

HAVE YOU WON A TUCK HAMPER YET?

# The Greyfriars 1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> Herald



No. 7. (New Series).

FULL OF SCHOOL STORIES AND ARTICLES

Dec. 13, 1919.



**A FIGHT TO A FINISH!—GREAT SCHOOL SCENE INSIDE!**

Our Photographic Supplement

Continued on Page 19

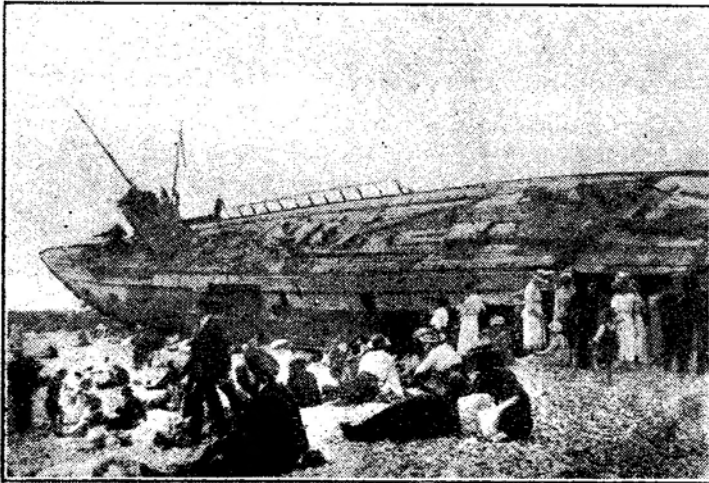
# THE BOYS' PICTORIAL



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

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## DER (H)UNTERSEEBOOTE!



It was with the submarines—"der Unterseeboote," as the Bosche called them—that Germany hoped to starve England into submission. Most of the Hun submarines are now "under the sea" in another sense, but the picture above shows one, the U 118, which was washed up at Hastings some time ago.

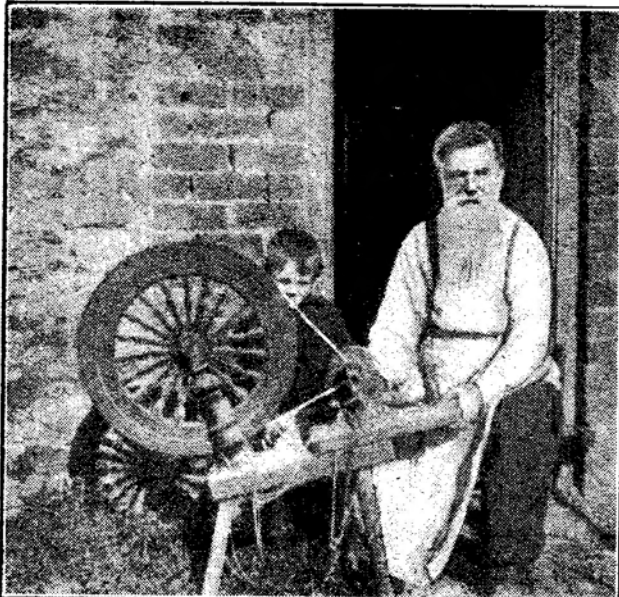
Taken by C. Ford, 34, Dumford Road, Holloway, N. 7.

## SONS OF THE DESERT.



A type of Arab that has given our soldiers in Egypt so much trouble. The Bedouins are experts with horses and camels.—Taken by E. R. Bush, Geological Department, British Museum (Nat. History), Cromwell Road, S. Kensington.

## THE SPINNER.



The above interesting photo shows the spinning-wheel which is still in use in some out-of-the-way country places in the British Isles. Spinning is one of the oldest industries and was carried on in all parts of the world many centuries ago. Nowadays, machinery is used in the big cotton centres.—Taken by J. G. Aitchison, 3a, Cross Street, Peebles, Scotland.

SEND YOUR SNAPS

## TWO ANNAS, SAHIB!



A youthful acrobat in India gives a wayside performance in the hopes of receiving a few annas to enable him to purchase his curry and rice. Some of the natives are clever contortionists, and our Tommies in the East take great interest in their impromptu shows.—Sent in by J. Williams, 2, Markham Road, Winton, Bournemouth.



HARRY WHARTON  
EDITOR  
The Greyfriars Herald



FRANK NUGENT  
Sub-Editor



TOM BROWN  
Special Representative



VERNON SMITH  
Sports Editor



LORD MAULEVERER  
Fashion Editor



MARK LINLEY  
Sub-Editor



BOB CHERRY  
Fighting Editor

Occasional Contributors from GREYFRIARS

Occasional Contributors from Other Schools

# Editorial

By Harry Wharton.

## CONCERNING OUR TUCK HAMPERS.

I recently received by the same post two widely different epistles. Writing on the subject of our popular Tuck Hamper Competition, "Disappointed," of Belfast says: "Twice I have entered your Tuck Hamper Competition, and I have waited every day to see the postman stagger along with a hefty hamper, but so far he hasn't staggered. I'm fed-up, and don't intend to compete any more."

The following letter, from Harry B., of Newcastle, stands out in striking contrast to the one I have just quoted.

"Dear Mr. Editor,—I have had three shots at winning one of your Tuck Hampers, and have had no luck so far, although one of my chums has been fortunate enough to win one. However, I mean to keep pegging away, and I have no doubt that I shall 'click' sooner or later, as the saying goes. It may take a long time to win a Tuck Hamper, but, by Jove, it is well worth the winning!

"May I add that I like THE GREYFRIARS HERALD immensely, my favourite feature being the fine story of St. Winifred's. Best of luck to you, Mr. Editor!"

### "IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED—"

It's a stale maxim, I know, but it holds true so far as our Tuck Hamper Competition is concerned. I can't help thinking that "Disappointed," of Belfast, is a bit of an ass. He intends to give up competing just because on two occasions he has failed to hit the target. That sort of thing is awfully feeble. Nothing worth winning in this world is gained without perseverance. True, the contest is keen, and many thousands of boys and girls compete week by week for our Tuck Hampers; but this only adds to the satisfaction of the prizewinners.

Now, Harry B., of Newcastle, is a much more sensible fellow—not because his Christian name happens to be the same as mine, but because he refuses to be damped by failure. His doctrine is the doctrine of thousands of others who have made good—"I mean to keep pegging away!" It is in this spirit that wars—and Tuck Hampers—are won.

Let the disappointed ones take fresh heart, and remember that perseverance wins.

HARRY WHARTON.



DICK PENFOLD



MURREE SINGH



BILLY BUNTER



TOM MERRY



JIMMY SILVER



ARTHUR A DARCY

## Our Weekly Cartoon.

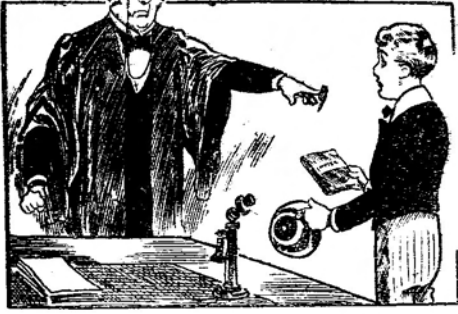
Specially Drawn by FRANK NUGENT



## POTTY PETER, the POET—

This week that persevering person, Potty Peter our pertinacious poet, who has a penchant for perpetually poking his proboscis into other people's perplexities, gets painfully pummelled for his presumption.

# My Weekly Interview.



## This week: The HEADMASTER of ROOKWOOD

Last time I came to Rookwood they played a practical joke on me, and I was determined not to be caught napping this time.

"Good-afternoon!" I said politely. "Would you be good enough to direct me to the Head's study?"

"Delighted!" said Peele. And he escorted me to a passage, and said the Head's study was the third door on the right.

But I knew that passage, and I knew the third door on the right. It wasn't the Head's study at all. It was the lion's-den inhabited by Carthew of the Sixth. Carthew was a bully and a tyrant, and I was very glad I had tumbled to Peele's deception.

"Nothing doing, Peele!" I said. "You pulled my leg once before, and I'm not going to let you have an encore."

Peele scowled. He was furious to think that his little scheme had missed fire.

"Greyfriars ead!" he exclaimed. "Rush him!"

The odds were three to one, and had I lingered on the spot I should have received a rough handling. But I didn't linger. I streaked off down the passage like a champion of the cinder-path.

Peel and Co. pursued me hot and fast, and as I was more or less a stranger in a strange land, and lacked an intimate knowledge of my surroundings, I quite expected to be caught.

Presently, however, I came to a door marked "Private," and I knew it was the goal I sought—the Head's study. Peel and Co. knew it, too, and they abandoned the chase. For reasons of their own, they had no wish to encounter Dr. Chisholm.

Without waiting to knock at the door, I rushed pell-mell into the sacred apartment.

As I did so a scared-looking junior—a fat fellow, with smears of jam on his cheeks—rushed out. I shouted to him to stop, but he took no heed.

Then, before I had time to take stock of my surroundings, the connecting door opened; there was the swish of a gown, and I stood face to face with the gentleman I had come to interview—Dr. Chisholm!

"Sir—" I began.

But before I could proceed with the neat little speech I had prepared beforehand, a torrent of angry words burst from the Head of Rookwood.

"Boy! What does this intrusion mean? How dare you? How dare you, I repeat? I see by your cap that you belong to Greyfriars. You, a Greyfriars boy, have had the effrontery to enter my study and devour my tea!"

"Your tut-tut-tea, sir?" I stammered.

"Yes!" shouted the angry Head. "A few moments ago my tea was brought into this study by the maid. And now I find that my toasted scones and my China tea have been consumed by a junior boy belonging to another school! It is monstrous—unheard-of!"

I blinked at the infuriated Head, and before I could get a word in edge-ways he rapped out:

"What is your name?"

I gave the required information, and Dr. Chisholm stepped to the telephone.

My knees fairly knocked together. Was the Head going to send for the police?

Fortunately, such was not the case. But he did the next worse thing. He rang up Dr. Locke, of Greyfriars, told him that I had come over to Rookwood and raided his tea, and requested that I should be rewarded with what he called "a severe castigation."

I tried hard to convince Dr. Chisholm of my innocence, but the evidence was too black against me. Had I not been caught red-handed in his study, just after his tray had been cleared by the fat junior—whom I afterwards discovered to be Tubby Muffin?

When I got back to Greyfriars that evening I received a message to the effect that I was wanted in the Head's study. When I went in, Dr. Locke offered me a chair, and I availed myself of it—face downwards.

So I exceeded my duty as a special representative, and interviewed two Headmasters on the same day.

And I needn't add which was the most painful interview!

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

By MONTY LOWIHER

The Mirth-Maker of St. Jim's

P. Mellish.—Sorry to hear you suffer from cold feet. The best cure is to plunge into a pool of icy water, or to perform a similar "cold feat."

Tubby Muffin (Rookwood).—Yes, it was Byron who wrote: "Roll on, thou fat and greasy barrel, roll!" But don't indulge in too many rolls, or you'll be getting indigestion!

"Kangaroo" (Shell).—"Why not put Racke on the rack?"—A jolly good suggestion. I hope we Shell soon!

Billy B. (Greyfriars).—You should apply for admission to the nearest Home for Incurables. Obviously you are suffering from the effects of consumption.

"Fatty" (New House).—I'm not surprised to hear you can't give your mind to Shakespeare during breakfast-time. Most fellows prefer to tackle Bacon!

"Skimpy".—Your poem, three hundred and sixty-five stanzas in length, dealing with the coal shortage, has been pitched into Tom Merry's waste-paper basket. I haven't room for it in "mine"!

"DR. CHISHOLM—" began the editor thoughtfully. "Did you sneeze?" I asked.

"No, ass!" growled the mighty one, as I stood, notebook in hand, in his sanctum. "I said Dr. Chisholm."

"There you go again! Sounds as if you've got an influenza cold. I should advise you to take yourself and your 'Atishum' up the saumy!"

The editor glared. "You burbling jabberwock! I said Chisholm—Dr. Chisholm, the Headmaster of Rookwood!"

"Oh!"

"I want you to go and interview the old bird. Beard him in his den, and ascertain his views on life and things in general."

"But, my dear chap," I protested, aghast, "I can't walk into a Headmaster's study and start firing questions at him!"

"Of course you can! Headmasters are only human. And Chisholm happens to be quite a decent sort. He won't down you with the study poker, or sling you out of the window. Tell him you're the special representative of 'The Greyfriars Herald' and he'll simply fawn on you!"

