that was in hand must be kept for the children, the women, and the wounded.

The patient oxen lowed now and then miserably.

These were kept in their yokes and were staked down to the ground. The poor brutes were suffering intensely from thirst, and they knew—as well as the men—that only a few hundred yards away was water.

"They kin smell the water!" said Uncle Baldy. "An' we can keep them picketed for so long. But there'll come a moment when nothin' on earth will hold them oxen, an' they'll stampe for yon waterhole into the camp of the Redskins."

The boys went round the oxen with a little of the precious fluid, wetting the muzzles of the poor brutes and giving them, in this fashion, a little relief.

Then, just before noon, Baldy—who had been gazing doubtfully towards the western horizon for some time—climbed up on top of a waggon tiit and gazed over the parched prairie.

He climbed down again pretty quickly for several puffs of smoke from the willows were followed by the chirrup of Redskin bullets.

But Baldy had seen all that he

wanted to see. In fact, he had seen rather more than he wanted to see, for, away to the west, a huge cloud or pillar of dust rose in the sky betokening the advance of the Navajo host.

"The cirkis is now 'bout to begin boys. Hvar comes me old friend Black Snake—and I know well that either I'm gwine to get Black Snake, or Black Snake he's gwine to get me!" said Uncle.

Nearer and nearer drew that ominous cloud of dust along the low ridges of the prairie.

It rolled up into the sky in a huge white cloud which looked for all the world like the dust and smoke cloud of some vast explosion.

For fifteen hundred Indian warriors mounted on ponies, followed by baggage ponies and camp followers and squaws, counted up altogether to a

But Baldy only laughed.

"'Tis like th' head on the famous Redskin plug tobacco." said he, drawing a cake of this luxury from his pocket and cutting off a chew with his pocket knife. "There you are, boys!" said he. "You'll never see more Redskins together than you see there comin' along the ridge. I dessey you've heard a rare lot o' the noble Red Man over there in England. Party called Fennimore Cooper, used ter write a lot o' books about him. But this is the real Joe Blake comin' along th' ridge thar!"

It was a wonderful procession, full of sparkle and movement that drew along the ridge a mile away in a seemingly endless column.

At first the boys were just a little bit disappointed by the sight of the Redskin host. They had always imagined Redskins, riding at full gal-



Suddenly putting his mount to full speed, the great War Chief raced down on the apparently helpless Uncle Baldy.

procession of over two thousand people.

The boys saw the head of the column advancing along the ridges, and something like a gasp of wonderment went up from the convoy as the cloud of fine white clay dust which hovered over the column to the height of nearly a thousand feet, by some freak of air currents took the shape of a Redskin's head.

Some of the convoy riders looked scared at this phenomenon. Like many men who live in constant contact with Nature they were superstitious and the towering shadow of the Red Man was to them a portent.

The strange shape had also been noted from the Redskins' camp, for it was greeted with loud whoops and yells of triumph as though it were significant of coming victory over the Palefaces.

lop on fine steeds. But this mob, ambling along in a straggling column, looked more like a huge gathering of gipsies than an armed force.

And Kit remarked as much.

"Why it looks like a gipsy caravan!" he exclaimed.

"That's just what it is!" replied Uncle Baldy, shaking his head. "Yonder are the gipsies of America. Have a good look at 'em, boys!" he added. "If you live through this day, you've seen the end of one nation, and the beginnings of another. In fifty years the sons o' those Injuns will be tame an' goin' to school. They'll be lawyers an' doctors an' some of 'em will be keeping peanut stalls and candy stores and maybe some of 'em will be ridin' in a circus makin' believe to be doin' what they are goin' to do in reality to-day."

The column came along slowly; for

it had made a long forced march in answer to the signal fires of the night before.

The rough, shaggy, bow-nosed Indian ponies were nothing to look at, but wonderfully hardy on such marches as these.

They came along, but slowly, their tired hoofs kicking up the vast cloud of dust which hid the tail of the huge column in a sort of fog.

And, at the head of the column rode a figure, at the sight of which Baldy woke up with sudden interest.

It was a commanding figure, evil and sinister, a chief in full warpaint, feathered from head to foot, and sitting proudly on a steed that stood several hands higher than any of the Indian ponies of the mob, or staff, of lesser war chiefs who followed at his heels.

The hideous face was barred across with streaks of black and vermilion paint.

Even at this distance, the boys could see the outline of the flat snake-like forehead and the high cheekbones of that cruel copper-coloured face.

