

GRAND
XMAS NUMBER

TUCK HAMPERS
FOR BOYS & GIRLS

The Greyfriars Herald 1^d 1²



No. 8. (New Series).

FULL OF SCHOOL STORIES AND ARTICLES

Dec. 20, 1919.



THE MIDNIGHT FEED BEFORE THE XMAS HOLIDAYS!

Our Photographic Supplement

THE BOYS' PICTORIAL

Continued on Page 19

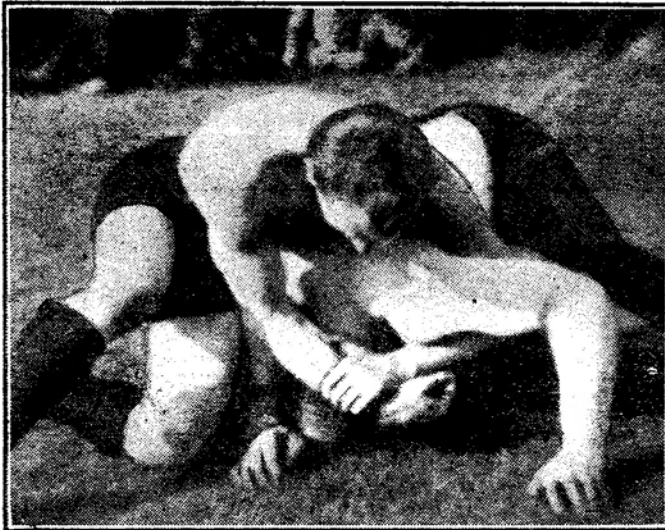


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OVER WITH HIM!



A wrestle between Cambell and Breedis in the Russian style at the Glasgow showgrounds. Cambell has a firm lock on Breedis and is endeavouring to bring his opponent's shoulders to the ground.—Taken by L. Racey, 777, Dumbarton Road, Partick, Glasgow.

ANCIENT RUINS.



A portion of the ruins of Hadleigh Castle, situated a few miles west of Southend-on-Sea. Hundreds of holiday-makers visit the castle during the summer months.—Taken by F. H. Brooks, 20 Baroness Road, Hackney Road, Shore-ditch, E. 2.

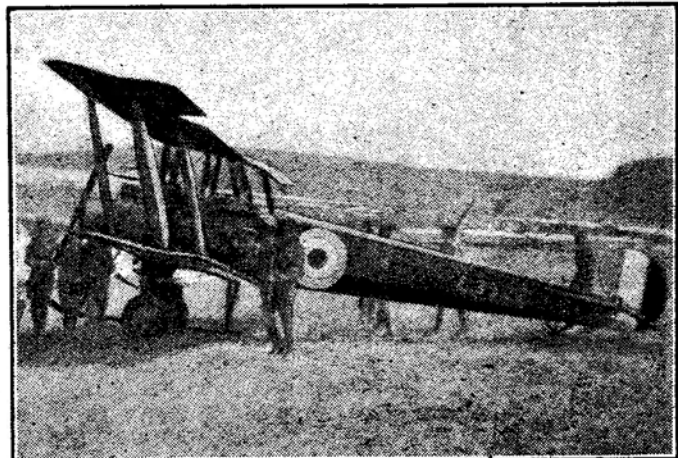
A FUTURE READER!



A junior who is shortly going to take a course of spelling preparatory to becoming a reader of "The Greyfriars Herald."—Taken by E. Brain, 47, Dove Street, Kingsdown, Bristol.

SEND YOUR SNAPS!

A POPULAR BIPLANE!



An Avro Biplane at the Tidworth Park, O. T. C. Camp. This type of machine is used largely for training pilots, especially those intended for scouting work. It is considered to be very safe for "stunting" purposes, and is very popular in the Air Service.—Taken by Chas. W. Owens, 28, Jesse Terrace, Castle Hill, Reading, Berks.



HARRY WHARTON
EDITOR
The Greyfriars Herald



FRANK NUGENT
Sub-Editor



TOM BROWN
Special Representative



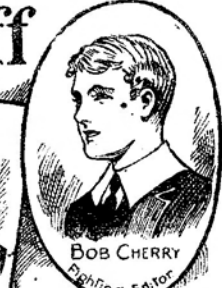
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BOB CHERRY
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The

Staff

OCCASIONAL
Contributors
from
GREYFRIARS

OCCASIONAL
Contributors
from
Other Schools

Editorial

By Harry Wharton.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS TO ALL!

Fifty per cent. of the fellows who buy "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD" never read the Editorial. I may be wrong, but I rather fancy I'm right.

A good many fellows glance impatiently at the first page, and say, "Here's that chump Wharton spouting again!" And then they make a dash for the Police Court News, or the story of St. Winifred's.

I don't blame these fellows. There is nothing very exciting about an Editorial. By comparison with the rest of the features in the paper, it is tame.

And yet an Editorial is worth while, provided its sentiments are sincere. And there is no lack of sincerity in the remark I am about to make—namely, that I hope all my readers, whatever their age, rank, station, dress, or address, will have a right-down ripping time this Christmastide!

A FEAST OF FUN FOR EVERYONE!

Of course, "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD" will be in evidence at many a Christmas fireside. No effort has been spared to make this issue worthy of the festive season. Midnight oil has been consumed, if not in gallons, at least in pints, and the contributors have worked together with a will to make our Christmas Week Number a bumper success.

Many lucky readers will receive Tuck Hampers this week—at a most opportune time. My congratulations to the lucky ones, and my condolences to the unlucky. Our competition still remains open, however, so there is a chance for all.

