

GRAND NEW PAPER FOR BOYS AND GIRLS!

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



No. 6. (New Series).

FULL OF SCHOOL STORIES AND ARTICLES

Dec. 6, 1919.



A READER RECEIVES ONE OF OUR TUCK HAMPERS

Our Photographic Supplement

Continued on Page 19

# THE BOYS' PICTORIAL

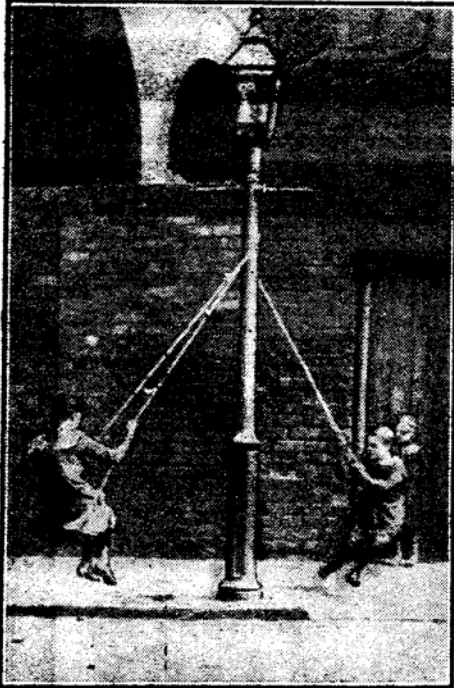


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### "LIGHT" RECREATION!

### SALUTE THE COLOURS!



The Irish Guards marching through London with their colours. Whenever you see a regiment on the march with its colours, you must raise your hat, for the colours are entitled to a salute from all civilians.

A novel picture showing how some of the little children in Birmingham amuse themselves. Taken by A. Johnson, jun., 21, Humpage Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.

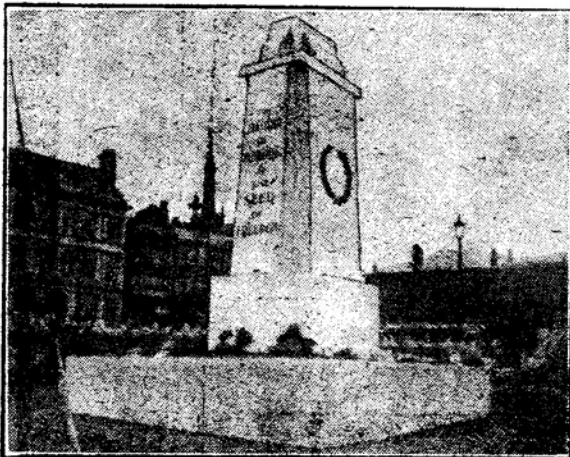
SEND YOUR SNAPS

### FROM OULD OIRELAND!

### THE GREAT SACRIFICE!



A typical West County Irish woman. Note the very beautiful shawl she is wearing.—Taken by S. C. O'Reilly, 1, Stoneybatter, Dublin.



The above photo of the Blackpool cenotaph shows one of the many monuments erected to the brave men who laid down their lives for the cause of Freedom. Their memory will never be forgotten.—Taken by D. Cooke, 4, Sherbourne Road, Blackpool.



HARRY WHARTON  
EDITOR  
of the Greyfriars Herald



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TOM BROWN  
Special Representative



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LORD MAULEVERER  
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OCCASIONAL  
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from  
GREYFRIARS

OCCASIONAL  
Contributors  
from  
Other Schools

# Editorial

By Harry Wharton.

## GOLDEN OPINIONS!

"THE GREYFRIARS HERALD" is a 'Gem.' It attracts like a 'Magnet'; it is 'The Boys' Friend'; and it provokes plenty of 'Chuckles.' Such is the opinion of Dennis R., of Cheltenham, and this opinion has been echoed in different terms, by hundreds of thousands of loyal readers. Everybody seems satisfied, and we may well raise our editorial hand for the purpose of patting our editorial back.

"Your little paper gets more and more interesting as the weeks go by," writes "A Loyal Heraldite," of Bristol. "I am certainly saving up all the copies, and my father, who is a printer and bookbinder by trade, has undertaken to bind them into a volume for me at the end of each half-year. Won't it be great to have all the copies of the jolly little 'Herald' in volume form?"

This is certainly a ripping scheme of yours, "Loyal Heraldite," and if all my readers did the same it would obviate a lot of inquiries for back numbers later on.

## QUEER QUERISTS!

I have been bombarded with questions of late, chiefly concerning the fellows at Greyfriars. "Madge," of Maidenhead, wants to know exactly how much Billy Bunter weighs. Well, "Madge," we have never yet been able to find a weighing-machine which hasn't broken down under Bunter's weight! He not only "turns the scale," he wrecks the whole box of tricks!

Another reader wishes to know if Coker of the Fifth is still going strong with his motor-bike. I passed the query on to Coker, who replies as follows: "Please tell yore reader that my motor-bike, having come a kropper on the mane rode, is in dock for repair. It is in a kritical kondition, but is steddily improving."

We wish to goodness Coker's spelling would improve!

## FIVE SHILLINGS' WORTH OF FUN!

Numerous inquiries have reached me on the subject of "THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL." "Everybody is raving about the Annual, and the good things it contains," writes J. M. D., of Tonbridge. "but I've scanned the shop windows in vain for a sight of it." Don't scan the shop windows, J. M. D. Walk right in, and insist upon your newsgat ordering a copy at once, if he has already disposed of his stock. For an outlay of five shillings you—and all others who may be interested—will receive a bumper volume containing hundreds of attractive features.

HARRY WHARTON.



DICK PENFOLD



MURREE SINGH



BILLY BUNTER



TOM MERRY



JIMMY SILVER



ARTHUR A DARC

Our  
Weekly  
Cartoon.

Specially  
Drawn  
by  
FRANK  
NUGENT



No. 6.  
"TYPES  
WE  
MEET."

THE POET—  
Who, not content with inflicting his effusions on all his pals, must needs spout poetry while he demonstrates the power of the human eye over the beasts of the field. He is greatly uplifted thereby!

# My Weekly Interview.



**M**Y heart jumped for joy when the editor commissioned me to go to Cliff House and secure an interview with the charming Miss Phyllis.

The last two interviews I tackled ended so disastrously for me that I thought of giving up my job, and getting some other silly ass to take it on. I went to Rookwood, you remember, and fell into the clutches of the Rotters' Brigade. Then I went to interview Tom Dutton, of the Remove, and came away with my nose out of joint and my eyes putting up the shutters!

But when I set out to interview Miss Phyllis I had no qualms. She would be quite harmless, I thought. Of course, there are some girls who scratch, and all that sort of thing, but Phyllis isn't one of the scratching sort.

I had put on my best bib and tucker, so to speak, for the purpose of visiting Cliff House. For the first time this term I had parted my hair and polished my boots, and I had little doubt that I should make a good impression on the members of the fair sex.

In the gateway of Cliff House I met Marjorie Hazeldene, who has a nice, kind face and a brother in the Remove.

"Good-afternoon!" I said, whisking off my cap with elaborate politeness. "A pleasant day, is it not?"

"I rather think," murmured Marjorie, "that it will be stormy before long."

"Oh, really, Marjorie!" I protested. "I didn't think you were one of those beastly prophets!"

Marjorie smiled.

"You are from Greyfriars, are you not?" she said.

I nodded.

"I've called to see Miss Phyllis," I said. "Is she on view?"

"You'll find her in the study, with Flap."

"Flap! Is that her dog?"

"Ha, ha! No; it's Philippa Derwent!"

"Oh!"

I went along to the study shared by Phyllis and Philippa. They were enjoying a repast of toasted muffins, and I was promptly invited to join them.

The muffins were a treat, and the study was very cosy and comfortable. I began to feel that the life of a special representative had its compensations, after all!

## This week: Phyllis Howell

"To what," said Phyllis at length, "do we owe the honour of this visit?"

I produced one of the visiting-cards which I've had printed (1,000 for 2½d.) and handed it to Phyllis.

"Oh," said she, "you are on the staff of 'The Greyfriars Herald'?"

"Not exactly on the staff," I replied, "but I eke out a precarious livelihood by performing the duties of a special representative."

"You go round interviewing people, I suppose?" said Philippa.

"Yes," I said.

I was feeling plump and well-nourished by the time I had finished.

"Now," said Phyllis, "you must come and join us in a game of football."



Phyllis Howell of Cliff House.

"Football!" I gasped. "But—but surely—"

"You think girls can't play football?" said Philippa. "Come out into the playing-field, and we'll show you!"

Accordingly we made our way to the recreation-field. We were joined en route by a dozen of the junior girls and a good-looking football.

"We play hockey here, as a rule," explained Phyllis; "but although the goal-posts aren't very wide apart, they'll answer the purpose."

"What do you want me to do?" I asked, feeling rather bewildered.

"Keep goal," said Philippa briefly. So I stationed myself in the goal-mouth.

The ball was set in motion, and the girls fairly bombarded me with shots.

Of course, I hadn't an earthly chance. The ball was muddy, for the ground was soaked through recent rain, and several times I received a knock-out blow in the face which made me sit down violently in a puddle.

"I—I say—chuck it!" I gasped at length.

"Chucking, as you call it, is for-

bidden in football," said Phyllis sweetly. "We must conform to the rules, you know, and keep on kicking!"

And they did!

At the end of five minutes I was a wreck. At the end of ten I was no longer recognisable, being plastered with mud from head to foot.

Biff!

A shot at three yards' range from Phyllis Howell caught me right in the solar plexus. (As Monty Lowther would say, these are the sort of shots which per-plexus!)

I was knocked backwards into the net, and the girls shrieked with laughter as I wallowed in the mire.

I hadn't the nerve to stand up and face a further bombardment.

Muddy, breathless, and fuming, I made tracks for Greyfriars, and the hysterical laughter of the gentle maidens of Cliff House followed me.

That evening I sat and stewed in a hot bath for two hours and a half by Billy Bunter's stop-watch; and I'm dashed if I'm going to play footer again with Phyllis Howell!

## OUR PERSONAL COLUMN

(With acknowledgments to the Daily Newspapers)

By **BOB CHERRY**

Mr. Percy Bolsover, the well-known prizefighter, is the composer of the new revue, "Mind Your Eye!"

Lord Bunter de Grunter has been appointed Master of the Rolls (sau-ge).

Mr. Morris Koker will conduct a spellin-bee in his study on Tewesday nite. Orl are invited.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the Nabob of Bhanipur, is staggerfully hopping about on the crutchfulness, having again been kickfully injured in the esteemed football game.

Mr. George Tubb has organised a hopscotch team, to play in the Sixth-Form passage, just outside Mr. George Wingate's study. The weather outlook is gloomy, accompanied by sudden squalls!

Mr. Percival Spencer Paget wore a collar yesterday. Only ninety-three ink-splashes were visible.

Mr. Samuel Tuckless Bunter, addressing a meeting recently, said that he was fed-up with not being fed-up.

The Viscount Alonzo Todd has submitted to "The Greyfriars Herald" an "Ode to an Expiring Frog." The viscount is expected to expire also!

The Hon. Cecil Reginald Temple summoned two meetings yesterday of the Upper Fourth, at which he made brilliant and witty speeches. No one was present on each occasion.

Mr. Fisher Tarleton Fish has invented a new form of dynamite. The local ambulance was in attendance shortly after the event.

# FALLEN FORTUNES!

A long, complete school story of a grand new series specially contributed by

## OWEN CONQUEST

Author of the famous Rookwood school stories in "The Boys' Friend"



Raik peered into the study. A restless figure was moving to and fro in the dim starlight that glimmered in at the window. It stopped and turned towards the door as Raik peered in.

### Raik Makes a Discovery.

**R**AIK of the Fourth paused outside No. 8 Study, in the Fourth-form quarters on board the old Benbow. Night had fallen, and from nearly every window lights gleamed out upon the rolling waters of the Chadway. There was no light in No. 8; but from the unlighted study there came the sound of restless footsteps, tramping incessantly to and fro. Once or twice a muttering voice was audible, though Pierce Raik, as he bent his ear to listen, could not catch the words.

There was a very curious expression on Raik's thin, hard face. He knew that Jack Drake was in his study; he had passed the door earlier, and heard that restless sound of tramping feet. The restless feet were still tramping; and Drake had not even turned up the light.

Raik grinned a little. "Something's wrong with his lordship!" he murmured. "I wonder what! Hallo, Rodney!"

Dick Rodney, the new boy in the Fourth, came along and glanced at Raik. The latter held up his hand. "Listen!" he said in a low voice. "Drake's going it! Like a giddy tiger in his cage! What's up with him?"

"No business of mine," said Rodney shortly. "Nor of yours, either. For that matter, Raik."

"Has Brown Boy come in eleven-th?" grinned Raik.

Rodney started.

"How did you know?"  
"Then that's it!" Raik chuckled. "Poor old Drake! How did he get the news, though? He's been detained this afternoon, and Daubeny hasn't come in yet. Did you bring him a paper?"

Rodney did not reply.

