

TUCK HAMPERS FOR BOYS & GIRLS!

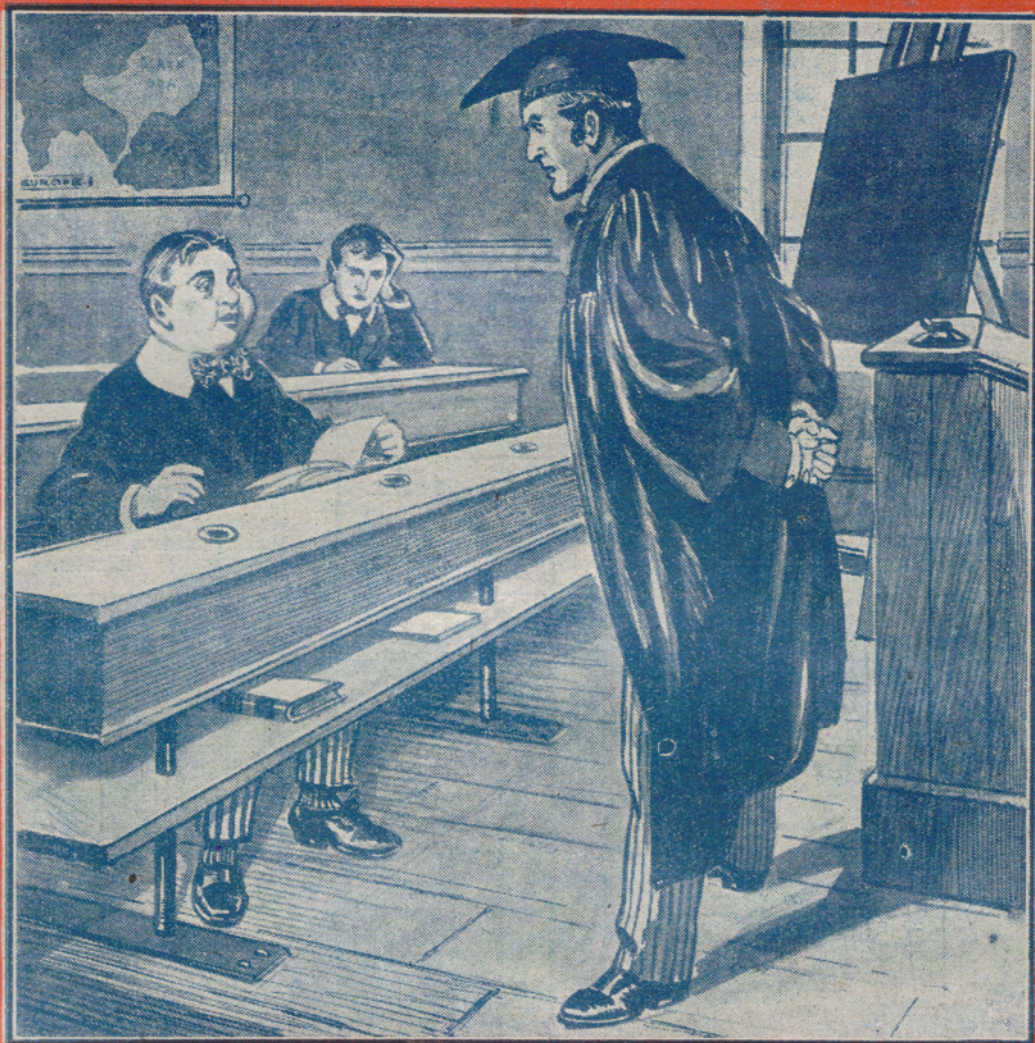
The Greyfriars Herald 1^d 1²



No. 5. (New Series).

FULL OF SCHOOL STORIES AND ARTICLES

Nov. 29, 1919.



TUCKEY TODDLES'S TOFFEE CAUSES TROUBLE

Our Photographic Supplement

THE BOYS' PICTORIAL

Continued on Page 19



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

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



A FINE CATCH!



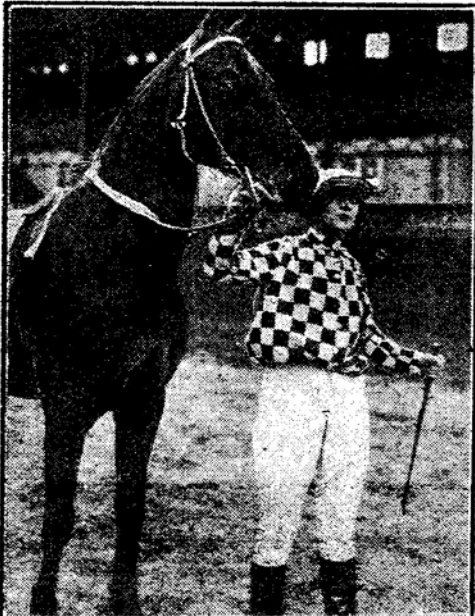
Frank Lloyd, the big cinema director (who has his cap the wrong way round), recently went with his assistants for a bit of salmon fishing. Their efforts with the rod resulted in the remarkably fine catch depicted.

"RAH! 'BAH! 'BAH!"



Monte Blue, a famous leading man in the film world, giving encouragement to a tenderfoot who has managed to sit his bucking broncho for something like two minutes.

"CHECKERS."



The fair jockey is Miss Jean Acker, who, as the heroine, acts a fine vigorous part in the splendid photo-play, "Checkers," which has been proving so popular with the "movie"-loving public.

LET US SEE
YOUR
PHOTOGRAPHS

A MOVING STORY.



LEE MORAN: I started to propose to Miss Goldbrick last night, but got nervous.
EDDIE LYONS: Did she help you out?
LEE MORAN: No, her father did!

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EDITOR
The Greyfriars Herald



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Sub-Editor



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BOB CHERRY
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OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTORS FROM GREYFRIARS

OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTORS FROM OTHER SCHOOLS

Editorial

By Harry Wharton.

STILL THEY COME!

Last week I had something to say concerning the letters which have come pouring in in praise of THE GREYFRIARS HERALD.

The bombardment continues. So vast is the number of letters received that the postman have to work in relays—and even this does not save them from developing sore feet. "It's a puzzle to me, Master Wharton, how you can manage to wade through such a pile!" remarked one of the postmen the other day. "The amount of correspondence you gets is crool—simply crool! I shall break down soon under the strain of carryin' it all." I grinned. "Poor old human pantechnicon!" I said soothingly. "It's rough on you, I know, but I'll see that you get a substantial Christmas-box." And the postman purred with delight as he plodded on his way.

THE MORE THE MERRIER!

This flood of correspondence does not dismay me in the least. I like it. The more letters I get the happier I am. They help me no end in arranging the contents of the HERALD in a way that suits the majority of my readers. A great many of the letters are flattering; many more are critical and really helpful; and some few are abusive. I can well afford to laugh at these latter, for they are far, far outnumbered by letters of the other sort, in which the writers express unwavering loyalty to our little paper.

CONCERNING BILLY BUNTER.

"The quality of THE GREYFRIARS HERALD is excellent; but we could do with an extra dose in the way of quantity," writes "Enthusiast," of Woking. The trouble is, "Enthusiast," that if we increase the paper in size we shall have to increase it in price, and I don't want my name added to the long list of Peace profiteers. As things stand, I consider that my readers get good value; and neither the size nor price of the paper shall be increased unless the majority of my chums clamour for it.

One of my Manchester readers complains that there is "too much Bunter." Another reader—also from Manchester—remarks peevishly that there is not nearly enough. Puzzle—how can I satisfy the pair of them? Bunter is fat, and greedy and several other things besides; but he's certainly very amusing, and methinks it would be a big mistake to drop him. What do the majority of my chums think?

Send me your views—and news—as often as you like.

HARRY WHARTON.



DICK PENFOLD



MURREE SINGH



BILLY BUNTER



TOM MERRY



JIMMY SILVER



ARTHUR A DARCY

Our Weekly Cartoon. Specially Drawn by FRANK NUGENT



No. 5. "TYPES WE MEET." THE POET. The fellow who imagines he combines the qualities of a Byron and Tennyson, and insists on reciting spasms from his latest poetical effusion to everybody he meets.



AFTER my unhappy experience last week, when I went over to Rookwood and fell into the hands of the enemy, I insisted on interviewing somebody a bit nearer home.

"Very well," said the editor. "Step along to No. 7 Study and interview Tom Dutton."

"The gentleman who is slightly hard of hearing?"

"That's him! If you succeed in bringing off a successful interview, I'll pay you an extra fourpence for this week's article."

"You are very generous!" I said crushingly.

And I went along to No. 7 Study in the Remove passage.

Tom Dutton was alone in the apartment. His bullet head was bent over his prep.

"Ha! You are Mr. Dutton?" I exclaimed.

No reply.

"Do I understand," I said, raising my voice, "that this is Study No. 7, Remove Passage, Greyfriars School?"

Tom Dutton looked up at that. His expression was wrathful.

"Fool?" he said angrily. "Who's a fool?"

"My dear chap——" I protested.

"So am I!"

"Eh?"

"I'm ready for a scrap!"

So saying, Tom Dutton rose up from the table, and advanced towards me, brandishing his fists.

"Hellup! Keep off, you duffer!" I exclaimed.

"Certainly!" said Dutton, though he still came on. "I'll make you suffer! You say I'm a fool, and you're ready for a scrap. Take 'em!"

And he aimed a blow at my head, which I promptly ducked.

"I—I assure you that no offence was meant!" I stammered. "You have quite misunderstood my intentions. I come as a friend, not as a foe. I am the special representative of 'The Greyfriars Herald.'"

Tom Dutton glared.

"I don't care a rap whether your name's Gerald or Bartholomew!" he growled. "You've got to go through the mill. Put up your hands!"

I drew back, panting.

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite, and Third-Form fags to scratch——" I began.

Tom Dutton fairly foamed at the mouth.

This week: Tom Dutton

The Deaf Junior of the Remove

"So you think I ought to be sent to Colney Hatch—what? My hat! I—I'll burst you!"

"My dear Dutton——"

"Glutton yourself!"

"Oh, crumbs!" I groaned. "I'm at the end of my tether!"

"Never mind the weather just now. Put up your fists!"

I shuddered.

"Really, your manner is most odd!"

"Don't you dare to run down Peter Todd behind his back!"

"I wasn't! I didn't! I——"

"I'll tell Toddy all about it when he comes in, and then he'll give you another licking on top of the one I'm about to give you!"

I felt that I could stand this no longer. I would rather have spent a night in the Chamber of Horrors than remain in the study with a dangerous imbecile like Tom Dutton.

"You're off!" I said, tapping my forehead significantly. "And I'm off, too!"

And I rushed through the doorway and into the passage.

But my luck was out. I dashed straight into the arms of Peter Todd.

"Hallo!" ejaculated Peter, in surprise. "What's all the merry rumpus about?"

"Bring him in, Toddy!" shouted Tom Dutton. "Yank him in by the scruff of his neck! He's been running you down, and me, too!"

"I haven't!" I protested wildly. "Don't take any notice of him, Toddy! He's off his chump!"

"What have you been saying about me?" demanded Peter Todd sternly.

"Nothing, I assure you!"

"That's it!" said Tom Dutton excitedly. "He said he was going to floor you! Smash him, Toddy!"

Peter Todd gave me a hostile glare.

"As the head of this study," he said, "I'm not going to allow anybody to criticise its occupants. I agree with you that Dutton's a raving lunatic, but you should keep your thoughts to yourself. Now I'm going to biff you—see?"

"Oh, dear!"

Peter Todd attacked me on one side, and Tom Dutton on the other, and I

TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION RESULT!

Owing to the many thousands of attempts at our first Competition, which had to be considered carefully, the judges were unable to give their decision in time for this week's issue. The result, however, will positively appear next week.

was sandwiched between the two of them.

"Mercy!" I shouted wildly.

"First he says his name's Gerald, and now he's howling for Percy!" said Tom Dutton.

And he gave me another straight left, to the jaw this time.

"Ow! That was a surprise-packet!" I groaned.

"What!" roared Dutton. "You think I ought to be put in a straight-jacket? My only aunt! Take that—and that—and that!"

I took them. They were three blows which knocked me out of the study by instalments.

I finished up on my back in the passage, blinking at a crowd of shooting stars.

And then Peter Todd and Tom Dutton sang a sort of duet at my expense. It ran something like this:

Todd: "Get out, you ass!"

Dutton: "Keep off the grass!"

Todd: "Clear off at once!"

Dutton: "You silly dunce!"

Picking myself up, I limped slowly and painfully away. I tell you, it's not all cake and ginger-pop being the special representative of "The Greyfriars Herald!"

THE END.

OUR PERSONAL COLUMN

(With acknowledgments to the Daily Newspapers)

By **BOB CHERRY**

Mr. Horace Coker is 17 to-day. He still behaves, however, like a child of three.