Talking of Tuck Hampers, Billy Bunter suggests changing the name to "Tick" Hampers. He says they ought to be distributed to deserving objects free of charge. Perhaps—but then we don't regard Billy Bunter as a deserving object!

In conclusion, I should like to thank you all for your splendid efforts to popularise "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD," and once again I wish you, from my heart, the old, old wish—

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS!"

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—

While getting a yard or two of poetry off his chest the other day, our burbling chump caught what many a fisherman has— an old boot.



My Weekly Interview.

This week:

Horace Coker

A GOOD many readers have written to ask who the special representative is. Well, I prefer to remain anonymous. Some people think I'm Bob Cherry; others suggest Bo. sover major, and one rude person said I must be Billy Bunter, because I can't write a decent article for toffee!

I won't tell you who I am, but I'll tell you what I am—a poor, down-trodden wreck, who gets more kicks than pence.

Last week the editor sent me to Rookwood, to interview the Headmaster of that famous school, and my experiences were the reverse of pleasant!

This week the editor wanted me to go to Rookwood again, but I told him that he could go—to Jericho!

"Why, I thought you were fond of long journeys!" said the editor, in surprise.

"Rats! I'm going to interview somebody at Greyfriars, for a change."

"All serene. Go and have a pleasant chat with Coker of the Fifth."

"Is he dangerous?"

"Not at all. He's a lunatic, certainly, but quite a harmless one."

So I betook myself to Coker's study in the Fifth-form passage.

The great man was at home. He was reclining in his arm-chair, studying a document of some sort. There was a deep frown on his hatchet-like countenance.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Coker!" I said courteously. "I have come in the capacity of special representative of 'The Greyfriars Herald' to ascertain your opinion on things in general—from rabbit-keeping to revolutions."

The great Coker frowned.

"Do you think I'd allow my opinions to be published in a trashy rag like the 'Herald'?" he said scornfully. "If I had anything to say about anything, I'd embody it in a letter to 'The Times.'"

"That wouldn't be any use," I said. "Why wouldn't it, you young duffer?"

"They'd never be able to decipher your queer spelling!"

Coker bounded to his feet.

"If you're not on the other side of that door in two ticks," he said, "I'll brain you with the study poker!"

"Hold on!" I said hastily. "I didn't mean to be rude. By the way, you've dropped something."

Coker stooped, and picked up the document which had fluttered to the floor.

"Confound this puzzle!" he

growled. "I can't make head or tail of it."

"Puzzle?" I repeated.

"Yes. That idiot Blundell brought it in. He said it was an acrostic."

Coker laid the acrostic on the table, and I scanned it curiously. It ran thus:

"My first at weddings is strewn around;

My second within the desert is found;

My third is what each monarch rules;

My fourth is a puzzle set for fools;

My fifth, a polite term meaning "sacked";

My whole represents a well-known fact."

"If you can fathom that, kid," said Coker, "you're a giddy genius!"

Now, I have always been keen on puzzles of this sort, and Blundell's acrostic, although it completely baffled Coker, presented few difficulties to my master mind. (Swank!—Ed.)

In less than five minutes I had solved the acrostic, and I couldn't help chuckling.

"I'll show you," said I.

And I jotted down the solution to the acrostic. This is how it stood:

C onfett I
O a s i s
K ingdo M
E nigm A
R emove D

"There's your well-known fact!" I said cheerfully. "COKER IS MAD!"

It took some time for the solution to penetrate Coker's slow brain. When at last it did so, his face assumed a mottled expression, and I thought he was going to have an apoplectic fit.

"You—you—you—" he spluttered.

"Don't blame me!" I said, jumping back out of range. "I didn't invent that acrostic. It was Blundell."

"But you agreed with it!" roared Coker. "You agreed that I was mad! My hat! I—I'll jolly well slaughter you!"

And the slaughtering began forthwith.

Before I could get clear of the study Coker rushed at me with a cricket-stump.

I dodged and ducked, but in vain. The stump rose and fell, and my yells of anguish must have been heard all over the building.

Yes, I solved Blundell's acrostic all right; but I haven't yet solved the problem of how to get rid of twenty-eight bruises on my back and shoulders!

Coker IS mad!

THE END.

Christmas
Greetings
from Greyfriars

HARRY WHARTON & CO.'S CHEERY MESSAGE TO READERS OF "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD."

THE FAMOUS FIVE (IN UNISON):

Good readers all, of every clime,
We'll try this rhyming wheeze on;
And wish you all a topping time
Throughout the festive season!

HARRY WHARTON:

We wish you pleasures of the best
And everything that's jolly,
While walls and ceilings both are dressed
With mistletoe and holly!

BOB CHERRY:

Although the winter winds blow chill
And skies are dull and murky,
We hope you'll tackle, with a will,
The pudding and the turkey!

FRANK NUGENT:

Upon your spirits, readers all,
May nothing throw a damper!
And may the postman, in your hall
Dump down a huge tuck hamper!

JOHNNY BULL:

When seated by the blazing fire
Each youthful George and Gerala
Should not forget their hearts' desire,
The good old GREYFRIARS HERALD!

HURREE SINGH:

We'll think of you, my worthy chums,
When we are on the Vac-fulness;
The time of breaking-up now comes,
And we must do our packfulness!

THE FAMOUS FIVE (IN UNISON):

So, readers all, of every sort,
May laughter crown your leisure;
May Christmas-time yield mirth and sport,
And fun in fullest measure!