"What about the fare to Rookwood?" I inquired, with an eye to business. "Rookwood's a jolly good distance from here, you know. When I last went there, to interview Jimmy Silver, I didn't have half enough tin."

"That's all right," said the editor reassuringly. "The circulation of the 'Herald' increased by two copies last week, so we've got money to burn. State your figure."

I did, and the editor nearly fell out of his chair.

"Steady on!" he said. "I'm not a multi-millionaire! You can have a quid, and not a penny more."

"Look here—"

"Take it or leave it."

So I took it. After all, a quid wasn't so bad, especially as I should get paid for the article when it appeared.

Having settled all the preliminaries, I started off for Rookwood.

It was a half-holiday, and most of the fellows were playing footer; but a special representative hasn't time for such luxuries.

The afternoon was well advanced when I found myself at the gates of Rookwood.

As I passed through the quad, three fellows bore down upon me. I recognised them as Peele, Lattrey, and Gower,

# A FIGHT TO A FINISH!

A long, complete school tale, dealing with the adventures of the boys of the Benbow

By OWEN CONQUEST

(Author of the Famous Rookwood Stories).

## Black Ingratitude!

"**D**RAKE, old chap!" Tuckey Toodles called to Jack Drake as the Fourth Form came out after classes on Monday morning.

Drake did not heed, even if he heard.

He strode away down the passage to the main deck of the Benbow, his hands driven deep in his pockets, and a sombre cloud upon his brow.

Some of the Fourth-formers grinned as they glanced after him.

Just at present, Jack Drake and his affairs were a very interesting topic to the juniors of St. Winifred's. Drake had been one of the richest fellows at the School on the River, and his fall from fortune had only become generally known the day before. The fact that Drake had kept it a secret rather amused some of the fellows. It added a touch of the ridiculous to what was serious enough for Drake.

"The silly ass!" Raik of the Fourth remarked to Estcourt. "It couldn't be kept dark for long. He ought to have known that."

"It's nobody's business but his own!" said Estcourt drily.

"Well, I don't know about that. He came back for the new term swanking in his old style, and putting on as many airs as ever," growled Raik. "Like his cheek, I think, when he's as poor as Toodles, or that half-pay bounder Rodney."

"I've never noticed Drake putting on airs."

"Oh, rot! Daubeny and his set in the Shell have thrown him over," said Raik.

"They would! All the better for him."

"He doesn't look as if he's enjoying it, whether it's better for him or not," grinned Raik.

Estcourt turned away without replying.

"Drake, old boy!" called out Tuckey Toodles, coming breathlessly along the passage. The main staff of the Benbow concealed Jack Drake from his sight, as Tuckey blinked round in search of him. "Raik, where is he?"

"What on earth do you want with him, Tuckey?" chuckled Raik.

"Don't you know he's stony?"

"I'm standing by him!" said Toodles loftily.

"Lot of good that will do him."  
"I'm not going to desert him," explained Tuckey. "Of course, he ought to have told me, as his oldest pal. We've always been chummy, like brothers, in fact. He ought to have relied on my friendship. He's been looking awfully down in the mouth this morning. Poor old Drake! I'm going to assure him that it's all right."



"I'll give you till Wednesday," said Gentleman Smith; "and you'd better pony up then!"

"Eh? What's all right?"

"Our friendship, you know," said Tuckey loftily. "I'm not going to desert him. I'm going to relieve his mind at once."

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Raik.

Jack Drake had certainly been looking down in the mouth; but Raik did not think it was due to a fear that he had lost Tuckey Toodles's friendship. That really was not likely.

"I don't see anything to chortle at, Raik!" said Toodles. "Those cads in the Shell have given him the go-by; but he won't mind that, when he knows I am going to stick to him."

And Tuckey rolled on in search of his study-mate.

Daubeny, Torrence and Egan, the three nuts of the Shell, came strolling along the main deck, as Drake stood leaning against the mast gazing out upon the sunlit river. Drake raised his eyes as the elegant trio passed; but they did not glance in his direction. Daubeny and Co. walked on, looking straight before them—elaborately unconscious of their former friend's existence.

Drake's eyes glittered for a moment, under his knitted brows.

But he made no sign. He had expected something of the sort, when

the truth became known; the "Bucks" of St Winifred's had no use for a fellow who was down on his luck beyond the hope of recovery.

"Yah! Rotters!" said a voice at Drake's elbow.

The Fourth-former glanced round, and met the expansive smile of Tuckey Toodles.

"Cheer up, old chap!" said Toodles.

"Eh?"

"Keep a stiff upper lip, you know," said Tuckey encouragingly. "Never mind those cads."

"Why should I mind them?" growled Drake.

"I know they won't speak to you now they know you're hard up," pursued Tuckey, with the best intentions in the world, but not with the greatest possible display of tact.

Drake flushed.

"Oh, dry up!" he said.

"My dear old fellow—"

"Don't bother!"

"Ahem!"

"Cut off!" snapped Drake.

Tuckey Toodles coughed. This was rather discouraging for a fellow who was prepared to displayed devoted friendship.

"Now, look here, Drake," said Toodles impressively, "don't you be downhearted. Rely on your old pal."

"What?"

"I'm not going to desert you," said Tuckey affectionately. "Never in this world, dear old boy. Rely on me. Of course, you ought to have told me at once."

"Told you what?" snapped Drake. "About your pater coming a cropper, and all that!" said Tuckey. "You ought to have confided to me. But I forgive you."

"You ass!"

"Look here, if you're going to call me names, Drake—"

"Roll away, don't bother, then."

"You don't seem to catch on," said Toodles patiently. "I'm not bothering you. I'm cheering you up."

"Oh, rats!"

"I know what it's like to be hard up, and I can sympathise. I've been short of cash myself—only temporarily, of course. But I know what it's like. And I'm sticking to you, old fellow. Don't you run away with the idea that I am going to turn my back on you. I wouldn't."

"You can, as soon as you like; and the sooner the better."

"Never, old fellow! I'm going to stick to you like glue," said Tuckey loyally. "You needn't be down-hearted any more; I mean it. I know it's been worrying you—"

"Eh? What's been worrying me?"

"You were afraid I might desert you, like the rest," said Toodles. "Oh, I know—I know! That's why I'm reassuring your mind at once, see. I'm not going to let it make any difference to me. I'm a generous chap, you know—loyal, and all that. Of course, you ain't a chap worth knowing now."

"Wh-a-ah?"

"But bless you, I don't mind," said Tuckey generously. "I'm sticking to you all the same. I may not be able to give you so much of my time. I've got so many friends, you know. I can't exactly promise you that we're going to be inseparable. But you wouldn't expect that under the circumstances, would you?"

Drake stared at him blankly.

"But I shall continue to know you," went on Toodles. "I shall always look on you as a pal. I shall let you come on Sunday walks with me. Bless you, I'm not going to give you the marble eye just because you're a nobody. Not me!"

"You silly, cheeky ass!" roared Drake.

Toodles jumped.

"Eh? What? Look here, if that's your way of showing your gratitude, Drake—"

"You—you silly oyster! Clear off, before I kick you along the deck."

"Now look here, Drake, I'm sticking to you, as I said; but it's got to be understood that you're civil," said Toodles, wagging his fat fore-finger at the incensed junior. "I can't stand any airs and graces from you; you can't expect it under the circes. I'm not going to desert you; I'm going to take notice of you."

"Tut—tut—take notice of me!" stammered Drake.

"Yes, rather," said Tuckey, beaming with good nature. "I'm going to take notice of you, old fellow—in public, too! Bless you, I'm not too proud

to know you. I—oh—leggo! Wharrer you at, you beast?"

Drake had taken the kind and generous Tuckey by the collar, and was shaking him forcibly.

The fat junior wriggled in his grasp and yelled.

"Yaroo! Leggo, you beast! Do you call this grateful—yooop! Leggo! Oh, you rotter! Ow! I won't speak to you now—I won't take any notice of you—yoooop!"

Bump!

Tuckey Toodles sat down on the deck with a heavy bump, and Drake walked away aft, and left him there. Fallen as his fortunes were, Drake of the Fourth apparently had no use for the devoted friendship of Tuckey Toodles.

#### The Fight!

DICK RODNEY glanced at Drake when the Fourth came into their form-room that afternoon. Drake met his glance, and his eyes gleamed, and Rodney turned away his head at once. His resentment against the new junior was as keen as ever, and he was looking forward, grimly, to the meeting arranged to follow lessons. Rodney, perhaps, had hoped for some sign of softening in his face; if so he was disappointed.

When Mr. Packe dismissed the Fourth that afternoon, Rodney paused to speak to Drake in the passage, but the latter did not stop. He went directly on, leaving Rodney with flushed cheeks. Estcourt tapped Rodney on the arm.

"It's coming off, I suppose?" he asked.

"I suppose so," answered Rodney. "Your going to be my second?"

"Yes, we'd better get ashore as soon as we can."

"I'm ready."

A good many of the Fourth converged towards the gangway to the shore. All the Form were interested in the meeting between Drake and Rodney. Estcourt carried a bag with him, as he left the Benbow with Rodney; it contained the gloves and other necessaries Drake left the ship by himself. He had not asked any fellow in the Fourth to be his second.

The juniors followed in twos and threes. It was to be a fight of an unusually serious kind, and it was necessary to keep the affair from the knowledge of masters and prefects. Drake, without a glance to right or left, strode on past the football ground, and entered the wood that lay thick and brown along the bank of the Chadway. Out of sight of the school on the ship, the Fourth-formers gathered in a crowd, in a glade among the trees. Some of the Third had followed them, having had the news of the impending fight; and Daubeny and Co. of the Shell also sauntered up. The "Bucks" were interested in the combat, from the point of view of laying bets on the result.

Estcourt set down the bag and opened it, and produced two pairs of boxing-gloves, a couple of towels, and a tin basin, which Sawyer minor filled at the river. Drake watched those preparations impatiently.

"Let's get going!" he growled.

"Who's your second?" asked Estcourt.

"I don't want a second."

"Better have the thing in order. Any fellow will act for you."

"It's not worth while."

"There's his old pal, Toodles!" chuckled Raik. "Tuckey, you're wanted."

"Bother Toodles!" said Drake, "I don't want him."

"Well, Sawyer, then," said Estcourt. "Come on, Sawyer."

"I don't mind," said Sawyer of the Fourth, coming forward. "Now then, off with your jacket, my pippin."

"Who's going to keep time?"

"One of the Shell chaps—here, Daubeny—"

"Certainly!" said Vernon Daubeny, lounging elegantly forward. "Quite at your service, dear boys."

Drake's brow darkened.

"Get out!" he said.

Daubeny looked at him.

"Did you address me?" he asked, with a curl of the lip.

"Yes, I did. Get out! You're not wanted."

"I agree with Drake," said Rodney quietly. "Daubeny isn't wanted here. One of the Fourth can keep time."

Daubeny shrugged his shoulders, and returned to his pocket the handsome gold watch he had already taken out. His cheeks were a little flushed as he rejoined Torrence and Egan.

Norman of the Fourth was appointed time-keeper. Then all was ready. The juniors crowded in a ring round the space left for the combat.

Dick Rodney put his gloves on very slowly. Some of the juniors grinned as they noted it, and noted his hesitating manner. Raik murmured to Newton that the "half-pay merchant" was suffering from cold feet. And that impression grew stronger when Rodney, with a flushed face, stepped closer to Drake, and spoke to him in a low voice.

"Before this begins, Drake, I'd like to tell you again that I never let out your secret," he said. "I told you I wouldn't, and I didn't! I wish you'd believe that."

"Who did then?"

"I don't know, of course."

"Nobody knew, but you!" said Drake, between his teeth. "I told you—like a silly ass—and you promised afterwards—"

"I kept my word, Drake."

"You didn't!"

Rodney compressed his lips.

"Very well, if you can't take my word, that's enough," he said, and he stepped back.

"Is this a fight or a conversation?" asked Sawyer.

"I'm ready."

"Now then, Norman—"

"Time!" said Norman.

And the fight began.

There was keen attention all round the crowded ring. Jack Drake was known to be a good fighting-man, in spite of the fact that he had been an associate of the slackers of the school. Dick Rodney was an unknown quantity; but there was no doubt that he looked very fit. And he soon proved that it was from no want of courage that he had desired to avoid the conflict.