It was Black Snake, Paramount War Chief of the Arrowheads, who was bringing up his host against them.

"That's him!" said Uncle Baldy proudly. "And don't he look the real Bad Man, too! It's Black Snake himself, and he's out for business! You are goin' to see a fight, boys, as good as them battles of Applegate and Cresser where your Prince o' Wales chased old Boneypart round the field an' roped him off his hoss, an' took his golden armour off him, and afterwards invited him to supper. I've read all about it in your history books. And that's long ago—long afore we beat you Britishers at Bunker's Hill!"

The boys were delighted by Uncle Baldy's renderings of English history, which were wild and woolly as the West itself.

Chaffing Uncle Baldy, who was trying to tell them that "Julius Snoozer" fought the Battle of Hastings, and cut off King Charles's head, they watched the Indian host as it drew round them, occupying a vast semicircle on a ridge of the prairie, overlooking the laager.

Black Snake was in no hurry to attack. This was evident. He had doubtless learned of the repulse of the war party and its heavy losses, and he preferred rather than to fight, to let his dread ally, thirst, play its part in the fray.

The convoy riders stood to arms through that terrible noontide, each man at his post ready for a rush from that swarm of Redskins gathered on the crest of the great semicircular hill.

But the Redskins showed no signs of attacking. They had lit their fires along the low ridge and were cooking a meal of dried buffalo meat.

The besieged could see the elder men grouped smoking in their calumets a mixture of willow bark and of Paleface tobacco.

Uncle Baldy soon began to get bored with this sort of thing.

"Redskins is an ordinary lot o' varmints!" said he. "Never want to fight excep' from behind a rock or a hedge or at the rate o' thirty to one. That's th' Noble Red Man all the time! But it's that Black Snake, I'm

lookin' for. I've got one up against Black Snake. 'Twas he that burned my homestead on the Chattanooga River an' murdered my little family—my li'l Bill, cutest li'l chap ye ever saw!"

And the tears came into Uncle Baldy's eyes as he thought of the tragedy that had ruined his life, and had sent him forth a wanderer on the face of the earth vowed to kill every Navajo he might meet with.

Uncle Baldy dashed the tears from his eyes with the back of his hand.

"I'll kill a few more o' the varmints afore they get me!" he muttered. "But it's you Black Snake I want to get!"

And it was in this period of waiting, whilst that sullen Redskin host, encamped gazing stolidly on their prey, that Uncle Baldy's great idea came to him.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon that a young war chief came galloping out of the Indian lines towards the Paleface waggons shouting a challenge to single combat to any Paleface who would come out and meet him.

But the challenge was not taken up.

It was plain that Black Snake was not going to attack that afternoon.

"Wah!" he had exclaimed in the War Council. "Why pull the fruit from the tree when it is ready to fall into our hands! These Palefaces lack water. With the rising and setting of two suns they are ours. Let the young braves who howl for blood bide their time. They shall have blood, and enough. Men, women and children—all shall die!"

And Black Snake, a fine figure in his blankets, seated himself on the rising ground and looked down at the rich booty of waggons and scalps which awaited him.

Black Snake was an old and wily warrior. Naturally more cautious and cunning than the average Indian war chief, he had no intention of wasting the lives of his young braves in attacking this convoy. He would enjoy a form of torture that pleased him more than mere killing and scalping.

He would watch these hated Palefaces, till driven mad by thirst, they would break through their own defences and rush for the water.

Then he and his horde would rush down on them in overwhelming numbers and would blot them out.

But Black Snake had not reckoned with Uncle Baldy.

Uncle Baldy had had a consultation with Silas Cobb. A few minutes later he stripped off his shirt, took the hobles off his old horse and rode forward out of the laager.

Uncle Baldy was unarmed. In his mouth was his pipe. In his hand was a bottle of fire-water of the Palefaces. He reeled in his saddle unsteadily, and taking the pipe from his mouth, appeared to be drinking from the bottle.

There was a dull gleam in Black Snake's eyes as this Paleface rode forth in the face of his host, yelling to him to come out and fight.

Uncle Baldy, rolling in his saddle, rode to within arrow shot of that great host of Redskins.

It seemed that he could hardly sit his horse at all.

The Redskins did not fire at him. By their unwritten code, it was the time for challenges for single combat.

But this mad white man who rode unarmed along the front of their host was asking to be murdered.

He could hardly sit his horse, yet he was taunting him by every possible insult in the Navajo tongue.

"Come forth, Black Snake. Squaw man! Woman heart! Slayer of children!" yelled Uncle Baldy.