BILLY BUNTER:

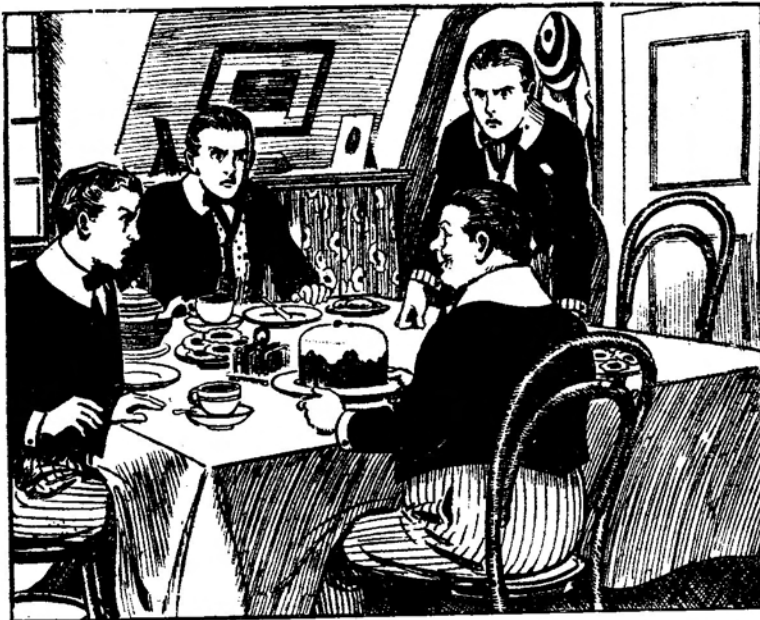
Deer Chumms, I fane wood add a verse
To wish you jewbilation;
And as I've got an empty purse
Please send a small donation!

A PIG IN CLOVER!

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

OWEN CONQUEST

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



"I say, old Daub, this is really ripping of you," said Tuckey affably, as he put the whole cake upon his plate. Torrence and Egan watched him as if mesmerised.

Toodles objects!

"**H**UH!" Tuckey Toodles made that remark, as Rodney of the Fourth came into No. 8 Study with a bundle of books under his arm.

There was a frown on Tuckey Toodles's plump brow, and there was a lofty aloofness in his manner.

Dick Rodney did not seem to observe it; and did not seem even to notice Tuckey's ejaculation. He deposited the pile of books on the study table, and turned to the door again.

"Huh!" repeated Toodles, more loudly than before.

Rodney glanced at him.

"Hallo, Toodles! Got a cold?"

"I have not got a cold, Rodney," answered Toodles.

"What are you grunting about, then?"

"Look here, Rodney—"

"Sorry, busy!"

Rodney left the study, and Tuckey ejaculated more euphatically than before:

"Huh! Cheek!"

In a few minutes Dick Rodney reappeared in the doorway. This time he had four or five books under one arm, and a football under the other. Tuckey Toodles watched him with gathering wrath, as he deposited the articles on the table.

"Huh! Look here, Rodney, what are you up to?" demanded Toodles at last.

"Fetching my things in," said Rodney.

"I can see that. I want to know

what you're fetching your things into my study for?" said Toodles warmly.

"This isn't a warehouse."

"Drake's asked me to share this study with him," explained Rodney.

"Look here—"

"I didn't get on very well in number two, with Croft and Hooke. I'm glad to make the change. This is a really comfy study; one of the best on the Benbow," remarked Rodney.

"It's my study as well as Drake's!" hooted Tuckey Toodles.

"Yes, that's a drawback—"

"What?"

"But it can't be helped. I shall have to make the best of that."

"Why, you—you—you cheeky ass!" gasped Toodles. "Look here, my permission hasn't been asked."

"Didn't Drake mention it to you?"

"He mentioned it. He didn't ask my permission. He didn't seem to think it was necessary," grunted Toodles.

"Well, it wasn't, if you come to

READ THIS!

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

that," said Rodney cheerfully. "Never mind. I'll ask it, old top. Will you grant your gracious permission for me to dig in this study along with Drake?"

"That depends!" said Tuckey Toodles loftily. "This has always been a rather select study, Rodney. I don't know about having a chap who pays half-fees in it. I'm not a snob, I hope; but a fellow has to draw the line somewhere. It's all very well for Jack Drake to pal with you, now he's hard up. But I haven't said that I'll pal with you."

"Not needed, old scout. I shouldn't let you."

"You wouldn't let me!" exclaimed Toodles.

"No fear! I'll put up with you, if I can," said Rodney. "If I find I can't, I'll fire you out—"

"Fire me out of my own study!" howled Tuckey Toodles. "Why, you—you cheeky chump! Let me see you fire me out of my own study."

"Certainly!"

Rodney made a stride towards the plump junior, and Tuckey promptly dodged round the table.

"Here, hands off," he exclaimed. "Wharrer you up to, you dummy?"

"I'm going to let you see—"

"Gerroff, you ass. Look here, young half-pay!" shouted Toodles, still circumnavigating the table.

"You keep off! You get out! I'm not going to have you in my study. Do you hear?"

"I hear!" assented Rodney, pursuing the plump junior round the table.

"Keep off!" yelled Tuckey.

"But I'm going to let you see me fire you out. You asked me."

"I—I don't want you to—keep off, you beast. You get out of my study."

"Righto! I'll let you off this time, but don't be cheeky again," said Rodney, laughing.