He stood up quietly and calmly to

Drake's attack, which was hot and almost savage from the start.

His guard was good, and the attack did not get home; but he did not trouble to hit out in reply.

At the call of time, Jack Drake was red and a little breathless from his exertions, and no damage had been done on either side.

"By gad! That new kid's good stuff!" Torrence remarked, loud enough for Drake to hear. "He's only playin' with him, begad!"

Drake shut his teeth hard. The same thought had occurred to his own mind, and the thought that Rodney did not regard him as a foeman worthy of his steel was exasperating. As the time was called, Drake rushed to the attack more fiercely than before, and this time Rodney's defence did not serve him so well.

"Well hit!" chirruped Raik, as Jack's fist came home on his adversary's nose, and there was a spurt of red.

Rodney staggered back a little, and Drake followed it up with right and left, and the sailor's son went heavily to the ground.

Drake stood panting.

Norman began to count, with a grinning face; but there was no need. Rodney was up before he reached five. His eyes were gleaming now.

If he had thought of sparing his adversary, he had to dismiss that idea now, or take a licking, that was evident. And naturally he did not choose the latter alternative.

The round ended with close, hard fighting, in which a good deal of punishment was given and taken on both sides, in spite of the gloves.

"Time!" rapped out Norman, at last—rather late, for he had been so interested in the hard fighting, that he had forgotten to look at his watch.

The combatants separated.

Both were glad of the rest; and both came readily up to the mark when time was called for the third round.

The fight had settled down to a slogging match now. Both the juniors were angry, and both were hitting hard.

The onlookers watched breathlessly.

Through the fourth and fifth rounds the slogging went on, and even Daubeny, who prided himself on being a connoisseur in such matters, had to admit that he couldn't see light yet. In the sixth round there was less slogging, but neither showed a sign of yielding.

"Seventh round!" murmured Raik, when the adversaries faced one another again. "My hat! There'll be marks to show for this! Look at Rodney's nose."

"And Drake's eye!" grinned Newson.

Crash!

Jack Drake was down.

The call of time came to his relief, and Sawyer major made a knee for him, and Drake rested there, breathing hard. Dick Rodney was standing in his corner, evidently much less the worse for wear than Drake.

"You'll win!" murmured Estcourt.

Rodney made no reply.

"By gad, Egan, you'll bag my quids on Drake," said Daubeny, "I

thought he was in better form than this. Like to call it off?"

Egan chuckled.

"No fear! You put two to one on him, an' you're stickin' to it, old top. It's a sure thing for me."

"Shut up, you bettin' outsiders!" called out Sawyer.

"Go an' eat coke!" was Daubeny's reply.

Jack Drake breathed hard. The "Bucks" of the Shell did not spare him; their opinion of his coming defeat was uttered quite in his hearing. As Norman called time for the eighth round, Drake's eyes had a blaze in them as he toed the line.

In that round, Drake put all he knew into the conflict. He had challenged Rodney as a punishment for betraying his secret, as he believed, and it was looking as if the punish-

"Oh, fit for a dozen rounds yet," answered Sawyer.

"Time!"

Dick Rodney looked a little groggy, but he came up sharply enough when time was called. Again Drake pressed the attack; but his good fortune was not repeated. Rodney stepped aside from a rush, and drove in a blow on the jaw that sent the junior spinning, and Drake collapsed into the grass. There was a breathless shout.

"Drake's down!"

"And out!" grinned Raik.

Norman counted.

"One, two, three, four, five six—"

Drake made an effort to rise, but his head was spinning; his jaw felt as if a mule had kicked him there. He rolled over in the grass.

"Seven, eight, nine—"



"Rodney! Drake!" The two juniors came unwillingly forward. "You have been fighting!" said Mr. Packe. "Ye-es, sir!" murmured Rodney.

ment would work round the other way. His attack was fast and furious, and for a time Rodney could not stop him, and he was driven round the ring.

Vernon Daubeny brightened up again, it began to look as if his bet might be safe after all. Right on the call of time, Drake got home with right and left, and Rodney went spinning out of the ring.

"Well hit!" yelled Daubeny, in great delight.

"Down and out!" grinned Raik.

But Raik was wrong. Estcourt picked his man up, made a knee for him, and sponged his blazing face. Rodney rested there without saying a word, saving his breath. He knew that he would want it all.

"Going on, Rodney?" called out Sawyer major.

Rodney did not speak; but after a glance at him, Estcourt called out in reply:

"My man's going on. How's your man?"

Another fierce effort to rise, but it was in vain. Drake almost reached his knees, and rolled back again.

"Out!"

Norman put away his watch. Drake gave a gasping cry, and scrambled savagely up, standing unsteadily.

"I'm ready—I'm ready—"

"You're counted out!" answered Norman. "Besides, don't play the goat—you can hardly stand. Don't be an ass."

Drake was staggering, his head swimming. Sawyer major caught him by the shoulder.

"Can't be helped, old chap! You put up a ripping fight!" said Sawyer comfortingly. "Lean on me."

"I—I—"

"This way!"

The fight was over. Jack Drake had been knocked out in the ninth round; and apart from the count, it was clear enough to all beholders that he could not have gone on. That last terrible drive had knocked him out, and he was done. He sat in the grass,

dazedly with Sawyer bathing his face in cool water. Dick Rodney put on his jacket, with his second's help; and after some hesitation, came across to Drake.

"I'm sorry for this, Drake," he said, looking down on the dazed face of the defeated junior. "I didn't want it. Now that it's over, I assure you once more that I never did what you believe. Won't you believe me now?"

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

"I'm sorry!"

And with that, Dick Rodney turned, and left the glade with Estcourt. The crowd of juniors broke up, discussing the fight, and Jack Drake was left to bathe his face in the Chadway, before he returned to the Benbow. But bathing did not do it much good; and it was pretty certain that both the combatants would be called over the coals when their faces were seen at St. Winifred's again.

#### Friends at Last!

"**J**EST lookin' for you, Mister Drake."

Jack Drake started.

He was leaning against a tree on the footpath, out of sight of the Benbow, as the shadows of evening thickened over the valley of the Chadway.

He was waiting for the dusk to thicken before returning to the ship; hoping to dodge in with his face unnoticed after dusk. He was not in a mood for a lecture from Mr. Packe or the Head.

His nose was red and swollen, and there was a dark circle round his left eye. He was feeling aching, tired, and utterly "rotten" all over; the effect of the reaction after his exertions, and the severe punishment he had received in the fight. And his dark face darkened still more as a podgy figure came along the footpath, and stopped.

It was Gentleman Smith of the Lobster Pot.

Drake had not seen him since that unlucky bet on Brown Boy, and he certainly did not want to see him. Hitherto, Mr. Smith had been very civil, not to say oily, towards the richest fellow at St. Winifred's. But there was a change in his manner now.

His expression was decidedly unpleasant, as his little round eyes fixed upon Drake's bruised and clouded face.

"You!" muttered Drake.

"I've just been speaking to Master Daubeny!" explained the bookmaker. "He told me I'd most likely find you along 'ere, so I came along."

"Confound Daubeny!"

"You ain't sich friends with Master Daubeny now?" said Mr. Smith, with a keen look at the junior.

"No."

"Well, that ain't my business. I jest wanted to see you, to trouble you for a leetle fiver you owe me, Mister Drake."

"I—I—"

"I dessay you 'eard," remarked Mr. Smith, "that Brown Boy did not pull it off at Kingsford."

"Yes," muttered Drake.

"And you owe me five quids, sir."

"I—I know I do."

"That's why I was looking for you!" said Mr. Smith pleasantly.

Drake's face was scarlet.

"You seem to be in a hurry," he said bitterly. "Has Daub told you—but of course he has."

"Master Daubeny may 'ave mentioned that things ain't the same with you as they was," said Gentleman Smith. "No bizney of mine, so long as you square. Got it 'andy, sir?"

"No."

An exceedingly unpleasant look came over Mr. Smith's red face.

"Wot does that mean, Mister Drake?" he inquired.

"It means that I can't settle this evening," muttered Drake, almost trembling with mortification of having to humble himself before a man like Gentleman Smith of the Lobster Pot. "I suppose my word's good enough. I'll let you have the money during the week."

"That's all very well—"

"Hang you, man, you'll have your money!" broke out Drake savagely. "Now leave me alone; I'm feeling pretty rotten just now."

"I know I shall 'ave my money," answered Mr. Smith. "I've got the bit of writin' you give me, which you wouldn't care to 'ave made public. But I ain't collecting waste-paper to save up, young man. I'll give you till Wednesday, and you'd better pony up then, or there will be trouble."

Mr. Smith evidently had little civility left to waste upon a youth who was worth nothing more to him. He grunted and turned away, and disappeared into the dusk.

Drake drew a deep, almost sobbing breath.

If anyone had come along the footpath, and seen him with the sharper from the Lobster Pot.

What a fool he had been!

He owed money right and left; five pounds to the sharper, and ten pounds to his former associates, the "Bucks," and he was "stony." And he had come back to St. Winifred's that term to work for a scholarship, and to keep clear of his old reckless ways!

"I say, Drake—"

The junior spun round angrily. Tuckey Toodles's chubby face loomed up in the dusk under the trees.

Tuckey gave him an expansive grin, and put a finger to the side of his fat little nose, and winked.

"All serene!" he said. "I'm not going to say a word."

"Did you see?" stuttered Drake.

"Couldn't help it, old boy—couldn't help hearing what the man said, too," said Tuckey cheerily. "But bless you, never mind that. I can keep a secret. I'm not a chatterbox like that chap Rodney. Besides, I'm going to help you out."

"What?"

"You rely on me," said Toodles confidently. "I'm your old pal, you know. I'm not going to desert you, though you cut up so jolly rusty this morning."

"If you say a word about what you've just spied out, I'll wring your fat neck," said Drake in concentrated tones.

"Oh, draw it mild, old chap! I only came to tell you it was just on

locking up, and you'd be late!" exclaimed Tuckey Toodles warmly. "Is this what you call thanks—"

"Oh, rats!"

Jack Drake strode along the path towards the river, and Toodles trotted after him. Coote, the porter, was about to close the gate on the gangway when they arrived. Coote cast a rather curious glance at Drake's face, and closed the gate after the juniors were within.

"Just saved you from being locked out, Drake, dear old boy," said Tuckey Toodles.

Drake gave an ungrateful grunt, and hurried across the gangway to the Benbow.

He was just in time to answer to his name at call-over, which was being taken by Mr. Packe in the open space on the main deck, under the electric lights. Dick Rodney was there with the rest of the Fourth, and his face, as well as Drake's, showed signs only too plainly of the fight in the wood.

Mr. Packe's eyes lingered on Drake and Rodney, but he went through the roll-call without comment. After the roll had been taken, however, and the boys dismissed, he called the two delinquents.

"Rodney! Drake!"

The two juniors came unwillingly forward.

"You have been fighting!" said Mr. Packe.

"Ye-es, sir!" murmured Rodney.

"Do you consider that your appearance reflects credit upon the school you belong to?" inquired Mr. Packe.

No reply.

"You will go into the form-room, and remain there for an hour, writing out the conjugation of 'sum,'" said Mr. Packe.

"Oh, dear!" mumbled Drake.

Aching and "rotten" as he felt, Drake felt that his nerves would hardly stand a dose of Latin conjugations just then. But the form-master's word was law, and there was nothing to do but obey.

The two juniors proceeded to the deserted form-room, which was all in darkness. Rodney turned on the electric light.

They sat glumly enough at their desks.

Tuckey Toodles looked in.

"Cheer up, Drake, old boy," he said, "I'm going to get tea in the study, and it will be ready when you come out."

"All right."

"How much tin have you got?"

"None!" grunted Drake.

"I say, I don't see how I'm to get tea without any money from the canteen," said Tuckey Toodles.

"Don't get it, then."

"If you call that civil, Drake—"

"Oh, for goodness' sake sheer off, Tuckey. You're a worry."

"Well, I like that!" exclaimed Toodles. "Just when I'm thinking out a scheme, too, to get you out of your scrape with Mr. Smith—"

Whiz!

A Latin dictionary came hurtling across the room, and Tuckey Toodles jumped out of the doorway just in time.

"Yah!" he roared, and he departed.



Drake dragged out his Latin grammar, and a sheaf of impot paper, from his desk. Then he sat down to work. "Sum, es, est, sumus, estis, sunt," danced before his eyes, as he tried to write. He scribbled away wearily; but at last he gave it up, and leaned his elbow on his desk.