And Uncle Baldy knew how to touch up Black Snake. He reminded him how he had been beaten in a fight with a handful of the famous Dandy Fifth—the Fifth United States Cavalry—recently, and how he had escaped, only by an act of treachery against his own nephew, whom he had betrayed into the hands of the Palefaces to save his own skin.

This was a home thrust. There was a strong party for that nephew in Black Snake's own following and he could not let the insult go unpunished.

He rose slowly from the pile of buffalo robes on which he was seated and called to an under chief to bring him his horse. He would go out and kill this mad Paleface with his own hand and take his scalp.

There was no particular courage required for this act. To all intents and purposes Uncle Baldy was simply asking for trouble.

He rolled in his saddle shouting for Black Snake to come out and have his head crushed.

Black Snake had accepted the challenge. He disdained to carry anything more than his tomahawk to cut down this insolent roysterer. It was not to be a combat but chastisement.

And, slow and stately, Black Snake rode out from the silent Indian host towards the spot where Uncle Baldy, reeling and rolling in his saddle, awaited him.

Black Snake was a magnificent figure in his full war-dress, and an evil figure also, as he trotted his horse out on to that vacant No Man's Land, and suddenly putting his mount to full speed, raced down on the apparently helpless and drunken Uncle Baldy.

The boys gasped as the war chief raced down on their friend, who, as far as appearances went, was trying to smoke a pipe and to drink out of that bottle at the same time.

But as Black Snake gave forth his war-whoop and swung his tomahawk, the bottle fizzing sparks and smoke left Baldy's hand, and Black Snake disappeared in a burst of flame and a puff of blue smoke, followed by a report which echoed across the prairie like the report of a cannon.

Then, a draggled bunch of feathers, he fell from his horse which raced back into the Indian lines, leaving Black Snake limp and lifeless in the arena.

For a moment the Indian host stood silent and appalled. That bottle of fire-water was fire-water indeed!

Black Snake was dead, and Baldy was avenged for that little golden-haired scalp that adorned the belt of his dead enemy.

Next Tuesday's wonderful instalment of this story is full of the most exciting incidents. You must not miss a single line of it. Order "The Greyfriars Herald" in advance, and tell your boy and girl chums all about it.—Editor.

RACKE'S RUSE!

A complete story of St. Jim's—specially contributed to "The Greyfriars Herald."

By REGINALD TALBOT.



"Get up and 'ave some more!" said Bill Bodger, prancing over his victim. But Grundy remained seated on the floor in a dazed condition, wondering why the stars had suddenly appeared in the day.

I.
HANG him!"
 Aubrey Racke, of the Shell, was feeling sore—mentally and physically. His nose—Racke prides himself on his aristocratic nose—looked anything but aristocratic now, as he paced up and down in his study. It was swollen almost double, and it was likely to retain its bulbous appearance for some days.
 "Hang him!" muttered Racke again.

The fellow he wanted to hang was Grundy.
 It was George Alfred Grundy who was responsible for the condition of Racke's nose.

Grundy's a chap whom it is unsafe to insult, unless you happen to be a jolly good fighting-man. Even then the odds are that you will get in the way of his fist, and Grundy's fist resembles a battering-ram.

The row between Racke and Grundy had arisen out of a very small thing. Rows generally do.

Grundy had dashed along the Shell passage as if he were out to beat the hundred yards record, and he had met with resistance en route, in the form of Racke. The latter was sent spinning against the wall. And then the following heated dialogue had ensued:

"Can't you look where you're going?"

"Sorry!"

"Blow your sorrow! You've made me bark my shins on this confounded wall!"

"More fool you for getting in the way!"

"You're a clumsy ass, Grundy!"

"Eh?"

"And a thunderin' silly idiot——"

"What!"

"Likewise a dashed imbecile!" That did it, of course. It was very tactless of Racke to call Grundy an imbecile to his face, whatever his private opinion of Grundy might have been.

The great George Alfred had hit out, straight from the shoulder, and his clenched fist had done the damage already referred to.

Racke had not retaliated—then. He preferred to take his revenge in his own way and in his own time.

He was tramping up and down in his study, like a caged beast, when Croke looked in.

"Hallo!" said Croke. "You look a pretty picture, and no mistake! Been trying conclusions with a steam-roller?"

Racke scowled.

"That hooligan Grundy's responsible for this!" he said.

Croke seated himself in the arm-chair.