Although said to be a non-smoker, Lord Mauvever is suffering from "too much fag."

Lord Bunter de Grunter, who was recently reported in a critical condition, is sitting up and taking lots of nourishment.

Viscount Stoney de Broke, uncle of Lord Bunter de Grunter, has arrived at Rowton House.

Mr. Percival Spencer Paget will travel to Courtfield on Saturday next, per motor-scooter.

Mr. Percv Bolsover's right eye is closed for alterations and repairs.

Under the will of his uncle, the late Baron Nix, Mr. Harold Skinner receives the sum of 2½d. (twopence-halfpenny) with an injunction not to make a beast of himself.

Mr. Justice Wharton will preside at the Greyfriars Police Court on Wednesday next, when several sentences will be carried out—likewise prisoners!

The Viscount Alonzo Todd contemplates a visit to the Cannibal Islands, where he will prove a useful addition to the menu.

DRAKE'S DESPAIR!

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

OWEN CONQUEST



The Benbow

Rodney Obliges.

"DRAKE!"

Jack Drake did not look up. He was seated with his eyes glued upon the desk before him, a deep wrinkle in his brow, and he did not seem to hear his form-master's voice.

It was Saturday morning, and the Fourth Form of St. Winifred's were in class, but Jack Drake, at least, was not thinking of the lesson.

Mr. Packe fixed his eyes upon the junior with a very peculiar expression.

Some of the Fourth grinned. It was rather unusual to see a fellow so deeply engrossed in his own thoughts, in the form-room, that he had forgotten his surroundings. Dick Rodney cast a rather anxious glance at Drake, but he was too far off to give him a nudge. Following Mr. Packe's voice, there was a deep silence in the form-room on the main deck of the old Benbow. In the silence, the swish of the water round the hull of the old warship could be heard.

"Drake!"

Mr. Packe's voice was louder now, and Jack Drake heard it, and started, looking up with a reddening face.

"Yes, sir!" he stammered.

"You do not seem to be thinking of your lessons, Drake," said Mr. Packe grimly.

"Oh, yes, sir!"

There was a chuckle from Tuckey Toodles. It was pretty evident to all present that Jack Drake's thoughts had been far away from the form-room.

"You will construe, Drake," said Mr. Packe drily. "Kindly go on where Raik left off."

Drake's colour deepened.

He had not the faintest idea where Raik had left off; indeed, it was only with difficulty that he collected his thoughts at all, and fixed them on the matter in hand.

"I am waiting, Drake!" said Mr. Packe, in the same grim tones.

"I—I—yes—I—" stammered Drake.

"You may show him the place, Toodles."

Tuckey Toodles showed his neigh-

bour the place, and Drake stood up to construe, with crimson cheeks.

Mr. Packe watched him coldly.

He was not surprised to hear the junior stammer through his construe, in a way that showed plainly enough that he had not prepared the lesson the evening before.

The master of the Fourth held up his hand.

"You may cease, Drake. Your construe is worthy of a very backward boy in the Third Form."

"Oh, sir!"

"You did no preparation last evening, Drake?"

"I—I—"

"Yes or no?" snapped Mr. Packe.

"N-n-no, sir."

"I am glad you are frank, at all events. Why did you do no preparation, Drake?"

"I—I—I—"

The hapless junior had no reason to give. He could not explain to Mr. Packe that he had been thinking of a certain race that was to be run that afternoon near Kingsford, and the chances of a certain horse in that race. Such an explanation would certainly not have made matters better. But that was the truth, and the worry of his plunge into gambling had been too great to allow the reckless fellow to give much thought to his work.

"You have not been looking particularly well lately, Drake," said Mr. Packe. "There is nothing physically the matter with you, is there?"

"N-no, sir."

But Jack knew the strain was beginning to tell on him, and he had not slept well since the night when, with Vernon Daubeny, Egan and Torrence, he had lost money playing cards with Gentleman Smith at the Lobster Pot inn.

"I have been very disappointed in you, Drake," said Mr. Packe. "Your name is down for the Foundation Scholarship, and you are supposed to

be working for the examination. So far from that, however, you are not even keeping pace with the work of the class."

"I—I'm sorry, sir! I—I'm going to work hard—next week—"

"It is necessary also to work hard this week," said Mr. Packe drily. "You have never been an industrious pupil, Drake; but you are worse this term than last. You will be detained this afternoon—"

"Detained, sir?"

"The whole of the afternoon. It will enable you to make up for lost time," said Mr. Packe, with grim humour. "I shall set you a detention task, which will perhaps keep your thoughts from wandering. You may sit down."

"If—if you please, sir—" stammered Drake.

"That will do!"

Drake sank into his seat with a dismayed face.

Detained!

Drake had intended to get out his bike after dinner, and ride over to Kingsford, to obtain the earliest possible news of the performance of Brown Boy in the three o'clock race. The little project was quite knocked on the head now.

Jack Drake's face was very glum during the remainder of morning lessons.

When the Fourth were dismissed at last, Dick Rodney joined Drake, as the juniors swarmed out of the main deck of the Benbow.

"I'm sorry, Drake," said Rodney, in a low voice. "Had you anything special on this afternoon? Footer—"

"Not footer!" grunted Drake.

"But—"

He paused.

"I was going over to Kingsford," he said. "Look here, Rodney—you're not detained. Could you—would you—"

Rodney nodded cheerfully.

"I've nothing special to do," he said. "I was going to join in the footer practice, but that doesn't matter. If you want anything done at Kingsford, I'd run over for you with pleasure. You'd have to lend me your bike, though—I haven't a jigger."

Drake glanced round. Mr. Packe had stopped near the form-room door, to chat with Mr. Woosey, the master of the Third.

"Come along," said Drake, "I don't want to be heard."

"Eh! why not?"

"Oh, come along."

Dick Rodney, in some surprise, followed his form-fellow forward. Drake stopped near the main chains, out of hearing of anyone but his companion. His face was rather flushed as he looked at Rodney, and he did not meet the latter's eyes.

"I—I don't know what you will think of the bizney," he muttered.

READ THIS!

St. Winifred's School is held on board an old wooden warship, the Benbow, on the River Chadway. Among the scholars you will meet, are Jack Drake, who is concealing the fact that his father is now a ruined man; Dick Rodney, a new boy; and the three "Bucks," Vernon Daubeny, Egan and Torrence.

"I—I want the early evening paper—there's one at Kingsford published as soon as the races are over—"

"The races!" ejaculated Rodney.

"Don't shout!" said Drake irritably. "Do you want to tell every dashed prefect on the ship?"

Rodney compressed his lips.

"It's news of a race you want?" he asked, in a very low voice.

"Ye-es. Not—not exactly as you think," muttered Drake. "Don't run away with the idea that I'm playing the giddy ox; it's not exactly that. You know what I told you—the day we came down—about my being hard up? Well, this was a chance—the chance of a lifetime for getting clear. I've got five pounds on Brown Boy, at five to one against, see? That's twenty-five quids for me if he comes in first, and it will see me clear. I'm never going to touch anythin' of the kind again; but I had to get clear—I owe some money—"

"My hat!" said Rodney.

"You know I broke bounds the other night—Daub and Co.—well, it was to see Gentleman Smith, at the Lobster Pot, and lay the bet," muttered Drake. "It—it's been worryin' me ever since. I—I don't feel so sure of Brown Boy now as—as I did at first. I've been worried no end."

"I can imagine that!" said Rodney drily.

"Now that old ass Packe has detained me, and I can't go. I'd cut detention, only—"

"Hardly possible."

"That's it; at old St. Winifred's I could have managed it, but here—on this dashed old tub—there's no getting ashore without being seen in the daylight at any rate. You might help me this time, Rodney. After all, we made friends the day you came."

Dick Rodney looked at him.

His first impulse was to refuse point blank to have anything to do with such an affair. But the troubled, harassed look on Drake's face touched him. He hesitated.

"I'd ask one of the other fellows—only—I feel I can trust you," muttered Drake. "You don't chatter, anyway. You know—what I told you in the train coming down—I was a fool to tell you, but—but you haven't tattled. And this is the last time—good gad, I wouldn't go through this worry again! Once I get clear, I'm done with it."

"If Brown Boy wins?"

"Yes."

"Suppose he doesn't?"

Drake shivered.

"I—I don't know. I don't dare to think of that: after all, he must win. Daub had a sure snip—from a man who knows the trainer. Brown Boy's been kept dark, you know—the bookies don't know his form, or they wouldn't lay the odds against him. He's all right. Will you get along to Kingsford, and get me the evening paper?"

Rodney drew a deep breath.

"I'll do it!" he said.

"Thanks."

"Hallo, here you are, old top!" It was the drawing voice of Vernon Daubeny, of the Shell. "Lookin' for you, Drake! Come on."

Without even looking at Dick Rodney, Daubeny of the Shell slipped his arm through Drake's, and led him away. Drake jerked back for a moment—but then the irresolution of his nature asserted itself once more, and he walked away with the Shell fellow.

Dick Rodney remained where he was, his hands in his pockets, staring down at the river that swirled by the hull of the Benbow. He was half sorry that he had undertaken the commission; but Drake's handsome, harassed face haunted him, and he could not be quite sorry. And he had passed his word now, and his word was his bond.

Toodles, the Comforter.

JACK DRAKE was not looking cheerful at dinner.

Mr. Packe, at the head of the Fourth Form table, had a severe expression when his eyes fell upon Drake; but the junior did not notice it.

He was too busy with his sombre reflections.

He hardly knew how he had landed into his present position. He had come back to St. Winifred's that term with the very best intentions and resolutions. He had intended to keep the promise he had made at home—to turn over a new leaf that term. His meeting with Dick Rodney on the way down had been a stroke of luck for him—if only he had kept up that friendship, and worked with Rodney, all would have been well. But old associations had been too strong for him—somehow or other, he had fallen into the old ways with Daubeny and Co., the "Bucks" of St. Winifred's.

And he knew that he could have avoided that. He had only to tell the "Bucks" of the change in his fortunes; in his heart of hearts, he knew that Daub and Co. would not have bothered to cultivate the friendship of a fellow who was poor. He tried not to think so; but he knew it in his heart. But he had shrunk from making the revelation—of all the St. Winifred's fellows, only Rodney knew the facts.

And this, so far, was the end of his resolutions—he was deeper in the wretched blackguardism of the "Bucks" than before—he was in disgrace with his form-master—and so far from "grinding" for the scholarship, he was going down in his class—his few spasmodic attempts at work had come to nothing. He was conscious that it was due to a strain of weakness in his nature—that it was his duty to struggle against and overcome. And he meant to do it—some time.

After dinner, he looked for Rodney. He felt that it was up to him to show some civility, at least, to the fellow who was helping him out. But Daubeny joined him, and walked him away to his study, where he found Torrence and Egan—and the time passed in a chatter about Brown Boy and his chances of winning. The Shell fellows were going for a spin that afternoon, in a big car, and Drake was wanted—but that was impossible now.

"Rotten luck!" said Daubeny. "We were goin' to drop in at Kingsford on the way home, an' pick up news of the race. Can't you get off, Drake? Pitch it nicely to old Packe, an' try."

Drake shook his head.

"No use!" he answered.

"Spin him a yarn," suggested Torrence. "Couldn't your pater be ill, or somethin'?"

"Oh, quite!" said Egan. "That's the stunt."

"Nothin' doin'," answered Drake. "Old Packe's too keen for that. Besides—well, it's no use. I'd better get off, or the Hun will come huntin' me."

"We shall be back by call-over, an' we'll bring you news," said Daubeny.

"I'm getting the paper from Kingsford, that's all right."

"Who's gettin' it for you?"

"Rodney, of my form."

Daubeny whistled.

"That prig? I thought he was too good and lofty to touch anythin' like racin'."

"He's too decent, if that's what you mean," said Drake sharply. "He's doing this as a favour to me. It's jolly good of him, considering what he thinks about such things."

"Go hon!" yawned Daub.

Drake left the study rather hurriedly. Dick Rodney was rather a bone of contention there; Drake's friendship with him had not grown, but the "Bucks" had not been able quite to make him turn his back on the new junior. At the bottom of his heart, Drake liked Rodney a good deal better than the "Bucks"; but he had let that slide, as he did most things. But he was very patient when Daubeny and Co. made sneering references to the sailor's son.

He found Mr. Packe in the Fourth Form room.

The form-master gave him a rather steely look. He was displeased with Drake; all the more because he had made a kind offer to help the junior in his work for the examination: and Drake, after accepting the offer and thanking him for it, had let it drop. That, naturally, was not a way to get into Mr. Packe's good graces.

With hardly a word, the Fourth-form master proceeded to set the junior a detention task, quite sufficient to keep him occupied till five o'clock. Then Drake was left to himself in the deserted form-room.

He rose from his desk when Mr. Packe's footsteps had died away.