Rodney glanced at him, and ceased working too.

"We're both in for it, Drake!" he remarked.

Drake started, and looked at him. He was not prepared for a conversation with the junior he regarded as his enemy.

"Fed-up?" asked Rodney.

"Yes," grunted Drake.

"Let's chance it and give it a rest."

"I'm going to."

There was a short silence. Dick Rodney broke it.

"Look here, Drake! We made friends the day I came to St. Winifred's, though we haven't kept it up somehow, since. I do wish that you'd believe that I never gave away the affair you told me of. I give you my word of honour that I never uttered a syllable on the subject to a soul."

Drake looked at him rather oddly.

Rodney had been the victor in the fight, and certainly there seemed no reason why he should prevaricate now. And now that Drake was calmer, he could not help thinking that there was truth in the clear, honest eyes and earnest face of the sailor's son.

"Can't you believe me?" asked Rodney.

"Well, I suppose so, if you give me your word," said Drake, at last. "Perhaps I've been a bit hasty. I've been feeling rotten all round; and I dare say that what I wanted as much as anything, was somebody to fall foul of." He smiled bitterly. "That's candid, isn't it? It's queer how the thing got out if you didn't speak; but—"

"Didn't you mention it to anyone else?" asked Rodney.

"Not a soul."

"It's jolly queer, then. Have you left any letters about—letters from home?"

"Ah!" Drake gave a start. "Oh, what an ass I've been! My letter—it was left on my study table on Saturday—when Raik was there—"

"Raik?" said Rodney.

"I remember—I looked for it afterwards, and found it under the table," said Drake. "I had left it on the table before. And that howling cad Raik was in the study while I went to speak to Daub—"

"Was there anything in the letter?"

"Oh, yes, more than enough."

"It doesn't seem quite fair to put it on Raik without any proof, but—"

said Rodney slowly.

"Oh, he's cad enough—fellows have kicked him, before this, for spying into their letters," said Drake scornfully. "He's like that! I ought to have thought of something of the kind. It might even have been Turkey Toodles—he might have seen the letter. I—I—I'm sorry that I suspected you, Rodney." Drake's face was red now. "I—I was an ass—if I'd thought it out a bit more calmly—"

Dick Rodney smiled.

"Well, I'm glad you've thought it out calmly at last," he said. "No harm done—we shall both get over that scrap; though goodness knows I'm feeling rotten enough at present."

"So am I—bestly!" said Drake, with a faint smile.

There was another silence. It was Jack Drake who broke it this time—hesitatingly.

"Rodney!"

"Hallo!"

"The—day you came—we chummed up, and—made an arrangement to work together. It fell through—my fault, I know. Would you—would you care to try it, after all?"

"Like a shot!" said Rodney brightly. "I'd like it no end."

"You're a good sort—after I've given you that nose. Still, you've given me a nose and an eye," said Drake, with a rather shamefaced laugh. "It's a go, then—we'll try it."

"Done!"

And when the hour of detention had expired, Rodney and Drake astounded the Fourth Form by reappearing in public with linked arms, evidently on the best possible terms with one another.

THE END.

Next Tuesday's splendid story of Jack Drake will be "A PIG IN CLOVER!" Order early!

### RESULT OF TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION.—No. 2.

In this competition two competitors each sent in a correct solution of the pictures. The First Prize of £5 has therefore been divided between:

ERNEST BRAIN,  
47, Dove St.,  
Kingsdown,  
Bristol

and

PERCY BRAIN,  
47, Dove St.,  
Kingsdown,  
Bristol.

A Tuck Hamper has been awarded to the following ten competitors, whose solutions came next in order of merit:

Edwin Harris, 11, Caition Rd., Bath;  
Leslie Rutherford, 310, Condercum Rd., Newcastle-on-Tyne; J. Mills, 34, Darby St., Blackheath, Staffs.;  
Esther Wood, 177, Battersea Park Rd., Battersea, S.W.8.; William Pook, 111, Old St., Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancs.; M. Waite, 117, Raglinson St., Barrow-in-Furness; Thomas Good man, 161, Curzon St., Leicester; John N. C. Carr, 80, Nethergate, Dundee; James Pasquill, 11, Greenough St., Howe Bridge, Atherton; H. Morrish, 4, Christchurch Villas, Union Grove, Clapham, S.W.8.

### CORRECT SOLUTION:

Dear Readers.—I am amazed at the remarkable sale of last week's "Greyfriars Herald." Thousands of letters have been sent to me, and I cannot answer them all, but a word of advice. To obtain this paper regularly, order it from your news-agent.—Yours,

HARRY WHARTON.

## OUR PERSONAL COLUMN

(With acknowledgments to the Daily Newspapers)

By BOB CHERRY

Lord Mauleverer's five-pound note, which he lost last week, has been found in the school library. His lordship had used it as a book-mark.

Mr. H. Vernon-Smith, our Sports Editor, asks us why a certain prefect is not so quick on his pins as the school page. Why, because the prefect is a Waker, and the school page a Trotter.

Mr. Fisher T. Fish declares that Mrs. Mimble is guilty of profiteering. We don't agree. No profiteer could possibly profit here.

Mr. Robert Cherry will celebrate his birthday to-morrow (For the twenty-eighth time this year!—Ed.)

Mr. W. G. Bunter recently collided with a steam-roller in the Courtfield High Street. The steam-roller is progressing favourably.

Miss Marjorie Hazeldene has challenged the Remove to a hockey-match. Her challenge is marked "R.S.V.P." It Really Sounds Very Polite!

We are informed by our St. Jim's correspondent that Bernard Glyn, who goes in for fretwork, has lost his vice. We sincerely trust Tom Merry has not lost his Manners!

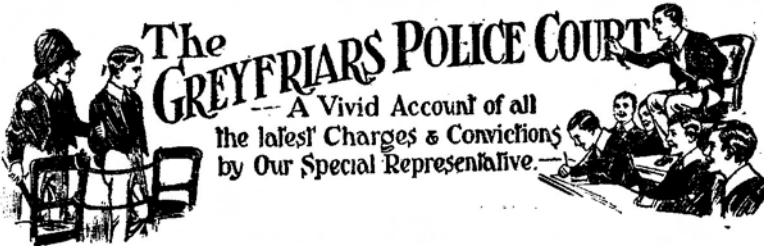
Our St. Jim's correspondent goes on to say that the kitchen cat limps very badly, and has been in the wars. It went to sleep in Gussy's best topper!

Mr. Rupert de Courcy, of Highcliffe, is loud in his praise of "The Greyfriars Herald." He declares that its contents are entertainin', stimulin', invigoratin', and refreshin'!

Mr. William Wibley is trying experiments with dynamite. We expect he will get a "blowing-up" shortly.

Mr. Samuel Tuckless Bunter recently ate twenty doughnuts at one sitting. Who says that Mr. Kippis is the better conjuror?

Mr. Johnny Bull has not forgotten how to bellow!



## The GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

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

The court was again crowded this week, the window-sills being thronged with fashionable folk.

Mr. Justice Wharton arrived late, having had to finish an imposition for Quelch.

### The Sorrows of Skinner.

As his worship took his seat on the bench, the crowd started singing "For he's a jolly good fellow!"

Magistrate: Are they referring to me, or to the prisoner? (Laughter.)

Mr. R. Cherry, K.C., was in the act of rising to address the court, when his worship rebuked him.

"Get a move on, Bob!"

Mr. Cherry: Some silly ass has stuck some seccotine on to the seat! (Loud laughter.)

Magistrate: Silence in court! My learned friend seems to have got stuck. However, he can address the court sitting down. It's all the same.

Mr. Cherry: The prisoner who now stands in the dock, supported by two burly police-constables, is well-known to the court. He is no other than Mr. Harold Skinner, K.C., C.A.D.

Magistrate: A barrister in the dock—ch? This is getting exciting! What's the nature of the charge?

Mr. Cherry: At midnight last night, your worship, the prisoner was caught in the act of breaking bounds. He was seen to clamber through the box-room window, and was arrested in the Close by P.-c. Johnny Bull.

Magistrate: Good old Bull! It's time you were promoted to the rank of buffalo. (Laughter.)

Mr. Cherry: We need not inquire into the prisoner's motives in breaking bounds. Suffice it to say that they were dishonourable.

Prisoner (excitedly): They weren't! You're a fatheaded chump, Cherry!

Magistrate (sternly): Why did you absent yourself from the dormitory at such an hour?

Prisoner: Ahem! I went out to see what sort of a night it was, your worship!

Magistrate: That yarn will do for the marines, but it won't do for me! Constable Bull, state your evidence.

P.-c. Bull: At a few minutes before midnight, your worship, I was awakened by a violent earthquake

Magistrate: My hat!

P.-c. Bull: It was Skinner putting on his boots. (Loud laughter.) The prisoner then quitted the dormitory, and I at once followed. I saw him climb through the box-room window, and chased him into the Close, where, after a brief struggle, he was arrested. I asked him if he had anything to say, and he replied that he came out to see the stars.

Magistrate: He'll see them again shortly! (Laughter.)

Mr. Cherry said that if the jury had an ounce of savvy they would bring in a verdict of guilty, and if his worship had any intelligence—which was open to doubt—he would sentence prisoner to be removed from the bench.

Greatly to the surprise of the court, the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty. It was afterwards found that two of the jurymen were bosom pals of the prisoner.

Magistrate: I don't agree with that verdict, and I shall rule it out. The prisoner undoubtedly broke bounds with ulterior motives, and I hereby sentence him to be removed from the bench for a month.

Mr. Cherry: That's the stuff to give 'em!

Prisoner was accordingly removed from the bench—with the aid of P.-c. Johnny Bull's boot!

### REPORTS IN BRIEF.

Fisher Tarleton Fish, an American citizen, was charged with fraudulently converting to his own use a mouth-organ, the property of Mr. Wun Lung, a gentleman of Chinese extraction.

Magistrate: If he's only got one lung, how did he manage to play a mouth-organ? (Laughter.)

Prisoner said he guessed and calculated that he took the mouth-organ from Mr. Wun Lung because the latter made such a noise that it was quite impossible to settle down to prep.

Magistrate: You had no right to help yourself to another person's property. This is not your first offence, and I shall recommend you for deportation.

On leaving the dock prisoner was heard to mutter: "I guess that cuts no ice with me, you slab-sided jay!"

---

A snivelling child named Percival Spencer Paget was summoned for neglecting his collection of white mice.

Mr. Alonzo Todd, on behalf of the S.P.C.W.M. (Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to White Mice) said that the pets in question were in a bad condition, having been left without without food for two hours.

Magistrate (to prisoner): I expect your mice are fed-up with not being fed-up. (Laughter.) In No. 1 Study you will find an old Dutch cheese. It's been hanging about in the cupboard for months. Lead it out gently by the chain, and feed it to your mice.

Mr. Cherry: If the mice are at all fastidious, your worship, there will be nothing doing!

The court adjourned, with many chuckles.

## A LITTLE VENTRILOQUISM

(Enter Mr. Quelch, with Billy Bunter in tow.)

Dr. Locke: Ah, good-morning, Quelch! I see

You've brought Bunter in to me?

Mr. Quelch: Yes; he has again offended;

It is time his pranks were ended!

Dr. Locke: Bunter, what have you to say?

Bunter: Please, sir, I'm not well to-day!

Dr. Locke: In what way, boy, are you ailing?

Bunter: Sir, my appetite is failing!

Dr. Locke: Why complain in this quaint fashion?

Do you miss your daily ration?

Mr. Quelch: All the others boys inform us

That his appetite's enormous!

Dr. Locke: Why is he now brought before me?

Have the scenes in class been stormy?

Mr. Quelch: Yes, sir. Bunter's every action

Causes me profound distraction.

Slackness, sloth, and inattention—

Faults too numerous to mention!

Dr. Locke: Quelch, the boy seems quite insane!

Kindly hand me yonder cane!

Voice from the passage: Just a moment, Dr. Locke—

Dr. Locke: Oh, that gave me quite a shock!

Mr. Quelch (turning to door): Who are you, I'd like to know, sir?

Voice: I am Mr. Clegg, the grocer.

Dr. Locke: Kindly wait while I chastise—

Voice: Sir, you fail to realize

That I have no time to waste.