"I'm not surprised," he said. "Grundy's always sloshing somebody or other. Did you hit him back?"

"No—but I'm going to!"

"In the gym., or behind the chapel?"

"Neither. There are other ways of hitting back besides punching a fellow."

Croke grinned.

"I can see you've got some wheeze in the back of your cranium," he said.

"Trot it out!"

For answer Racke continued to pace up and down.

After a time his expression grew less ferocious. He actually chuckled.

"I've got it!" he declared.

And, seating himself at the table, he started scribbling something on a sheet of paper.

"This ought to do the trick," he said. "It's an advertisement that I've drawn up for Grundy's benefit. I'll have it inserted in the local rag—and then there will be ructions for Grundy! I'll teach him to put my nose out of joint!"

Croke crossed over to the table, and read the advertisement which Racke had penned. It ran, as follows:

"A CHALLENGE TO PRIZE-FIGHTERS!—Those who imagine they are hot stuff with their fists are invited to try conclusions with G. A. Grundy, Shell Form, St. James's College. Advertiser offers £5 to anyone who can stand up to him for three minutes. Apply personally on Wednesday afternoon."

Croke chuckled.

"Not a bad wheeze, if it works," he said.

"Why shouldn't it work?" demanded Racke.

"Grundy will deny that the advertisement was his."

"Rate! The prize-fighting fellows will be hammering him before he has a chance to get a word in edgewise!" said Racke. "It will be ripping fun—except for Grundy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You'll keep mum about this, of course?"

"As mum as a mouse!" said Croke solemnly.

"Good! I'll pop over to Wayland on my bike, and see that this advert. goes in at once."

A few moments later the cad of the Shell was skimming along the frosty road.

And George Alfred Grundy was taking his ease in his study, blissfully unconscious of the fate in store for him.

II.

"MY hat, what an awful-looking specimen!"

Tom Merry uttered the exclamation.

It was Wednesday afternoon, and the Terrible Three of the Shell were standing in the old gateway of St. Jim's, waiting for the arrival of a footer team from Abbotsford.

Coming towards them was a powerfully-built fellow, with a face like a trap-door. He halted when he reached the school gates.

"Which of you happens to be Master Grundy?" he inquired.

"Not guilty, my lord!" said Monty Lowther.

"Same here," said Tom Merry and Manners together.

"Then p'raps you young gents would tell me where I can find him? My name's Bodger—Bill Bodger—as I've called to see Master Grundy on business."

The Terrible Three stared, as well they might. But their politeness forbade them from asking questions.

"Follow your uncles!" said Monty Lowther at length. "We'll lead you into the presence of the Grand Mogul!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors led the way across the Close and into the building, and Bill Bodger followed. Quite a crowd of

Shell fellows and Fourth-formers brought up the rear.

The procession came to a halt outside Grundy's study. At the same instant the door opened, and Grundy appeared. He blinked in surprise at the crowd in the passage.

"What the merry dickens——" he began.

Bill Bodger stepped forward.

"Master Grundy?" he exclaimed.

"That's me."

Bill gave a grunt of satisfaction.

"I've taken you at your word, and I've come along to earn that fiver," he said.

Grundy stared.

"Dashed if I know what you're talking about!" he said.

An ugly expression came over Bill Bodger's face.

"Ho!" he said. "Tryin' to back out, are you? I thought that's what would happen. I've tramped all the way from Wayland for nothin'. But I'll leave my mark on your ugly mug before I go! Take that!"

Grundy took it. He had no choice in the matter. Bill Bodger launched out his left, and Grundy sat down with great violence in the doorway.

"Yaroooooh!"

"Get up an' have some more!" said Bill Bodger, prancing over his victim.

Grundy declined the invitation. He remained seated on the floor in a dazed condition, wondering why the stars had suddenly appeared in the daytime.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Racke. "Pile in, Grundy! Don't be a funk, you know!"

"Get up!" repeated Bill Bodger.

Grundy gave a gasp.

"Keep him off!" he muttered. "The fellow's potty! He's an escaped lunatic!"

"Lunatic, am I?" roared Mr. Bodger. "My eye! I—I'll——"

Half a dozen fellows laid hands on the speaker, and he was swung back into the passage before he could do any further damage.

"Hold on, young gents!" he panted.

"If you'll promise not to touch Grundy again, and to get clear of the premises, we'll let you off," said Tom Merry. "If not, we'll bump you—hard!"

Bill Bodger, who was no match for a swarm of tenacious juniors, readily consented to keep the peace, and he was allowed to take his departure.