He was willing to work—indeed, he was glad, in a way, to have the opportunity of working without interruption. But the affair of the race was foremost in his mind; and he could not dismiss it.

He stood at one of the windows, which reached from the old bulwark to the poop above. It gave him a wide view of the shining Chadway, and the deep brown woods on the bank, beyond the school ground. Ashore, fellows were gathering on the football ground. He saw Lovelace, of the Sixth, with a number of the seniors at practice; and on Little Side, there was a mob of juniors. Drake was a keen footballer; though

he had hardly given a thought to the game since coming back to St. Winifred's for the new term—he had had other matters to think of.

He watched the players for some time, till three elegant forms came in sight, on the wide gangway connecting the Benbow with the bank. Dabbeny, Egan and Torrence were starting on their afternoon's excursion. A few minutes later, he saw Dick Rodney wheel a machine out of the bicycle-house near the porter's cottage. Rodney glanced back towards the Benbow, and apparently saw Drake at the form-room window, for he waved his hand and smiled.

Drake watched him out of sight, and then, slowly and unwillingly, returned to his desk. He had to do some work; Mr. Packe would probably look in presently, to see how he was progressing; and at all events, he had to show up his work when his detention expired.

It was dreary enough, sitting there alone on that bright, autumn afternoon. For a time there was a pattering of feet on the decks of the Benbow; but it was followed by silence. Most of the fellows had gone ashore for the half-holiday.

"I say, dear old boy!"

Drake looked up quickly as the fat voice of Tuckey Toodles reached his ears. That cheerful junior, as grubby as ever, was grinning at him through the half-open door.

"Feeling rather lonely, what?" asked Toodles.

Drake grunted. He was lonely enough, but not in a humour for the society of Tuckey Toodles.

Tuckey blinked down the passage outside, and then came cautiously into the form-room.

"Don't let Packe spot you here," said Drake. "You're not allowed to talk to a fellow in detention."

"I've brought you something, old chap," answered Tuckey, with a beaming smile.

"Eh?"

"Look here!"

Tuckey shoved a grubby hand into his pocket, and brought out a chunk of toffee—warm and sticky. Several aniseed balls were clinging to it, as well as a fragment of sealing-wax, an old pen nib and a piece of string. Jack Drake stared at it as Tuckey held it out to him.

"For you, old chap!" said Toodles impressively.

"Oh, my hat!" said Drake.

He could not help grinning. Apparently this was Tuckey's way of comforting a pal under detention.

The toffee certainly did not look inviting; but Tuckey himself was not fastidious, and he did not suspect fastidiousness in others.

"Looks nice, don't it?" said Tuckey. "Rather rejerkly, what?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's for you, dear old boy."

"My dear chap—"

"I mean it," said Tuckey hospitably. "It's for you—all of it! Take it, old fellow."

Drake took the sticky lump—not with the intention of eating it, however. But he would not wound Tuckey's feelings by a refusal. Tuckey beamed upon him.

"Nice, aint it?" he said.

"Oh, awfully."

"You're not eating it."

"I—I'll tackle it presently," murmured Drake. "So soon after dinner, you know—"

haven't said a word, have I, Drake?"

Drake did not answer that question. "What! You were speaking as I came in," exclaimed Mr. Packe.

"W-w-was I, sir?"

"You were, Toodles!"

"I—I was speaking to myself, sir," explained Tuckey. "I—I often speak to myself. It—it's a habit I've got, sir. I—I left my Virgil here, sir, and—and I came in for it."

"Indeed! You intend to read Virgil this afternoon, Toodles?"

"Yes, sir, I'm very fond of reading Virgil on a half-holiday," said Tuckey eagerly. "I—I like him better than Martin Clifford, sir, as—as an author. I—I revel in him, sir."

"Indeed! Well, I will not spoil your afternoon's pleasure, Toodles," said Mr. Packe.

"T-t-thank you, sir."

"You may read Virgil—here, for an hour."

"Eh?"

"I will return in an hour, and you shall explain to me what you have read."

"Oh, dear!"

"I trust you will enjoy yourself, Toodles."

Tuckey Toodles groaned as Mr. Packe left the form-room. He turned a dismal look upon Drake.

"I—I say, isn't he an awful beast?" said Tuckey. "I—I believe he's a rotten practical joker; that's what he is. Disgusting, in a form-master! He knows how I hate Virgil—everybody does except form-masters."

"You shouldn't tell him whoppers, you young ass."

"Well, I like that from you—when I came here for your sake!" said Toodles indignantly. "I call

that ungrateful. I—I say, Drake—"

"Well?"

"D-d-do you mind if I have a bit of the toffee?" said Tuckey, rather shamefacedly.

Drake chuckled.

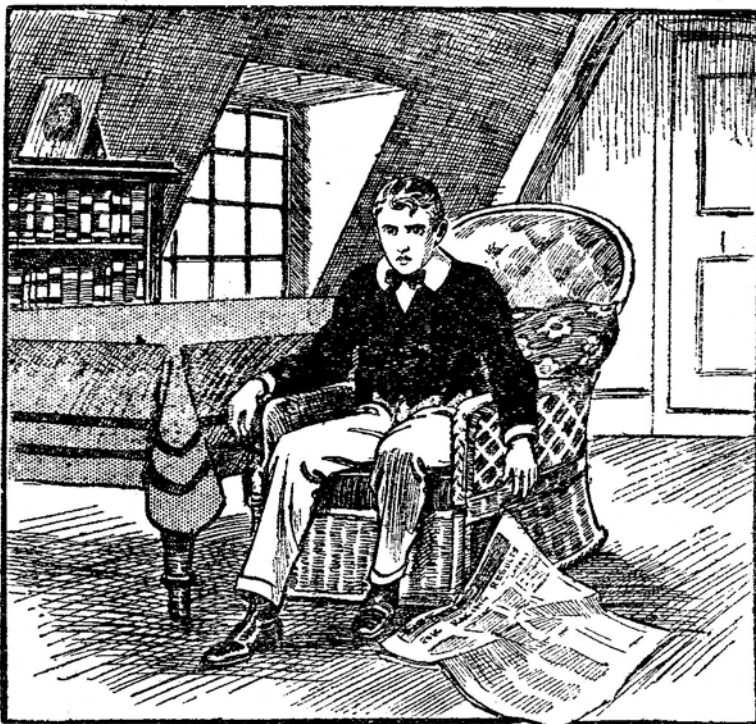
"Not at all. You can have the lot."

"Oh, no! I won't! I'm not greedy. Suppose we cut it just in half?" suggested Tuckey. "That's fair you know. I've got a penknife."

"Go ahead."

Tuckey Toodles dissected the toffee, with some difficulty, into two rather unequal halves. It was the larger half that went in Tuckey's direction.

Then the two juniors settled down to the classics. There was silence in the form-room for about ten minutes. Tuckey Toodles was blinking at the entrancing pages of Virgil; but it is probable that many of the beauties of that great poet were lost upon Toodles just then. His glance wandered



The study seemed to swim round the hapless boy as he sat staring stupidly at the paper on the floor.

"Mind Packe doesn't see it when he comes in," said Tuckey uneasily.

"Put it under your desk. Packe would confiscate it, you know—and very likely eat it himself in his study."

"Ha, ha!"

"Well, he might—it's jolly nice. He took a lot of aniseed balls away from me yesterday, and I never saw them again—and never expect to. I thought old Packe's breath smelt of aniseed, Drake. Didn't you?"

"Toodles!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

Tuckey Toodles gave a wild jump, as Mr. Packe's voice came, deep and stern, from the doorway.

"What are you doing here, Toodles?" demanded Mr. Packe.

"I—I—I— came in, sir—" stuttered Toodles.

"You came in to speak to a boy under detention?"

"Oh, no, sir! I wouldn't! I

incessantly to Drake's desk. He broke the silence at last.

"I say, old chap, you're not eating your toffee," said Toodles hungrily.

"Don't interrupt."

"All right—but—I say, Drake, old chap, suppose—"

"Oh, dry up."

"Suppose we cut it in half—as you don't seem to care for it—"

"Anything you like."

"You don't mind, old fellow?"

"No, no, no!"

"Righto, then."

The penknife was quickly at work again, and again there was an unequal division. Again it was the larger portion that accompanied Tuckey Toodles back to his desk.

Then silence again, and work. Jack Drake was forcing himself to put his attention into his work, and he was succeeding more or less. But the unhappy Toodles could not fix his mind upon P. Virgilius Maro. Attractive as that famous poet was to form-masters at least—Tuckey could not help his hungry thoughts wandering to the remaining chunk of sticky toffee on the shelf under Drake's desk. He resisted the temptation long and manfully; but it was too much for him at last.

"I—I—I say, Drake—"

"Do stop jawing, Toodles," said Drake. "I'm trying to think of this thumping rot. It's not easy anyway."

"You—you—you're not eating your toffee, old boy."

Drake burst into a laugh. He picked out the sticky chunk with finger and thumb.

"Catch!" he said.

"Sure you don't want it, old chap?"

"Ha, ha! Quite."

"Shall I cut it in—in half?"

"Catch, I tell you."

Drake tossed the chunk, and Tuckey's grubby paw caught it. In an instant, it was transferred to his mouth. An expression of ecstatic enjoyment overspread Tuckey's chubby face—as his cheeks bulged out. But that expression vanished the next moment, as Mr. Packe entered the form-room.

A Narrow Escape.

TUCKEY TOODLES fixed his eyes on his book. He wanted to look as if he were revelling in the classic beauties of Virgil; and at the same time, to conceal his bulging cheek from Mr. Packe's observation.

Mr. Packe came up to his desk.

In a rather dry way, Mr. Packe was a little of a humorist, and Tuckey's reckless statement that he wanted to read Virgil that afternoon—evidently not a veracious statement—made Mr. Packe relentlessly determined to keep him to his word.

"Ah! I see you are enjoying yourself, Toodles," said Mr. Packe, in so grave and dry a voice, that it needed keen penetration to observe that he was being humorous.

"Ye-es, sir," gasped Tuckey, fervently wishing that that final chunk of toffee was still reposing under Drake's desk.

"And what have we been reading?" asked Mr. Packe. "Probably you prefer the excellent shipwreck scene in the First Book."

"Ye-es, sir. I delight in it, sir."

"You need not look at your book while you are speaking to me, Toodles. Look up."

"Oh!"

"What is the matter, Toodles? Have you the toothache?" exclaimed Mr. Packe. "Your cheek is quite swollen."

"Is—is—is it, sir?"

"Yes. What is the matter? Why, now the swelling is gone!" exclaimed Mr. Packe, in great astonishment.

The swelling had vanished under his astounded eyes; but the explanation was simple. Tuckey had taken the toffee on his tongue, and it now filled up the middle of his mouth. He was trying hard to bite it in two, so that he could swallow it.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Packe. "What is the matter, Toodles?"

"Mmmmmmmmm!"

"What?"

"Mmmmmmmmm!"

"Is the boy out of his senses?" asked the form-master. "Answer me at once, Toodles? What do you mean by mumbling at me like that?"

"Mmmmmmmmm!"

The hapless Tuckey had his teeth in the toffee now—he had buried them in it, but it was not so easy to get them out again. He was suffering from a temporary attack of lockjaw, as he blinked, red and confused, at Mr. Packe.

"Is anything the matter with your mouth, Toodles?"

"Mmmmmmmmm!"

"Drake! Do you know what is the matter with Toodles? Is he ill?"

"I—I think not, sir."

"Toodles—speak—"

"Mmmmmmmmm!"

"Toodles!" thundered Mr. Packe. "I can only conclude that this is deliberate impertinence. If you do not immediately answer me, I shall cane you."

"Grooooooooooo!"

"What?"

"Grooooooooooo!"

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Mr. Packe. He whisked away to his desk, and picked up the cane.

Tuckey, with a terrific effort, got his teeth out of the toffee. He ejected it under the desk, as Mr. Packe came whisking back, cane in hand.

"Now, Toodles—"

"Yes, sir!" gasped Tuckey. "It—it's all right, sir! I—I couldn't speak, sir—I—I—I had lockjaw—"

"Lockjaw?"

"Yes, sir—only temporary!" gasped Toodles. "Mum—mum—merely temporary."

"You had temporary lockjaw?" said Mr. Packe dazedly.

"Ye-es, sir."

"Do you know that what you state is impossible, Toodles?"

"Oh, no, sir! It—it runs in our family, sir."

"Is there anything in your mouth, Toodles?"

"Yes, sir," gasped Tuckey.

"Ah! I thought so," said Mr. Packe grimly. "I have noticed be-

fore, Toodles, your revolting habit of gorging yourself upon sweets on all occasions. What is in your mouth?"

"M-m-my tongue, sir."

"Wha-a-at? I was not alluding to your tongue, you absurd boy. You have something else in your mouth?"

"C-c-c-certainly, sir."

"What is it?"

"My—my teeth, sir."