Tuckey Toodles assumed a commanding attitude, and pointed to the doorway with a grubby forefinger.

"Leave my study!" he said, with dramatic dignity.

"Just going."

And Rodney left.

"Here, take your books and things with you!" shouted Toodles.

The new junior did not heed.

"Well, he's gone, anyway," said Toodles, with satisfaction. "Cheeky ass, coming into my study without asking me, just as if I were a fellow of no importance. Let me catch him here again."

And Tuckey slammed the door.

It opened again a minute later, and, to Tuckey's surprise and wrath, Dick Rodney came in, with a desk in his hands. Tuckey had supposed that Rodney had gone for good. That supposition, evidently, was ill-founded. The new junior had gone for his desk. The "moving job" was still in progress.

"Why, you—you—you—" stut-tered Toodles. "You're back again."

"Yes, here I am, my fat tulip," said Rodney. "Here's my desk. You can come and lend me a hand with my bag, if you like."

"You're not bringing your old bag here, young half-pay. I've told you to get out!" roared Toodles. "It was like Drake's cheek to tell you you

could come. I won't have you. I'm rather particular whom I have in my study."

"Lucky for you I'm not, or I shouldn't be able to let you stay. You might put those books on the shelf while I'm gone for my bag."

"I—I—I—"

But Rodney was gone.

Tuckey Toodles breathed wrath. There was no doubt that he was being treated like a fellow of no importance; no doubt at all. But Tuckey was not to be treated so with impunity. He gathered up a double handful of the books—not to place them on the shelf. With great vigour, he hurled them into the passage outside.

"Yoop!" came a sudden roar from the passage.

"He, he, he!" chortled Toodles. "Is that you, Rodney? Serve you right! Why—what—hallo, Drake, old chap!"

Jack Drake glared into the study. "What are you chucking books at me for?" he roared.

"I—I didn't—I—I was just chucking them out, old fellow—they're only Rodney's rubbish—"

"You're chucking Rodney's books out?" exclaimed Drake.

"Yes, I've decided not to allow that fellow to dig in this study," said Toodles, with dignity.

"You've decided, you fat chump. I've asked him to."

"Like your cheek!"

"What?"

"Here, you keep off, Drake. I don't want to row with you," Tuckey jumped back. "The fact is, Drake, I don't like your friends. I'm going to put up with you, and treat you well, though you're a hard-up, poor beast, now. But I'm not going to have your low pals planted in my study. It can't be expected. This study has always been very select—quite rejerky, in fact. I can't allow—yarooooh!"

Drake of the Fourth seized the plump Tuckey by the collar, and shook him. Still shaking him, he conveyed him to the door.

"Leggo!" yelled Tuckey.

Bump!

Tuckey Toodles landed in the passage.

"Now I give you one minute to clear off!" said Drake wrathfully. "If you don't want my boot in your podgy ribs—"

Toodles didn't! He bolted down the passage and round the mainmast of the Benbow, breathlessly. And Tuckey remained off the scene while Rodney conveyed the rest of his property to No. 8, and disposed of it about the study with Jack Drake's assistance.

From Foes to Friends!

"We shall get on all right here, Rodney," said Jack Drake brightly.

"What-ho!" assented Rodney. Drake's face was very bright.

Both Drake and Rodney still showed very plain traces of their late encounter, and they were still feeling the effects of it. It amazed the Fourth Form of St. Winifred's to see them on chummy terms, so soon after that fierce encounter. But there was no

doubt that they had become very great friends, and were likely to remain so.

No. 8 Study looked very comfortable and cosy.

No fires were allowed on the Benbow: but the central heating made the warship very warm even in the coldest weather, excepting on the open deck. While frost gathered on the tops, and the creaking chains, the studies were warm and comfortable. From the window of No. 8, a wide view was obtained of the rolling Chadway, and the leafless woods along the banks.

Rodney's property had been disposed of, and the chums of the Fourth were getting tea in the study. Drake had brought in supplies from the canteen amidstships, while Rodney boiled the kettle on the little oil-stove. The supplies for the study tea were not on the magnificent scale Drake had been accustomed to in his prosperous days. But somehow he liked better a frugal tea with Dick Rodney, than the old-time "spreads" on a lavish scale with Daubeny and Co., the "Bucks" of the Shell.

"How's your nose, old chap?"

Drake inquired.

Rodney grinned.

"It still feels a size too large," he replied. "I needn't ask how your eye is—it's a beauty."

"No harm done after all," remarked Drake.

"Not a bit. A slogging doesn't do a chap any harm," said Rodney cheerfully. "I wish it had been Daub instead of you, that's all."

"And I wish it had been Raik instead of you," said Jack, with a frown. "Never mind; let's have tea."

"What about Toodles?"

"He'll come in when he knows there's something to eat. Never mind Toodles."

The two chums sat down to tea.

"We'll begin grinding after tea, what?" asked Drake. "I've wasted a lot of time—I meant to sap no end when I came back. There was no end of difficulties in the way. I started, but—"

Rodney smiled.

"Slow and steady does it," he said.

"You started swotting the first night of term, when everybody was taking it easy, and the chaps ragged you. Then you let up, and took it easy; when everybody else was settling down to work. Not a good system, old chap."

Drake made a grimace.

"I'm afraid it's my way," he said.

"I've never had to grind before. I just scraped into the Fourth. But—but I mean business this time. No more playing the goat for me. I never really liked it, either—I haven't even that excuse—it was just foolishness. I couldn't swot while I was thick with Daub and Co.—but there won't be any more of that."