"He must have gone in pretty deep," said Raik, "to be bothered like this! His people are rich, and they send him no end of tin—they used to, at any rate, last term. I think I'll look in on him."

"Better leave him alone!" said Rodney hastily.

"What rot!"

Raik tapped at the door and opened it. Dick Rodney walked on quickly. He did not want to see Jack Drake just then. He was sorry for the hapless amateur punter; but there was nothing he could do to help. And he knew what Raik did not know—how heavy a blow, Brown Boy's defeat had

### 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.

been to Jack Drake of the Fourth. For us alone, of the St. Winifred's fellows, knew of the change in Drake's fortunes.

Raik peered into the study. A restless figure was moving to and fro in the dim starlight that glimmered in at the window. It stopped and turned towards the door as Raik peered in.

"Is that you, Daub?" It was Jack Drake's voice, low and bitter. "You needn't come in, I've had the news: in the evening paper! You fool with your confounded dead certs! What am I going to do now?"

"All serene, Drake——"

Drake gave a jump.

"Who's that? I thought it was Daub——"

"Only little me!" said Raik. "What are you all in the dark for?"

"Eh? Because I choose! Let me alone."

Drake's answer was not polite; but the cad of the Fourth was not thin skinned. He stepped in, felt for the switch of the electric light, and turned it on. In the sudden flood of light, Jack Drake's face showed up pale and careworn, and he blinked.

Pierce Raik watched his face curiously. There had never been any love lost between the two, though Raik had always been elaborately civil to one of the richest juniors at St. Winifred's. Between a frank, careless, open-hearted nature, and a crafty suspicious one, there could be little sympathy. Drake had troubled little to conceal the scorn he felt for the cad of the Fourth, and Raik repaid it with a dislike that was all the more bitter for being hidden.

"Bad luck—what?" asked Raik.

"Mind your own business!" rapped out Jack Drake angrily. "What the dickens are you asking me questions for?"

"Only sympathising, old fellow."

"I'll ask for your sympathy when I want it."

"My dear chap, don't bite a fellow's head off!" said Raik placably. "I don't see why you should be so cut up. If you've dropped more than you can afford on the race at Kingsford, you'll soon pull round. Your pater——"

"I don't want advice from you, Raik."

"Well, you are a bear with a sore head, and no mistake," smiled the Fourth-former.

Drake's lips opened for an angry retort, but he restrained it.

"Look here, Raik, I'm feeling worried, and I don't want to be bothered just now," he said. "I don't want to be uncivil but I'd rather be alone."

Raik shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, all right! I thought I'd give you a look in—to see if there was anything I could do."

"There isn't. Do—do you know whether Daubeny has come in yet?"

"I think I can hear his toot now," said Raik, listening. "Yes, he's on deck, with Torrence and Egan. They've been late for locking up."

"Oh! I want to see him."

Jack Drake left the study quickly, and hurried away towards the Shell quarters. Pierce Raik remained alone in No. 8, with a very peculiar

expression on his face. He picked up an evening paper that lay on the floor, and glanced at it. It was open at the racing column, and the result of Brown Boy's race was given there.

"Brown Boy—also ran!" Raik grinned. "The silly ass must have come a cropper on the race, to judge by his looks. Silly ass, to back an outsider like Brown Boy! I could have told him better than that, if his lordship had condescended to ask my advice! But what is he so cut up for? He can't have lost more than a few quids; and a few quids never used to mean so much to him! I wonder—"

Raik was puzzled.

There were several circumstances about Drake that puzzled him since the opening of the new term. Drake's name was down for the Foundation Scholarship; which meant hard work and plenty of it, and it was well known that Drake had started "sapping," though certainly he had not kept it up. Tuckey Toodles had been heard to complain that Drake never seemed to have a half-crown to lend a chap temporarily short of cash. And now Drake was never seen spending money freely in the school canteen, as of old. Either his people were keeping him very short of cash as a warning, or—Pierce Raik wondered whether there was more than that in it. Plenty of money had been lost through the war—and it was possible. Raik grinned at the half-formed thought.

He threw the paper aside, and as he did so, he caught sight of a letter that lay on the table. It was in the handwriting of Jack's father. Raik knew the writing well enough. He gave a quick glance through the open doorway, and then quietly pushed the door shut, and picked up the letter. Pierce Raik had no scruples about looking at another fellow's letter. As he looked over it, his eyes opened wide, and he whistled.

One paragraph glued his eyes:

"I trust, my dear boy, that you are settling down to work. Your form-master tells me that you have every chance of success in the examination for the Foundation Scholarship; with steady application to your studies, there is no reason why you should not gain it. I need not remind you that upon this depends whether you remain at St. Winifred's. It will be quite impossible for me to meet the expense of your school fees next term—"

The door opened, and Raik hastily threw the letter under the table. It was Tuckey Toodles who came in.

Toodles stared at Raik.

"Hallo, what are you up to, here?" he asked. "Where's Drake?"

"I—I came in to speak to him," stammered Raik. "I—I was going to ask him to—to—tea—"

"Never mind, I'll come as he's not here!" said Tuckey, with an expansive smile. "I say, Raik—did you hear me?"

Raik left the study without heeding. Tuckey Toodles gave a sniff, and slammed the door after him.

Pierce Raik hurried away, his narrow eyes gleaming.

"So that's it!" he murmured. "That's it! Hard up—really hard up—that's the explanation! And he

hasn't said a word—not a word; still swankin' as if he were the richest fellow at St. Winifred's—the cheeky cad! What news for the fellows, if it gets out, and I rather think it will!"

And Raik chuckled. There was no doubt that the news would get out, now. Raik was not likely to keep so interesting an item to himself. Dick Rodney had kept the secret; but it was not to remain a secret much longer.

#### Startling News!

THE next day was a dreary one for Jack Drake.

It was Sunday; and in the morning the St. Winifred's fellows attended service at the old church at Chade.

Drake went through it like a fellow in a dream.

In the afternoon the fellows were free till call-over, and Drake left the Benbow for a long walk by himself in the woods. He carefully avoided the society of Daubeny and Co. Daubeny and Co. went by devious paths to the Lobster Pot; to a little party in Gentleman Smith's rooms. Drake refused to join them without ceremony. The very thought of the place sickened him now.

His dismay at the loss of his bet surprised and annoyed the "Bucks." It was, after all, only five pounds; and what was a five? It was little enough to Vernon Daubeny; and in the old days it had been little enough to Jack Drake. It was a great deal to him now.

He had hoped, and believed, that that "last flutter" would see him clear, and give him a chance to settle down to work, and keep the promise he had made at home. Instead of which, it had landed him deeper in the mire. And the knowledge that he deserved it was no comfort to him.

But the "Bucks," naturally, did not understand. They knew nothing of the change in Mr. Drake's fortunes. Pride and shame combined had made Jack conceal the miserable truth from his old associates. He could not bear to be known to be as poor as Raik or Tuckey Toodles, in the place where he had held his own with the wealthiest fellows at St. Winifred's. It was a false pride—a false shame—and it made the junior's task harder. But he could not help it; he had still to learn his lesson.

He did not observe the peculiar smile on Raik's face, as the cad of the Fourth watched him leave the Benbow after dinner, and he did not observe that several other fellows were looking at him curiously. Plunged in his own gloomy thoughts, he did not guess that his affairs were already under discussion among the juniors.

He tramped away through the autumn woods, thinking only of his own ill luck, and how he was to meet the consequences of his reckless folly; little dreaming of what was going on on board the Benbow. About ten minutes after he had left, Tuckey Toodles came on deck and looked round him.

"Anybody seen Drake?" he called out.

"Gone out!" said Estcourt.

Tuckey gave a snort.

"The awful rotter! I told him distinctly to wait for me," he exclaimed wrathfully. "I was going with him."

"I say, Tuckey ought to know whether there's anything in it, as he's Drake's study-mate?" remarked Sawyer.

"In what?" asked Estcourt.

"About Drake being poor now. Some of the fellows are saying his people are right on their beam-ends."

"What rot."

"Well it does sound rot," said Sawyer. "But I've heard it. I say, Toodles, do you know—you're chummy with Drake, aint you?"

"Like brothers!" said Tuckey.

"Well, is it true that he's hard up?"

"He wouldn't lend me half a crown this morning!" said Toodles sorrowfully. "I told him I couldn't draw anything out of the bank to-day, being Sunday, you know, and he only said 'Rot!' to me, you know."

"Are his people hard up?" asked Raik. "I've heard some of the fellows say—"

"Oh, no! They're rolling in money; like my people, you know," said Tuckey innocently.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If they're rolling in money like Toodles's people, that settles it," grinned Newson. "We know how the Toodles family roll in money."

"It's all rot," exclaimed Estcourt sharply. "Who started this yarn about Drake and his people?"

"Blessed if I know," answered Raik coolly. "I heard some of the fellows speaking about it this morning."

"Nobody seems to know quite how it started," remarked Sawyer; "but it's all over the Fourth, now."

"The Third have got hold of it, too," said Raik. "I heard young Phippos on the subject with your minor, Sawyer."

"Poor old Drake!" grinned Furdy. "He will be awfully wild when he hears it. It can't be true, of course."

"Well, there's the scholarship!" observed Sawyer. "Drake's entered for that, and we know he's a slacker at work. What's he entered for?"

"That's so," agreed Raik. "You're right, Sawyer. It looks as if there's something in it."

"Hold on! I didn't say I thought there was something in it. Don't you put words into a fellow's mouth, Raik."

"Anyhow, it's Drake's own business," said Estcourt. "I don't see that it makes any difference to anybody else."

"Well, he's been keeping it dark. Swanking just the same as usual, when he's as poor as a church mouse," said Raik bitterly.

"Oh, rot! Drake doesn't swank."

"I call it swanking."

"Oh, you would!" said Estcourt drily, and he walked away. Dick Rodney had come on deck, and Estcourt joined him. There was a call from Raik.

"I say, Rodney."

The new junior looked round.

"Have you heard about Drake?"

"What are you driving at?"

"About his people being hard up,

and his pater being unable to pay his school fees, and all that—"

Rodney started violently.

"What?" he ejaculated.

"Oh, you knew it!" exclaimed Raik.

"Did you know, Rodney?" asked Sawyer.

"Looks as if he did," grinned Furry.

"Tell us the parties, Rodney."

"Oh, rot!" answered Rodney.

"Are you coming, Estcourt?"

"Ready, old scout."

The two juniors jumped on to the gangway, and walked away to the bank. Rodney's face was rather red, and he was feeling extremely uncomfortable.

The secret, which Drake had confided to him in a burst of confidence on his first day at St. Winifred's, and which Rodney had loyally kept, was out now.

Drake could hardly have revealed it; and Rodney had wondered how it had come to light. He wondered very uneasily, too, whether Drake would jump to the conclusion that he had given it away. That was rather a disturbing thought.

There was a good deal of discussion among the St. Winifred's Fourth that afternoon, on the subject of Jack Drake, and the rumoured change in his fortunes. Drake, as one of the eminent society of "Bucks," a friend of the elegant and expensive Daub of the Shell, and one of the wealthiest fellows in the school, had filled rather a large place on the Fourth-form horizon. He had never really "swanked," as Raik hinted; but there had been a certain loftiness about him which made his fall from fortune far from displeasing to some of the fellows. As Pierce Raik gleefully remarked, he would not be able to carry his head quite so high in the future—if this were true.

Tuckey Toodles was subjected to incessant questioning. The juniors considered that he ought to know the facts, as Drake's study-mate; not that he was chummy with Drake, but his inquisitiveness was well known, and it seemed unlikely that anything could go on in his study without his knowledge. But Tuckey Toodles indignantly repudiated the suggestion. Drake was rolling in money—just like Tuckey himself, if Tuckey chose to draw his cash from the Post-Office Bank—and Tuckey refused to believe that a fellow whom he had always respected could possibly be poor.

Daubeny and Co. of the Shell, came in at tea-time, and then they heard the exciting news.

Drake was still out of gates. The news came as a surprise to the "Bucks" of the Shell. After tea they repaired to their own study, to talk it over, with a good deal of excitement.

"Can't be true!" said Torrence, as he lighted a cigarette. "Some ass has made this up to pull Drake's leg."

"Oh, quite!" said Egan.

"What do you think, Daub?"

Vernon Daubeny smiled in a rather evil way.

"I think Drake's been pullin' our leg, dear boys," was his answer. "It's true enough—true on the face of it."

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Torrence, taken aback.

Daubeny nodded, and blew out a little cloud of smoke.

"It's the real goods," he said. "I wonder I never thought of it! That explains everythin' that has puzzled me about Drake this term; the giddy

he squares!" exclaimed Egan wrathfully. "Playin' on tick, and not settlin'—by gad!"

"Oh, go easy," said Torrence. "If the poor beast's come a cropper, we can let him off. It's only money lost at banker, anyhow."

"Rot!" answered Daubeny.

"Utter rot!" said Egan. "Why he's been takin' us in. Why couldn't he tell us the facts?"

"Then we'd have stood by him!" said Daubeny. "I—I mean to a certain extent. But after deceivin' us like this, he can't expect fellows to have anythin' to do with him."