"You—you—you perfectly idiotic boy! Have you any kind of sweetmeats in your mouth?"

"Oh, no, sir!"

"I am afraid I cannot credit that statement, Toodles. Open your mouth at once."

Tuckey Toodles opened his mouth wide. He felt that he could do so safely now. Mr. Packe bent his head and looked into Tuckey's mouth, as if Tuckey were a horse, and Mr. Packe were trying to tell his age. The form-master seemed puzzled at finding the extensive receptacle empty—save for the tongue and the teeth, which, of course, Tuckey could not help having there.

"This is very extraordinary!" said Mr. Packe. "If you have nothing in your mouth, Toodles, why could you not answer me?"

"It was—was l-l-lockjaw, sir—an old family complaint, sir—"

"Nonsense! Ah! What is that on the floor at your feet, Toodles?"

Tuckey blinked down at the toffee. He put his foot over it—rather too late. Mr. Packe's grim features grew grimmer.

"Remove your foot, Toodles. What is it?"

"I—I think it's a bit of sealing-wax, sir."

"Sealing-wax! Bless my soul! You know perfectly well that it is nothing of the kind, Toodles."

"P-p-perhaps it's a lump of glue, sir!" suggested Toodles helplessly.

"Or—or it might be—might be—it might be—"

"It is toffee, Toodles, and you were eating it. You are an untruthful boy."

"Me, sir! Me untruthful!" exclaimed Tuckey. "Oh, sir!"

"Pick up that toffee, Toodles."

"Yes, sir," groaned Tuckey. He went down under the desk, and picked up the sticky, dusty chunk. He had hoped to rescue it, after Mr. Packe was gone—Tuckey did not mind a little dust. But that hope perished now.

He held it out to Mr. Packe, between a grubby thumb and forefinger, and to judge by his look, his heart went with it.

"Here you are, sir. You—you're quite welcome, sir."

Mr. Packe blinked at him. For a moment, he could not comprehend that Tuckey was offering him that sticky, dusty, unpleasant lump of toffee, under the impression that he wanted to eat it. When he realised it, Mr. Packe burst into a laugh, in spite of himself.

"You utterly ridiculous boy!" he exclaimed. "Take it to the window and drop it into the water at once."

"Oh, sir!"

Tuckey moved slowly to the window. He reached his arm out, and there was a light splash in the river.

"You may go now, Toodles," said Mr. Packe.

"Thank you, sir!" gasped Tuckey. And he went out. And as he rolled down the passage outside, Tuckey grinned an expansive grin, and his grubby fist went to his mouth—to place therein a lump of toffee! With wonderful presence of mind, Tuckey had dropped a pencil into the river for Mr. Packe to hear the splash—and the toffee was still in his grubby paw when he left the form-room. And Tuckey's expression was quite beatific as he rolled away—chewing toffee!

Also Ran!

RODNEY, old chap!" Jack Drake hurried to meet Dick Rodney as he came across the gangway from the bank. Drake had been released from detention a quarter of an hour ago, but he had not left the Benbow. At any minute Rodney might be back with the paper; and Drake did not want to run the risk of missing him. He waited about the ship, in a troubled and anxious mood, watching the bank in the gathering dusk for the return of the junior.

His heart throbbed when Rodney came on the gangway at last.

Daubeny and Co. had not yet returned. Drake did not expect to see them again till calling-over. But he was not thinking of the "Bucks"—he saw a paper folded in Rodney's hand, and that paper contained the news he wanted.

Rodney looked round as he came on the deck, and nodded, as Drake called to him. He joined Drake at once and put the newspaper in his hand.

"What's the result?" breathed Drake.

"I haven't looked,"

"Oh, all right."

Without a word of thanks—he was too agitated to think of it—Jack Drake clutched the paper, and hurried away with it. He could not open it on the deck, and search there for the racing column; there were too many eyes to see. He bottled up his impatience as well as he could, and hurried down to his study. Estcourt of the Fourth met him in the passage.

"I say, Drake—"

Drake did not heed. He brushed past Estcourt, and hurried into his study, shutting the door after him. Estcourt stared after him blankly.

In his study, Drake tore open the paper with feverish fingers.

His eyes searched the columns.

"Strike Trouble Renewed—oh, hang! Where is it? Oh, here it is."

He found it—the column that gave the afternoon's racing results. His hands were trembling—his face almost white. There was so much at stake—he was to be soon clear, his troubles over, so that he could settle down to work with a free mind—if Brown Boy had won! And if not—debt and difficulty—debt to his comrades, debt to Gentleman Smith. But Brown Boy had won, he must have won; it would be too cruel if he had not won. Where was the result?—why didn't the fools print it more clearly, so that a fellow could see at

a glance?—oh, here it was! Three o'clock race—

"Stodgy, Mark Tapley, Aeroplane II."

Drake stared at it. What the thump did that mean? It was the three o'clock race right enough—but where was Brown Boy? That dark horse, about which old Daub had learned from his friend who knew the trainer—that horse which was supposed to be an outsider, but which was to "romp home" to the astonishment and dismay of the bookies!

His eyes fell on a couple of lines of smaller type under the announcement.

"Also ran! Smike, Little Lofty, Mary Jane and Brown Boy."

The paper fluttered from his hands. Also ran!

Brown Boy had not won—Brown Boy had been hopelessly beaten. It was one more of those "dead certs" that proved so extremely uncertain when put to the test. Also ran! And what was he going to do now? Also

PHOTOGRAPHS!

Each photograph submitted for consideration must have the name and address of the sender clearly written on the back!

ran! The study seemed to swim round the hapless boy as he sat staring down stupidly at the paper on the floor.

THE END.

Next Tuesday's ripping story of the School on the River will be "Fallen Fortunes!" Put your order in early!

THE AGE OF MIRACLES

By ERNEST LEVISON

When Grundy cuts his wisdom teeth,
No longer needing bibs;
When Baggy Trimble sheds his fat,
And shrinks from telling fibs.

When Skimpole's skipper of St. Jim's,
A sportsman to the core!
When School House chaps and New House chaps
No longer are at war.

When Monty Lowther makes no puns,
And Manners plays no chess;
When Gussy of the Fourth becomes
Indifferent to dress!

When Racke becomes a noble youth,
Of high, unselfish aims;
When he and Crooke and Mellish prove
Their sterling worth at games.

When Knox no longer prowls about
In stilly hours of night;
But makes a firm and honest stand
For what is just and right.

When Wharton prints this verse of mine,
And bids me write some more;
The golden age of miracles
Will flourish as of yore!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

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

Pat Reilly.—Glad you think "The Greyfriars Herald" is top-hole. You had better buy two copies next week, as you may want to read it twice!

—o:—

"Sufferer" (School House).—Sorry you are troubled with warts on your hands. I once knew a fellow in exactly the same boat as you, who found the warts so irritating that he drowned himself in the Ryll. However, there's no need for you to seek a wart-ery grave!

—o:—

"Cherrybob" (Greyfriars).—Was interested to hear of your recent scrap with Bolsover major. You say you struck him with great provocation. Would it not have been better to strike him with your fist?

—o:—

"Fatty" (New House).—Hundreds of fat people become lean without using anti-fat. They use whisky, and it makes them lean—against lamp-posts! Should be sorry to see you have a leaning in that direction, though!

—o:—

G. Herries.—I rejoice to learn that the wretched quadruped called Towser is still muzzled. When unmuzzled, he is almost as big a pest as his master! As the immortal Gussy says, "Towsah has no respect whatever for a fellah's twousahs!"

—o:—

"Morny" (Rookwood).—Sorry to hear you have lost your onyx tie-pin. The loss is all the more tragic because it was so entirely onyx-pecte!

—o:—

"Smithy" (Greyfriars).—Glad to hear you have opened an account at the Friardale bank. There are burglars about, so mind you don't lose your balance!

—o:—

"Caterpillar" (Highcliffe).—Very bucked to hear from you, old grub! So you, too, have got plenty of capital? Capital!

—o:—

H. Coker (Greyfriars) sends us what he calls "a peace of original poetry." Yes, but we wish the spelling wasn't quite so original!



The GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

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

A number of very important cases, held over from the Woodshed Assizes, came before Mr. Justice Wharton and a Grand Jury on the last half-holiday. Several fashionably dressed people were present in Court, and the special reporter of the "Courtfield Clarion" occupied one of the front benches.

A Capital Offence.

There was a buzz in court when the first prisoner, Harold Skinner, was thrown into the dock.

The charge, explained P.-c. Johnny Bull, in husky tones, was one of wilful murder.

Magistrate: One moment! Whom did he murder? If it was Loder of the Sixth, or Coker of the Fifth, the charge must be altered to one of justifiable slaughter.

P.-c. Bull: He is charged, your worship, with the wilful murder of Selina Ann, the sole surviving cat of Mrs. Kebble, the housekeeper.

Magistrate: Did he murder the victim by singing to it, or by giving it some of his home-made toffee to digest?

P.-c. Bull: Neither, your worship. He let rip at it with his catapult.

Mr. R. Cherry, K.C., for the prosecution, said that the deed, like most terrible deeds of this sort, was done in the black, dark night. Selina Ann was perched on one of the window-sills of the Remove dormitory, wailing "I'll sing thee songs of Araby," and the accused, getting out of bed, obtained his catapult and launched eighty-nine shots at the victim. The ninth proved fatal. "In reality," said Mr. Cherry, "he is guilty of nine murders, since a cat possesses nine lives."

Mr. William Stott, K.C., C.A.D., for the defence (instructed by Messrs. Figg & Getemoff) described the charge as a trumped-up affair. "Mr. Skinner, like Brutus of old, is an honourable man!" declared the learned counsel. "Would an honourable man sink to a crime of that base and catty nature? I would as soon suspect the Lord Chief Justice himself!"

Magistrate: How does my learned ass suggest that Selina Ann met its doom?

Mr. Stott: There are half a dozen possibilities, your worship. For instance, a gust of wind, coming suddenly and unexpectedly, might have blown the victim down into the Close, death being caused by the concussion of its head on the flagstones. Again, a cat belonging to a hostile tribe might have caused the deed. My own belief, however, is that Selina Ann, fed-up with the high cost of living and the rise in coal prices, committed suicide. Moreover, she was in failing health, and her balance at the Persian Bank was extremely low. This all tends to suicide.

Magistrate: But I understand the

victim's body bears traces of catapult ammunition?

Dr. P. Todd: Would you like me to conduct a post-mortem examination, your worship?

Magistrate (hastily): Not in this court, my dear fellow!

Mr. Cherry: The evidence is incontrovertible.

Magistrate: Say that again—very slowly!

Mr. Cherry repeated his observation to the court interpreter, who acquainted his worship with its meaning.

Magistrate: Has the accused anything to say for himself?

Accused (weeping bitterly): Boo-hoo! I'm innocent! I swear by Wun Lung's pigtail that I know nothing about it! Selina Ann and I were always on the best of terms. Many a time I've fed her with stale sardines and sour milk! Many a time I've booted her down the stairs—ahem!—I—I mean stroked her pretty fur—

Magistrate: Cut it out!

Accused: Oh, really, your worship,

I—

Magistrate: Give him a prod in the back, usher, just to keep him quiet!

Mr. Cherry, K.C., then made his final address to the jury. "There can be only one verdict in this case, gentlemen," he said. "When you come to ask yourselves the burning question, 'Who killed Cock Robin?'—I mean Selina Ann, you will do well to remember the weighty mass of evidence which rests against the accused. This is a court of justice. See to it, therefore, that justice is done this day!"

Mr. Cherry resumed his seat on the coal-scuttle amid loud applause.

The jury then retired to consider their verdict, returning after an interval of five seconds.

Magistrate: Do you find the accused guilty or not guilty?

Foreman of the Jury: Guilty, your worship!

Magistrate: Good egg! Where's my black cap? (Loud laughter.)

At this stage the accused collapsed in a fit. He recovered, however, in time to hear his worship pronounce the sentence.

Magistrate: This is one of the blackest cases which has yet been brought to my notice. The desperate wretch in the dock may well tremble and quake! The sentence of this court is that he be wrung by the neck until he is—

Dr. P. Todd: Half a jiffy, your worship! I have examined the accused, and find him to be of unsound mind. He is in no way responsible for his actions.

Magistrate: Very well. He will be conveyed by motor-scooter to Colney

Hatch. You, Dr. Todd, will accompany him.

Dr. Todd: If you suggest that I've got bats in my belfry—

Magistrate: Silence! Bring hither the next prisoner!

Bolshevism at Greyfriars!

Horace Coker, a desperate-looking ruffian of 17, was carried into the dock by fifteen members of the Greyfriars Special Constabulary.

Magistrate: I seem to have seen your face before.

Mr. Cherry, K.C.: It is a face, your worship, which, once seen, is never forgotten! (Laughter.)