Please come out to me post-haste!

Dr. Locke: Wait awhile! You understand?

Bunter, pray hold out your hand!

Voice: Dr. Locke, come here, man—quick!

I have brought for you, on "tick," several rare old new-laid eggs.

(Sir, you can't beat Uncle Clegg's!)

Also, if you care to risk it,

I have brought a wholesome biscuit

Lately manufactured by

Sharp's, of Sneakem-on-the-Sly.

I have also brought, old bean,

Dainty slabs of margarine,

And a basketful of figs—

Fitting food for Heads—and pigs!

Come at once, and view my wares.

Here I am, sir—on the stairs!

Dr. Locke: Bless my soul! What does he mean?

Fancy calling me "old bean"!

Mr. Quelch: Let us to the stairs meander.

This will mean a writ for slander!

Dr. Locke: Yes; the base, misguided Clegg

Must our humble pardon beg!

Bunter, you will have to wait.

Come, Quelch; we'll investigate!

(Exit Dr. Locke and Mr. Quelch.)

Bunter: Now, dear readers, you'll insist

I'm a fine ventriloquist!

(Exit Bunter, heading off in the opposite direction!)

# OUR SILVER SHILLING FEATURE

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

**A Cutting Reply.**

A smart young fellow sent the following letter to a London firm:

"Sirs,—Please send me one of your razors, for which I advance 5s.

"P.S.—I have forgotten to enclose the 5s., but no doubt a firm of your standing will send me one anyway."

By return mail came the reply:

"Dear Sir,—We beg to acknowledge the receipt of your esteemed order for a razor, and we have pleasure in enclosing same, which we trust you will find satisfactory.

"P.S.—We have forgotten to enclose razor, but no doubt a fellow with a cheek like yours won't need one!"—Sent in by L. Davey, Hackney Homes, Ongar, Essex.

**Running Comment.**

Tourist: Say, over in Amurrica we certainly have some fine athletes! Why, one man ran thirty miles, and finished up by jumping a five-bar gate!

Irishman: Share, an' it's no wonder. Look at the run he took!—Sent in by S. Soul, 15, Wetherden Street, Leyton, E.10.

**CHEEK!**



TEACHER (meeting scholar after hours): "So you are making a model of your school; I suppose you will make your teacher, too?"

JIMMY: "No, sir, I ain't got enough mud."

**A Safe Seat.**

"Why don't you get up and give that seat to your father, Bobby?" said the lady. "Doesn't it pain you to see him reaching for the strap?"

"Not on a tram!" chuckled Bobby. —Sent in by F. Arrandale, 97, Barnsley Street, Wigan, Lancs.

**Pointed!**

"Dear Wharton,—I sent you a joke for publication in the 'Herald' about a month ago. As I have heard nothing of it, I should like to know if you have seen it.—Bolsover."

"Dear Bolsover,—We received your joke, but up to the present have NOT seen it!—Wharton."—Sent in by D. P. Carney, 1, Beaconsfield Terrace, Chiswick, W.4.

**Correct!**

Teacher: Now, Jackson, what else do we find in water beside sodium chloride?

Jackson: Tiddlers, sir!—Sent in by Miss Joyce Ruston, 87, Limes Road, Tettenhall, near Wolverhampton.

**No Great Length.**

Irritable Customer: Waiter! How long will my piece of steak be?

Waiter: About three inches, sir!—Sent in by W. Potter, 69, Abbey Wood Road, London, S.E.2.

**MIXED!**



TEACHER: "You don't know your lessons again, eh? You can't remember a thing I told you yesterday. It's like pouring water on a duck's back—in one ear and out of the other!"

**Older Now.**

Harry Wharton (to Bunter minor, who is applying for the situation of office-boy to "The Greyfriars Herald"): You were here last week, weren't you?

Bunter minor: Yes.

Harry Wharton: And didn't I tell you then that I want an older person than you?

Bunter minor: Yes; that's why I'm here again!—Sent in by W. Bett, Damside Cottages, Gorgie, Edinburgh.

**'Ear, 'Ear!**

Wife: It's no good telling a man anything; it goes in one ear and out the other.

Husband: And it's no good telling a woman anything; it goes in both ears and out the mouth!—Sent in by F. Davis, 35, Payton Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.

**Light Humour.**

Tom Merry: Have you heard we're not going to have lamp-posts any longer down here?

A. D'Arcy: Why not, deah boy?

Tom Merry: They're long enough! See?—Sent in by S. R. Nash, 115, Bristol Road, Forest Gate, E.7.

## OUR FOOTBALL COLUMN

Conducted by Our Sports Editor  
H. VERNON-SMITH

EDITOR'S NOTE.—I have persuaded Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, to describe the Remove's latest match, in which he played a prominent part. The following account of the proceedings must not be mistaken for a Wild West story!—H.W.

### GREYFRIARS REMOVE v. THE FIFTH FORM.

By Mr. P. P. PROUT, M.A.

A SMALL boy named Wharton came to my study the other day, and asked me if I would referee a football-match between my own Form and the Remove. Being a very benevolent person, I readily consented.

When I arrived on the football-field, clad in knickerbockers and a sports coat, another small boy named Cherry handed me a whistle.

"What is this for, pray?" I inquired.

"For you to blow, sir," said Cherry. "Is this what you would call a 'leg-pulling stunt'?" I demanded sternly.

"Nunno, sir! You have to blow that whistle every time there's a foul."

"A fowl!" I ejaculated. "Do you mean to tell me that members of the feathered tribe are likely to come on to the ground?"

Cherry appeared to have great difficulty in keeping a straight face.

The two teams lined up, and my heart thumped against my ribs with excitement. I prayed that my own pupils might win.

"Brave Blundell!" I exclaimed. "All-conquering Coker! Go forth and prosper! And may you make many runs!"

Then, standing in the centre of the field, I started the game as follows:

"One to be ready, two to be steady, three to be—off!"

"Prout's off already," I heard Nugent say. "Off his rocker! Why didn't he blow his whistle?"

"Take a hundred lines, Nugent!" I thundered; and at that instant the muddy ball smote me with great violence in the face. I recovered, however, and nobly remained at my post, until Cherry approached me with the startling information (a) that it was half-time; and (b) that the Remove were leading by two goals to nothing!

Realising that my pupils needed encouragement, I shouted to them at the top of my voice when the game was resumed.

"Play up, my dear boys! Play up! Play up!"

Coker swooped down towards the goal. I didn't know whose goal it was, and I didn't care. I was so excited that I took a Webley pistol from my pocket, and discharged it into the air.

"Shoot, Coker—shoot!" I exclaimed.

But I was the only person who shot. When I cooled down, and glanced round the field, I found it deserted!

Can anyone explain why the game was abandoned so suddenly? I shall really have to speak to Blundell about it.

# The RED MAN'S TRAIL



A stirring serial story dealing with adventures amongst Redskins

By Mr. PAUL PONTIFEX PROUT  
(Master of the Fifth Form.)

The Redskin saw the shadowy form of a young brave creep through the bush to the well, and watched him as he stooped, drinking with his left hand.

IT was as Baldy had feared.

Kit had fallen into the hands of the Redskins. Though he had reached the spring safely enough and had replaced the tube in the water.

It had, as Baldy suspected, been displaced by the dragging foot of some prowling brave who, less superstitious than his fellows, had been bold enough to venture into the neighbourhood of the spring.

And the prowler was still there, hidden in the bushes, when Kit had stooped and had replaced the rubber tube.

Then the boy stooped to drink, since he knew that every drop of water in that stricken camp counted as so much liquid gold.

He was down on his knees, scooping up the muddy water in the palm of his hand, when the brave who had been lurking in the shadow of the dwarf willow bushes, which grew thickly about the little water-hole, rose like a shadow.

This was the same brave that they had seen as they had come away from the spring.

The Redskin had become suspicious as he had thought over those figures who had passed him in the mist. Perhaps it was merely his savage instinct had informed him that these three shadowy figures were strangers in the Indian force. More likely his attention had been aroused by the difference in their gait to that of the Red Man who walks differently from any other race in the world by means of generations of bareback riding.

So this brave had slipped back to the shelter of the spring. He had not noticed that tiny rubber tube through which a tiny stream of the precious water was trickling down to the beleaguered camp of Palefaces, and when his foot had caught this, he had kicked it aside thinking that it was but some slip of the willow branches.

But his suspicions were aroused and, like some wild animal watching its prey, he had crouched silent and watchful in the cover of the bushes, motionless as a bronze statue.

He had seen the shadowy form of a young brave creep through the bush to the well, and had watched him as he stooped, drinking with his left hand.

This was enough to tell the watching brave that the visitor at the spring was no Navajo Indian. When

a Navajo drinks or eats he invariably uses the right hand.

The brave crouched lower and lower. Then, with a sudden spring, he leaped from the bush, landing on Kit's back and bearing him to the ground.

In spite of himself, so sudden and so animal like was the attack, Kit, ere the brave's powerful hands closed upon his throat, gave a cry. Then the grip of those powerful fingers tightened on him, choking him, while his assailant, lifting his head, gave a deep-throated war-whoop of alarm.

The cry was taken up all through the camp, and in a few seconds braves and Redskin boys, underchiefs and squaws came running to the spot where Kit was still struggling with his enemy.

In a few seconds the two were surrounded by a howling mob, eager to get at the intruder and kill him, questioning, shouting, screaming threats, brandishing weapons.

So savage were these Redskins at the continued resistance of the beleaguered camp, that they would have torn the boy to pieces, when it was announced that he was a stranger who had ventured from the camp of the Palefaces to steal the precious water.

## 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, connects some old piping to the spring and replenishes their water supply. The pipe becomes choked, and Kit volunteers to clear it. This he succeeds in doing, but suddenly shrill cries in the darkness announce that the lad has fallen into the hands of the Redskins.*

And a tremendous yell of execration went up from that dark, struggling mob, when a brave who had run forward with a bunch of resinous twigs flaring in his hand by way of a torch, allowed its flare to fall upon the face of the prisoner, revealing the fact that this was no Redskin, but a Paleface boy.

In the struggle, the feathered head-dress that Kit was wearing had been knocked from his head, and the sight of his fair curls shining in the light of the upheld torch, seemed to madden the ugly crowd to a frenzy.

They made a wild rush at Kit, showering blows equally upon him and his captor who held him fast. They would have torn him to pieces there and then, but luckily, their hate and their haste jammed them in a mob as tight as a football scrum, whilst the torch, burning down to the hand of the brave who held it, fell apart into a shower of sparks and smouldering ends.

It was this sudden failure of the torch which saved Kit's life, for the crowd of maddened Redskins, clawing and scratching, yelling and shrieking, fell upon one another in the dark and were fighting amongst themselves when a loud authoritative voice bade them scatter.

A sudden quiet fell upon them, for the voice was that of Na-wa-ga-hiwa or the Eagle of the Red Claw who, now that Black Snake had met with his well-deserved fate, was Chief Paramount of the Redskin force.

Eagle of the Red Claw was advancing rapidly through the willows, followed by a couple of torchbearers holding flaring brands to light his path.

He was a magnificent figure in his war-dress and war-paint, crowned by the full crest of eagle feathers barred with white, which denoted his rank.

The crowd of angry, chattering squaws and Redskin louts, which had been so eager to get at the prisoner, fell back before this dread presence, and a hush fell upon them as they strained their ears listening for his words.

"What befalls?" demanded Eagle of the Red Claw, coming to a standstill on the far side of the spring and parting the willow branches as he peered across the little pool of water at Kit, held fast by his original captor and another huge brave.

Then he grunted as the light of the

torches caught Kit's golden, curly hair.

"Wah! A Paleface spy!" he exclaimed.

"He was drinking by the spring, Great Chief!" said the brave who had captured Kit. "And he came from the Paleface camp!"

Eagle of the Red Claw grunted again with satisfaction.

"When a life is paid for a drink of water, thirst is in the camp of the Palefaces!" he answered "Bring the young brave to the Great Lodge!"

And, turning, he strode away through the willows, heading for the main encampment of the Redskin force.

But he had paused when he had gone a few steps.

"Let no brave or squaw lay hands on the prisoner till he has stood before the Council of Chiefs!" he called in deep, sonorous tones. "He shall be given to the running at the appointed time."

The evil crowd fell back grumbling and muttering threats.

Kit did not understand the words which the chief had spoken save one word, and this was the word "Running," and his heart sank as he heard it, as he knew well the fate intended for him.