"Hardly!"

Evidently, the hapless junior who had fallen from fortune had little sympathy to look for from his old comrades, the noble "Bucks" of St. Winifred's.

Dropped!

"HERE'S Drake!"

It was a murmur in the Fourth as Jack Drake hurried up just in time to take his place for call-over.

Drake looked tired and dispirited; he had spent the afternoon tramping by himself in the autumn woods along the Chadway. The exercise and fresh air had done him good, but he was feeling harassed and troubled. He arrived just in time to escape being marked absent by Mr. Packe.

Many curious glances were turned upon him, though he did not observe them at first. Tuckey Toodles tugged at his sleeve. Drake looked down irritably at the fat junior.

"It's a rotten shame, old chap," whispered Toodles. "I don't believe a word of it."

Drake stared.

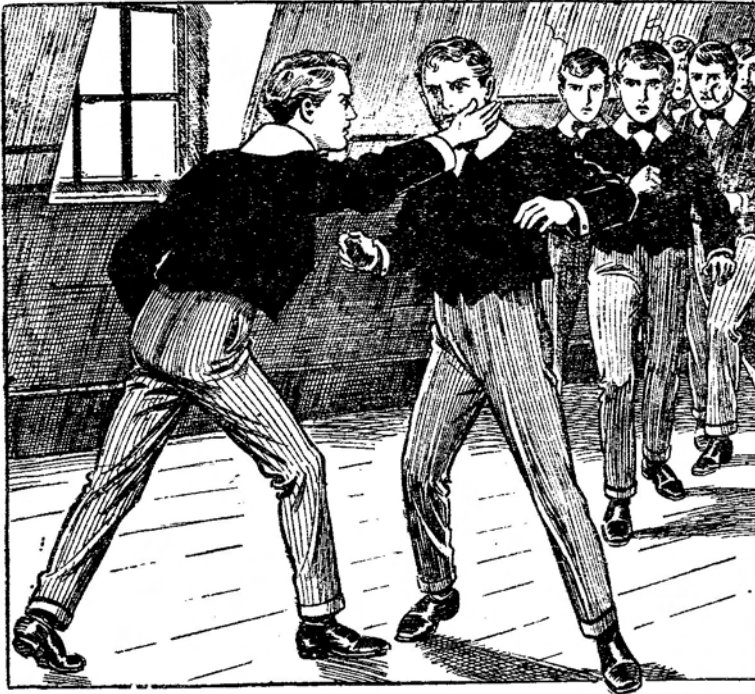
"What the thunder do you mean?" he growled.

"I say, dear old fellow—"

"Oh, dry up!"

Jack Drake moved away as soon as the juniors were dismissed, and Tuckey had no further opportunity to bestow sympathy. Some of the fellows laughed as Drake passed them; but he did not connect the laugh with himself. He met Rodney on the deck, and gave him a short nod. Rodney was about to speak; but he checked himself.

Daubeny and Co. were chatting near the mainmast when Drake came along. They certainly saw him approaching to speak; but before he could join them, they turned and walked away to their own quarters.



Smack! Drake's open hand came across Rodney's cheek with a report almost like a pistol shot. The new junior staggered back under the blow.

scholarship; and his makin' friends first day with that poverty-stricken cad Rodney: his tryin' to take to sappin', and then, his bein' so awfully knocked over by Josin's a miserable fiver on Brown Boy! The dear man has been pullin' our leg. Leavin' us to imagine he was as flourishin' as ever, and all the time—"

"Rather caddish!" said Egan.

"Beastly caddish, old top!"

"But—Drake really hard up!" said Torrence, with wide-open eyes.

"Look how it stands!" said Daubeny. "It's as clear as daylight! He won't be able to pay Gentleman Smith that fiver he's lost—and that's what's worrin' him."

"Phew!"

"Why he owes us about ten quids!" exclaimed Egan.

"And we shall have to whistle for it!" answered Daubeny.

"The cad! I'll jolly well see that

Drake stood rooted to the deck for a moment, staring after them.

What did that new conduct on the part of the "Bucks" mean?

A flush crept into his face.

He was in a humour to be touchy and exacting; and less incivility would have angered him. He strode after the three Shell fellows.

"Daub!" he called out.

Vernon Daubeny glanced carelessly back.

"Hallo!" he said nonchalantly.

"Stop a minute."

"I'm goin' to my study."

"I want to speak to you."

"Well, you can come to the study, if you like."

And Vernon Daubeny walked on with his friends.

The flush in Drake's cheeks deepened. His eyes were glittering now under his deepened brows. The change in Daubeny and Co's manner was inexplicable—unless—unless—

Did they know?

Drake had tried to believe that, if the facts were known, his nutty friends would stand by him. But at the bottom of his heart he had always known that it would not be so. Vernon Daubeny had no use for "lame ducks." Unless a fellow could keep his end up in his honourable society, he was not wanted there. A poor and needy outsider, who could not afford to go the pace, was not the pal Daubeny of the Shell was looking for. And Drake had never entered heartily into the shady pursuits of the "Bucks"; it was carelessness more than anything else that had led him into their ways at all, and he had always had a real repugnance to blackguardism, which Daubeny remembered now.

Did they know.

But how could they know? Nobody knew excepting Dick Rodney, and Rodney had promised to keep the secret, and he had kept his promise; so far, at least. Had he been tattling at last?

Drake, with glittering eyes, followed the "Bucks" to their study. Daubeny had closed the door; the Fourth-former kicked it open, and entered.

Egan shrank back a little from his pale, passionate face. Torrence looked extremely uncomfortable. But Daubeny, with perfect coolness, selected a cigarette from his case, and proceeded to light it.

Drake's eyes glittered at him.

"What does this mean?" he asked in a low, thick voice.

Daubeny eyed him coolly through the smoke curls.

"What are you alludin' to, dear man?" he inquired.

"Your confounded cheek!" broke out Drake hotly. "Hang you, you know what I mean!" He clenched his hands. "If you don't explain—"

"I rather think it's up to you to explain," drawled Daubeny, "from the talk that's goin' on, we've heard what you ought to have told us before. You can't expect us to like it."

"The—talk! What talk?"

"You came back this term goin' on just the same as before," said Daubeny, "you never let on a word about your pater being on the rocks, and yourself as hard up as Turkey Toodles. Did you?"

Drake's hands unclenched

He almost tottered; and he rested a hand on the study table to support himself.

"You—you know!" he gasped.

He had suspected it, feared it, but it came as a shock to him!

Daubeny smiled.

"I needn't ask if it's true!" he said.

"Your face is enough for me. Do you call this playin' the game, Drake? You let us believe everythin' was goin' on as usual—you've spoofed us. You owe us money. You owe Gentleman Smith money, and you can't pay it. I took you to Smith as a friend—if he don't get the money from you, he will look to me. Is that cricket? I call it caddish swindlin'."

Drake panted.

"You rotter! I shall pay Smith—and you—every penny."

Daubeny gave a shrug.

"All the better, if you do," he answered. "Will it be convenient to hand over the cash just now? You owe ten quids in this study."

Egan broke in.

"An' you lost it to us after you were on the rocks—you played with us, knowin' you couldn't pay."

Drake breathed hard.

"I can pay!" he said. "I hoped to get clear on Brown Boy, but I shall pay up every shilling, you cad. I can do it by sellin' my bike."

"The sooner the better, then," sneered Daubeny. "You've had time to sell your bike, if you wanted to, but you haven't done it. Not that I care much about the money. I'm willin' to call off the debt—hang the money. But you've treated us badly."

"Rottenly!" said Egan.

"No gentleman would have acted as you've done," said Daubeny. "I prefer only to pal with gentlemen. That's a tip."

Drake's hands clenched again.

"I knew it would be like this, if you knew!" he muttered. "You're catchin' at any excuse to give me the cold shoulder, because I'm hard up. What's the good of tellin' lies about it, Daubeny?"

Daubeny flushed a little.

"That isn't the kind of language I care to hear in this study," he said, with insulting calmness. "Perhaps you wouldn't mind gettin' out."

"I'll get out fast enough. I was a fool ever to put a foot in this study," said Drake bitterly. "What have I been playin' the cad and blackguard with you fellows for? I never wanted to—it was always against the grain. I was a thunderin' fool, and I'm glad it's over."

"You weren't in a hurry to get it over," sneered Daubeny; "you've been hangin' on to us this term under false pretences, anyhow."

"Look here, Daub—" began Torrence uneasily.

"You dry up, Torrence. The less we see of this outsider, the better!" said Daubeny. "We've been taken in. Imposed upon, in fact. There's the door, Drake!"

"Who told you about my affairs at home?" asked Drake quietly.

"Nobody in particular. It's the talk of the ship."

"That's not good enough. Nobody knew, exceptin' myself an' Rodney. I want to know how it got about."

"Find out!" said Egan.

"These things are bound to get out, in the long run," smiled Daubeny. "But if it's a fact that that cad Rodney knew, I don't see that you need look any further for the fellow who gave you away. Not that I blame him—I don't see why he should keep your shady secrets."

"He—he promised—" muttered Drake.

Daubeny laughed.

"Then he's broken the promise," he said. "Just what I should have expected of such a rank outsider."

"Did he tell you?"

"No, I heard it at the tea-table," said Daubeny, after a momentary pause, in which he debated whether it was worth while to utter a falsehood. But it was not needed; Drake's look showed plainly enough what was going to happen when he met Dick Rodney again. "But, if you say Rodney knew—"

Drake did not wait for more, he strode from the study, his brows knitted, and his eyes gleaming. Daubeny laughed lightly, and threw the door shut after him.

"I suppose it was Rodney who let it out from what he says," remarked Egan.

"I suppose so. Must have been a fool to tell the chap, if he didn't want it repeated. I fancy the dear boy is booked for a fight." Vernon Daubeny rubbed his nose, where there still remained a trace of a collision with Dick Rodney's knuckles. "It's turnin' out quite amusin'. Drake's a terrific fightin' man when his dander's up—that sappin' cad Rodney is booked for a high old time, I think. We must be on hand when it comes off. I'll lay two to one, in sovs, on Drake."

And Daubeny lighted another cigarette.

#### Challenged!

**J**ACK DRAKE strode away from Daubeny's study with gleaming eyes. The truth was out now; and not for a moment did he doubt that Rodney had betrayed him. From whom else could the information have come? Only Rodney knew, and he had betrayed what had been confided to him in a thoughtless moment. Drake could not look at it otherwise.

The expression on his face, as he came out on the main deck, drew a good many glances upon him.

"He knows we know, now!" murmured Raik to Sawyer, and Sawyer major nodded. "The dear man seems annoyed."

"Looking for trouble!" grinned Sawyer. "He wants to know who found it out and gave him away! Was it you, Raik?"

"I! How could I know anything about him or his affairs! Don't be a silly ass."

"Well, somebody did."

Drake came up to the two juniors; and Raik, in spite of his nerve and impudence, backed away a little. Jack's face was not pleasant to look upon at that moment.

"Do you fellows know where Rodney is?" asked Drake.

"Rodney! The new kid?" said Raik, greatly relieved. "Do you want him?"

"That's why I'm askin'."



"I think I saw him go down to the common-room."

"Right."

Drake turned, and ran down the steps to the lower deck. Raik and Sawyer exchanged glances.

"Was it Rodney, then?" asked Sawyer, with a whistle.

Raik smiled.

"Very likely! Let's go and see the fun."

And they followed.

There were a good many fellows in the common-room, when Jack Drake came in. He noted, now, that they ceased speaking as he entered, and glanced at him. He did not need telling that his affairs were under discussion.

"I say, dear old boy," said Tuckey Toodles, catching at Drake's sleeve. "I say, have you heard? I don't believe it, old chap—you rely on me! I'm standing by you, old fellow."

Drake's reply to that touching profession of faith was rather ungrateful. He did not speak; but he slung the fat and chubby Tuckey out of the way, and strode on.

Rodney was talking to Estcourt near the big table; and both of them had avoided looking at Drake. They were surprised when he strode up to them with a flushed and furious face.

"Rodney! You cad!" he panted.

Dick Rodney rose quickly to his feet.

"Drake—"

"You cad!" repeated Drake. "You rotter!"

There was a buzz from the juniors, as they gathered round. It was easily to be seen that Drake was in a furious temper; and the general impression was that he was looking for a victim to wreak it upon. But it was surprising that he should have picked upon the quite, sedate Rodney.

"What's Rodney done?" asked Newson.

"I've done nothing," said Rodney, before Drake could speak. "Drake, old man, you're making a mistake. I know what you suspect; but it isn't so."

"I don't suspect, I know!"

"I tell you—"

"What's the trouble?" asked several voices.

Drake's eyes gleamed round at the crowd.

"I'll tell you what the trouble is!" he exclaimed passionately. "The day that cad came to St. Winny's, I was fool enough to make friends with him, and I told him something about my affairs, which he promised never to speak of. Now it's all over the school!"

"Then it's true!" murmured Tuckey Toodles. "Oh, my hat!" Rodney's steady glance did not falter.