Magistrate (reading from charge-sheet): You are charged with "behaving in a brutal and ruffianly manner, befitting a Bolshevik," in that you, on the umpteenth instant, threatened to abolish Form-captains, emphasising your threat by punching Mr. Richard Rake with great violence on the nose.

Accused: You're a silly young ass, and I'll slaughter you for this afterwards!

Mr. Cherry: There you are, your worship! Even in the solemn and sacred precincts of this court he is bubbling over with Bolshevistic emotions!

Magistrate: Call the first witness.

Mr. Richard Rake, a good-looking gentleman (except that his nose resembled a toy balloon) then gave evidence: "I was proceeding along the Fifth-Form passage, your worship," he said, "when the accused came charging out of his study, breathing threatenings and slaughter. 'Down with Form-captains!' he shouted. 'Down with law and order! Let the red blood flow through the passages of Greyfriars! Let the tyrants tremble! Let the leaders be brought low! I said to him, 'What's the little game?' whereupon he brought his fist into violent contact with my nose."

Magistrate (dryly): So I observe!

Mr. Cherry, K.C., enlarged upon the grave menace of Bolshevism. "It has been allowed to take root at this school, your worship, and it must be stamped out utterly and finally!"

Magistrate: You are sentenced, Mr. Bolsly Coker, to twelve strokes with the map-pole!

Accused, on being hurled out of the dock, said he would appeal.

REPORTS IN BRIEF.

Master Percival Spencer Paget, weeping bitterly, was charged with attempting to commit suicide by eating a chunk of toffee, manufactured by Master George Tubb. P.-c. Bull testified to finding the accused lying on the floor of the fags' common-room in a state of great agony. On being questioned he said "I'm done for! Lemme die in peace!" Eventually, under pressure from P.-c. Bull's boot, accused recovered. He was bound over to be of good behaviour for ten minutes.

Mr. Wun Lung was charged with failing to register himself as an alien. "Me velly muchee solly," explained accused. "Me no savvy."

Magistrate: Failing to register is a most serious offence. You will be remanded for the Box-room Sessions.

OUR SILVER SHILLING FEATURE

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

Weel, Weel!

Bob Cherry: I say, Ogilvy, you understand Scotch, don't you?
Ogilvy: Yes; I'm a Scotsman.
Cherry: Then what does "I dinna ken" mean?
Ogilvy: "I don't know."
Cherry: Then you jolly well ought to!—Sent in by D. N. Greig, Fleming Place, St. Andrew's, Fifeshire, N.B.

Caught!

Snip: If you went into a shop to buy a dog-muzzle and the man was scared to put it on the dog for you, what would you do?
Snap: Why, I'd put it on myself.
Snip: I wouldn't; I'd put it on the dog!—Sent in by E. Harrison, 2/58, Wheelley's Lane, Bath Row, Birmingham.

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.



BIRD: "Here, I say, you fellow. I should like to know what you're staring at?"

Encouraging!

"Can I see Wharton?" asked Snoop, as he walked dreamily into our editorial office with a suspicious roll of parchment under his arm.
"The editor is not in," said Frank Nugent. "Can I do anything for you?"
"Well—er—are you connected in any way with the poetical department?"
"I am," replied Nugent.
"Indeed; what do you do?" asked Snoop.
"Empty the waste-paper basket!" said Nugent.—Sent in by W. Chadwick, 46, Claude Road, E.13.

Willing, but—

"What does my little man want to buy? Hardbake?" asked the kindly shopkeeper, as five-year-old James entered his shop.
"You bet I do!" said James. "But I've gotter buy soap!"—Sent in by N. Richardson, 95, St. Mary's Road, Doncaster.

Desert!

Mr. Quelch (on the subject of Arabia): Now, Bunter, describe to us your idea of desert.
Bunter (coming suddenly to life): A plum-pudding, sir!—Sent in by J. Anderson, Middlefield Farm, Thornton, Fife.

Hadn't the Face!

Bill (after heated discussion with friend on the merits of their respective football teams): Tell you what, Bob, the one as can make the funniest face has won the argument!
Bob (disgustedly): Garn! Look at the start you've got!—Sent in by J. Forrest, 45, John Street, Cowpen, New Town, near Blyth, Northumberland.

When Adore's not A Door.

When Old Bill returned from France and got demobilised he attempted to show his wife how smart he was at speaking French, so he said to her: "Maggie, je t'adore!" (I love you). Whereupon his wife snapped: "If you feel a draught, shut it yourself!"—Sent in by P. W. Spence, 15, High Street, Willington, Co. Durham.

The Gentle Hint!

Skinner (applying for some well-paid work on "The Greyfriars Herald"): You know, Wharton, all I need is an opening.
Wharton: Well, what's the matter with the one you just came in by?—Sent in by F. Avis, 4, Ladbroke Road, Notting Hill Gate, London, W.11.

(D)ASH!



DAD: "Wow! Ooer! I put the lighted end of my cigar in my mouth!"
JOHNNIE: "Oh, Pa, isn't it a good job you noticed it!"

Candid!

Teacher: Why do you not wash the egg off your face, Tommy? I do not wish to know what you had for breakfast this morning.
Tommy: Please, sir, we had herrings to-day; it was eggs yesterday!—Sent in by Miss Lillian Tomkins, 28, Sutton Road, Walsall, South Staffs.

OUR FOOTBALL COLUMN

Conducted by Our Sports Editor
H. VERNON-SMITH

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Although it is the duty of every editor to correct the spelling blemishes of his contributors, the following report is published exactly as it was received. Coker thinks his style of spelling is novel. Other people prefer to call it something else!—ED.

GREYFRIARS REMOVE v. COURT-FIELD COUNTY COUNCIL SCHOOL

By HORACE COKER

The rane pored in torrents as I maid my way to Little Side to witness the abuve match. I was to have bean referree, but Wingate of the Vith chipped in. He kalled me a silly chump. (Old Wingate's on the wicket every time!—Ed.) He also told me to keep off the grass. Wingate is a very unkooth sort of chap, and he never ought to be kaptin of Greyfriars. That is a job I could manage very well on my own. (Perhaps!—Ed.) Rubbing sholders with the kommon herd on the tuchline, I watched the game kommece. Shortly afterwards it started. (Go hon!—Ed.)

The players then kicked off. (Help!—Er.) A few minuits later the grate match began. (Had you been drinking strong ginger-beer, Coker? You seem to have seen four matches kommece on that particular afternoon!—Ed.)

From the kommeccement the Remove were hopelessly outplade. They always are. Courtfield kwicky scored a gole. Then they skored agane. After wich they skored agane, thus making five gols. (Can it be true that Coker intends to replace Mr. Larry Lascelles as mathematics master?—Ed.)

When ½-time came it arrived. (No, no! When it arrived it came!—Ed.) Dog-biskits were handed round to the thirsty players, and when the teams lined up agane the crowd barked their applawse. (Had the crowd been eating dog-biscuits, too?—Ed.)

Trumper, of Courtfield, soon had the Remove defense in a not, and he skored a grand gole with his nose. (Skilled acrobatics while you wait!—Ed.)

To kut a long story short, the Remove were wacked to the wide. They could do nuthing rife. Evvery time they kicked the ball they missed it. The match was what they call a komic farce. (Something like Coker's face!—Ed.)

If any felo in the Remove would like to learn how to play footer, from a master of the grate game, he should call at Horace Coker's studdy in the Vth Form passidge. Fee, half a kwid per lessun.

All novvices will be terned into 1st-rate footballers at a minuit's notiss! (Your kind offer, Horace, old man, leaves us cold. But if we should ever wish to learn how to become first-class comedians, we'll roll up in our thousands!—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 convey 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 convey is attacked by the Redskins, and a fierce fight ensues. By a ruse the defenders manage to secure some water before Black Snake, paramount war chief of the Arrowheads, arrives with reinforcements. Uncle Baldy, a leader who has an old score to pay off, entices Black Snake to meet him in single combat, and, with a home-made bomb, sends the great chief to the "Happy Hunting Grounds."

(Now read on.)



stunned by this tremendous reverse.

From their camp the white men could see the chiefs gathering together in council, and, as they lay there under the waggon, Uncle Baldy guessed fairly accurately the intent of these councils.

"Ho, ho!" he chuckled. "They're all pow-wowin' together, boys! They've had their big medicine, and they don't like the new rifles. Now they're tellin' the young braves, 'I told you so!' an' it's too late. They won't attack again, boys. They've tried it by night, and they've tried it by day, and we've given them what Paddy gave the drum both times. Now they'll sit down like a pack o' wolves round a dyin' buffaler, an' they'll let nature take its course!"

"How?" asked Kit.

"Thirst!" replied Uncle Baldy grimly. "We got to have water again to-night, an' Buck Dixie can't bring

THE hush of death fell on the Redskin host as their great war chief, Black Snake, rolled from his horse and fell to the ground, an inanimate bunch of feathers that looked more like a dead goose than a human being.

They were for a moment astounded. They had seen the bottle fly from Baldy's hand, and the flash of flame and puff of blue smoke that followed.

Now the smoke was floating in long wisps on the hot, still air, and their chief lay on the ground, whilst Uncle Baldy shook his fist at their long lines, and shouted his triumph in a long-drawn mockery of their own war-whoop.

Then the death-howl went up from the women as Baldy rode slowly and defiantly back to the waggons, and, at the sound of the death-wailing of the squaws, the young braves of the Navajoes woke as though from a dream, and rushed to their weapons.

In vain the war chiefs tried to restrain them. Maddened by the deadly insult, the young braves broke from the great semicircle of savages, giving the war-whoop and rushing forward in a disorderly mob, with the intention of overwhelming that little force in the laager behind the waggons.

They fired wildly as they came on, disdaining to take cover, so certain were they of overwhelming the Palefaces by sheer numbers.

And Silas Cobb allowed them to come on, holding the fire of his men until the leading Redskins were within almost point blank range.

Then he gave the word, and a roll-

"Goodness gracious, Uncle Baldy!" exclaimed Kit "What are you going to use that for?"

ing volley stretched the leaders of this disorderly mob on the ground.

Then, before the Redskins had time to recover from this check, a second volley was poured into them.

The convoy riders were well armed, and there were spare rifles in the waggons as well as in the hands of these straight-shooting frontiersmen. The women had crawled from their dug-out in the centre of the laager, and were loading for the men.

So volley after volley crashed through the Indian mob, who, for the first time, made their acquaintance with the new-fangled Springfield rifle, a weapon as far in advance of the old muzzle-loading rifle of the old frontiersmen as the machine-gun is in advance of the old Martini Henry.

The volume and accuracy of the Paleface fire stopped the rush, and soon the ground was covered with fallen Redskins. They checked, then they faltered, and broke and fled, the deadly rifles taking their toll of them almost till they had reached their own camp.

The boys, crouching under their waggon with Uncle Baldy, fired till their rifle-barrels were hot, and many a notch was cut on the stocks of these rifles when the fight was over, in record of this short, sharp fight, which is now known in the history of Red Indian warfare as the Battle of Deer Springs.

Over a hundred and fifty young braves lay on the ground between the two camps when the fight was over, and the Redskin host seemed almost

us help afore to-morrow sunset!"

"Do you think he will arrive in time?" asked Joe thoughtfully.

"I never knew Buck Dixie late," replied Uncle Baldy promptly. "If Buck says he'll be thar to deliver the goods at a certain hour, you can bet your life he'll be on the spot to the tick! Distance, weather, prairie fires, Red Injuus—they don't make no difference to him. He'll come through the lot like a whirlwind, and he's always on hand in the nick o' time."

Then Uncle Baldy paused, and looked solemnly at Teekoopi, who was busy cleaning a rifle.

"It's going to be in the nick of time this time!" he added. "Ain't it, Teekoopi?"

Teekoopi nodded his head solemnly, and looked up at the afternoon sky, which was like a sky of molten lead.

"Heap dry!" said Teekoopi laconically. "Want water!"

"And how d'ye think we are going to get water for the night?" asked Uncle Baldy.

Teekoopi shook his head. "Sposum we no get water, we die!" said he.

"You mean that we can't play the same tricks twice?" asked Uncle Baldy, taking off his shabby reddish wig and combing its faded locks out proudly with a small tooth-comb.

Teekoopi nodded, looking sideways with scared eyes at the wig. He had never before seen a Paleface brave scalp himself.

"But thar's more ways o' takin' a hoss to drink than leadin' him by th'

halter!" said Uncle Baldy. "I got me think-box hard to work, an' by to-night, when the sun's gone down an' the stars hev come out, I'll hev a new water-raising proposition in hand!"

"Sposum ox no get drink to-night, him die!" said Teekoopi, hardly a muscle of his solemn face moving.

"'Pon my word, Teekoopi!" said Uncle Baldy admiringly. "You are about the mos' cheerful companion I've hed this long time. You oughter be in the undertakin' line, you ought!"