He had obtained a glimpse of the face of Eagle of the Red Claw lit by the red glare of the torches, and it gave him no hope of clemency or mercy.

Eagle of the Red Claw was new in command, a splendid specimen of a dying race, and far removed by his bearing and physique from most of his degenerate following.

The arms of the Palefaces were already leaving their mark deep on the numbers of the Red Indians of North America. But they carried with them weapons more potent than rifles. The first of these was the firewater, the deadly spirits which killed the Red Man more surely than the rifle and nearly as swiftly. The second was found in the strange diseases of the white man.

Small-pox, typhus and even measles had wrought havoc amongst the Red people, leaving a large number of undersized, stunted and cowardly underlings not to be compared with the Redskin, pure and unfainted, of the days which the writings of Fenimore Cooper have made familiar to us.

But Eagle of the Red Claw was an exception to this rule. Just as some of the finest roses are found in late summer when their companions are faded and stunted, so this magnificent specimen of the dying Redskin race stood out in vivid contrast to the horde over which he ruled.

But, in this chief, all the native ferocity of the Red Man was alive and active. Eagle of the Red Claw knew only one law and this was the red law of tooth and claw itself.

"An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth" was his creed, and he was consumed by a deadly hatred of the Paleface as deep and as lasting as life itself.

Kit, young as he was, was sufficiently a student of physiognomy to realise that it was not for mercy's sake that the chief had rescued him from the savage mob of camp fol-

lowers, but merely to gain, perhaps, a little information from him ere he was handed over to the women and the boys of the tribe for the "Running."

And this word echoed like the knell in the ears of the boy as his captors bound his arms behind him with stripes of raw hide ere they led him to the Great Lodge where the chiefs were assembled.

Baldy had told him about the "Running."

It was the fate generally accorded to boys and youths who might fall into the hands of an enemy tribe.

It was not the custom of the braves to take part in the "Running," for it was deemed beneath their dignity.

If a brave was captured, he was generally put to the torture by fire or by arrow. But Redskins who had not reached the dignity of a brave and young Paleface prisoners were

the rough justice and honour of boys who have no place amongst them for a sneak or talebearer.

But this "Running" of the Red Indians was a tragedy. There the victim was started off to run between two lines of louts and squaws and Red Indian loafers who were sworn to kill him by inches as he ran.

He ran the gauntlet of a thousand enemies, running in an everlasting circle, slashed at by shortened knives, stabbed at with bodkins, torn at with nails, all these weapons being wielded, not with the intent of killing suddenly, but to prolong the torture as long as possible.

Thus the scum of the Redskin camps played with their victims as a cat plays with a mouse, till some brave, deeming perhaps that the victim was nearly finished, would put him out of pain with his tomahawk, and take his



Kit blinked as he was pushed forward into the tent by his guards, who retired, leaving him alone to face the unwinking stare of fifty pairs of cruel black eyes.

generally handed over to the squaws and the louts and the camp loafers and the old women and the young children to be baited to death.

The "Running" was simply running the gauntlet.

Kit remembered that it was a punishment accorded to known sneaks in his old school in England.

There, when a sneak was found guilty by the school, the whole school would line up in two files with knotted handkerchiefs and the sneak would be obliged to run the gauntlet through the files, being belaboured with the knotted handkerchiefs and with pendant conkers on their strings.

Kit, being a clean bred, straight-forward and honourable British boy, had never become subject to this punishment, for he had told tales neither in nor out of school. But he had always had something of a thrill of horror for this punishment born of

scalp with the air of one taking part in a child's game.

And that scalp would never decorate a warrior's belt. It would be contemptuously attached to the tent-pole of one of the squaws' lodges, being contemptuously known as a "woman's scalping."

And Kit as he was dragged along towards the camp knew that this was to be the fate awarded to him by his captors.

The braves did not handle him very gently.

The chief had passed out of sight amongst the lodges striding swiftly ahead towards the large lodge which was the headquarters of the Redskin force.

But the tagrag and bobtail of the camp followed the prisoner up, the youths shouting threats and abuse whilst the squaws screamed with lifted hands, calling down vengeance on the Paleface boy.

A few stones were thrown at the prisoner. There would have been more of these missiles, but stones were scarce in this part of the prairie where the soil consisted of a thick blanket of clayey loam.

One stone hit Kit a sharp blow on the cheekbone, causing him to stagger as he was dragged between his guards.

And, at the stagger, a yell of triumph went up from the crowd of Indian louts who were pushing back the screaming squaws and crowding round to get a look at the prisoner.

And a pretty evil-looking lot were these youths who had followed the war-party with the intent of qualifying as braves. Cowardice and malice was written in every line of their fierce, flat-browed, hatchet faces, as, lit by the camp fires, these surged round the prisoner.

Kit was conscious of a sudden disgust, and almost of a feeling of disappointment in his enemies.

This was the noble Red Man, the subject of his boyish dreams. Any crowd of low-down hooligans from any gutter would have carried themselves and behaved themselves much as this dangerous mob of copper-faced louts were doing. They represented no more than an evil crowd of slum dwellers following some hapless charge to the police station, half in malice, half in idle curiosity.

There was one thing that Kit noticed, however, and this was that not one of these miserable, hang-dog looking wretches laughed even in derision. Their faces wore no smile, only a look of animal ferocity.

His guards kicked him forward, and Kit was delighted when a stone, meant for him, landed on the side of the jaw of his captor with a thump that made his teeth rattle.

The stone was thrown at almost point-blank range by a peculiarly unpleasant-looking young Redskin, whose rat face was deeply pitted with small-pox.

Without a word, the guard lifted a looped lariet of raw hide and brought it down, to Kit's intense satisfaction, with a tremendous slash on the bare, greasy back of this ill-favoured youth, who, with a dismal howl, dropped out of the crowd and bolted amongst the tents like a dog with a tin-can on his tail.

Then the guard, rubbing his jaw, addressed some guttural remarks to the rabble which were evidently a threat of taking one or two along to the Great Lodge along with the prisoner. And, greatly to Kit's relief, the crowd melted away.

But the hate of the Redskin was all round him. Braves scowled and flourished their tomahawks threateningly as he passed the camp fires where they were grouped, wrapped in their gaily patterned Navajo blankets. The skinny arms of old women were shaken threateningly from the doors of the deerskin lodges. The Indian dogs, evil-looking mongrels, with a strong strain of the Husky in them, barked and snapped at him, as though they, too, knew well enough that he was one of the hated Palefaces.

And he was quite glad when at last his guards, leading him through an aisle of lodges which were marked

with the painted insignia of chiefs, brought him into an open space where was pitched a large tent of patterned deerskins, sewn together with stitchings of deer sinews and gaily painted with native, dyes in designs that looked like a modern camouflage.

This was the Speak House, the council tent of the camp which, in a camp of European soldiers, would have been represented by Brigade Headquarters.

A couple of sentries armed with spears, tufted with scalps, stood on guard at the door of his tent, and they crossed their spears at the approach of the guards and their prisoner.

But at the sight of the captive and a muttered word, the spears were lifted.

At the door of the tent, was a vestibule or antechamber formed of the same painted deerskins which was closed by a leathern curtain.

About the tent no Redskin showed, for it was plain that no intruders were allowed in the neighbourhood of headquarters, and eave-droppers on the councils of the chiefs were fully guarded against.

Another sentry was stationed in the vestibule and at the sight of the prisoner he gave a muttered password to someone within the tent.

"Admit the prisoner!" said a harsh voice from behind the curtain.

And Kit was pushed forward by his guards into the large tent, the interior of which was brightly painted in mystic signs and paterus in which the lightning, the rattle-snake, the corn-sheaf, the rainbow and the bison were all figured in a design that was not unlike the wall-paintings of the ancient Egyptians.

The boy blinked as he was pushed forward into the tent by his guards who retired, leaving him alone to face the unwinking stare of fifty pairs of cruel black eyes.

The tent was lighted by oil wicks which burned in flat shaped lamps of carved soapstone.

In the centre of the tent burned a dull fire, sending up a curl of blue, twisting smoke, which found its way out at the top of the Great Lodge where there was an opening which acted as a sort of chimney.

But the atmosphere was laden with streaks and layers of other smoke than that of the fire, for the assembly of chiefs were all smoking their little pipes filled with the mixture of the Paleface tobacco and the under bark of the willow which they most affected.

A few were smoking cigars and cigarettes wrapped in husks of maize, a new-fangled custom which was creeping in amongst the tribes from Mexico and the southern borders. But most of the chiefs were smoking small stone pipes mounted on long quills of the wild swan, whilst the great pipe of council was being handed round the wide circle, passing from mouth to mouth.

Kit was not disappointed now in the wild Red Man.

These men, who were regarding him with their steady, disconcerting, unwavering stare, were all war chiefs of the Navajo tribes, dressed in all the magnificence of their war res-

tumes, and wrapped in their tightly woven, gaily figured blankets.

Eagle of the Red Claw was there in the centre of the wide circle of feathered, painted councillors, and his seat on a large pile of buffalo robes betoken his position as Chief Paramount and, as it were, speaker of this savage parliament.

Kit stood there, his hands bound tightly behind him, but betraying no fear of these silent, watchful men.

"If I'm going to die," he told himself, "I'll die like a man, and I won't show the white feather to these savages."

So he stood there, his head thrown back proudly and defiantly eyeing his captors as they eyed him, steadily and without moving a muscle of his face.

The Red Man never hurries to speak. They let him stand there for near five minutes, always keeping up that fixed remorseless stare as though they would read his very soul.

Then Eagle of the Red Claw spoke, using the old Navajo dialect according to custom when speaking in Secret Lodge.

"Behold, my brothers!" he exclaimed. "We catch a Red Man and we find a painted Paleface who comes to our spring to drink. Thus we know we shall secure the prize without further fighting."

There were a few grunts of dissent at this from the younger war chiefs. These were burning to distinguish themselves, and they were likewise smarting from the defeat which the Palefaces had inflicted on them.

Eagle of the Red Claw, on the other hand, was carrying out the policy of his predecessor. He wished to lose no more Redskin lives over this fight, and was content that thirst should do its work. To this end he had brought Kit to the council chamber that he might be produced as evidence that here, at any rate, was one Paleface who was driven by thirst that he had come even into the very jaws of his enemies to snatch a few mouthfuls of stolen water.

"So thirst does our work!" said Eagle of the Red Claw, rising from his pile of buffalo robes and pointing to the prisoner with outstretched hand. "What need is there to slaughter our braves when their lives may be saved for further fighting?"

"Time presses, Eagle of the Red Claw!" croaked one scarred old warrior who, just as a bundle of feathers and blankets, crouched at the extreme left of the circle puffing at the small pipe he held between his toothless gums.

"Let Prairie Wolf, my brother and great chief, listen!" responded Eagle of the Red Claw. "In the rising and setting of a sun the Palefaces are ours!"

The old chief chuckled.

"Since when is this talk of saving the lives of braves?" he asked. "It is new talk to me, Prairie Wolf, who have seen many wars and who have fought all my life against the White Man. Soon Manitou will call me to the Happy Hunting Grounds and I would like to take a few more scalps before I die. I, the old grey Wolf who have

(Continued on page 18, col. 3.)

# FAGGING FOR COKER!

A screamingly funny complete story specially contributed to  
"The Greyfriars Herald"

By DICK RUSSELL



The Fifth-formers went back to Coker's study, where yet another surprise awaited them. They stood rooted to the threshold in blank amazement. "Gone!" gasped Coker.

I.  
"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"  
Bob Cherry's familiar ejaculation attracted us to the notice-board, where he stood looking like a fellow who hasn't quite made up his mind whether to laugh or to blub.

"What is it, Bob?" asked Ogilvy.  
Bob could not trust himself to speak. He pointed dramatically to an announcement on the board, and for a moment we stood transfixed.

For this is what we saw:

"NOTISS TO THE REMOVE!  
"Fagg wanted! Must be cleen, respecktable, and highly connected. Must bare a good karrakter. The work he will be rekwid to do will not be ruff, but lite. Celery—2/6d. per week to kommece, inkreasing at the rate of tuppence a week until it bekomes five bob. Apply at wunce to Horace Coker, Vth Form Passidge."

"Well, I'm jiggered!"  
"What awful cheek!"  
"And spelling!"