"I know it's all over the school now, Drake," he said quietly. "But I have not said a word."

"Who has, then?"

"I can't say who has, of course."

"Nobody else knew—not a word!" panted Drake. "I confided to you, like an ass! You promised—"

"I've kept my promise."

"Liar!"

Rodney breathed hard.

There was a breathless pause; and then Rodney spoke quietly.

"Very well! If you don't take my word, there's no use my saying anything more."

"You rotter! You won't get off so cheaply as that!" panted Drake, advancing upon the new junior. "Put up your hands."

Rodney put his hands into his pockets.

"Do you hear me?" shouted Drake, "Are you a coward as well as a liar? Put up your hands."

"I—look here—"

Smack!

Drake's open hand came across Rodney's cheek, with a report almost like a pistol shot. The new junior staggered back under the blow.

"Now will you put up your hands?"

"I will not fight you, or anybody else, on Sunday!" he said quietly. "I will fight you to-morrow, Drake, and do my best to give you the thrashing you're asking for."

Drake started a little. In his rage and excitement, he had forgotten the day. He dropped his hands.

"To-morrow, then!" he said.

"Yes."

"That's settled, then."

And Jack Drake strode from the common-room, leaving the juniors of St. Winifred's in an excited buzz.

Another long, complete school story next Tuesday, entitled:

"A FIGHT TO A FINISH!"

#### RESULT OF TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION.—No. 1.

In this competition no competitor sent in a correct solution of the pictures. The First Prize of £5 has therefore been awarded to:

MISS ELLEEN MARCH,  
22, Maplethorpe Road,  
Thornton Heath,

whose solution contained one error. Seventeen competitors sent in solutions containing two errors each. A Tuck Hamper has therefore been awarded to each of the following:

Miss Wildsmith, 12, Brunswick St., Leamington; John O'Brien, 13, Old Mill Rd., Uddingston, By Glasgow; F. G. Davenport, 3, Harold St., Roath, Cardiff; Annie MacKenzie, The Cottage, Belhaven Limd., Wishaw; E. Ashworth, 756, Oldham Rd., Failsworth, Manchester; Harry R. Walker, 56, Tewkesbury Rd., Handsworth, B'ham; Jack A. Thorne, 65, Darell Rd., Richmond, Surrey; Walter E. Hodges, 7, Anglesea Rd., Woolwich, S. E. 18; Miss M. Self, 56, Holloway, Bath, Som.; Ena Canavan, "Breezemount," Portadown, Co. Armagh; Fred Fleming, 10, Somerford St., Bethnal Green, E. 1; Thos. Barrow, 40, Bengal St., Hall Lane, Liverpool; Reginald Loynes, 34, Gray's Inn Rd., London, E.C.; John C. Fletcher, 22, Milton St., Spring Bank, Hull; Harold Graham, 89, Burleigh Rd. South Everton, L'pool; Miss Muriel M. Ashton, 109, Reynoldson St., Newland Ave., Hull; R. W. B. Stephens, 62, Revelstoke Rd., Southfields, S.W. 18.

#### CORRECT SOLUTION:

My Dear Friends,—Many thousands of my readers have written and begged me to publish the "Greyfriars Herald" again. So here it is, but brighter than ever, and crammed with good things. Read it, hand it to your companions, and then tell me what you think of your old periodical. Yours truly,  
HARRY WHARTON.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

By MONTY LOWTHER

The Mirth-Maker of St. Jim's

"Baggy."—Congratulations on your appointment to the post of Inspector-General of Keyholes.

"Franky" (Greyfriars Remove).—Greyfriars was established many years ago by the monks. That's why the present generation of its pupils are monkeys!

G. Potte (Greyfriars).—Hallo! Still Potter-ing about, are you? Yes, I quite agree that, so far as Coker is concerned, there's no place like Hanwell!

"Jackie."—In reply to your query, the three greatest humorists, past and present, are Mark Twain, Artemus Ward, and Montague Lowther. Who is the greatest comedian the world has ever known? Well, it's a toss-up between Grundy and Gussy!

"Sport."—The chief recreations of the Third-Formers are marbles, hop-scotch, and cooking herrings on penholders!

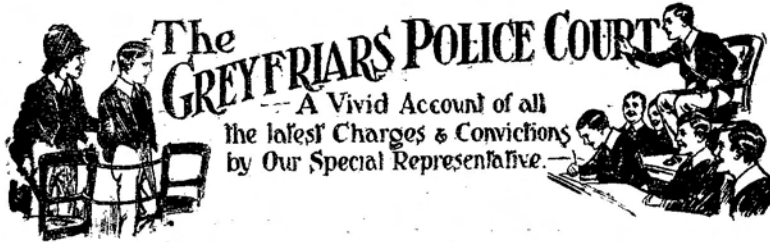
"Batsman."—The highest score ever made in school cricket was 999 not out, by George Alfred Grundy. He would have completed his thousand, but unfortunately he happened to wake up!

"Fed-up," "Inconstant Reader," "Carping Critic," and others, are requested to go and masticate the commodity known as coke!

Lord M. (Greyfriars).—"Tis love that makes the world go round," you say. Yes, and it makes you go round—to the bun-shop in Friardale every half-holiday!

"Figgy" (New House).—We appreciate your willingness to swap your white mice in exchange for a bound volume of "The Boys' Friend." But what the thump do you take us for? A walking Bazaar, Exchange, and Mart?"

"Anxious" (School House).—"The Life of Lowther," in seven hundred and twenty-eight spasms, will shortly be published. Fly to your newsagent at once!



# The GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

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

There were very few grave charges at this week's police-court proceedings. All the chief criminals seem to have ceased making a precarious living by murdering one another.

The list of minor offences, however, was a fairly long one.

## SENSATION IN COURT!

### Mr. George Bulstrode Acquitted!

George Bulstrode, a well-built hoggan of 15, was charged with causing the Greyfriars Remove to lose their last football-match against Highcliffe.

Mr. Robert Cherry, K.C., who prosecuted on behalf of the Remove Football, Hopsotch, and Shove-a'penny Corporation, said that Bulstrode, when playing goal, had deliberately, wantonly, and with malice aforethought allowed the ball to pass into the net, thus giving Highcliffe the victory.

Accused, in a low, husky voice, pleaded not guilty.

Mr. Donald Ogilvy, defending, said that his client was the best junior custodian at Greyfriars. "Even the best of goalkeepers, however," said Mr. Ogilvy, "sometimes commit an error of judgment. Mr. Bulstrode did his utmost to stop the ball when it came, but it swerved to one side, and crashed into the net. My client is in no way to blame."

Mr. William Wibley, the renowned impersonator from Jolland Yard, said that he watched the incident from behind the net, disguised as a lump of soft mud.

Magistrate: What happened?

Witness: Bulstrode had ceased to take an active interest in the game, your worship. He was seated astride the cross-bar, reading the current issue of "The Boys' Friend."

Magistrate: Ha, ha! I think the court usher had better go out into the Close and erect some gallows! Looks as if we shall want 'em!

Detective-Inspector Redwing then gave evidence.

"I was seated on the ground, your worship, disguised as a young turnip. I can fully corroborate Mr. Wibley's evidence. Bulstrode was paying no attention whatever to the game. He was deep in a Rookwood story when the ball crashed into the net."

Mr. Cherry: That settles it. There is no doubt whatever about defendant's guilt.

Magistrate: And so say all of us! Get your verdict off your chest, Mr. Foreman!

Foreman of Jury: We find the accused not guilty, your worship.

Magistrate: What!

Foreman of Jury: We were bribed with a bag of jam-tarts to return a verdict of not guilty, and we've kept the compact.

Magistrate (to accused): You have been cute enough in your old age to bring about an acquittal. You may leave this court without a stain on

your football-jersey. I cannot say the same of your character!

Accused strolled out of court whistling "The Death of Nelson." There was quite a buzz from the audience, and quite a long time had elapsed before Mr. Justice Wharton could get on with the washing.

## A Very Fishy Affair.

William George Bunter (15) was charged with stealing two slabs of hot toffee, the property of the Remove Home-made Toffee and Baked Chestnut Association. Fisher Tarleton Fish, an American subject, was charged with receiving the said toffee, knowing it to have been stolen.

Mr. Robert Cherry, K.C., prosecuting counsel, said that the amount of petty pilfering which went on was amazing. It was the giddy limit, the last straw, and the extreme outside edge. "Only this morning," remarked counsel, "the remains of a grilled kipper were taken from the cupboard in No. 1 Study. The Remove Form, gentlemen, is in danger of developing into a sort of Thieves' Kitchen. I sincerely hope the jury will bring in a verdict of guilty, with a strong request that the accused persons be flayed alive, and afterwards boiled in oil."

Magistrate: At the same time, you wish them no harm? (Laughter.)

Detective-Inspector Redwing, giving evidence, said that he was passing along the Remove passage when he heard voices in No. 9 Study, which was occupied by the prisoner Fish. "Disguising myself as a cobweb," said the inspector, "I hid in the doorway and listened. 'You can have 'em for a tanner a slab, Fishy!' I heard the prisoner Bunter remark. 'I guess I should like to know how you got hold of this hyer toffee,' said Fish. 'Oh, I lifted it from the frying-pan in No. 1 Study,' said Bunter. 'It's rattling good stuff, and I'm not profiteering. I'm putting you in the way of a good bargain. You can sell the toffee to somebody else at half a dollar a slab.' Accordingly the prisoner Fish purchased the toffee, well knowing that it had been stolen."

Fisher T. Fish: I sorter calculate

Magistrate: No amount of calculation, however brilliant, is likely to save you from getting your jus deserts!

Fisher T. Fish: I guess you've no right to lay hands on a free Amurrican citizen—

Magistrate: I kinder sorter guess and calculate that you and the other slabsided jay are going to get it in the neck—some! (Laughter.)

Mr. Cherry, making his final address to the jury, said that if they brought in anything but a verdict of guilty

he'd wallop every mother's son of them.

The jury then retired to consider their verdict. In the interval his worship organised a jazz dance on the floor of the court.

At umpteen minutes past three the jury returned. Suspicious smears of jam on their faces suggested that they had spent the interval in the tuck-shop.

Magistrate: Well, Mr. Foreman?

Foreman of the Jury: We find the elder prisoner extremely guilty, and the younger prisoner is also guilty, though in a lesser measure.

W. G. Bunter (eagerly): I say, you fellows—I'm the youngest prisoner!

F. T. Fish: I guess—

Magistrate (to Fish): How old are you?

F. T. Fish: Fifteen years and two months, I guess!

Magistrate (to Bunter): And what is your age?

W. G. Bunter: Not quite twelve, your worship! (Loud laughter.)

Magistrate: One would think that Ananias himself was in the dock! Which is the younger prisoner, Mr. Foreman?

Foreman of the Jury: The fishy person, your worship.

Magistrate: I thought as much! You are sentenced, Bunter, to be bumped until the bumpers are out of breath. You will afterwards be sent to the Porkstall Institute for Podgy Offenders.

W. G. Bunter: Help! Fire! Murder! Earthquakes! (Loud laughter.)

Magistrate: You, Fish, will be recommended for deportation.

F. T. Fish: I guess I'm jolly glad. This sleepy old island leaves me cold. The sooner I hit the other side of the pond the better!

Magistrate: Take a black eye for contempt of court!

The black eye was promptly administered by the court usher. At this stage the dock collapsed—likewise the prisoners!

## REPORTS IN BRIEF.

Mr. Gerald Loder applied to the magistrate for a separation order in connection with his fag, Hubert Bolsover, on the grounds of the latter's neglect.

Magistrate: I refuse to listen to such tales of woe. As I have remarked before, these disputes between fags and fag-masters must be settled out of court.

On leaving the premises Mr. Loder threatened his worship by knocking his wig off.

Richard Nugent, George Tubb, and Percival Spencer Paget, all sobbing spasmodically, were charged with driving hoops in the Close after sunset without displaying rear-lights, as required by the Defence of the Elms Regulations.

The Magistrate ordered the culprits to be bound over—on a form, where they each received several hearty clumps with the court poker.

An additional charge against George Tubb, of birds'-nesting in the Head's garden, was held over till the Fags' Quarter Sessions.

# OUR SILVER SHILLING FEATURE

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

**The Old Dad!**

Some time ago, while the Great War was yet in progress, three Tommies were sitting by the roadside in France. Presently an officer with a charming manner came up and engaged them in conversation, and the talk drifted to the subject of their friends in the homeland. Suddenly one of the Tommies jocularly said:

"Do you want to see a portrait of my girl?"

The officer took the photograph, remarking what a lucky fellow the soldier was to have such a pretty sweetheart. Then he said:

"I can't show you a picture of my best girl, but here is one of my old dad."

So saying, he handed the Tommy a sovereign, pointing out the head of King George. The officer was the Prince of Wales!—Sent in by B. Smith, 49, Loose Road, Maidstone, Kent.

**Then He Was Caned.**

Mr. Quelch: Now, Bunter, give me a sentence with the word solitude in it.