"You're not friendly with them now."

"They've chucked me over now they know the pater's come a cropper," said Drake, with a curl of the lip. "It wouldn't be much loss. I don't care much for anything so long as I bag the Foundation Scholarship. The mater will be no end pleased if I do."

"It means a lot of work."

"I'm going to work."

"I—I mean, it means sticking to it steadily," said Rodney. "Working in fits and starts won't be much good."

"I tell you I am turning over a new leaf—really. I wish I knew exactly what the dashed paper would be like."

"So do a good many fellows," said Rodney smiling. "I've been looking over some of the old papers from last year and the year before, the other day."

Drake started.

"You! You're not entered, are you?" he exclaimed.

"Oh, no! I was looking them over"—Rodney coloured—"on your account. I thought we'd very likely make it up, you know—at least, I hoped we would, and I thought it would be useful to you to look out some of the parties."

"You're an awfully good chap, Rodney—while I was rowing with you—" muttered Drake remorsefully.

"That's all over now. It's pretty well known that there'll be a paper on Horace," said Rodney. "That's rather a corker for a Fourth-form chap. So far as I've seen, there isn't any Fourth chap here will be able to touch it, unless it's Esteourt."

"Or me, I hope."

"Or you, of course. Horace is rather stiff for the Fourth, and the exam is open to the Lower Fifth. What do you know about old Q.H.F.?"

"Nix."

"Phew! You'll have to dig in, then. But I'll help you—I've done Horace out of classes."

"What on earth for?"

"Well, I like it."

"Oh, my hat!" said Drake.

Rodney laughed.

"It's only a question of working," he said. "I'll help you, and you'll pull through—Rodney duce at auspice Rodneio, you know."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a tap at the door of No. 8, and it opened. Vernon Daubeny of the Shell entered the study.

Drake rose to his feet.

His eyes glittered as they were fixed upon his former friend.

It was a good thing for Drake that the "Bucks" of St. Winifred's had thrown him over and he knew it. But the process had, naturally, not been a pleasant one; no fellow could be expected to enjoy it. To be dropped like a hot potato because he was poor was far from agreeable, even if those who dropped him were not worth a second thought.

"What do you want?" asked Drake sharply. "You know well enough that you're not welcome in this study, Daubeny."

The elegant "Buck" lounged gracefully in the doorway. His glance passed Rodney, ignoring his presence. Daub had not forgotten his encounter with the new junior on Rodney's first day on the Benbow.

"I've looked in!" he began.

"Look out again!"

"It's about Toodles."

"Toodles! What the dickens do you mean?" exclaimed Drake testily. Daubeny smiled in a rather evil way.

"Toodles has told me what's happened here," he said. "As junior captain of St. Winifred's, I'm bound to interfere."

"I don't know what you're driving at."

"I'll explain, then. You've turned young Toodles out of the study, and taken in a fellow he doesn't like. That's got to stop."

"Got to?" exclaimed Drake angrily.

Daubeny nodded. "Yes, got to!" he said. "I can't allow it."

"Toodles isn't turned out. He was bumped for being cheeky. He can come back when he likes. He would be here now if he knew we were having tea," said Drake. "There's room for three here, and Rodney's staying."

"I'm afraid I can't allow it." "Can you stop it?" grunted Drake. "You're welcome to try."

"As junior captain—"

"Oh, rats!"

"If you don't toe the line, Drake, I shall have to appeal to Lovelace, as captain of the school," said Daubeny. "Rodney can't shove himself into Toodles's study without Toodles's consent. I've taken up the matter for Toodles, as in duty bound."

"You mean you're making it an excuse, because Rodney thrashed you the day he came to St. Winifred's."

Daubeny flushed. "I've given you my orders!" he said abruptly, and he turned to leave the study. The plump figure of Tuckey Toodles loomed behind him, blinking into No. 8.

"Hallo, Toodles, trot in!"

exclaimed Drake, with a laugh. "We're having tea. You're fond of sausages."

The frown disappeared as if by magic from Tuckey's face.

"Now you're talking, old fellow," he said. "I'll come to tea, as you're so pressing. I don't mind about Rodney—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Rodney.

Daubeny scowled.

"Toodles," he exclaimed, "you"

"It's all right, Daub—"

"You're coming to tea in the Shell, kid," said Daubeny.

"Oh!"

Drake looked on grimly. Daubeny was not inclined to give up the pretext he had found for interfering in the affairs of No. 8 Study; but Tuckey Toodles was a rather uncertain ally.

All Tuckey's wrath and indignation vanished at the offer of a feed. But

that did not suit Vernon Daubeny at all.

"Come on, kid," he said kindly.

Tuckey's hesitation disappeared. There was a frugal tea in No. 8; but Vernon Daubeny's study was a land flowing with milk and honey. Tuckey resumed his lofty frown.

"I'm coming!" he said. "As for you, Rodney, you can clear. I'm not having you in my study. I'm not a snob, but I draw the line at half-pay chaps. I think it's rather good-natured of me to put up with Drake, under the circumstances; but you're a chap that no fellow could stand. You don't mind my mentioning it, do you?"

And Tuckey Toodles trotted away with the elegant nut of the Shell.

A Pig in Clover!

GET out!" Torrence of the Shell made that remark, as Tuckey Toodles

bounder for? Chaps who come to tea here are suppose to wash."

"I have washed!" howled Tuckey. "And I jolly well won't stay now. Yah!"

"Yes, you will, old chap," said Daubeny, "Egan's only jokin'."