Grundy was assisted to his feet.

"Was that merchant a friend of yours?" asked Monty Lowther.

"No; I've never seen him in my life before," said Grundy. "And I don't want to see him again, either! I can't think what made him come here and start pitching into me like that!"

"He said something about earning a fiver," said Manners.

"Goodness knows what he meant by that!" growled Grundy. "I can't think what the fellow was doing outside Colney Hatch!"

The crowd was about to disperse, under the impression that Grundy's troubles were over.

But they weren't. As a matter of fact, they had only just begun!

No less than four people turned up in the course of the next half-hour. And for some reason—inexplicable to everybody save Racke and Crooke—

they all wanted to fight Grundy. They were hulking louts, and Grundy would have stood precious little chance against any one of them.

Fortunately, Grundy had a strong bodyguard, and the prize-fighting gentlemen were not allowed to get to close quarters with him. Three of them, seeing that they would get no satisfaction by remaining, tramped away in disgust.

But the fourth man was not so easily disposed of. He said that his name was Fighting Mike, and he looked as if he lived up to it, too!

"Which I'm goin' to trounce this ere Grundy!" he declared.

"Not just now, old chap," said Monty Lowther soothingly. "Run away and pick flowers."

"But he challenged me——"

"Rats!"

"Lemme get at 'im!"

But the fellows who had hold of Fighting Mike did not relax their grip. Bill Bodger had already given poor old Grundy enough to go on with, and if he fell a victim to the tender mercies of Mike there was no telling what might happen. An ambulance would be needed; that was certain.

Fighting Mike began to struggle, and he proved a very hot handful. The fellows had all their work cut out to hold him, and after a fierce tussle he tore himself free and rushed at Grundy.

Grundy had the presence of mind to dodge behind the table in his study. He managed to keep his assailant at bay until the Terrible Three seized Fighting Mike by his coat-tails and dragged him back.

And then, attracted by the disturbance, Mr. Railton came on the scene.

The Housemaster halted in astonishment.

"What does this mean?" he exclaimed. "Who is this man?"

Fighting Mike turned to Mr. Railton.

"Lemme get at him!" he repeated.

"Keep him off, sir!" pleaded Grundy.

The Housemaster surveyed Fighting Mike with stern disapproval.

"Why should you wish to attack Grundy?" he asked.

"It ain't my wish; it's 'is own!"

"What do you mean?"

"He put an advertisement in the 'Wayland Gazette,' challengin' anyone to stand up to 'im for three minutes. He promised five quid to any feller who could do it."

Mr. Railton looked amazed.

"Is that so, Grundy? Did you issue a challenge through the medium of the local paper?"

"No, sir!"

"Then a mistake of some sort has been made," said Mr. Railton.

"Kindly remove yourself from these premises at once!" he added to Fighting Mike.

Mike obeyed, though he was reluctant to take his departure.

When he had gone the Housemaster turned to Grundy.

"I will inquire into this matter, Grundy," he said. "It appears that you have been the victim of a cowardly practical joke."

The leering face of Aubrey Racke changed colour somewhat as Mr. Railton strode away.

The cad of the Shell had been so

eager to carry out his little scheme against Grundy that he had not stopped to count the cost, neither had he taken adequate precautions against being found out.

Mr. Railton went straight to the telephone in his study, and rang up the advertisement manager of the "Wayland Gazette."

"Good-afternoon," he said. "This is Mr. Railton speaking."

"Oh; yes, sir?"

"I wonder if you can recollect an advertisement being handed in to you, in the form of a challenge from a boy named Grundy?"

"I remember it quite well, Mr. Railton. It was, if I may say so, a most singular advertisement."

"Was it handed in by one of the boys?"

"Yes."

"Could you describe him to me?"

The advertisement-manager paused, as if trying to remember. Then he gave a detailed description.

"He was a boy of about fifteen, elegantly dressed, and wearing spats——"

"D'Arcy!" thought Mr. Railton, in pained astonishment.

But a further description reassured him.

"He wore the St. Jim's cap, and a flaming necktie, and his face was sallow, and not altogether pleasant."

The advertisement-manager broke off.

"Excuse me a moment, Mr. Railton. I have just remembered something. Will you hang on?"

"Yes," said the Housemaster grimly.

After a brief interval the advertisement-manager returned to the telephone.

"It is as I thought," he said.

"The boy who handed in the advertisement to which you refer dropped his handkerchief. My clerk has just handed it to me. It bears the initials 'A. R.' in the corner. Possibly this discovery will enable you to identify the boy?"