Kit, whilst this talk had been going on, had been watching the little scattered groups of Red Indians who had been wounded or killed in the fight. The dead still lay on the field, their ugly copper faces turned up to the pitiless sky, but the wounded had crawled off, and the pioneers had allowed them to go in peace.

There were not many wounded, for the action had been so close, and the convoy riders had shot to kill.

But there was one feathered bunch which now and then raised itself slowly from a group of Red Indian corpses, then fell back again. It was the feathered head of a wounded brave.

Kit had been watching this for some time, and his heart, not yet inured to the brutalities of frontier warfare, smote him.

"Look here," said he, "there is a poor-beggar out there who is not dead. We must do something to help him!"

And he pointed to the dismal little group which lay about half-way between the two opposing camps.

Uncle Baldy followed the boy's pointing finger with a critical eye, and, cutting a plug of tobacco, pushed it into his cheek with his thumb.

"Thar's no good Injun, but a dead Injun!" said he. "If you go to take that critter a drink, his mates will shoot at you, sure as death!"

"Why?" asked Kit, horrified. "Surely they wouldn't fire on anyone who was going to take a wounded comrade of theirs assistance, even though he were an enemy!"

"That's just what ther Red Man don't understand!" replied Uncle Baldy calmly. "Thar's no Red Cross amongst ther Redskins, an' if you were to go to help yonder buck, they'd only think one thing!"

"And what's that?" asked Joe.

"Why, young gents, they'd jus' think you were goin' to scalp him!" replied Uncle Baldy grimly. "You young Britishers hev your own ideas of warfare, but they ain't the ideas of the frontier. In this hyar country it's wolf against wolf, tooth against tooth, an' claw against claw! Indian warfare ain't a fight of Christian er heathen. It's a fight between rattlesnakes, an' the most poisonous snake o' the two wins out!"

"We are English!" replied Kit, almost revolted by Uncle Baldy's callousness and disregard of the most elementary humanity. "And what's more, we are going to help that poor chap. Are you game, Joe?"

"Rather!" replied his brother readily.

Then he turned on Uncle Baldy indignantly.

"I'm ashamed of you, Uncle!" said

he. "You aren't much better than a Redskin yourself!"

Uncle Baldy grinned cheerfully as he combed his wig.

"Maybe, when you've fought Injuns as long as I hev, you won't be much better'n Redskins yourselves. But do what you like, boys. You are Britishers, an' hev your own way o' thinkin' 'bout these hyar things. But don't blame me if you call Jesse the Fool Killer around."

The boys had never heard of Jesse the Fool Killer, who is a mythical ghost of the United States who turns up to kill people who do foolish things. People who overcrowd boats, people who look for escapes of gas with a match, people who warm frozen dynamite in an oven, are all supposed to invoke Jesse the Fool Killer.

The boys got ready to go out to the assistance of their wounded enemy, on whose sufferings his companions

flinched as he heard it's whine through the hot air, like the sharp droning of a beetle's wings.

Then the young Redskin buck forgot himself so far as to lift his head to take better aim from behind the tiny clump of brush where he had taken cover.

Instantly there was a crack of a rifle close behind the boys, and the feathered head dropped with a suddenness that showed that the bullet had reached its billet.

The boys turned their heads. There, close behind them, lay Uncle Baldy, his rifle still smoking.

Uncle Baldy was taking cover as well as he could in a narrow gully that the rains had cut in the face of the prairie.

"Hallo, Uncle!" called Kit. "I thought that you didn't approve of this sort of British foolishness!"

Uncle Baldy chuckled happily.



Instantly there was a crack of a rifle close behind the boys, and the feathered head dropped with a suddenness that showed the bullet had reached its billet.

were gazing with true Redskin apathy, regardless of his need for help.

They took with them their own small allowance of water and a sheet of stout canvas, with a few simple surgical dressings, and, leaving their rifles behind them, they crawled slowly out into that sunbitten No Man's Land between the camps.

They took cover in the folds of the ground as well as they could, but their movements could not escape the steady watching of fifteen hundred pairs of Redskin eyes.

For a hundred yards the two brave boys were allowed to crawl on unmolested in their errand of mercy.

Then a young brave crawled forth from the Redskin camp, and commenced to fire at them.

His first bullet kicked a dust-spot off the parched earth within a few feet of Kit.

His second bullet passed uncomfortably close to Joe's head, and Joe

"Go on, boys!" he answered. "One fool makes many. And I'm not goin' to be beat by a pair o' Britisher babes. As fer that Redskin, I guess he's met Jesse the Fool Killer. He should ha' kept his head down, then he wouldn't ha' got a lead pill through his keranium!"

The boys crept on, followed and covered by Uncle Baldy and his rifle.

Perhaps the Redskins were suspicious of some trick. Perhaps they were afraid of Uncle Baldy's deadly rifle.

At any rate, they fired no more after the brave had dropped stone dead behind that little bush.

They allowed the boys to reach the wounded Redskin who lay there, his eyes rolling wildly, and his scalping knife in hand, ready to use the last of his strength in defending himself against these Palefaces.

He was as venomous as a wounded rattlesnake, this Redskin buck. And

he seemed to expect nothing but death at the hands of the boys.

Then Uncle Baldy's voice raised in warning came to them.

"Make ther critter give up his knife t'yer, boys!" called Uncle Baldy, making himself as small as he could in a rut of the parched ground. "He'll bite ye, if ye don't look out!"

The Redskin had raised himself feebly on his elbow, knife in hand, when a cry from Teekoopi made him pause and listen intently.

Teekoopi was explaining at the top of his voice that the boys were a new sort of Paleface, and had no intent beyond giving him a drink and tending his hurts.

An expression of wonderment lit the eyes of the wounded brave. He had never heard of boys like these. Indian boys would have tortured the prisoner for a while, and would then have scalped him.

He dropped the scalping knife, and gazed up at the boys with the dumb astonishment of a wounded animal as they looked to his hurts.

They lay close alongside him as they did so, for the suspicious Redskins had commenced to fire at them again.

The bullets pecked at the ground around them, kicking up little spurts of red dust. But the aim was wild, mostly because Baldy, a few yards behind them, was firing at every puff of smoke that showed in the long, serried lines of braves and squaws, who were shouting and mocking for all the world like a lot of civilised hooligans.

At last the Redskin's wounds were bound up, and the boys, gently slipping the stout sheet of canvas under him, commenced to drag him slowly towards the waggons.

This was the signal for a fresh burst of yells from the cowardly Navajoes, who, not daring to run out within the range of the rifles of the Palefaces, were yet content to fire at their fallen comrade and his rescuers.

But Uncle Baldy, who had taken cover behind a pile of dead Redskins, suddenly opened such a hot fire that this cowardly fusillade ceased almost as quickly as it had started.

It seemed as though every Red Man who pulled a trigger was at once bowled over by Uncle Baldy's deadly rifle.

And a cheer went up from the pioneers as the boys came dragging their wounded prisoner gently in to the waggons, half-lifting him from the ground in the sheet of canvas, which made a sort of rude stretcher.

And Baldy soon came crawling back, covering their retreat.

He shook his head as the boys got their prisoner comfortable in the shade of a waggon.

"Twas finely done, boys!" said he. "But I never heard tell o' any good coming o' sick nursin' a Redskin. You might as well try to tame a rattler into a kitten!"

But Kit only laughed at this as he poured his last drop of water out in a cup and gave it to the wounded Redskin, who drank it eagerly, with a new look of gratitude in his black eyes.

"You—heap—good—Paleface!" he grunted.

"Ask this chap his name, Teekoopi," said Kit. "Do you happen to know him by any chance?"

But Teekoopi shook his head. "Him warrior belong Black Snake!" said he. "Me not know!"

He put a few rapid questions to the prisoner, whose face lit up at hearing his own language.

"Him call Red Cloud," announced Teekoopi. "Him say you good boy!"

Kit and Joe laughed at this. To be called good boys by one of the horde which was sworn to wipe them out was more than they had ever expected.

"There you are, Baldy!" said Kit. "Here is one Redskin who is a bit grateful, at any rate!"

But Baldy shook his head. "You are tryin' to tame a rattler, boys!" said he.

Then he took another glance at the wounded Indian, for whom the boys had made up a comfortable bed of their blankets.

"Yet I don't know, boys!" said he. "Maybe this feller ain't a rattler after all. He's got more the out of one of th' old Iroquois than of a Wild West Injun. Let me try him with a bit of his old language!"

Baldy spoke to the man, who seemed electrified by the few words of the almost extinct Iroquois dialect.

He answered with a flood of this strange language, and Baldy grew red-hot with interest as the Redskin told him how his great-grandfather had travelled westward and southward towards the setting sun, to get away from the settlers who were beginning to flock into the new lands from across the Black Water.

And Baldy listened with profound interest.

"It's all right, boys!" said he. "You wasn't taming a rattler after all. This hyar Injun is a freak. It 'pears that he comes from the other side o' the Canadian border, or his people do, an' he's a bit of ancient history an' one o' yourselves. He's a Britisher, that's what he is, and he dates back, like one o' your old high-tone English families, to the year dot.

"Then he lived somewhere up by the Niagara Falls. He's not a boss Injun; he's a canoe Injun, an' he's only running wid these Navajoes because he's driven west, same as we are. Look! He can smile! An' it ain't many Redskins that know how to smile. When you see a Redskin laugh you may know that he comes from one o' the Eastern tribes—the real Red Men o' Fennimore Cooper's days, not this hyar copper-coloured rabble o' murderers that we've got agin us now!"

The boys regarded their capture with new interest. They had not realised that amongst the Red Indians of the North American Continent there are as many nations as there are in Europe.

And Red Cloud represented a nation which had already been either civilised or wiped out by the advance of the British in the old provinces of Canada.

Where the grandfathers of Red Cloud had trapped and hunted were now the beginnings of great roaring cities, and, driven westwards by the irresistible flood of the white emigra-

tion, this single specimen of an almost extinct race had, like them, gone west.

And they now counted Red Cloud as a Britisher. Joe gave up the little water he had left to refresh his parched lips and to renew the cold water compresses of his wounds.

There was no more move on the part of that grim, encircling army of Redskins as the terrible afternoon wore on to sunset.

The boys were suffering from thirst again, but they chewed sorrel, and kept the tiny drain of water they had left for their patient.

Uncle Baldy looked on with approval in every line of his wizened face, and with disapproval on his lips.

"That's you high-tone Britishers all over!" he complained. "Yew shoot an Injun, an' you risk your lives an' waste your water on him when you got him! And ye've got twenty-four hours to go afore Buck Dixie can get hyar. Ye'd have done wiser to hev scalped Red Cloud an' kep' yo' water fo' yourselves!"

Then Uncle Baldy slowly produced the flask containing his own allowance of the precious fluid, and handed it over to Kit.

"Still," he grumbled, "now you've got your Injun, you've got to keep him. He's yo' Injun now. Take this drop o' water fer ther varmint; his need is great than mine."

And little did Uncle Baldy know that, handing his water over, he was repeating the great words and the great deed of that most chivalrous of gentlemen and soldiers, Sir Philip Sydney.

The sun set like a ball of fire over the prairie. The children in the little fortress of flour-bags in the centre of the ring of waggons were crying out for water again, and the precious fluid which had been wrung with so great a peril from the spring was nearly exhausted.

The fight had resulted in several casualties amongst the convoy riders, and the need for water was great.

But there were over fifteen hundred Redskins gathered about the Deer Springs now, and twenty-four hours must elapse before help could come to them.

Uncle Baldy, who had put on his wig, suddenly took it off again and fanned the polished bald top of his head as he stared into the glowing copper sunset, which promised another day of heat on the morrow.

"Me head's hot, boys," he announced. "It's hot wid thinkin' o' how to steal that water out av the Redskins' camp!"

Then suddenly he clapped his wig on again, to the intense wonderment of Teekoopi, who was fascinated by this movable scalp.

"Eureka!" cried Uncle Baldy, leaping up and bringing his head with a thump against the floor of the waggon under which they were crouching. "Eureka! I have got it!"

"The water?" asked Kit grimly, as he turned his thirst-stone over in his dry mouth.

"I've got the idea!" exclaimed Uncle Baldy. "And I'll turn the idea into water, just as Moses smote the rock!"

The boys wanted to laugh at Uncle's

antics as he rubbed his head and looked up at the boarded floor of the waggon above him as though it had done him a personal injury, but their lips were cracked and parched with thirst.

They waited anxiously to hear the idea. Uncle Baldy's ideas were extravagant and wild, but they had already seen two of these come off, and they were ready to accept any proposition that he might make.

They knew that Uncle Baldy's waggon was packed choc-a-bloc with scientific apparatus, which he intended to use in experimenting in mining and scientific work in the Far West.

And the long journey across the plains had taught them that there was nothing that Uncle Baldy's waggon could not produce if it were asked for. He even had a magic lantern and a whole lot of electrical apparatus. He could produce electric sparks and parlour fireworks, and he had a homemade air pump of considerable power.