"I'm not joking!" growled Egan.

"Yaas you are; shut up I tell you. The fact is, I'm standing up for Toodles's rights," explained Daubeny.

"Drake has let Rodney into his study, and Toodles objects. As junior captain, I'm bound to take the matter up, and see that Rodney is turned out."

"No reason why that grubby frog should feed here, that I can see."

"Shut up, Egan."

Egan grunted. But no more was said, and Tuckey Toodles, who did not suffer from a thin skin, sat down at the tea-table. His chubby, grubby face beamed over the well-spread board. Tea with Daub was much more

attractive than tea with Drake and Rodney; and though Tuckey's welcome was a little uncertain, the spread was certainly good. Daubeny and Co. were accustomed to the best that the canteen could supply, and plenty of it.

Unheeding the frowns of Egan and Torrence, Tuckey Toodles started operations on the supplies.

In that line, Toodles had no equal on board the Benbow.

His table manners, possibly, left a little to be desired. But there was no fault to be found with his appetite, or his appreciation of the good things before him.

For once, Tuckey had to be given his head in that expensive study. If

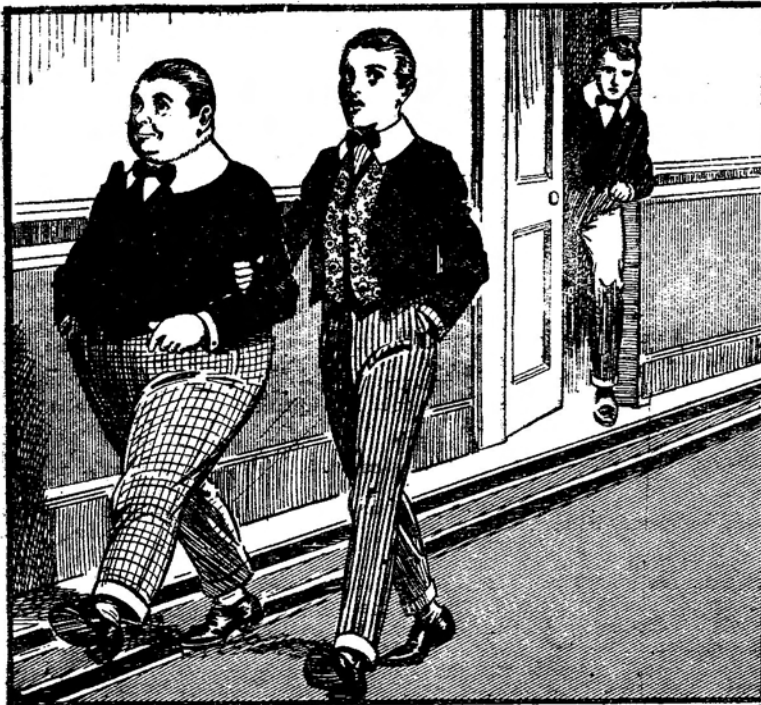
he was displeased, Daubeny's little scheme for causing trouble in No. 8 would inevitably fall to the ground.

Perhaps Tuckey realised that his footing in that expensive study was somewhat precarious, and intended to make hay while the sun shone. At all events, his gastronomic performances were marvellous. It was a case of the race to the swift; and the supplies disappeared from the table at an alarming rate.

Tuckey Toodles grew sticky and shiny, and began to breathe with some difficulty.

Torrence and Egan did not conceal their distaste for his company; and Daubeny found it difficult to keep up his polished politeness and hospitality. It was only his bitter animosity towards No. 8 Study that enabled him to come through the ordeal with a smiling face.

Tuckey was the cheerfullest person



"Come on, kid," said Vernon Daubeny kindly. And Tuckey Toodles trotted away with the elegant nut of the Shell.

rolled in after Daubeny, in the Shell study, forward on the Benbow.

"Buzz!" said Egan.

Daubeny intervened hastily.

"Toodles has come to tea!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, I know—I didn't suppose he'd come for anything else," said Egan.

"Kick him out."

"Look here, Egan—" roared Tuckey indignantly.

"Shut up, Egan! Toodles is a visitor," said Daubeny hastily. "I've asked him to tea."

Daubeny's chums stared at him. As a rule Daubeny's word was law among the "Bucks" of St. Winifred's. But there were exceptional occasions; and this was one of them. The fat and grubby Tuckey was not "persona grata" among Daub's nutty followers.

"Then you're an ass," said Egan.

"What do you want the grubby

present. He was in a high good-humour, and he talked affably—with his mouth full.

"I say, old Daub, this is really ripping of you," said Tuckey affably, "did you say there was another cake?"

"I—I'll look!" murmured Daubeny. "Yes, here you are." He handed a cake from the cupboard.

"Thanks, old chap."

Tuckey Toodles put the whole cake upon his plate, apparently thinking it less trouble to take in his supplies in bulk.

Torrence and Egan watched him as if mesmerised.

Even Tuckey slowed down, as he travelled through the cake. But it disappeared at last.

"I'm going!" remarked Egan suddenly.

He left the study, and Torrence followed him. The two nuts were in a state of high displeasure and disgust.

Tuckey blinked after them.

"What's up, old Daub?" he inquired.

"N-n-nothin'."

"If your friends don't like my company—" began Tuckey Toodles, with a great deal of dignity. He could afford to be dignified now, and he was prepared to shake the dust of Daub's study from his feet with hauteur. His cargo space was very nearly crammed.