Bunter: Solly chewed an apple!—Sent in by C. Shilston, 83, Shealey Road, Camberwell, S.E.5.

**A CHEST-NUT!**



NERVOUS CUSTOMER: "A blouse, please."

ASSISTANT: "What bust?"

NERVOUS CUSTOMER: "Er-er, I didn't hear anything!"

**Time!**

"This watch will last a lifetime," remarked the jeweller, as he handed the timepiece over to the customer.

"Nonsense!" retorted the facetious customer. "Can't I see for myself that its hours are numbered?"—Sent in by S. J. Cameron, 123, Engadine Street, Southfields, S.W.18.

**An Elastic Change.**

Old Lady: I've just found this piece of rubber in the sausages you sold me.

Butcher: Well, don't you know that motors are taking the place of horses everywhere now?—Sent in by C. C. Cooke, 10, Winnock Road, Colchester.

**Obliging!**

Lord Mauleverer walked down the Courtfield High Street and into a clothier's shop.

"What can I do for you, sir?" asked the assistant.

"Will you take that pink waistcoat with the green spots out of the window for me, please?" requested Mauly.

"Certainly, sir; I will do so at once."

"Oh, thank you so much!" said Mauly, preparing to go. "For every time I've passed your shop the beastly thing's worried me! Good-afternoon!"

—Sent in by B. Bradshaw, 40, Newbold Road, Rugby.

**VERY POINTED!**



HOBBS: "How do you know that I put the pin there?"

BLOBBS: "'Cause you were the only one working when I sat on it!"

**Done!**

Billy Bunter: Please, sir, I can't be punished for something I haven't done—can I?

Mr. Quelch: Certainly not, my boy.

Billy Bunter: Then, please, sir, I haven't done my lines!—Sent in by T. Roderick, 62, Llanthewry Road, Newport, Mon.

**Not the W(hole) Truth.**

Horace Coker: I say, Bull, that half-crown you've just found belonged to me.

Bull minor: But yours had no hole in it.

Horace Coker: Oh, yes, it had!

Bull minor: Well, this hasn't!—Sent in by H. Martin, 32, Shear Brow, Blackburn.

**A Black Business.**

1st Villain: Where are those papers?

2nd Villain: In the blacksmith's shop.

1st Villain: Ah, being forged, I suppose?

2nd Villain: No—being filed!—Sent in by W. E. Franklin, 40, Sandwell Street, Walsall.

## OUR FOOTBALL COLUMN

Conducted by Our Sports Editor  
H. VERNON-SMITH

EDITOR'S NOTE.—It has been suggested that I award prizes to the readers who succeed in punctuating the following report. I shall not do so, because I am convinced that such a task would prove impossible. As for Master Richard Nugent's spelling, it is second only to Coker's!—H.W.

### GREYFRIARS REMOVE v. HIGH-CLIFFE.

By Dicky Nugent.

this match was played in wett whether be-4 a big croud and it was a fine game to watch and i enjoyed it very much although harry wharton and co put up a very feeble show especially my bruther frank who cant play footer for toffee when highcliffe one the toss their was a kraaning of neks on the tuchline and everryboddy's i's was rivetted upon the game frank courtenay went away with a kick and a rush and skored a gole and wharton and my major and bob cherry and inky and johnny bull groned allowed in angwish. (I notice the writer has inserted a full-stop at last! Why doesn't the chump stop?—Ed.)

Kwite a big croud was watching the match and they cheered and they showted and they through their caps in the air and they jumped and they jazzed (and the green grass grew all round!—Ed.)

wharton kame a kropper in the mud and when he got up you kouldn't tell wich was mud and wich was wharton and the specked taters shook with larfter and when the katerpillar skored another gole for highcliffe their was grate applavs i can tell you it was a site for gods and men and littel fishes the remove were hopelessly out-plade and they came down with a bump in the esteem of there supporters. (I know somebody else who is shortly coming down with a bump!—Ed.)

i sedd to young tubb what price the remove now and he larfed a holler mocking larf and sedd dicky old skowt we could lick the remove gagged and bound and blindfolded and young paget sedd here here and ½-time arived with the skore like this

highcliffe 2  
remove nicks

the 2nd ½ was a repitishum of the 1st and any ass could see that the remove would be licked to a frazzel and I sedd to young tubb get reddy to grone and when the final whissel rang out we groned in corus and you ought to have seen wharton's face if looks could have killed we should have dyed on the spott.

on the hole it was a very pore game and I think the remove ought to give up football and start keeping rabbits, only it will be ruff luck on the rabbits if they kick them like they kicked the bawl on satterday.

i have not sedd ½ what i should like to say and I will now deskribe the game in detale— (Time, gentlemen, time!—Ed.)

# THE RED MAN'S TRAIL

A stirring serial story dealing with adventures amongst Redskins

By Mr. PAUL PONTIFEX PROUT

(Master of the Fifth Form)

## READ THIS FIRST.

*Kit and Joe Desmond, two British boys whose father is a prisoner in the hands of the Redskins, are accompanying a convoy of emigrants across the prairies. Towards nightfall, none other than Buck Dixie, the famous scout, comes up with them and gives warning of a band of Indians. Then, promising help in forty-eight hours, Buck gallops away again. Near Deer Springs, the only water for many miles, the convoy is attacked by the Redskins, and a fierce fight ensues. During a lull, Uncle Baldy, a leader with a taste for fighting and chemistry, suddenly conceives an idea for replenishing their juling water supply.*

(Now read on.)

**T**HE boys listened with rapt attention to Uncle Baldy's plan for stealing from under the very noses of the Redskin host the precious water which was to decide their fate.

As Uncle Baldy expounded his scheme it was simple and scientific.

"The springs are higher than our camp is situated, boys," said Uncle Baldy, "an' it's the natcher o' water to run down hill. What I propose to do is to take the end av this long length o' rubber toobin', an' to introduce it, by hook or by crook, inter one o' them springs. Then with my air-pump we pull out the air that's in the toobe, just as a baby pulls the air out o' his bottle, an' gives himself indigestion. Then the water comes flowing through the toobe, an' we siphon it inter buckets."

"And supposing your tube becomes blocked?" asked Joe, who was always practical. "There's a lot of mud in those springs, and the Redskins keep them stirred up," he added.

"Why," responded Uncle Baldy, "all we hev to do is to give a pull or two on the air-pump, an' the water'll soon flow again."

The next thing to be discussed was how this desperate plan could be put into execution. If they could only get the end of that small tube into the nearest spring a few hours after darkness, they could not only save themselves, but they could save their oxen as well. These patient beasts were dying of thirst, and already in Silas Cobb's mind was growing a plan to sacrifice the poor brutes by allowing them to stampede for the water during the night, and in the confusion to snatch a few buckets for the women and children.

But when the sun had set Baldy carried his plan to the convoy leader.

The Redskins had posted sentinels close to the verge of the battlefield, and in the last light of the blood-red



As he talked, Uncle Baldy deftly worked over the boys' faces with the grease paints by the dim light of the candle, deepening the colour of their skins to a swarthy copper, which is the true colour of the Navajo Indian

sunset they could see these grim watchers standing close by their heaps of slain.

They knew that these bodies would not be removed from the battlefield till the dead men were avenged. Not till then, according to Navajo custom, would the squaws hold their death-wailings.

And it was under cover of these dead bodies that Baldy and the boys had planned to make their approach to the spring.

Uncle Baldy knew that a young Redskin brave makes a bad sentry, more especially when dead men are lying unburied around him, for his superstitions people the darkness about him with restless spirits of the dead who may not depart to the Happy Hunting Grounds till their bodies have been interred, their death avenged, and their loss bewailed by their tribe.

So Uncle Baldy figured out that the Indian sentinels would be restless and inattentive, and that their minds would be turned to the camp-fires.

His plan was simple enough in its daring.

He and the boys would disguise themselves in the deerskin clothing, war-paint, and feathers of the dead warriors. Then they would take their places amongst the slain, and gradually wriggle across the battle-ground in the darkness till they could get near enough to a sentry to pull him down swiftly and suddenly.

And Uncle Baldy had a new aid to putting a sentry out of action in the shape of a chloroform pad, which at the same time would act as a gag, and this was what Uncle Baldy called "soothin' syrup."

And immediately the sentry was down, one of the boys would rise up and take his place, so that his companions on either hand would not miss his presence in the darkness.

Then the road was open to the springs.

Although the Indian host were encamped about these, no one amongst them would dare to draw water from the springs in the darkness whilst those dead warriors were lying unburied on the battlefield, for, in accordance with the fribal superstitions, the spirits of the dead would be haunting the sweet waters.

Silas Cobb listened to Baldy's plan in silence.

And even Silas's grave, careworn face relaxed when Baldy's scheme was revealed to him.

"If I didn't know you so well, Baldy," he exclaimed, "I would say you was as

mad as a mad coyote. I never heard tell of fightin' Redskins with chemicals an' injy-rubber tubes before. But because it's never been done, it ain't to say that it can't be done, and you did well enough with your fireworks. But what about them Britisher boys?" added Silas thoughtfully. "They've done enough, an' it's a dangerous job. Why not let someone else take a risk?"

But Baldy shook his head.

"I've looked in the ink-pool, an' I've looked in the crystal ball," said he slowly, "and these hyar young Johnny Bulls are the boys for the job! They've got the luck. I've cast their nativities, an' they are both born under lucky stars. I'd sooner trust to them an' their luck than to more experienced men."

Silas Cobb nodded.

"Water's right out now," he said curtly, "an' ther children an' ther wounded are cryin' for it, Baldy. I was thinkin' o' stampedin' the oxen an' makin' a fight for the springs in the confusion. But it would mean sacrificin' the oxen an' some lives for a few buckets of water at best."

Baldy nodded.

"It's ther rubber tube and them boys that will do ther trick, Silas!" he replied. "I often wondered what I was goin' ter do ter find a use for that long length o' toobin' when I gave up my inventing. I put it aside an' I packed it, fer such things allus comes in useful if you wait long enough. And I got it in my mind now that ther toobe is goin' to save ther convoy. We'll be startin' in an hour. I've a mind that a ground-mist is goin' to rise from the springs to-night, after

the air has cooled. An' there's goin' to be a heavy dew-fall. It will be as well to spread all the canvas sheets to catch the dew, if we kin get nothin' better."

Silas nodded, and gave the necessary orders, whilst Uncle Baldy crept back under the waggon and watched through the falling darkness.

He was not wrong in his prognostication concerning the ground-mist.

As soon as the sun was down the air turned quite chill. And from the willows surrounding the spring, mingling with the smoke of the Redskin campfires, came creeping an almost imperceptible mist, which thickened and hung low on the ground.

They could just distinguish the Redskin sentinels standing knee-deep in this white mist, as though they were standing in water, and Uncle Baldy chuckled as he pointed to them.

"That ther' mist is goin' to save us a power o' crawling an' creepin', boys," said he. "Now I'll be goin' out to get us a few costumes fer this fancy-dress parade!"

Baldy stole out from under the waggon, and, under the cover of the low-lying mist, stripped three of the dead Redskins of their clothing.

He crawled back with the bundles under his arm, and handed them silently to the boys. Then, from that inexhaustible waggon of his, he produced grease-paints and haresfoot, all neatly packed up in an actor's make-up box.

"I wuz an acter onst," confessed Uncle Baldy shyly. "an' this is me old paint-box that I used fer paintin' my face to get ther' proper stage-effect. We toured round ther' settlements in a waggon, along o' a play called ther' 'Ruins of Pompey.' I wuz a Roman centurion in ther' play till the boys got up and started throwin' bottles at me. After that I wuz ther' Ruins of Pompey, an' ther' manager said he wasn't goin' to trust me wif a speakin' part any more. But I hope I'll play a Redskin more natural than I played ther' centurion, or that ther' Redskin sentry yonder will get in first shot!"

And as he talked, Baldy deftly worked over the boys' faces with his grease-paints, by the dim light of a candle, deepening the colour of their skin to a swarthy, blackish copper, which is the true colour of the Navajo Indian.

Then across their faces he painted the hideous bars of black and vermilion war-paint which are the distinguishing marks of the Indian brave.

And by the time he had finished with them Baldy had converted the two boys into very presentable Navajo braves, and Red Cloud, reclining on his blankets, rolled his eyes at the transformation, declaring in his own lingo that Uncle Baldy must be a very great medicine-man indeed, since he could turn Paleface boys into Navajo braves at a few minutes' notice!

Then Uncle Baldy started to work on his own face, rubbing in the grease-paints while peering into a small looking-glass.

When he started Uncle Baldy looked no more like a Red Indian than he looked like an Eskimo, for his face and general appearance were those of the

average old-fashioned, apple-cheeked London cab-driver.

But by the time he had completed his disguise, and had mounted the head-dress of feathers which are the distinguishing marks of a lesser chief, Uncle Baldy looked so near like a Navajo that Silas Cobb declared that he would be ready to shoot him on sight.

All was now in readiness. The large reel of rubber tubing, which was in very good condition, and quite unperished from lying up amongst Uncle Baldy's stores, was supported on a crowbar by way of an axle, and Silas Cobb was left to watch it as it paid out.