"Wait a minute on me, boys!" said he. "The idea is hot in my head, and I will make my explanations when I get the apparatus."

He slipped up into his waggon, where he rummaged for a time.

Then he came down, bearing a long reel of small rubber tubing, a quarter of an inch in diameter.

There were hundreds of yards of pure rubber tubing coiled on this reel.

"Goodness gracious, Uncle Baldy!" exclaimed Kit. "What do you use this for?"

Uncle Baldy shook his head sorrowfully.

"I don't use it, boys!" said he. "'Twas just the beginnings of a great invention which I never had time to work out. 'Tis the piping for a pneumatic organ that I was inventing. But I've a mind that it can save our lives."

"And how?" asked Kit.

Uncle Baldy looked at him solemnly.

"Kit, my boy," said he, "have ye ever seen a baby drinking out av a bottle?"

"Why, yes!" replied Kit.

"He pulls the milk through a rubber tube, doesn't he?" asked Uncle Baldy, his eyes twinkling.

"Of course he does!" replied Kit.

"An' the one end av the rubber tube is in the baby's mouth and the other is in the bottle, ain't it?" asked Uncle Baldy anxiously.

"Of course!" reiterated Kit.

"Then what's the matter with getting one end av this long tube into the spring yonder, an' exhausting the air in the long length with th' air pump, and so we tap the spring right into our camp?" asked Uncle Baldy. "That's what we oughter done last night!" he added.

Kit stared at Uncle Baldy wide eyed.

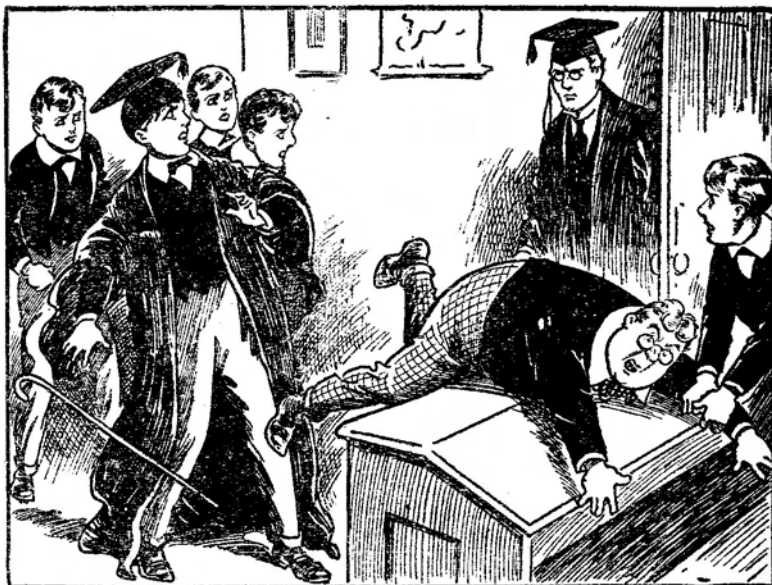
It was a mad-brained idea, but, as Uncle Baldy said, "Why not?"

Look out for the thrilling instalment of "The Red Man's Trail" in next Tuesday's issue. Make known "The Greyfriars Herald" to all your non-reader chums, but—don't forget to order your own copy in advance!

A FULL-DRESS REHEARSAL

A splendid short complete story specially contributed

By JOHNNY BULL



The cane fell from Skinner's nerveless grasp, and he stood goggling at the Head as if the latter were Hamlet's ghost.

"QUELCHY'S gone out!" It was Skinner who volunteered the information.

We—that is to say, the majority of the Remove fellows—were in the Rag, and most of us were feeling bored stiff.

There was an hour to kill before bedtime, and nobody seemed to know how to kill it.

Inky suggested chess—he's a chess maniac, you know—but Bob Cherry told him that if he couldn't think of something more exciting than that he'd better go and suffocate himself.

We were absolutely stumped for something to do. We were too stiff and sore after a hard game of footer to go for a sprint in the Close, as we generally do, and when I suggested that I should write a pirate story for the "Herald" the fellows nearly lynched me.

"Bless your pirate stories!" grunted Bob Cherry. "Do you think we're going to sit in a cluster at your feet while you describe a bloodthirsty battle on the upper deck?"

"Look here!" I protested. "I'm looking—and the sight of your chivvy almost gives me a fit! You ought to be fined for going about with a face like that!"

"Hear, hear!" said Nugent. "In Johnny's case, his face isn't his fortune—it's his misfortune!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The conversation had reached this abusive stage, when Skinner came in with his information about Quelchy.

Skinner assured us that our respected Form-master had gone to some function or other at Courtfield, and, like the merry revellers in the song, would not be home till morning. "Nothing startling in Quelchy

going out, that I can see," growled Wharton.

Skinner chuckled. "Now that we're away from his gimlet eyes," he said, "we can amuse ourselves."

"I can see what the worthy Skinner intendfully means," said Inky. "When the cat's away, the mice are worth two in the bush, as your English proverb has it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wharton turned to Skinner. "Look here, Skinny," he said, "if you can suggest a really novel game, I'll take back all the unkind things I've said about you during the term."

"Same here!" said Bob Cherry. "Right!" said Skinner. "Then I propose that we give a full-dress rehearsal—"

There was a chorus of groans at once.

"We're fed up with 'Hamlet,'" I said.

"I'm not suggesting that moth-eaten thing," said Skinner. "I mean something topical and up to date, with plenty of local colour. Why not a scene in the Head's study?"

"My hat!"

"One of us can tog up as the Head," said Skinner, "and another can be Loder, of the Sixth, bringing in a number of culprits to justice."

"Sounds all right," said Peter Todd, "except for the culprits!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Skinner was quite bucked to think that his wheeze had not been promptly turned down. He loved to be in the limelight, and it was not often that any suggestions of his were adopted.

"We'll try it," said Wharton. "Clear the decks for action!"

"As the originator of the idea,"

said Skinner, "I claim the Head's part."

There were several snorts of protest. "You couldn't impersonate the Head to save your life!" said Nugent scornfully. "You're not dignified enough."

"Whom do you suggest for the part, then, Franky?" inquired Wharton.

"Ahem! I—I was thinking of myself."

"You're always thinking of yourself!" growled Bob Cherry. "Any ass knows that there's only one fellow here who can imitate the Head—that's me!"

"Rats!"

"I'm the man for the job," said Bolsover major. "I can flog a fellow with more force than anybody else!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows," said Billy Bunter, "I'm a born actor! My uncle, Sir Irving Tree Bunter—"

"Keeps the Bunter Arms at Sloss-pool, I suppose?" said Squiff.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Field—"

"The scene is going to be the Head's study—not a brewery," said Wharton. "If it were otherwise, you'd make an excellent barrel!"

And there was a fresh roar of laughter at Bunter's expense.

Meanwhile, Skinner had done the disappearing trick, and we waited rather impatiently for him to return. When he did so, there was a gasp.

The cad of the Remove was attired in gown and mortar-board, and he clutched a nasty-looking cane in his fist.

The gown was a trifle too long for Skinner, and he tripped up on it when he was half-way across the floor of the Rag, and sat down with a bump, just like a fellow trying to roller-skate for the first time.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

We simply yelled as Skinner gingerly picked himself up.

"Yow-ow-ow!" he groaned.

"Where did you get that clobber from, Skinny?" demanded Wharton.

"From Quelchy's study, of course!"

"My hat!"

"If one of the prefects happened to come in—" began Nugent.

"No one will come in until bedtime," said Skinner confidently. "Let's get to business! Now, who's going to be Loder?"

There were a good many claimants for the part, and we eventually decided to toss up for it. Wharton proved the winner.

"That's good!" said Skinner.

"Now for the merry culprits! Who wants to take their parts?"

"Don't all speak at once!" said Bob Cherry.

We didn't! We looked at the formidable-looking cane in Skinner's hand, and decided that we would rather be members of the audience than victims of the bogus Head's displeasure.

"Come along!" urged Skinner. "One volunteer is worth ten pressed men, you know!"

But still no one came forward.

"Why not pretend that these desks are the culprits?" suggested Peter Todd.

Skinner gave a snort.

"If you think I'm going to spend my time flogging a row of desks, you're jolly well mistaken!" he said.

"Tell you what," said Squiff.

"Bunter's a born actor—"

"I'm not!" said Bunter hastily.

"But you said just now that you were!"

"We'll turn Bunter into a blessed culprit, whether he likes it or not," said Bolsover major. "He pinched a plum-cake from our study this afternoon, so we owe him a licking!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Bunter.

"I—I say, you fellows, I feel faint—"

"You'll feel a bit fainter by the time we've finished!" said Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Any more culprits willing to offer their services?" asked Wharton.

"I don't mind being a culprit, so long as I'm not licked," said Peter Todd.

"All serene, then."

Several more fellows volunteered under the same conditions.

Skinner seated himself in a chair, looking very important.

Then Wharton marched on the scene, leading a party of imaginary transgressors.

All came willingly with the exception of Billy Bunter, whom Wharton had collared by the scruff of the neck.

"Bless my soul, Loder!" exclaimed the bogus Head. "What does this mean?"

"I caught these young rascals, sir," said Wharton, imitating the familiar manner of Loder, "holding a midnight orgy in their dormitory."

"Indeed!"

"I confiscated what remained of their provisions, and told them I should report to you, sir."

The "Head" nodded.

"Quite right, Loder!" he said.

"Your sense of duty is most commendable. You will be promoted to the rank of acting-lance-corporal."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!" thundered Dr. Locke's impersonator, turning to the row of defaulters. "Bunter, what have you to say for yourself, you gluttonous and perverse wretch?"

"Yow! I—I wasn't—I didn't—I never!" stammered Bunter.

The fat junior was not acting. There was a genuine expression of terror on his flabby face.

"I can see that I must make an example of you, Bunter," said Skinner, putting his mortar-board on straight. "Put him across that form!"

"Certainly, sir!" said Wharton, reproducing Loder's malevolent grin.

Billy Bunter was promptly placed in position to receive punishment.

Wharton could not manage the job single-handed, but the rest of the culprits willingly lent a hand.

Bunter started to yell.

"Gag him!" muttered Squiff.

"We shall have half the school here!"

A gag was promptly thrust into the victim's mouth, and his yells faded away into an incoherent mumble.

Skinner advanced with the cane. As he did so, he again tripped up on the overlapping gown, and this time he hit the floor with a thud, which

must have made him think earthquakes were happening.

When Skinner got up, his mortar-board—or rather, Quelchy's mortar-board—had a peculiar sideways look.

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Skinner.

"I'm hurt! Never mind. I'll take it out of Bunter!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter had scoffed Bolsover's cake; therefore he was only getting what he deserved.

Whack, whack, whack!

Three times the cane lashed down upon Billy Bunter's fat person, and three separate and distinct yells rent the air.

The "headmaster" was about to administer the next stroke, when a startling thing happened.

The door of the Rag was thrown open, and another headmaster appeared on the scene. It was the genuine Head this time.

"Oh, my hat!" muttered Skinner.

The cane fell from his grasp, and he stood goggling at the Head as if the latter were Hamlet's ghost.

"Skinner!" rumbled the Head.

"Ye-e-es, sir!"

"What is the meaning of this absurdity? Whence did you procure that cane, and those—er—scholastic adornments?"

"From—from Mr. Quelchy's study, sir," faltered Skinner.

"Indeed! And you have been entertaining your schoolfellows by impersonating Mr. Quelch?"

"No, sir—of you."

The Head jumped.

"What?" he thundered.

"It—it was only a j-j-joke, sir!" stammered Skinner.

The Head advanced grimly into the Rag.

"Remove that gown and mortar-board at once! As for you, Bunter, you will cease that ridiculous whimpering, and rise to your feet!"

Billy Bunter obeyed with some difficulty. Then he stood blinking at the Head, with crocodile tears running down his flabby cheeks.

"They've been bullying me, sir!" he said. "I'm not a sneak, but I feel it my duty to acquaint you with the facts, sir."

"That will do, Bunter. Skinner! You will assume the position which Bunter has just relinquished!"

Skinner hesitated.

"Do as I tell you!" rumbled the angry Head.

Skinner placed himself in the required position, and the Head got busy.

Half a dozen times the cane sang through the air, and Skinner sang, too—in a shrill falsetto.

"There!" panted the Head, at length. "You will return that gown and mortar-board to Mr. Quelch's study immediately! Every other boy concerned in this outrage will take five hundred lines!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

Having pronounced sentence, the Head withdrew, leaving us in a state resembling a set of pricked balloons.

"This is where the curtain comes down!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"The chopper, you mean!" growled Wharton. "Confound that ass Skinner and his wheezes!"

THE END.

THE TUCK-HUNTERS!