"It will," said Mr. Railton. "I am very much obliged to you."

"Don't mention it. Good-afternoon!"

"Good-afternoon!" said the Housemaster.

And he promptly sent for Racke.

The cad of the Shell strenuously denied, at first, having played that trick on Grundy, but he broke down at length under Mr. Railton's severe cross-examination, and the Housemaster reached for a cane.

"You have been guilty of a very cowardly and despicable action, Racke," he said, "and I shall punish you severely!"

Mr. Railton kept his word. He gave Racke six stinging cuts on each hand, causing him to curl up with anguish.

"Now you may go!" said Mr. Railton. "In future, Racke, you would do well to remember Shakespeare's advice: 'Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot that it do singe yourself!'"

Aubrey Racke had singled himself, with a vengeance! His revenge on Grundy had been anything but complete and crushing, and the schemer of the Shell had fared the worst in the long run.

THE END.

NOT A PAYING GAME

A screamingly funny complete story

By DICK RUSSELL



With grim expressions of satisfaction on their rugged faces, the men retired, leaving the luckless Skinner to sort himself out.

MANCHESTER UNITED," murmured Skinner.

The three Dicks—Dick Penfold, Dick Rake, and your humble servant—stared in surprise through the open doorway of Skinner's study.

"Preston North End—"
"What the thump—"
"Chelsea—"
"My only aunt!"
"Blackburn Rovers—"

We could stand it no longer. With one accord, we marched into the study.

"Great pip!" exclaimed Dick Rake, in astonishment. "What's going on in here?"

Rake had every right to ask the question, for the study which Skinner shares with Smithy was in a state of wild disorder. It looked a cross between an editorial office and a dust-heap.

Scattered about the room—on the table, on the floor, and in the fireplace—were copies of a well-known weekly periodical, called "Choice Bits."

Skinner was at work in his shirt-sleeves, cutting out coupons as if for a wager, and muttering to himself in a sort of doggerel rhyme, like this:

"This new wheeze is well worth while—
Burnley, Barnsley, Plymouth Argyle!
Dash it, I've torn one! What a pity—
Bolton, Blackburn, Manchester City!"

We could contain ourselves no longer.

"Fool!" I shouted.

"Dolt!" bellowed Dick Rake.

"Imbecile!" added Dick Penfold.

Skinner looked up at us with a pre-

occupied expression on his boot-like face.

"Run away!" he said.

"Eh?"

"Run away and pick daffodils—"

"Why, you—you—what's the little game?" stammered Dick Rake.

"I've hit it, you fellows!" said Dick Penfold suddenly. "Skinny's going in for a football competition!"

"A fat lot you know about it!" granted Skinner. "I'm doing nothing of the sort."

"What's the game, then?" we shouted, in tones of exasperation.

Skinner laid down his scissors, and chuckled.

"I'm going to be a solutionist," he explained.

"What on earth's that?" I demanded.

"Fellow who fills in coupons for other people."

"Oh!"

"It's a paying game," Skinner went on. "A cousin of mine set up in business at it in Switzerland once. He owns his own aeroplane and motor-scooter now."

"But—but why was it necessary for him to conduct his business in Switzerland?" exclaimed Dick Penfold.

"Well, they don't encourage solutionists in this country," said Skinner.

"For some reason or other, they're down on 'em. It's a lot of red-tape, of course. A solutionist is just as honest a fellow as a stockbroker or a lawyer."

"But—but it's impossible to be a solutionist and a schoolboy at the same time!" protested Dick Rake.

"Not a bit of it! A schoolboy gets plenty of spare-time, and he can turn it to good account in this way."

And Skinner resumed his task of cutting out coupons.

"How many papers have you got there?" I inquired.

"A hundred," said Skinner calmly.

"What?" shouted Dick Penfold.

"You've bought up a hundred copies of 'Choice Bits'?"

"Yes!"

"My hat!"

"And they're tuppence a copy!" said Dick Rake, in tones of awe.

"That means an outlay of sixteen-and-eightpence!"

"I shall get it all back," said Skinner confidently.

"How?"

"Well, you see, I shall put an advert. in the local paper to the effect that I'm willing to supply members of the public with football results, at a tanner a coupon."

We blinked at Skinner in growing astonishment. The fellow fairly took our breath away.

"But—but that sort of thing's not allowed!" I managed to blurt out at length.

"Rats! People who are experts at forecasting the results of footer matches often turn solutionists."