We were knocked all of a heap by Coker's announcement. Coker's a champion ass, and he often sticks weird and wonderful documents on the notice-board. But this—this was the extreme outside edge!

"Coker knows he can't fag the Remove," I said, "and yet he's got the barefaced cheek to address the notice to us!"

"What does he mean by 'Celery—two and six per week'?" asked Nugent. "Is he going to set up in business as a market-gardener?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He means salary, of course."

growled Johnny Bull. "Personally, I wouldn't work for Coker if he paid me three thousand a year!"

"No, rather not!"  
At that moment No. 7 Study strolled up. By No. 7 Study I mean the two Todds, Tom Dutton, and Billy Bunter.

"What's all the merry rumpus about?" asked Peter Todd.

"Coker's at it again!" said Bob Cherry. "Look at his latest!"

The occupants of No. 7 scanned Coker's advertisement.

"Great Pip!" gasped Peter. "What awful nerve! Don't you think so, Dutton?"

"No."

"What!"

"I haven't lost a button, and even if I had, I don't see what it's got to do with you!" said the deaf junior peevishly.

"Oh, my hat! I'm talking about Coker, you ass!"

"If I'd lost a button in the grass, as you say, I'd search for it," said Tom Dutton. "But all my buttons are intact."

"Wish I could say the same of your brains!" growled Peter. "Look here, you fellows—I'm going to apply for this job."

We stared blankly at Toddy.

"You—you're going to fag for Coker?" gasped Wharton.

Peter nodded.

"I'll fag for Coker so thoroughly that he'll never want a fag again!" he said.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Toddy!" protested Billy Bunter. "You're queering my pitch, you know! I'm just the man

for Coker. I'm a ripping cook, and a born waiter."

"I see," said Peter. "You carried on your pater's profession—what?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My father isn't a waiter!" said Bunter indignantly. "He's a—"

"Barrel contractor?" suggested Bob Cherry.

And there was a fresh roar of laughter.

"I'm going to fag for Coker, anyway," declared the fat junior. "Half a crown a week isn't to be sniffed at!"

Five minutes later Toddy and Billy Bunter presented themselves at the seat of the mighty—namely, Coker's study.

Bunter got his word in first.

"You're wanting a fag, Coker—"

he began.

"True," said Coker; "but I've no use for a bladder of lard. Travel!"

"Oh, really, you know—"

"Get out!" snapped Coker. "If you were my fag my cupboard would always be bare. You'd eat me out of house and home. What do you want, Todd?"

Toddy looked meek and demure.

"Please, Coker, will I do?" he murmured.

Coker stared.

"You want to be my fag?"

"Nothing would give me greater joy."

"You're not pulling my leg, I hope?" said Coker suspiciously.

"I'm dead serious."

"You'll work like a nigger?"

"Yes, Coker."

"And agree to accept half a crown a week for your services?"

"Yes, Coker."

"And you'll carry out my commands to the best of your ability?"

"Yes, Coker."

"You needn't talk like a confounded parrot!" growled Coker. "You can say other things besides 'Yes, Coker, I suppose?'"

"Yes, Coker."

The Fifth-former was exasperated. His hand wandered to a cricket-stump.

"Look here," said Toddy, "I want you clearly to understand that I'm not going to be bullied, bified, or beaten. I only become your fag on that condition."

"Very well," said Coker, replacing the cricket-stump. "But don't be a silly ass!"

"No, Coker; I can safely leave that part of the programme to you!"

"My hat! I'll—"

"I say, Coker, I'm a much better man than Toddy!" said Billy Bunter from the doorway.

"Get out!" roared Coker, with such an expression of ferocity on his rugged face that the fat junior promptly bolted.

We heard shortly afterwards that Toddy had been engaged as Coker's fag, and we saw nothing of the leader of No. 7 Study until it was time for prep. Then he came into the Rag with half a crown in his hand and a beaming smile on his face.

"I will now select a few favoured friends to come with me to the tuck-shop and indulge in light refreshments," said Toddy.

And he selected Wharton, Bob Cherry, Ogilvy, and your humble servant.

"How's the fagging going, Toddy?" inquired Wharton.

"Top-hole! Coker's just paid me off."

"Paid you off?"

"Yes. He was only too glad to get rid of me. I fagged for him not wisely, but too well! First of all I burnt his toast. Then I mistook the back of his neck for a tea-cup, and he got a slight scalding. After which I kidded him that the chimney was on fire, and he crawled up it to see!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And you mean to say he didn't lam you?" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Under the terms of my engagement he wasn't allowed to."

"Great Scott!"

"When he came down from the chimney, shedding soot all over the study carpet, he told me he had no further use for my services. Those weren't his actual words, of course. He raved and stormed like a maniac. I insisted on drawing a week's salary in lieu of notice—and here we are!"

Toddy's half-crown was expended in jam-tarts, and we chuckled hugely at Coker's misfortunes.

And when, a couple of hours later, Wingate saw lights out in the Remove dorm., we were still chuckling.

## II

**N**EXT day there was quite a craze in the Remove—a craze to fag for Coker.

Skinner was duly appointed to take the place of Toddy. But after he had smashed—more by design than accident—Coker's window, crockery, and looking-glass, he was "sacked." Skinner insisted upon a week's money in lieu of notice—but he didn't get it!

Kipps took Skinner's place. Kipps is a conjuror, and the conjuring tricks he performed in Coker's study were not at all to Coker's liking. Accordingly Kipps received the O.B.E. (Order of the Boot-Externally.)

Coker was desperately anxious to get hold of a satisfactory fag by tea-time. His Aunt Judy had sent him a remittance, on the strength of which he intended to hold a big repast in his study. Potter, Green, and Blundell, of the Fifth, had already been invited.

As a last resource, Coker engaged Billy Bunter.

After all, Bunter was a jolly good cook, and there was nothing he couldn't do in the culinary line. His only fault was a tendency to sample things in huge quantities, to ascertain if they were "done."

Billy Bunter declined to do a stroke until Coker paid him a week's salary in advance. Then he took off his coat, and piled in like a Trojan.

Coker had ordered supplies on a lavish scale, and he looked on with great approval while Billy Bunter got busy with a frying-pan.

"That's the way, kid," he said. "I think we shall get on fine as master and man, don't you?"

Coker's new fag nodded.

"The sosses are done to a turn," he said presently.

"Good!" said Coker. "I'll go and summon the guests."

Shortly afterwards Blundell and Potter and Greene came into the study, beaming in anticipation of one of the best feeds of the term.

"This is topping!" said Blundell, glancing round the study. "Since when has Bunter been your fag, Coker?"

"He started this afternoon, and he's a find. Worth his weight in whipped cream walnuts, by Jove!"

"Glad to hear it," said Greene, seating himself at the table. "I always thought Bunter was a good-for-nothing young ass!"

Billy Bunter blinked through his big spectacles at Coker.

"If your guests are going to insult me like that," he said, "I shall have no alternative but to give you a week's notice!"

Coker didn't relish this prospect at all. He had watched Bunter at work, and his opinion of the fat junior had gone up by leaps and bounds. Bunter was behaving, in short, like a model fag, and Coker didn't want to lose him.

"How dare you insult my fag, Greene?" he demanded.

"Eh?" gasped Greene.

"Apologise to Bunter at once!"

"Mum-mum-my hat!"

"At once, or I'll pitch you out of the study!"

Greene glanced at the tempting array of delicacies on the table, and decided that he could not afford to miss such a handsome spread.

"I—I apologise, Bunter!" he stammered.

"All right, pie-face!" said the fat junior.

Greene nearly choked. To be "cheeked" in this way by Billy Bunter was maddening.

"Pile in, you fellows," said Coker. "Bustle about and wait on us, Bunter, and you shall have a snack after we've finished."

Billy Bunter's eyes were gleaming behind his spectacles. He knew that there would be precious little left by the time the appetites of Coker and Co. had been appeased, and a scheme was working in the fat junior's mind—a scheme whereby he could cause the feasters to leave the study.

It was such a long time since Bunter had performed any ventriloquial stunts in the Fifth that it was pretty safe to try one now.

Coker and Co. pitched into the feed with great gusto. They were just getting into their stride when a familiar voice hailed them from the passage.

"Coker! Blundell! Potter! Greene!"

The feasters looked at one another. "Prout!" muttered Coker.

"I have reason to believe, Coker," continued the voice, "that a disgusting orgy is taking place within this study!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"Why the dickens doesn't Prout come in?" gasped Blundell. "I—"

"Is my surmise correct, Coker?"

"Well, we're certainly having a bit of a blow-out, sir," admitted Coker. "But there's no harm in that, surely?"

"Boys of your age ought to be better employed!" snapped the voice. "This disgraceful revelry must cease immediately! You will follow me to my study at once—all of you!"

"Oh, help!" murmured Greene.

Reluctantly the Fifth-formers left the laden table, and trooped out into the passage.

"Sir——" began Coker. Then he stopped short, with a look of wonder.

Mr. Prout was not there!

"Must have gone on to his study," muttered Potter. "Come on! Let's get it over."

Looking very sheepish, the quartette proceeded to the Form-master's study.

Coker rapped on the door, and Mr. Prout's voice bade him enter.

Like four small fags about to be admonished, the Fifth-formers slunk into the study.

Mr. Prout was seated at his desk. He looked very irritable.

"Well, what is it, what is it?" he exclaimed impatiently.

"Please, sir, we've come," said Coker.

"So I observe," said Mr. Prout drily. "Have you anything to say to me?"

Coker shuffled uneasily.

"We—we didn't mean to be pigs, sir," he stammered. "It's only once in a way that we—ahem!—make beasts of ourselves. It so happens that my Aunt Judy——"

Mr. Prout frowned.

"What does this wild talk mean, Coker? I do not know, and I do not wish to know, anything about pigs or beasts or your Aunt Judy."

"But I was trying to convince you, sir, that this feed was a special occasion," said Coker.

Mr. Prout's frown deepened.

"Am I to understand," he said, "that a disgusting orgy has been in progress?"

"You—you knew all about it, sir!" stammered Blundell.

"I certainly did not," said Mr. Prout. "Since you have been good enough to inform me of your gluttonous conduct, however, I will award you two hundred lines each."

"Oh, crumbs!"

"And I shall expect to see the impositions complete by to-morrow afternoon. You may go."

And Coker and Co. went, utterly dumbfounded.

Out in the passage they almost collapsed.

The Fifth-formers went back to Coker's study, where yet another surprise awaited them. They stood rooted to the threshold in blank amazement.

"Gone!" gasped Coker.

The food—every single morsel of it—had done the vanishing trick, and so had Coker's fag!

"What the merry dickens——" muttered Greene.

"My hat!" exclaimed Blundell suddenly. "I begin to see daylight now! We've been fooled—by Bunter! We've been spoofed—by Bunter! We've been foiled, diddled, dished, and done—by Bunter!"

"How?" asked Coker, whose slow wits had not yet grasped the situation.

"By ventriloquism, of course!" snapped Blundell.

"Oh!"

Coker comprehended at last. Grimly he picked up a cricket-stump, and quitted the study.

"Whither bound?" asked Potter.

Coker gave a snarl like that of a wild beast.

"I'm going to look for Bunter!" he said.



# TROUBLE FOR THREE!

A great ghost story in six spasms

By **BOB CHERRY**



"Bless my soul!" gasped Mr. Prout. "Three ghostly beings in deadly conflict! This is terrible! I must summon Mr. Quelch at once."

I.

"IT'S a topping wheeze!"

Peter Todd's voice broke the silence in the Remove dormitory.

We all called upon Toddy to explain.

"It's high time we gave the Fifth and the Upper Fourth a scare," continued Toddy. "What about a ghost?"

"Eh?"

"What?"

"Which?"

"No, not a witch—a ghost. I'll take on the part, if you like. I can play it to perfection. Shrouded in a sheet, I'll visit Coker and Co. and Temple and Co. and give them the scare of their lives!"

"Good!" said Wharton.

"I say, you fellows," piped the shrill voice of Billy Bunter, "I'm quite in favour of the jape, but I don't agree that Toddy's the man for the part. Let me take it on!"

"But we want a ghost—not a sample of rolling-stock!" said Squiff.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Toddy slipped out of bed, and we helped him make up for the part. He was enveloped from head to foot in a long sheet, with two ventilation-holes for him to peep through.

In the dim light Toddy certainly looked very ghost-like. He glided across the floor of the dorm., and spoke in sepulchral tones, just to show us what he could do.