A screamingly funny complete story specially written for "The Greyfriars Herald"

BY BOB CHERRY — THE FIGHTING EDITOR



Billy Bunter's mouth fairly watered. He could hear the trio busily engaged in filling the packing-case. The task was accomplished at last, and the young rascals clambered through the window with their spoils.

I.
"TO-NIGHT'S the night!" It was Skinner, of the Remove, who spoke. His audience consisted of Stott and Bolsover major. Stott, whose stock of courage is nothing to shout about, raised a feeble protest. "I—I say, Skinny, don't you think it's a bit thick to raid the tuck-shop? It will be rather rough on Mrs. Mimble, you know!" "Rats!" said Skinner. "Mrs. Mimble's a profiteer. She charges outrageous prices for her stuff, and it will do her good to lose some." "Hear, hear!" said Bolsover. The three precious rascals were holding this conference in the study which Skinner shared with Vernon-Smith. Smithy was out at the time. "It's ages since we had a free feed," said Skinner. "We all happen to be stony, and even if we were rolling in cash, we wouldn't pay the terrific prices Mrs. Mimble demands. Fourpence for a mouldy jam-tart—it's disgusting!" "And you want a powerful microscope before you can twig the jam!" said Bolsover. "Our only remedy," said Skinner, "is to help ourselves. We can nip in through the tuck-shop window when the other fellows are asleep. There's an empty packing-case in the shop. We'll cram it full of tuck, and take it along to the crypt. It'll be safe there—out of the reach of people like Bunter." "Yes, rather!" Bolsover major was quite taken up with the idea. He didn't believe in burglary, as a rule, but he considered

it would be quite legitimate to raid the premises of a profiteer. Mrs. Mimble isn't a profiteer really; she charges fair and reasonable prices, as things go these days. But Skinner and Co. were only too ready to believe that she was "on the make." "Of course," said Stott uneasily, "it's rather risky—" "If you want to cry off, you've only got to say so!" snapped Skinner. But Stott did not want to miss his share of the feed. "I'm on!" he said. "Good! At eleven o'clock to-night we'll do the deed. And mind you keep mum about it!" Stott and Bolsover nodded. But Skinner's precautions were in vain, for a certain fat spy—Billy Bunter, to wit—had been listening at the keyhole. Bunter rolled away with a very thoughtful expression on his flabby face. He fully intended to have a "whack," as he called it, in the forthcoming orgy. The food in hall, unlike the widow's oil, refused to multiply, and Billy Bunter was nearly always in a state of gnawing hunger. He had convinced himself that he was on the verge of starvation. For the remainder of that evening Billy Bunter was unusually quiet. His chatter was missing from the Rag, and, for once in a way, his mind was fully occupied. As usual, the fat junior was feeling peckish. "If there's to be any grub knocking about to-night," he told himself. "I mean to be on the spot!" As a rule, Bunter was the first

fellow to fall asleep in the Remove dormitory, but on this particular night the pangs of hunger—more imaginary than real—kept him awake. For a couple of hours he lay propped up on his pillow, listening—listening for sounds of stirring from Skinner and his fellow-conspirators.

He was not disappointed. Scarcely had the last chime of eleven died away, when a voice said softly: "You fellows awake?" It was Skinner's voice. Billy Bunter sat bolt upright, holding his breath. "Yes, rather!" he heard Stott and Bolsover respond. "Tumble out, then, and don't make a row!"

There was a rustling sound as of fellows dressing. Billy Bunter grinned with satisfaction at having had the foresight to retire to bed fully dressed. He would be hot upon the trail the moment the rascals of the Remove left the dormitory.

A few moments passed, then Skinner and Co. could be heard moving softly towards the door. Billy Bunter was out of bed in the twinkling of an eye. He groped his way through the darkness, followed the trio down the stairs, and clambered through the box-room window in their wake.

A pall of darkness overhung the Close.

It was a cloudy, moonless night, which rendered Bunter's task rather difficult, but he meant to see it through.

When the fat junior reached the tuck-shop, he saw that the window had been forced open.

A sound of muffled voices floated out to him.

"Buck up with those tarts, Stott!" "Here's a couple of rabbit-pies—fresh made to-day!"

"Good! Chuck them in!" "How many doughnuts, Skinny?" "Oh, about two dozen!"

Billy Bunter's mouth fairly watered. He could hear the trio busily engaged in filling the packing-case.

The task was accomplished at length, and the young rascals clambered through the window with their spoils.

Billy Bunter skipped back into the shadows.

"Buck up!" said Skinner. "We've got to tart this little lot along to the crypt."

The raiders staggered across the Close, with Billy Bunter following behind.

"Jove, this case is jolly heavy!" nanted Bolsover major. "Let's sit down for a bit, and rest."

"All serene." "I say, you fellows—"

That voice, coming in such an eerie manner out of the darkness, turned Skinner and Co. to stone. They wondered if they were dreaming.

"I say, you fellows—" There was no mistaking the voice his time.

Skinner leapt off the packing-case with a startled exclamation, and saw a pair of eyes—remarkably like cat's eyes—blinking at him through the gloom.

"Oh, my hat!" he exclaimed in dismay. "Bunter!" Skinner and Co. stared at each other blankly.

If they had thought of the Owl of the Remove, at all, they had imagined he was in bed in the Remove dormitory, making night hideous with his unmusical snore. That he would have the nerve to track them to the tuck-shop seemed intrepid.

But it was a fact. Their secret was out now. Bunter knew all about their nocturnal raid, and, unless they dealt with the situation promptly, he would chatter.

"You—you fat toad!" muttered Bolsover, clenching his big fists. "You've been spying on us!"

"Oh, really, Bolsover—" "I—I'll burst you!" shouted the bully of the Remove.

"Hold on!" said Skinner. "We shall have to give way to the fat beast. If he lets on about this, we shall get it in the neck!"

"Of course," said Billy Bunter, "I should have no objection to coming into partnership with you. On those conditions, I'll keep your secret. That's quite fair and reasonable."

Skinner groaned. "All right," he growled. "We'll take you in co. But if you breathe so much as a whisper about this, you'll be scalped!"

Billy Bunter gave a fat chuckle. "Rely on me to keep mum," he said. "I say, shall we make a start on the grub? I'm awfully peckish!"

"I dare say you are," snapped Skinner, "but we're not going to hang about here at half-past eleven at night and watch you feed. Not likely! Lend me a hand with this case."

And the party, grunting and groaning under the weight of the packing-case, staggered away towards the crypt.

Skinner and Co. were savage. Billy Bunter was the very last person in the world to be entrusted with a secret. After this they would be living constantly on the edge of a volcano.

But it was no use crying over spilt milk. They must trust to luck that Bunter would not betray them. And if he did—well, they would strew the Close with little bits of Bunter.

There was no feed that night, after all. Somehow, Skinner and Co. didn't feel like it. Bunter did; but he was curtly told that he would have to wait till the morning before being allowed to sample the good things.

The packing-case was safely stowed away in the crypt, and the four juniors regained their dormitory without mishap.

The mishap was to follow later!

II.

BILLY BUNTER wasn't in very good form with his brekker next morning.

Harry Wharton commented on the fact, and so did a good many more fellows.

The Owl of the Remove simply toyed with his eggs-and-bacon, as if he didn't care whether he ate it or not. And when I passed him the toast and marmalade, he actually

said "No, thank you!" which was indeed strange.

Quelchy, our respected Form-master, was frowning darkly when we went in to morning lessons. His gimlet eyes seemed to pierce us through and through as we dropped into our places.

"Now look out for squalls and cataracts!" I murmured. "Quelchy's on the war-path!"

"Silence!" rumbled Quelchy. "Before we commence lessons, I wish to address you on a most serious matter. Mrs. Mimble has been to me with a complaint that during the night a quantity of foodstuffs was removed from her premises."

There was a buzz. "I have reason to believe," continued Quelchy, "that the culprits are present in this room!"

Skinner, Bolsover major, and Stott looked pictures of innocence. They didn't start, or blush, or anything like that, though I don't suppose they felt exactly comfortable.

"I call upon the boys who had a hand in this affair to stand forward!" said Quelchy, in his best magisterial manner.

Skinner and Co. didn't exactly tumble over each other in their anxiety to stand out and confess. It occurred to them—perhaps for the first time—that in raiding Mrs. Mimble's shop they had been guilty of theft. Hitherto, they had regarded it as a raid, pure and simple. But Quelchy wasn't likely to take that view.

"Very well," said Quelchy. "I can see that I shall have to resort to individual interrogation. Bunter!"

"Ow!" groaned Billy Bunter. It was the bitterness of Fate, he reflected, that he should be dropped upon first time like this.

"I saw you this morning, Bunter," rumbled Quelchy, "in the act of devouring a rabbit-pie. From my study window I saw you hold a most disgusting orgy in the Close. You consumed practically a whole pie in your gluttonous frenzy."

Billy Bunter blinked appealingly at Quelchy.

"It—it was somebody else you must have seen, sir!" he stammered. "It's quite possible that I've got a double at Greyfriars, sir."

"You stupid boy, Bunter!" exclaimed Quelchy. "I am not so short-sighted as to be unaware of your identity! I watched you consume, in the most greedy and reckless fashion, a whole rabbit-pie! Now, I wish to know where that pie came from?"

"Where it came from, sir? Oh, yes, sir! Certainly, sir! I—I bought it at the tuck-shop, sir."

Quelchy fairly exploded. "Do not dare to tell me such falsehoods, Bunter! I ascertained from Mrs. Mimble that you have not purchased anything at her shop for weeks!"

"Oh, crumbs!" "Come, Bunter! I am determined that you shall tell me from whence that pie emanated!"

"I—I can't remember, sir," said Bunter wildly. "I really don't know how I came by it."

"What? Do you mean to infer that you found yourself in possession of

that pie without knowing whence it came? Do you wish me to believe that the heavens suddenly opened and disgorged a rabbit-pie?"

"I—I—" "Do not attempt to impose upon my credulity, Bunter! Tell me the facts at once—or I will wrest them from you by means of the cane!"

"Ow!" groaned Billy Bunter. "This is too much for me, Skinny! You'd better have a turn!"

Quelchy gave a start. "Has Skinner anything to do with this affair?"

"Yessir—I—I mean, numno, sir! That is to say—well, tell him yourself, Skinny, you rotter! Why should I have to face the music on my own?"

That did it, of course. Skinner was called out before the class, and he glared at Bunter as if he would eat him.

But all the black looks in the world couldn't save Skinner at that crisis.

"I understand, Skinner," said Quelchy. "That you are immediately concerned with this affair? You played a part—probably the leading part—in the raiding of Mrs. Mimble's shop, and you refused to stand forward when I first inquired into this matter. Have you anything to say for yourself?"

Skinner paused, trying to think of a plausible excuse. He was fairly cornered, he knew, but he hoped to be able, by means of soft answers, to turn away Quelchy's wrath.

Billy Bunter felt very relieved to think that he was safe for the time being.

He thought that if he gave Stott and Bolsover away too, he would still further safeguard his own skin. Quelchy's attention would be so taken up with the trio that it was just possible he might forget Billy Bunter's connection with the affair.

"Stott and Bolsover were in it, too, sir!" said Bunter.

"Very good," said Quelchy. "The boys mentioned will also stand out. Now, Skinner, what have you to say?"

Skinner moistened his dry lips. "It's like this, sir," he explained. "Mrs. Mimble's been profiteering, so we thought we were quite justified in removing some of her stock."

This was the worst excuse Skinner could possibly have made. Quelchy was furious.

Without any further parley, he put the wretched trio through the mill. His right arm did great execution.

Billy Bunter was hoping that Quelchy had forgotten his existence. But his hope proved ill-founded.

"Stand out, Bunter!" he exclaimed. "Oh, really, sir! I assure you—"

"Silence! I will not listen to further fabrications on your part. Hold out your hand!"

Swish! Swish! Swish! "Yarooooop!" "Now the other!"

Billy Bunter was rolling and groveling on the floor by the time Quelchy had finished. And it was a long time before the grunting and groaning died away.

But we had no sympathy to waste on the tuck-hunters. The unanimous verdict of the Remove was that it served them jolly well right!

THE END.

Our Photographic Supplement

THE BOYS' PICTORIAL



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TWO SPLENDID ACTORS!



The film star, Tom Mix, with a faithful old friend who can also act before the camera. The horse lies perfectly still to enable Tom to take cover whilst using his shooting-irons.

TWO'S COMPANY—



Three's a crowd! In the comedy, "A Tight Squeeze," some silly ass butts in between the two love-birds in the above embarrassing manner.

CINEMA COMRADES.



This photo shows Ann Novak, Jack Hoxie and a little Chinese child who are all appearing in a film play, "Lightning Bruce."

SOME OF OUR ENTHUSIASTIC READERS.



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(Manor Park).



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(Portsmouth).



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(Nottingham).



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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. 5, TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION, "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4, so as to reach that address not later than Tuesday, December 2nd.

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

WRITE
CAREFULLY.

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

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