"But you're not an expert at forecasting results!" said Dick Rake. "You don't know a goalpost from a maiden over!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Skinner glared.

"My forecasts would stagger you!" he said.

"I reckon they would!" chuckled Dick Penfold.

"If you're so jolly clever at predicting correct results," I said, "why not go in for the competition yourself? Why give your forecasts away to other people?"

"Sell them," corrected Skinner.

"Why sell them, then?"

"Ahem! That method suits me best, you know."

For some moments there was silence, except for the snipping of the scissors.

"Do you expect to sell a hundred coupons locally?" asked Dick Rake at length.

"Yes, rather!"

"My hat! Then you'll make two-pounds-ten?"

Skinner nodded.

"Every week, I hope," he said.

"Ye gods!" gasped Dick Penfold.

"To think there are people about who are fools enough to rely on somebody else's forecasts! If I were going in for that competition, I should do it off my own bat!"

"Same here," I said.

"There are heaps of fools about," said Skinner, with another of his unmusical chuckles.

"And you're about the biggest, I should say!" said Dick Rake. "Come on, you fellows. We'll leave Skinner to it."

And we retired from the study.

Dick Penfold's opinion was that Skinner's latest craze would be merely a flash in the pan, and that he would soon think better of it.

But Penfold was wrong.

Skinner had been very badly bitten, and he could not get football out of his head. When Quelchy asked him, during lessons, who won the Civil War, he said, "Aston Villa, sir!" He also volunteered the surprising information that Julius Caesar landed at Chelsea.

Skinner got a hundred lines for allowing his thoughts to wander, but he didn't seem to mind. He was too absorbed in his scheme to care about such commonplace matters as lines.

After lessons, he biked over to Courtfield, and inserted his advertisement in the local paper, which was just going to press. And when we next saw him, he was grinning and rubbing his hands.

"This solutionist stunt will make me rich!" he said. "I can see myself rolling in shekels in a day or two!"

"I can't!" said Dick Rake emphatically.

Skinner was up early next morning to meet the postman. He seemed to be expecting a whole postbag of letters, but his expectations were not realised. He only got one, and that was from an old lady in Friardale, who applied for one of his coupons, but forgot to enclose a sixpenny postal-order. Skinner tore up the old dame's letter in disgust.

We didn't see much of Skinner during the next few days, for we were making preparations for a big fancy-dress ball, to be held at Greyfriars. Most of us were going to take part in the ball, and we had no time to waste on Skinner.

One evening, however, we happened to pass Skinner's study. The door was open, and we looked in.

"How's the competition stunt going?" asked Dick Rake.

"Rotten!" grunted Skinner.

"How's that?"

"I've only had six replies to my advertisement!"

"Great Scott! You mean to say you've only sold six coupons?"

"That's all."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't see anything to cackle at!" said Skinner crossly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He spent sixteen-and-eightpence, and he's only got three bob back!" chuckled Dick Penfold.

"Oh, dry up!" snapped Skinner. "You're a precious set of Job's comforters, and no mistake!"

"You might as well cry off, Skinny," I said. "Your scheme's like yourself—perfectly hopeless!"

"You wait!" said Skinner. "I might have landed a big prize for one of my half-dozen clients!"

"Rats!"

Curiously enough, the football results came out on the same evening that the fancy-dress ball was due to take place.

Whilst we were busy making the final preparations, half a dozen wrathful-looking men turned up at Greyfriars. Gosling, the porter, tried to stop them from entering the sacred precincts, but they were very determined-looking, as well as wrathful.

"Where's Master Skinner?" they clamoured, one after the other.

A number of fellows escorted them to Skinner's study in the Remove passage.

"Hallo!" ejaculated Skinner, starting to his feet. "What's all the rumpus?"

One of the men—a hefty-looking merchant—thrust his way to the fore.

"You arranged to supply me with twelve correct results for sixpence!" he said, in ominous tones.

"Well?"

"On consulting the football results in the evening paper, I find I've got one right!"

"One?" gasped Skinner. "My hat! There must be some mistake!"

"One right!" repeated the man. "Just think of it! One out of twelve!"

"And he calls himself a solutionist!" sneered one of the others.

"Shame!"

There was quite an uproar in Skinner's study.

"You told me Swindon would lose," said a third man, "and they've won by seven goals to nothing!"

"Ahem!" stammered Skinner. "It—it must have been a slip of the pen, you know!"

"Slip of the pen, be blowed! You're a twister, that's what you are! Down him, mates!"