Uncle Baldy had slipped a short length of metal tubing into the end of

there is no enmity between him and them, or between him and the Moving Scalp, who denied himself water that he might give it to his Red brother. I have spoken."

And Red Cloud lay back on the folded blankets which the boys had placed under his head by way of a pillow, and closed his eyes.

Uncle Baldy was overcome by this speech. He had never been called "brother" by a Redskin before.

"Put that gun down, Teekoopi," said he. "It might go off by accident, an' I had most forgotten that Red Cloud is an Iroquois brave, and not one o' those Red varmints who are holding up our water-supply. Come along, boys!"

He crept away into the low-lying



Only a trained acrobat could have put in that sudden spring which brought Uncle Baldy up from the ground about the sentry's neck, dragging him swiftly and quietly to the ground.

it, which he proposed to drop into the waters of the spring. It was characteristic of Uncle Baldy that before he left the camp he told off Teekoopi to keep his eye on Red Cloud.

"You sit right 'longside that thar Injun, Teekoopi," said Uncle Baldy, placing his rifle in Teekoopi's hands, "an' if that feller tries to move or make a run for it, shoot him like a jack rabbit. Understand?"

Teekoopi nodded. He understood all right.

So did Red Cloud, the wounded prisoner.

"Tell He of the Moving Scalp," said he, with one of his rare smiles, "that the Red Man's heart is white, and that he will not move or try to run away. The Paleface boys have been good to Red Cloud. Wherefore

mist, dragging the length of rubber tubing after him, whilst Silas, sitting by the reel, paid it out carefully.

The two boys followed him up, taking the weight of the tiny little delicate pipe which might mean so much to the convoy.

On that fragile tube, that slid away into the darkness like a whip-snake, the lives of the whole party might depend.

Sometimes it slid off the reel quickly; sometimes it checked as the advancing three, who were nearest the line of Redskin sentries, paused to take cover amongst the piles of dead.

All was quiet in the Redskin camp. It was plain that, disheartened by their reverse, they had made up their minds to depend on their ally thirst

to bring about the surrender of the convoy.

And little did they dream of that tiny tube which slowly but surely was heading towards the precious water that would save the Palefaces from a cruel death!

#### Water at last!

**B**ALDY had dropped, and lay very still, looking as nearly as possible like a dead Redskin.

Under the cover of the mist he had approached within a few feet of the Indian sentry, who was plainly ill-at-ease and nervous.

Now and then this warrior would grunt and move a few paces from his post, peering into the mist that obscured the ground. Then he would gaze up to the stars, as though expecting to see the spirits of his restless, unburied comrades floating about through the air.

Then, out of the deerskin pouch which he wore at his side, he pulled an amulet containing a charm made by the medicine man of the tribe against evil spirits. This he tied about his forehead.

And all the time Baldy lay still amongst a tumbled group of dead Redskins, keeping his eye on his man, and praying that in his restlessness he might come near enough to him to be pulled down and gagged.

The boys were a few yards behind, lost in the blanket of mist that lay thick. Kit held the rubber tube loosely in his fingers, for he knew that Baldy would signal him by this medium.

One sharp pull meant "Lie still!" Two sharp pulls meant "Come on!"

And the tube had given one very decided twitch in Kit's fingers, so that he and Joe lay as still as the dead around them, scarcely daring to breathe.

The restless sentinel had turned and moved directly towards the spot where Baldy was lying.

It seemed to him that one of his dead companions had moved, and he came to a dead standstill, peering down through the darkness at Baldy's shadowy feathered figure, which was lying on its back, looking as dead as the rest of the limp figures that lay around.

Now, it so happened that Baldy in his chequered career had played many parts, and not least amongst these was that of an acrobat. And only a trained acrobat could have put in that sudden spring which brought him up from the ground about the sentry's neck, dragging him swiftly and quietly to the ground, where the pad of chloroform was clapped tightly over his mouth before he could utter a cry.

Now, much has been written in stories about the instantaneous chloroforming of the victims of bad men. But to chloroform a powerful man is not so easy a job as it reads in stories. Baldy managed to hold his man, and to twitch the rubber tube twice in quick succession.

In an instant Kit had risen from the low-lying blanket of mist, and had taken the sentry's musket, standing there in his place, whilst at his feet Baldy and the brave lay locked in a deadly embrace.

Luckily for Baldy, the sentry had been so horrified by this sudden onset that he had been unable to utter a

sound till the chloroform pad was clapped over his mouth and nostrils. And it must be confessed that Baldy throttled his victim into insensibility as much as chloroformed him, for his grip on the Indian's throat never relaxed until he lay limp and insensible under Baldy's knee.

Then, quickly and scientifically, Baldy gagged and bound him, and dumped him neatly under a fallen brave, where he would not be discovered as a live man till the field was cleared.

Then Baldy rose to his feet.

Joe, who had crawled up, was posted in the sentry's place, whilst Baldy and Kit moved on boldly, pulling that imperceptible length of rubber tubing behind them.

There was nobody between them and the first spring now, and to their delight as they approached it they found that it was deserted.

They could see the lights of the camp-fires a few hundred yards away through the willows, and could hear the guttural tones of the warriors as they gathered, smoking and chatting, about their deerskin lodges.

The Redskins were giving the springs a wide berth to-night, and were gathering close about the comforting light of their camp-fires, for their superstitions told them that the restless spirits of their unburied companions were abroad in the mist, and would be gathering at the springs to slake their thirst ere they departed finally for the Happy Hunting Grounds.

Not a soul showed near the willows as Baldy stooped by the spring and dropped the end of the tube into the water, Kit laying it carefully behind him.

Then they stole away through the mist.

Of a sudden Baldy came to a stop as a Redskin figure passed ahead of them, crossing their path with silent tread.

This brave sighted the two figures in the mist, and grunted a greeting, passing on his way from one part of the camp to the other.

They went ahead again and came on Joe, still standing at his post close by the gagged and trussed sentry.

Then the three together followed the trail that the long length of tubing gave them. And well it was that they had this to guide them, for the mist had risen from the ground, hiding everything from their sight.

They were not challenged as they approached the waggons, for Silas Cobb could feel their signals twitching along the tiny tube. And soon they crawled in under the shelter of the waggon.

"The end o' th' toobe is in the spring all right!" reported Baldy delightedly. And he took off the heavy headdress of feathers. "Now gimme the air-pump, an' we'll soon see if we can't raise water!"

He fixed the pump to the tiny mouth of the tube, and pumped for a few minutes. Soon there was a gurgle and a swelling in the tiny elastic pipe, and Baldy eagerly snatched off the tube and put it to his lips.

He was rewarded by a tiny, gurgling flow of the sweetest water he had ever tasted. The tube was acting as a siphon now, and the water was run-

ning in a steady trickle from the spring.

It was not much, for the bore of the tube was less than a third of that of an average soullery tap. But this trickle of water meant life to them.

A pail was brought, and the little group gathered round it, watching the precious fluid dribbling into it.

A pannikin was dipped into the pail, and Red Cloud was treated to a drink.

Then the pail was carried off to the women and children and the patient oxen, tied down to the ground by their great yokes, lowed restlessly as it passed them, for they could smell the water in the pail.

"Run, water—run!" muttered Uncle Baldy, crouching over that precious pail like some wizard crouching over a magic brew.

And indeed it was the very elixir of life that was dribbling into the pail from that distant spring in the enemy's camp.

Red Cloud, lying on his bed of blankets, gazed with awed eyes at Baldy. He understood nothing of rubber tubes and air-pumps, and he was firmly persuaded that Uncle Baldy, who had brought water into this thirst-stricken camp, must be a wizard of the first order.

"Him heap big medicine-man!" he grunted, looking at Uncle Baldy with awe in his black eyes.

"You bet I am!" replied Uncle Baldy, chuckling as the second pail filled up with the precious fluid. "I am IT, the biggest medicine-man that ever was! He of the Moving Scalp is the man who hands out the magic. If we don't run the spring dry, we'll be able to give the oxen a drink, and save the lot!"

And pail after pail was filled, till everybody in the camp had had a good drink, and the buckets had been filled against the heat of the morrow.

Uncle Baldy and the boys sat round the pail as they filled till it was past midnight. Once the water stopped and became muddy, which told them that the little tube, wandering away out there in the darkness, had run the spring dry. But soon it filled up again.

Then a small allowance of water was given to the oxen. It was not enough to keep them alive through the morrow, but Uncle Baldy meant to keep on watering the poor brutes all through the night, and trusted that the tube would escape the notice of the Redskins long enough for every ox to have his fill.

This meant everything to the convoy. If their oxen died, even though Buck Dixie succeeded in bringing them help, and driving off the Redskin host, they were ruined. Their waggons would have to be abandoned in the wilderness, with all their goods.

The oxen were given a second tiny watering, which was merely a tithe of their need.

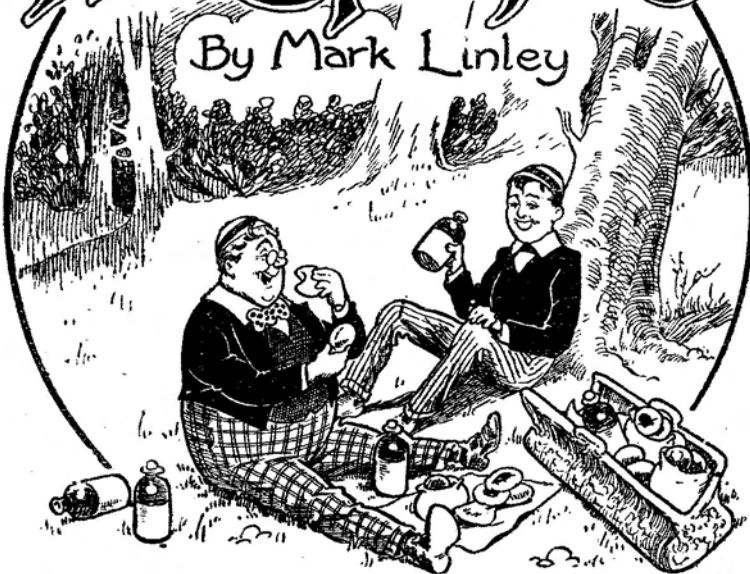
It was near one o'clock in the morning when Uncle Baldy, gloating over the pail, gave a sudden exclamation of vexation and dismay.

The tiny flow of water had suddenly stopped.

"That's real bad luck!" exclaimed Uncle Baldy. "Give me till three

# The Spoofers!

By Mark Linley



"Jolly good of old Uncle Clegg to give me all this tuck for nixes!" chuckled Billy Bunter. "He wouldn't fake the money for it, and wouldn't even take the tuck back. And I offered him both, you know."

UNCLE CLEGG glanced rather grimly at William George Bunter, as that fat youth rolled into the tuck-shop.

Uncle Clegg is the proprietor of the tuck-shop in Friardale High Street, and is much patronised by us fellows of Greyfriars school.

Bunter, the prize porpoise of the Remove, gives Uncle Clegg much patronage—more patronage, indeed, than Uncle Clegg desires, for Bunter has a habit of running up little accounts, which somehow he never manages to "square," except under pressure.

Bunter carried a heavy cricket-bag, and we noticed that he looked somewhat pale.

Bob Cherry and I were sitting at a table, quaffing hot drinks and eating doughnuts. The only other Greyfriars fellow present was Sidney James Snoop.

"Well, Master Bunter?" said Uncle Clegg, folding his arms, and staring at Bunter in a very unpromising manner.

"Whew!" gasped Bunter, setting down the bag and gasping very labouredly. "I—I don't feel well, somehow!"

"There's a chemist's shop a little farther along, Master Bunter," said the tuck-shop keeper, his stern face relaxing not one iota.

"Groooh!" gasped Bunter, grasping the edge of the counter for support. "I—I feel better now!"

Snoop chuckled. "I've come for some tuck, Uncle Clegg," went on Bunter. "I—"

"What about that little matter of seven shillings that you owe me?" said Uncle Clegg.

"Ahem!" coughed Bunter, fishing in his trousers-pocket. "I will settle up with you, my man, don't you worry."

Uncle Clegg gasped, ill-concealing his amazement.

Bunter drew forth something that

rustled crisply, and waved it under Uncle Clegg's nose.

"Ye gods!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "Bunter's got a fiver!"

"That's a five-pound note, Uncle Clegg," said Bunter airily. "I want to lay in a supply of provisions, and at the same time settle my little bill with you."

Uncle Clegg's demeanour underwent a rapid and vivid change.

"Oh, certainly, Master Bunter!" he said meekly. "I'm much obliged, I'm sure. Of course, I don't mind letting a little matter of a few shillings run on for a few weeks, for an old customer like you. What would you like, sir?"

"A dozen jam-tarts, to start with," growled Bunter. "Threepenny ones!"

"Yessir!" said Uncle Clegg, counting the tarts out.

"A dozen macaroons, and a dozen cream buns—"

"I—I say, Bunty!" said Bob Cherry faintly. "Where did you get this sudden wealth? Been robbing a bank?"