"Ha, ha! Coker, arise! I am the ghost of thy grandfather, Baron Hatch, of Cohey!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You'll do," said Wharton approvingly. "Off you go, and the best of luck!"

II.

"IT'S a ripping stunt!"

This time it was Horace Coker's voice, and it was the silence of the Fifth-form dormitory that was broken.

"Explain!" said Blundell.

"I've been thinking for a long time —" began Coker.

"Help!" gasped Potter. "I didn't know you could think at all!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Dry up, George Potter! I've been thinking for a long time that those cheeky fags in the Remove ought to be taken down a peg."

There were murmurs of "Hear, hear!"

"What's the wheeze, Mighty One?" asked Fitzgerald.

"I suggest that one of us gets him self up as a ghost, and gives the Remove a rare old scare. A sheet will do the trick—a sheet and a born actor."

"Who's the born actor?" inquired Fitzgerald.

"Me!" said Coker, promptly and ungrammatically.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, you cackling idiots —" began Coker wrathfully.

"A good wheeze is wasted whenever you try to carry it off," said Blundell.

"We'll give you credit for the stunt, Coker, but we're not going to let you play the leading part."

"Coker's fairy feet would give the show away long before he got to the Remove dorm.," said Potter. "Wharton and Co. would think it was a steam-roller coming along!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker fumed and protested, but the others wouldn't allow him to convert himself into a phantom. That part of the business was allotted to Greene.

Greene was rather an ass, but he would make a better ghost than Coker.

Blundell got out of bed and lit a candle, and Greene was duly garbed as a ghost. A sheet was thrown over his head, and tied with tape round his neck. His head had the appearance of a boiled pudding before the cloth had been removed.

"Groo! I can't see!" muttered Greene.

Blundell made a couple of holes in the sheets, puncturing Greene's nose in the process.

"There you are," he said. "Off you go, and mind you put it across the Remove!"

III.

"IT'S a first-rate idea!"

This time it was the voice of Cecil Reginald Temple, and the scene was the dormitory which had the Upper Fourth as inmates.

"Get it off your chest!" said Dabney.

Sitting up in bed, Temple expounded his scheme.

"Time we got our own back on the Remove," he said.

"Good!" said Fry. "I'm simply spoiling for a pillow-fight!"

"I don't mean a pillow-fight, ass! What do you say to my toggling up as a ghost, and giving the Remove kids a scare?"

"Ripping!"

"I make a top-hole ghost, as you fellows know," said Temple modestly. "When I played the ghost in 'Hamlet' I fairly brought the house down."

"You did!" said Dabney. "You knocked all the scenery over, if I remember!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Temple scowled.

"Don't be a funny ass, Dab," he said.

"Certainly not," said Dabney. "I don't want to poach on your preserves!"

And there was a fresh burst of laughter at Temple's expense.

After a time the Upper Fourth became sober, and they lent Temple a hand with his ghostly apparel, which, curiously enough, consisted of a flowing white sheet, in which a couple of holes had been made for the convenience of the "ghost."

"Go ahead!" said Fry. "And mind you let us know the result!"

IV.

GREYFRIARS lay hushed and still.

No sound disturbed the silence of the Remove dormitory, save Billy Bunter's trumpet-like snore, and the fierce shouts of Bolsover major, who dreamt he was engaged in a prize-fight against the Courtfield Coshier.

The door of the dormitory was stealthily opened, and Peter Todd stepped out on to the landing.

At the same instant two more ghostly figures arrived on the same landing.

"Mum-mum-my hat!" gasped Toddy. "I didn't know this was to be a three-cornered contest!"

The three spectres blinked suspiciously at each other through their ventilation-holes.

They had no idea of each other's identity. All three of them felt scared at first. They wondered if the others were real ghosts, and not "fakes."

Greene of the Fifth was more scared than the other two. He wanted to turn and flee, but the prospect of being chased up the stairs by two apparently genuine spooks made him shudder.

"Who—who are you?" faltered Greene, thus revealing his own identity.

Toddy and Temple uttered a simultaneous exclamation.

"Greene!"

Toddy guessed—rightly, as it happened—that this was a Fifth-form jape directed against the Remove. And Temple guessed—wrongly, as it happened—that this was a Fifth-form jape directed against the Upper Fourth.

Toddy's natural impulse was to wade in and slaughter Greene; and Temple's natural impulse was ditto.

Both rushed at the same moment, and aimed a blow at Greene's shrouded head.

"Yaroooooh!" yelled Greene.

A moment later, however, he pulled himself together, and, realising that he was up against solid flesh and bone, he hit out straight from the shoulder.

The three spectres soon became hopelessly mixed, with the result that they punched each other indiscriminately.

Biff! Thud! Biff! Thud!

The white-clad forms swayed hither and thither, each breathing out threatenings and slaughter.

Just as the chaos and confusion were at their height a pyjama-clad figure armed with an electric torch appeared on the scene, and as quickly disappeared.

"Bless my soul!" gasped Prout, for he it was. "Three ghostly beings in deadly conflict! This is terrible! I must summon Quelch at once!"

And the distracted Prout headed straight for Quelch's bedroom.

## V.

**B**EING violently aroused in the middle of the night isn't a pleasant sensation. I speak from experience.

Quelch's beauty sleep was rudely disturbed, and the disturber was rudely addressed.

"Really, Prout, I will not tolerate this nocturnal intrusion! What is amiss? Is the school on fire?"

Prout's reply was brief and to the point.

"Ghosts!" he said.

"What!"

"Spirits, sir!" said Prout, raising his voice.

"Oh!" said Quelch, thinking he understood. "So you have been imbibing spirits, Prout, and have inadvertently wandered into the wrong bedroom?"

"Nothing of the sort!" roared Prout. "I wish you would jump out of bed as quickly as you jump to conclusions!—This place, Quelch, is haunted!"

"Nonsense!"

"But I have just seen with my own eyes three ghosts—doubtless the spirits of three soldiers who were here in

Cromwell's time—and they are engaged in fighting their battles over again!"

Quelch got out of bed, and peered closely at Prout, as if to satisfy himself that the latter was perfectly sober.

Prout gave a snort.

"I can clearly see that you doubt the authenticity of my statement, Quelch," he snapped. "If you will accompany me to the lower landing, however, you will witness the strange and blood-curdling spectacle with your own eyes! But stay! Let me first procure my gun—"

"No, no!" said Quelch hastily. "We do not want a tragedy in the school!"

Prout reluctantly decided to dispense with his gun, and together the two masters made their way to the lower landing.

When they got there they shared the fate of Mother Hubbard, in a manner of speaking.

For the landing was bare!

Quelch turned to Prout with a sympathetic look in his eyes.

"This confirms my theory that you are suffering from hallucinations, Prout," he said. "It will be advisable for you to see a doctor at the earliest moment. Delay may result in permanent insanity. Meanwhile, let me assist you to your room."

Prout rubbed his eyes.

"I—I could swear—" he began.

"Hush!" said Quelch gently. "You mustn't do that sort of thing here. Come along!"

And Prout, still in a dazed state, suffered himself to be led away to his room. He was wondering what had happened to the three ghosts.

"They must have slain each other!" he muttered at last.

## VI.

**B**UT they hadn't. Not quite, at any rate.

Each of the three ghosts, however, was on the casualty-list.

In the Fifth-form dormitory Greene nursed a swollen nose and an ear which was twice its normal thickness.

In the Upper Fourth dormitory Cecil Reginald Temple was making a mental calculation as to how much he would have to pay for a couple of false teeth.

And in the Remove dormitory Peter Todd uttered loud lamentations.

"Ow! Yow! Oh, dear! Oh, crumbs! Never again!"

"What happened, old chap?" asked Wharton soothingly.

Toddy described the midnight affray on the landing, and we laughed until our beds creaked.

And the fellow who laughed longest and loudest was Billy Bunter.

"I'm awfully glad—" he began.

"Glad!" hooted Toddy.

"Yes—glad that I wasn't selected as the merry ghost! He, he, he!"

There was one crumb of consolation left for Toddy. He promptly availed himself of it. Picking up his boot—recently soled and heeled—he sent it whizzing across the room.

And the human target was Billy Bunter!

## THE RED MAN'S TRAIL

(Continued from page 14.)

fought till my teeth are worn and yellow and my muzzle is grey with years. But my heart is young yet though I be an old, old man and I am still a warrior of the prairie, and no talker of wisdom in the Speak House."

Eagle of the Red Claw scowled at this taunt from the ancient warrior.

"But this is time of new talk, my brothers and chiefs!" said he with sudden passion. "The bison herds are dying and we Red Men starve. And the numbers of the Palefaces are legion. They come from across the Black Waters in the great canoes which are driven speedily by this new spirit which is called 'steam.' The Red Man is passing from the land of the land of his forefathers. Therefore I would be sparing of the lives of our warriors and would make no attacks."

"Wise words, chief!" grunted the old warrior on the left of the circle. "But what of this Paleface who rides already through our lands as though they were his own, and he a Redskin chief? What of this Buk Diksee?"

"Buk Diksee comes and goes!" muttered the old chief. "He is Paleface and Redskin at once. Who shall say there is plenty of time to sit encamped on the war-path when Buk Diksee is abroad?"

A sudden flash of hate passed across the face of Eagle of the Red Claw. He had sworn in the Great Lodge of the Navajo nations that he would have the scalp of the famous scout at his belt within the passing of four seasons.

But two years had already passed and this threat was unfulfilled. Thrice had he held Buck Dixie's life in the palm of his hand and thrice had Buck escaped him, laughing at him all the time.

Buck had taken his favourite pony from the hobbles outside his very lodge. Buck had wrestled with him in single combat and had worsted him, throwing him from his horse in the sight of his own war-party.

"Buk Diksee's days are numbered!" he snarled. "Eagle of the Red Claw lies camped on his trail. In a few days he shall share the fate of this Paleface boy!"

"Ho, Ho! Brave words! Brave words!" chuckled old Prairie Wolf, mumbling his pipe in the shadow of the great headdress of feathers that almost hid his venerable face. "Yet this Buk Diksee is much alive, and words do not kill!"

Eagle of the Red Claw flashed an angry glance at this aged councillor and looked for a moment much as though he would as soon have his scalp at his belt as Buck Dixie's.

And little did he dream that at this moment, in his deerskin tent, a few yards from the Council Lodge, the real Prairie Wolf lay gagged and bound, whilst the ancient Redskin who giped and mocked at him in the style of that old ruffian, Prairie Wolf, was none other than Buck Dixie himself.

Another long instalment of this grand serial next Tuesday. Order your copy in advance.—Editor.

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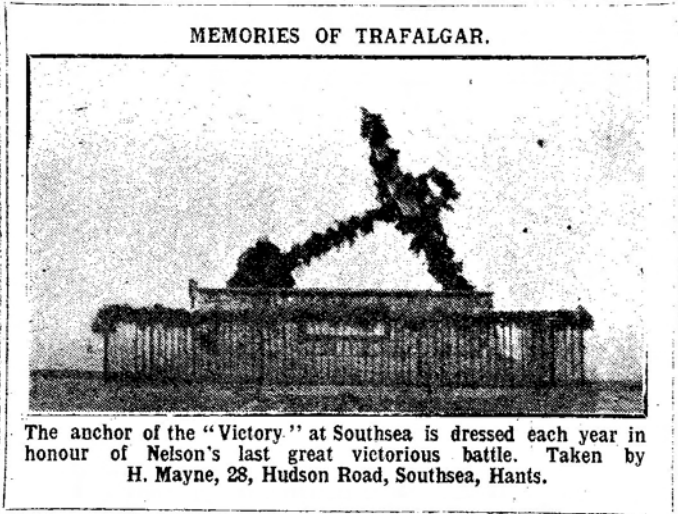
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This week I am giving the above splendid prizes, which will be awarded for the best efforts in the following simple task. Below you will find an attractive picture-puzzle, and I want you to try to make it out for yourselves. I myself wrote the original 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 "tucks," will be awarded to the readers whose solutions are next in order of merit. If there are ties for the money prize; this will be divided, but no reader will be awarded more than one share.

Should more than 10 readers qualify for the tuck hamper prizes, these will be added to.

You may send as many solutions as you please, but each must be accompanied by the signed coupon you will find on this page. Write your solutions IN INK on a clean sheet of paper, fill up coupon below, and pin to this, and address to: No. 7, 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 16th.

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

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