"Here, hands off!" protested Skinner, as the six men moved towards him in a menacing mass.

But there was no mercy for the cad of the Remove.

The men who had relied on Skinner's wits to land them a big prize were out for scalps. Wild horses would not have kept them away from Skinner. He tried desperately to dodge them, but in vain. For a moment he kept them at bay by taking refuge behind the table; but the avengers soon got to close quarters with him, and Skinner received a very rough handling.

Biff! Bump! Biff! Bump!

The men seemed to be amusing themselves by throwing Skinner at the furniture. The yells of the wretched junior fairly awakened the echoes.

In fancy-dress costumes, we crowded into the passage to see the fun.

"Poor old Skinny!" chuckled Dick Rake. "He's going through the mill with a vengeance! I fancy he'll give up being a solutionist after this!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The six men did not desist until they had bumped all the breath out of Skinner's body. Then, with grim expressions of satisfaction on their rugged faces, they retired, leaving the luckless Skinner to sort himself out.

Some moments later, a very bruised and battered-looking object crawled out into the passage.

Skinner's hair was towzled, his collar and tie were streaming loose, and he gave the impression that he had been having a mud-bath.

"Ow-ow-ow!" he moaned.

"Coming along to the fancy-dress ball, Skinny?" inquired Dick Rake.

"Groo!"

"What are you coming as?" I asked. Skinner's sense of humour did not entirely desert him, even in that crisis.

"A football result!" he answered.

THE END.

Read the magnificent, long, complete school tale of

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THE MAGNET 1½d.

OUT TO-DAY!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

By MONTY LOWTHER

The Mirth-Maker of St. Jim's

"Baggy."—I do not wonder at the fact that you lack friends. A fellow who borrows money is always "loanly."

Wally D.A. (Third Form).—I sympathise with you in your misfortune, but you must admit it was very "rash" of you to get the measles. You say you are "fed-up" in the sunny. Is this a compliment—or otherwise—to Marie Rivers' ability as a cook?

Mulvaney Minor.—Your poem has been duly consigned to the yawning depths of the editor's waste-paper basket. It is only to be expected that a young puppy like you should produce "doggerel" rhymes.

A. A. D.A.—In order to look spruce, it is not necessary for you to remain "ever green."

"Figgy" (New House).—(1) Sorry to hear you are stony. (2) Yes, it was Tennyson who wrote the poem commencing, "Break, break, break." Had he been in your present condition, he would probably have written, "Broke, broke, broke."

Bob Cherry (Greyfriars).—Why is Quechv like a dog? Tut, tut! Because he licks your hands, of course!

"Goalie."—In reply to your query, footer scarves were invented thousands of years ago. In the olden days, they were known as "Job's comforters."

Lord M. (Greyfriars).—We have perused your tender and touching lines to a local maiden, commencing, "Though I were dead, my heart would beat for thee." They leave us "dead beat."

"Alonzo" (Greyfriars).—Why does the sea indulge in such violent and devastating storms? What a curious question! Merely for wreck-creation, I suppose.

"Skinny Skinner."—(1) No, Hurree Singh is not a nigger, and I hope he punches your head for suggesting it! (2) Why does a short negro resemble a white man? Because he is not a tall black!

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An Irish Reader of "The Greyfriars Herald."

TROUBLE BREWING.



William Farnum, known to thousands of cinema supporters as the hero of many fine rough-riding romances, is seen pondering upon the activities of a bunch of horse thieves, and evolving some daring plan for their undoing.

SPURS AND A BICYCLE.



When the motor-car of the well-known cinema actor, J. Warren Kerrigan, is laid up for repairs and there is no horse available, he starts off gaily—Mexican rig-out, guitar and spurs, complete—on a push-bike for the studio.



A London Reader of "The Greyfriars Herald."



G. Paenmore (R. W. Kents).



A Barnet Reader of "The Greyfriars Herald."



T. Siddle (Sheffield).



C. Cross (Leicester).



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. 4, 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 25th.

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. 4, and agree to accept the published decision as absolutely binding.

Signed

WRITE CAREFULLY.

Address

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

D **U** **4** **Y** **GO minutes**

His letters were too COMPLIMENTARY **MISS WOODS High St TORINGDALE** **AB** **F** **4** **AD** **4** **WHAT PLACE IS THIS? FIRST PRIZE £5** **SO** **W**

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ONE SHILLING 1897 **IF YOU** **UP Paragraph** **PU** **F** **ed** **Your** **C** **Ly, Wharton**

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