"Not at all, old top," said Daubeny. "They—they've got an engagement—they're going to see Tom-in-son of the Fifth. Try the coconut ice, kid."

"Thanks, I will—just a little. Not more than half a pound, old chap."

"Oh!"

"Jolly good," said Tuckey, with his mouth full of coconut ice. "I say, you do a fellow jolly well, old Daub—I'll often come to tea with you, if you like."

"Oh!"

"I'll try that coconut ice again, if you like."

"Certainly. Mind, you're goin' to stand up for your rights, Toodles," said Daubeny. "I'll support you, as junior captain. That fellow Rodney sha'n't be allowed to shove himself into your study."

"I should jolly well think not," said Toodles. "A boulder whose people only pay half-fees for him, you know."

"A cheeky cad!" said Daubeny.

"Yes, rather! You remember how he handled you the day he came; fairly knocked you into a cocked hat, didn't he, old Daub?"

Old Daub murmured something below his breath.

"Like his cheek, wasn't it?" said Tuckey. "Your nose looked awfully queer for days afterwards, old chap."

"D-d-d-d-did it?"

"Oh, yes, rather! It really isn't quite straight now," said Toodles. "He was chasing me round my study, to-day. Of course, I didn't run away from him like you did, Daub."

"You—you—ahem—"

"Of course, I've got plenty of pluck," said Toodles.

Daubeny breathed hard.

"If he goes for you again," said Tuckey, "you call me. I'll protect you, Daub."

"Oh!"

Tuckey Toodles cast a last glance over the table. It was bare; the last of the coconut ice had vanished, and Vernon Daubeny did not seem to be intending to produce anything more in the way of comestibles. Tuckey Toodles rose to his feet at last, with some slight difficulty, breathing in rather a stertorous manner.

"Thanks awfully, old chap" he said.

"Not at all," said Daubeny. "Pleasure."

Egan looked in.

"Is that fat pig still here?" he grunted.

"Shut up, Egan."

"Oh, rats!"

Egan walked on.

"If that's how your friends speak of me, Daub—" began Tuckey Toodles, with great heat.

"Only Egan's little joke," said the hapless Daub.

"I don't like such jokes," said Toodles, with dignity. "If I'm not welcome in this study—"

"Welcome as the flowers in May, old son. I—I've got some Turkish Delight in the cupboard—"

"I don't know that I care for Turkish Delight," said Toodles morosely.

"Try some, old chap."

Tuckey Toodles found that he did care for Turkish Delight; and he finished the box.

"Goin' to do your prep now?" asked Daubeny, as the overpowering visitor prepared to take his leave at last.

"Yes, old chap. I say, you drop in presently, and see that that cad Rodney don't land himself in the study."

"I will! I'll ask Lovelace to step in," said Daubeny. "As captain of the school, he's bound to uphold me in the matter."

"That's right! We'll jolly well dish Rodney between us."

"Good!"

And Tuckey Toodles rolled away at last.

A Surprise for Daubeny.

JACK DRAKE and Rodney were at work in No. 8 Study when Tuckey Toodles arrived there. The grubby junior rolled in, and acknowledged Rodney's presence with a scornful sniff.

"Hallo, Tuckey," said Drake, with a smile. "Time you started."

"What's Rodney doing here?" demanded Tuckey.

"Prep!" said Rodney.

Tuckey Toodles frowned.

"I've told you—" he began.

"Dry up!" said Drake.

"Daubeny is coming in soon," said Tuckey Toodles. "He's upholding my right as junior captain. He'll see fair play."

"Bother Daubeny!"

"He's bringing Lovelace of the Sixth with him," grinned Tuckey Toodles. "You can't bother Lovelace."

"Look here, you young ass—"

Tuckey waved a grubby hand haughtily.

"I don't want any arguing," he said. "My friend Daub's going to see me through. I don't consent to Rodney sharing this study. That's flat, and that settles it."

And Tuckey sat down to his prep.

with great dignity. Drake and Rodney exchanged glances—Rodney with a smile, Drake looking rather exasperated. It was only too probable that Tuckey's claims would be upheld, if the captain of St. Winifred's was brought into the matter. Tuckey Toodles had to be placated somehow. And the most simple method was futile now, for Tuckey was evidently filled up to the chin, and would not be amenable to reason until he was hungry again. And even Tuckey Toodles could hardly get hungry again for a few hours.

Tuckey blinked triumphantly at the two juniors across the table. He felt himself master of the situation.

"You ought to have asked me," he said at last.

"Br-r-r-r!"

"Respectfully!" said Tuckey.

"Rats!"

"This sort of cheek is what no fellow would stand," said Tuckey. "My friend Daub is quite indignant about it."

"You silly ass!" growled Drake. "Can't you see that Shell cad is only making use of you to make trouble here."

"I decline to hear anything against my friend Daub. He's stood me a jolly good feed," said Tuckey.

Dick Rodney took a letter from his pocket. Tuckey Toodles's expression changed, as he saw the new junior take a pound-note from the envelope.

"Had a remittance, old fellow?" asked Toodles.

"Only a pound," said Rodney.

"Not like the remittance I get," said Toodles. "If you want that note changed, I wouldn't mind taking it into the canteen, and asking old Capps."

"Thanks awfully."

"Not at all. By the way, Rodney," Tuckey's manner was quite friendly now, in fact honeyed, "I happen to be rather short of tin to-day."

"A rich fellow like you!" ejaculated Rodney.

"Well, even a wealthy fellow runs out of tin sometimes," said Toodles fatuously. "I don't often borrow money—"

"My hat!"