"Really, Cherry—"

"Or been sponging on Mauly?" suggested Bob. "You haven't come by it honestly, Bunter, I know!"

"Rats!" snapped Bunter, dragging a letter from his pocket. "Read that!"

Bob read the thumb-marked missive.

"Dear Billy," it read—"Things are brightening up at the Stock Exchange nowadays, and 'bear' business is brisk. I am enclosing a note for £5 as a little extra pocket-money for yourself. Be careful to take the number, and not to lose it. In haste.—Your loving FATHER."

Bob Cherry whistled as he handed the letter back to Bunter.

"Well, that beats the band!" he said to me. "So the Bunter tribe is

affluent again! Well, congrats., Bunter, old bean. You and I have always been pals, so I'll let you stand me a hot drink on the strength of our eternal friendship."

Bunter grinned. "Right-ho!" he said. "You're welcome. Pile in, you and Linley. Have what you like, and I'll stand treat."

We gasped. Bunter, with or without spare cash, had always been a greedy Bunter. Once having secured some tin, he had never been known to part with it, except reluctantly.

But now he had invited Bob and I to have what we liked at his expense! "Pile in!" said Bunter. "You, too, Snoop, if you like."

"What-ho!" chuckled Snoop; and he forthwith ordered three cream buns and a glass of currant-wine.

Bob and I had some doughnuts to start with. We went carefully, in case Bunter did not, after all, fulfil his promise.

The Porpoise himself, cramming cream buns the while, proceeded to rap out his orders in a liberal and masterly manner.

As Uncle Clegg laid the provisions on the counter, Bunter picked them up, examined them, and placed them in the cricket-bag.

Uncle Clegg was kept very busy executing Bunter's orders.

The horn of plenty was, indeed, flowing for the Owl of the Remove.

"Bunter's struck the feshpots of Egypt properly this time!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Fancy our Bunty standing treat! I tell you, Marky, wonders will never cease!"

Snoop settled himself down comfortably in a wicker-chair, and nonchalantly perused a newspaper.

Whilst Bunter was rapping out his orders, and filling his bag and himself with good things, Snoop looked up.

"I say, you chaps, this looks serious!" he said. "There's an epidemic of smallpox in Courtfield, and one case is reported at Friardale!"

And Snoop read out a paragraph from the "Courtfield Gazette," giving a serious view of the case.

"Oh, help!" gasped Bob Cherry. "I hope to goodness they don't put Greyfriars in quarantine!"

Bunter heeded not, except to remark "Really?" and proceeded with his orders. Uncle Clegg stared at Snoop, aghast at the news, gasped a little, and rushed to fetch a tin of apricots in response to Bunter's order.

Soon Bunter's bag was full of choice and goodly viands.

"I think that will be enough," said Bunter. "Just reckon up the bill, Uncle Clegg, while I pack this bag."

"Here let me lend you a hand, Bunter," said Bob Cherry breezily.

"Nunno!" said Bunter hastily.

"I'm quite capable of doing it myself, thanks, Cherry!"

"All right—keep yourself next week!" replied Bob good-humouredly.

Uncle Clegg was reckoning up.

"That will be exactly three pounds, four-and-nine, Master Bunter," said the tuck-shop keeper. "Shall I change your note, sir?"

Bunter opened his mouth to reply, but instead of articulate words a queer gurgle sounded in his throat.

We looked at Bunter in alarm. "What's the matter, Bunty?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Ow!" gasped Bunter, sinking into a chair and clapping his head. "I—I feel funny. Dizzy, and—and queer about the head! Groogh! I do feel bad!"

Bunter swallowed a glass of lemonade, and groaned hollowly.

"I—I say, Bunter, you do look white!" said Snoop, in a concerned voice. "Doesn't he, you chaps?"

We looked at Bunter, and noticed even more than we had done before that his face was ashen white.

"Ye-es," said Bob Cherry. "He's been gormandising too much, I reckon. How do you feel, Bunter?"

"Ow! Awful!" moaned Bunter. "I—I feel hot all over. I'm burning hot! It feels like fever!"

We drew back in amazement and horror. Uncle Clegg's face went as pale as Bunter's.

"Wha—what's that, Master Bunter?" he exclaimed. "The—the fever!"

Bunter drew forth a pocket-handkerchief, and mopped his face.

His head sank upon his breast, and he groaned dismally.

"Oh, lor!" he wailed. "Whatever is the matter with me? I—I s-s-say, S-s-snoop, did you say there was an epidemic of s-s-smallpox?"

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, jumping to his feet. "I—it can't be, Bunter!"

Bunter raised his woebegone face and looked at Bob miserably.

Bob's face changed colour; so did mine, I believe.

Bunter's face was now red and inflamed, and covered with vivid red spots, like freckles.

"Gug-good heavens!" gasped Bob Cherry, taking a step back. "Bunter!"

"Wh-wh-what's the matter?" moaned Bunter. "Am I still white?"

"White!" shrieked Bob Cherry, his own face white as chalk. "Why, you—you're red, and—and—spotted!"

Bob backed hastily away from Bunter. So did I!

Bunter sprang to his feet.

"Help!" he wailed. "I've got smallpox! Cherry! Linley! Help me! Is it catching?"

"Catching!" hooted Snoop. "Why, it's deadly! The most contagious disease there is! Oh, poor old Bunter!"

Uncle Clegg's face was a study.

Alarm, fear, dismay, and anger were depicted upon his flabby cheeks.

Bunter dragged his five-pound note from his pocket, and extended it with a shaking hand to Uncle Clegg.

"I—I'm sorry, Uncle Clegg!" he muttered. "I don't want to plague your shop, else all your customers will be catching smallpox, like I've got. Here's the fiver. Gimme the change, and I'll hop out, quick."

Uncle Clegg looked at the five-pound note and recoiled.

"Take it away!" he shrieked. "Oh, I'm ruined! I dare not open my shop again! I won't touch anything of yours!"

Bunter looked alarmed.

"B-b-but—" he stammered. "I must pay for the grub. I—"

"Go away!" screeched Uncle Clegg, raising his arms and waving them wildly. "Get out my shop—quick! Call the police! Call a doctor!"

"Here, I say!" gasped Bunter. "I'm not so bad as all that, you

know. My face may have spots on it, but— Groogh! Yarogh!"

He broke off, with a yelp of agony. "Well, take the grub back!" said Bunter, with a fortitious effort.

"Here you are. Ow! I dud-do feel queer. Take the grub back, Uncle—"

"Take the stuff out of my shop!" howled Uncle Clegg, moaning. "I dare not touch anything you've touched! Get out!"

Bunter turned appealingly to us. Bob hastily opened the shop-door.

"Come on, Marky!" he gasped. "We—we'll call a doctor!"

And Bob, with the best intentions in the world, dived out of Uncle Clegg's shop into the High Street.

"I—I say, shall I take this stuff out as well, then?" asked Bunter feebly. "You can sell it again, Uncle Clegg! I can't have it if I don't pay for it!"

"I dare not take it back—you've touched it!" moaned Uncle Clegg, wringing his hands. "I would be locked up if I sold it again! Master Snoop, please do take the little wretch out of my shop!"

"Come on, Bunter!" said Snoop, with a remarkable show of bravery and chivalry. "Don't exert yourself, old chap. I'll carry the bag. We can throw it away, in the river, so that nobody can find it and catch the disease. Come on, Bunter!"

Groaning dismally, and his face livid, Billy Bunter rolled out of the shop, Snoop walking behind, staggering under the weight of the cricket-bag full of contaminated tuck.

Uncle Clegg breathed a deep sigh of relief when Bunter was outside his shop, and he mopped his heated brow.

"Good heavens!" he gasped. "The boy is a livin' death-trap! I shall have to disinfect my shop out now!"

Feeling that it would be only decent on my part to help the suffering Bunter as much as I could, I hastened out of the tuck-shop.

I expected to see him leaning against a wall, fainting, or at least groaning and calling for the police.

Imagine my amazement, therefore, when I beheld the amazing spectacle of Bunter and Snoop, bearing the heavily laden cricket-bag between them, running after a motor-bus that was just stopping.

Thunderstruck, and utterly at a loss, I mechanically watched the pair mount the bus and scramble inside with the bag.

Then the bus started, and ere I could spring forward it was rumbling on its way towards Courtfield.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" I exclaimed. "What's their game, I wonder?"

At that moment Bob Cherry dashed up, with Doctor Pilbury at his heels. Both were looking scared.

"Where's Bunter?" cried Bob.

"He and Snoop have cleared off with the grub!" I cried, light beginning to dawn upon me. "It was a put-up job between them. They've got away on a bus, and—and—"

"And do you mean to say that Bunter wasn't ill?" gasped Bob Cherry.

"No!" I said. "He was as right as rain—running for the bus, I tell you!"

"Well, my only sainted Aunt Elizabeth!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "Fancy old Bunter doing us like that!"

We had to explain to the doctor that Bunter had carried off a magnificent hoax. Mr. Pilbury went, in a very snappish and angry frame of mind.

We bought a local paper, but never a line did we find regarding the smallpox epidemic at Courtfield. It must have been part of the scheme for Snoop to announce that little fallacy.

Bob and I passed Uncle Clegg's shop, and grinned slightly as we saw the worthy tuck-shop owner dosing the interior of his shop with disinfectant.

"Anyway, we got a free drink and some cakes on the nod!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Uncle Clegg forgot that, in the hurry to get rid of Bunter, the spoofer!"

Meanwhile, Bunter and Snoop had got clear away with three pounds' worth of tuck!

*A Brief Appendix—Contributed by Sidney James Snoop.*

Poor old Uncle Clegg! Bunter and I did him properly.

It was Bunter's idea, I might explain. I had nothing at all to do with it, except mention that there was a smallpox epidemic at Courtfield.

Even then I did not fib, because I was reading from the "Courtfield Gazette" of August, 1917. That was stale news!

Well, fortune favoured us when we cleared out of the tuck-shop.

A bus was just passing, and we managed to catch it before Linley could stop us. We knew we were safe then, because those buses run only one in every fifteen minutes.

We alighted at the fringe of Friar-dale Wood, and betook ourselves unto the River Sark—not to hurl the bag and its precious contents into the water—oh, no!

Bunter, you see, had a fiery sort of countenance he wished to wash off. Previous to his "breaking-out" into red spots, his face had been coated with powder; hence the whiteness!

When Bunter mopped his face—and, you remember, hid it afterwards—he wiped off the powder, and disclosed the grease-paint spots beneath.

After Bunter had cleansed his countenance in the shining waters of the Sark, we held a scrumptious picnic on our own, on the strength of the contents of the cricket-bag.

"Jolly good of old Uncle Clegg to give me all this tuck for nixes!" chuckled Bunter. "He wouldn't take the money for it, and wouldn't even take the tuck back! And I offered him both, you know!"

I just chuckled. My mouth was too full for words!

Bunter and I had three guids' worth of tuck between us, and Bunter still retained his five-pound note!

*Another brief Appendix—Contributed by the Editor.—H. W.*

Now that Bunter's hoax has become public property, it can be stated that sufficient pressure was brought to bear upon the Owl of the Remove; and his precious "fiver" was changed, after all, in Uncle Clegg's shop. Readers desiring to see the receipt for three pounds-four-and-nine are invited to visit the editorial office, where the document is on view.

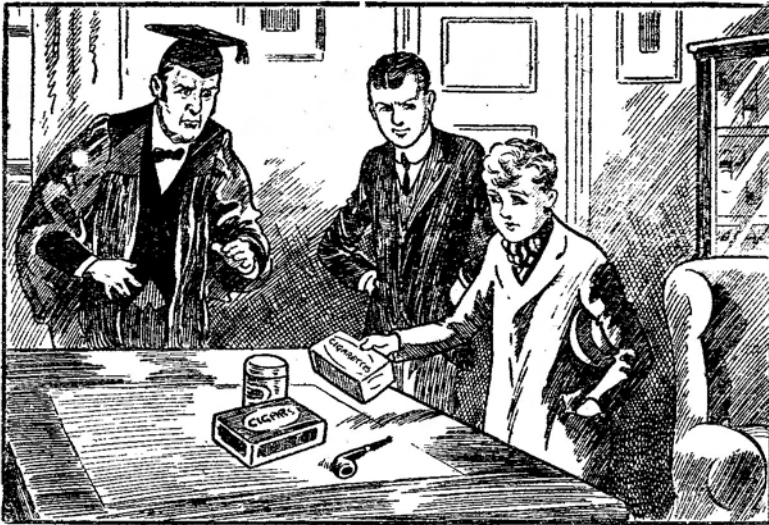
THE END.



# LODER'S LITTLE BLUNDER

A capital, complete yarn specially contributed to "The Greyfriars Herald"

By **GEORGE BULSTRODE**



"Turn out your pockets, Cherry!" ordered Mr. Quelch. Bob obeyed, and the tobacco, the cigarettes, the pipe, and the cigars were piled up in a sort of pyramid on the form-master's table.

"A HUNDRED gold-tipped cigarettes—" "Good!" "A Captain Comfy pipe—" "Topping!" "And a quarter of a pound tin of high-class smoking mixture—" "That's the stuff to give 'em!"

Billy Bunter paused in the Remove passage, just outside No. 1 Study, and pricked up his ears.

A round table conference was going on inside the study. It was Harry Wharton who had mentioned the cigarettes and pipe and tobacco, and the other members of the Famous Five expressed their approval.

"My hat!" murmured Billy Bunter under his breath.

The fat junior pressed his ear to the keyhole—a little habit of his—and listened intently.

The conversation went on in the same strain for some time, and the Owl of the Remove silently withdrew, and then scuttled away as fast as his fat, little legs would carry him.

He was going at top speed when he reached the Sixth Form passage, and he was too short-sighted to see that Loder was coming along.

Bump!

There was a sudden collision, and the prefect staggered against the wall.

"You silly young ass!" he roared. "Can't you see where you are going?"

"Ow! I was looking for you, Loder—" "I see. You want a whopping, do you?"

"Nunno, I—" "What do you want, then?"

Billy Bunter blinked confidently at the prefect.

"I say, Loder! I can put you on a good thing!"

Loder glared.

He supposed that Billy Bunter was referring to a horse which was taking part in the Disham Stakes. Loder took more than a passing interest in horse-racing; but he naturally did not wish to discuss such a topic with a junior—least of all Billy Bunter.

The fat junior's next words, however, showed that he was not alluding to the Turf.

"Wharton's study is like a tobacconist's shop," said Bunter. "They're jawing about cigarettes, and fat cigars, and goodness knows what!"

Loder gave a start. "Are you pulling my leg?" he demanded.

"No; it's a fact. Come along and listen to them for yourself!"

"I will," said Loder grimly. "And if you're spoofing me, your life won't be worth living!"

Billy Bunter accompanied the prefect to the Remove passage, which was deserted.

Loder seemed to have no more scruples about eavesdropping than his fat companion. He bent low, and applied his ear to the keyhole.

A heated discussion was taking place in the study.

"There's no question about it," Bob Cherry was saying. "Henry Clay cigars are the best on the market!"

"Rats!" "I plump for the Flor de Raddish, every time!" said Frank Nugent.

There was a snort from Johnny Bull.

"You fellows don't know what you are talking about! I've heard my uncle say, that for a really choice cigar, you can't beat a Galloping Major! They're top-hole."

"In my humble opinion," chimed in Hurree Singh, "the Brown Rajah is

far and awayfully the bestful brand of cigar. In my native land—"

"Bust your native land" growled Bob Cherry. "We'll stick to Henry Clay's."

"Hear, hear!" said Harry Wharton. "My pater smokes Henry Clay's, and he ought to know what's what."

"The question is," said Nugent, "who's going to make the purchases?"

"We'll toss up for it," said Wharton.

And Loder could hear a coin being spun into the air.

The task fell to Bob Cherry, judging by the conversation which followed.

"Just my luck!" grunted Bob.

"When shall you go?" asked Wharton.

"Might as well go now, I suppose."

Loder drew hurriedly away from the door. He thrust a shilling into Bunter's fat palm.

"Cut off!" he said "And not a word about this to anybody! You can leave the matter in my hands."

Billy Bunter took his departure, and Loder did the same.

The prefect's eyes were gleaming. He had not heard the whole of the Famous Five's conversation, but he had heard enough to know that they intended to make purchases at the tobacconist's.

"The young rascals!" muttered Loder, to himself. "I've bowled them out at last!"

Loder was always on the look-out for a chance of making things warm for the occupants of No. 1 Study. And here was a gilt-edged opportunity! All he had to do was to give Bob Cherry a few minutes' start, and then follow him on his bicycle. He would collar Bob in the act of quitting the tobacconist's shop, escort him back to Greyfriars, and haul him up before Quelch! And then it was a dead cert. that the Famous Five would get it in the neck. So Loder thought, anyway.

Ten minutes later, the prefect set out on his bike.

Presently, along the white stretch of road, he caught sight of Bob Cherry's athletic figure, and slackened speed, keeping his quarry in view until the High Street of Priardale was reached.

Bob disappeared into the tobacconist's, and Loder dismounted outside the shop.

He could hear Bob Cherry giving his orders.

"A hundred gold-tipped cigarettes, a Captain Comfy pipe, a quarter of a pound tin of baccy—the best you've got—and a box of twenty-five Henry Clay's."

"How old are you, sir?" asked the tobacconist doubtfully.

"I'm still on the right side of forty!" said Bob cheerfully. "Trot out those things, and look sharp!"

The tobacconist thought that he ought not to serve such a youthful-looking person as Bob Cherry. But he overcame his scruples—probably because the order was a good one.

Bob slipped the various purchases into his pockets, handed over the money, and stepped out on to the pavement. As he did so, Loder's voice hailed him.

"Cherry! Come here!"

Bob might have been expected to

turn pale; but he didn't. He confronted the prefect calmly.

"You will return with me at once to the school!" snarled Loder.

"What for?"

"Never mind what for. Come with me!"

Loder strode away, pushing his bike, and Bob trotted meekly beside him.

The prefect kept a watchful eye on his captive, in case Bob should attempt to throw any of the incriminating articles away.

There was quite a commotion in the Close when prisoner and escort came in.

"What's up, Loder?" inquired Wingate.

"I've caught this kid in the act of buying smokes in the village," said Loder.

"My hat!"

"It can't be true!" said Peter Todd.

"Of course not!" said Squiff.

The prefect said nothing. He restored his bike to the shed, and then marched Bob Cherry away to Quelchy's study.

Quite a crowd followed, and to judge by the crush in the passage one would have thought that Quelchy's study was the Old Bailey, and that Bob Cherry was on trial for his life.

"Come in!" called Quelchy, in response to Loder's knock.

And Loder marched triumphantly in with his prisoner.

## II.

QUELCHY was not best pleased at the interruption. He had been trying to affix a new ribbon to his typewriter, and his hands and face were smeared with purple, so that he looked less dignified than usual. He frowned at the intruders.

"What does this mean, Loder?"

"It means, sir," said Loder, "that I've caught this junior in the act of committing a very grave offence, quite contrary to the rules of the school!"

"Bless my soul!"

Bob Cherry hardly looked like a crestfallen culprit. In fact, he would have smiled at Quelchy, but that gentleman's expression did not invite smiles.

"I saw Cherry enter a tobacconist's shop, sir," Loder went on. "He purchased, in my hearing, a quantity of cigarettes, tobacco, and cigars—also a pipe."

"A pipe!" said Quelchy aghast.

Loder nodded.

"I've suspected for a long time that the boys in Wharton's study have been indulging in secret smoking with their friends, sir, and my suspicions have now been borne out."

Quelchy looked astonished.

"Cherry!" he rumbled.

"Yes, sir?" said Bob meekly.

"Is it correct that you have been making purchases at a local tobacconist's?"

"I'm afraid it is, sir."

Quelchy's brow grew thunderous.

"You are fully aware, Cherry, of the enormity of your offence?"

"I didn't think I was doing wrong, sir."

"He considers he's quite justified, sir, in smoking behind locked doors!" said Loder.

"Turn out your pockets, Cherry!" ordered Quelchy.

Bob obeyed. The tobacco, the cigarettes, the pipe, and the cigars were piled up in a sort of pyramid on Quelchy's table.

Quelchy nearly fell down.

"It is incomprehensible to me," he gasped, "that a boy of your immature years should wish to smoke strong cigars!"

Quelchy's gimlet eyes were fixed on Bob Cherry.

"Do you really mean to tell me, Cherry, that you intended to smoke these cigars?"

"Of course not, sir!"

"Do you mean to assert that none of these things were meant for your own consumption?"

"That's so, sir."

"Of course, he's trying to wriggle out of it, sir—" began Loder.

"Silence, Loder! For whom were these articles intended, Cherry?"

"For Mr. Lascelles, sir."

"Wha-at!"

"To-morrow is the anniversary of the day that Mr. Lascelles won his D.S.O., sir," explained Bob. "We're very fond of old Larry—I mean Mr. Lascelles, and a number of us decided to club together and buy him some smokes."

"A clever story, sir," sneered Loder, "but you surely will not believe—"

"I must insist upon your remaining silent, Loder! Will Wharton bear out your statement, Cherry?"

"Like a shot, sir!"

"Very well, I will question him."

Quelchy went to the door, and opened it. Half a dozen fellows who had been listening outside, nearly fell through the doorway.

"Go away!" snapped Quelchy. "Go away at once! Is Wharton here?"

The captain of the Remove came forward.

"Come into my study, Wharton. I wish to speak to you."

Quelchy then put a few questions to Wharton, whose statements bore out those made by Bob Cherry.

"You have evidently jumped to conclusions, Loder," said Quelchy. "I am perfectly satisfied, in my own mind, that these juniors have acted from the best of motives. They desire—very properly—to make a presentation to Mr. Lascelles, whose fine work at the front will not soon be forgotten. Indeed, I should like to contribute towards the cost of these articles."

"Thank you very much, sir!" said Wharton.

And Quelchy handed him a ten-shilling note.

Loder's face worked convulsively. He was unable to contain himself.

"They've fooled you, sir!" he exclaimed. "They've pulled the wool over your eyes! All this sentimental talk about Mr. Lascelles is sheer rot!"

"Loder! How dare you address me in that manner? Leave my study at once."

And Loder had sense enough to obey.

As he retreated along the passage, gritting his teeth with rage and chagrin, a yell of laughter followed him.

Loder strode on with a furious face.

He realised that he had fairly put his foot in it—both feet, in fact. It was Bunter who had first put him on the false trail, and shortly afterwards Loder emerged from his study with an

ashplant in his hand and a homicidal expression on his face.

He was going to look for Billy Bunter!

THE END.

## THE RED MAN'S TRAIL

(Continued from page 14)

o'clock, and we could save every ox in the camp!"

"Maybe it's a bit of weed or mud sticking in the pipe," suggested Kit.

Uncle Baldy shook his head.

"It stopped too quickly," he muttered. "I've a notion that one of those varmints sneaking somewhere round by the spring has kicked ther toobe as he passed, an' he's pulled the suction end out of the water!"

He put the tube to his lips as he spoke, and drew upon it.

"That's what it is!" he said glumly. "The end o' the tube has pulled up out of the water, an' I'm drawin' air through it!"

Kit rose.

"That means that someone's got to get back to the spring and put the end of the tube back into the water!" said he grimly.

And before Baldy could stop him he had slipped out from under the wagon, and had disappeared into the mist, which was now lifting.

Joe rose, and would have followed his brother.

But Baldy, reaching out, took the boy in a grip of iron.

"No, you don't, younker!" he exclaimed hoarsely. "Kit's riskin' his life to save the oxen. No need to spend two lives if it don't come off."

Baldy was trembling now, as, with the end of the tube in his mouth, he peered into the darkness. Minute after minute passed.

Then of a sudden he gave a choking gasp.

The water had commenced to flow again. Kit had succeeded in passing the Indian outpost line and getting the suction end of the tube into the spring again.

"Brave boy!" muttered Uncle Baldy. "Brave boy! Never again will I say a word against a Britisher!"

Baldy listened with straining ears. Then his heart stood still, for a single Indian whoop sounded through the night, accompanied by a faint, choking cry, and a sound of struggling.

The cry was Kit's!

There were yells and shouting and a rush from the lodges of the Redskin camp—yells which turned to a savage whoop of triumph.

Then all was silent again.

The precious water still trickled steadily into the pail, filling it up to the brim.

"Take it!" said Baldy in a trembling voice to the convoy-rider, who was watering the oxen. "Take it, and don't spill a drop of it, you galoot! Kit's goin' to pay for it with his life! Those Redskin varmints have caught the boy!"

And Baldy hid his face in his hands with something like a sob, for he knew too well the fate that awaited the boy.

Another long exciting instalment of this grand serial next week. Take your chums with you when you go to your newsagent to order in advance.—Editor

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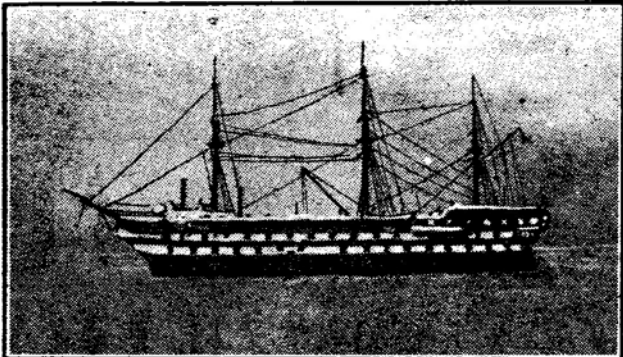


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**A WOODEN WALL OF OLD ENGLAND.**



This splendid picture is of the Training Ship Conway, a type of old warship dealt with in our rattling complete stories by Owen Conquest. Taken by A. Case, 5, Halefield Street, St. Helens, Lancs.



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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 inobny 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. 6, 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 9th.

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

WEITE \_\_\_\_\_  
 CAREFULLY. \_\_\_\_\_

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

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