"Eh? What did he say?"

"N-n-nothing. Go on."

"I don't often borrow money," said Toodles, with dignity. "But if you liked to lend me ten bob, till I get some money from the bank, I should be obliged."

"I'm afraid—"

"I suppose you can trust your own study-mate with a little loan, Rodney?"

"Eh? But you're not my study-mate."

"My dear chap, you don't mind my little jokes, do you? The—the fact is, what I really meant to convey was, that I should be delighted to have you in this study."

"You really meant that, did you?"

"Yes—exactly."

"Then you had a jolly queer way of expressing your meaning."

"Only my humorous way, old fellow," said Tuckey. "Did you say I could have the ten bob?"

"I'll lend it to my study-mate," said Rodney, with a grin. "Not to anybody else."

"Done!" said Tuckey. "I'll go and change it now—"

There was a knock at the door, and it opened. Tuckey Toodles slid the pound note into his pocket. Daubeny of the Shell, and Lovelace of the Sixth, entered the study together. There was an evil grin on Vernon Daubeny's face; Lovelace was looking impatient. The head prefect of St. Winifred's had been dragged away from a little party in his study, to attend this unimportant affair among the juniors.

"Now, what's this row?" asked Lovelace.

"What row?" asked Drake.

"Daubeny says that Rodney's landed himself in this study against Toodles's will. Toodles has a right to object. If he doesn't consent, Rodney will have to go back to his own quarters," rapped out Lovelace. "You know that very well. Now then—Toodles—"

"I don't object!" squeaked Toodles.

"What!"

"I—I want Rodney to be here."

Lovelace gave a grunt of annoyance. "Then what the thump have I been dragged here for?" he exclaimed, testily. "What the dickens do you mean by it, Daubeny? You said that Toodles had appealed to you as junior captain, and—"

"So he did!" howled Daubeny, with a furious look at the grubby, chubby Tuckey. "He told me—"

"Only a little joke, old Daub," said Tuckey Toodles, with his grubby paw clutching the pound note in his pocket. "I was only pulling your leg, old chap."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Daubeny's face was a study in itself. Lovelace uttered an impatient exclamation.

"You young ass, Daubeny!" he snapped.

"I—I—I—" stuttered the enraged Daubeny. "I—"

"You'd better be a bit more careful next time. I don't like having my time wasted for nothing," growled Lovelace, and he quitted the study.

Daubeny of the Shell glared at the Fourth-formers. Drake and Rodney were laughing, greatly entertained by the way the tables had been turned upon the Shell fellow.

Tuckey Toodles gave him a nod and a smile.

"All serene, old Daub!" he said. "I find I can get on all right with Rodney—quite a decent chap, in his way. You needn't interfere. The fact is, Daubeny, you're a jolly good deal too interfering."

"Wha-a-at!" gasped Daubeny.

"What do you want to come making trouble in a fellow's study for?" said Tuckey Toodles. "Dash it all, it's bad form!"

"Why, you—"

Probably Tuckey Toodles realised that his precarious footing in the study of the "Bucks" was a thing of the past, in the circumstances. At all events, a bird in hand was worth two in the bush—and half a pound note was more valuable than old Daub's extremely uncertain friendship.

"Bad form!" repeated Toodles loftily. "That's what it is, Daub."

"You little cadgin' fat rotter!" roared Daubeny.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If you're going to call me names, Daub, you can leave this study," said Tuckey Toodles loftily. "I'm surprised at you! The fact is, Daub, you're not a fellow I could like—you're vulgar!"

And Tuckey waved a grubby but commanding hand towards the door.

Daubeny of the Shell did not immediately depart, however. He made a sudden jump at Tuckey Toodles. There was a roar from Tuckey as the exasperated Daub's grasp closed on him.

"Thump! thump! thump!"

"Yoop! Help! Rescue! Yaroooooh!" roared Tuckey.

But the "Buck" was thoroughly aroused, and his blows fell fast and hard upon the yielding body of the unfortunate fat junior.

"I'll slaughter you, you beastly little cadger!" he hissed.

Drake and Rodney jumped up. In a second more their grasp was on Vernon Daubeny, and he was dragged away from Tuckey Toodles.

"Outside!" grinned Rodney.

Bump! Vernon Daubeny landed in the passage and sprawled there, gasping. And Tuckey Toodles, rushing forth victoriously, bestowed a terrific kick on the chief of the "Bucks" as he fled.

THE END.

"UNDER THE SHADOW" will be the next splendid tale of the School on the River. Tell your boy and girl chums about it!

RESULT OF TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION.—No. 3.

In this competition one competitor sent in a solution of the pictures identical with the Editor's paragraph. The First Prize of £5 has therefore been awarded to:

JAMES WALLIS,
25, Halesfield Road,
Tottenham, N.17.

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

- James Bottomley, Station Rd., Easthorpe, Mirfield, Yorks;
- J. P. O'Connell, Trabeg, Douglas Rd., Cork, Ireland;
- Doris M. Turner, 259, Manchester Road, Preston, Lancs.;
- H. R. Mahon, 133, Dalton Rd., Barrow-in-Furness;
- Ronald Berry, 3, Saville St., Hyson Green, Nottingham;
- Dennis Sexton, 34, Albert Rd., North Woolwich, E.16;
- Ernest Brain, 47, Dove St., Kingstown, Bristol;
- Andrew Lewin, 47, Crossvale Rd., Huyton, Liverpool;
- George Greenwood, 1, Milner Gate, Luddendenfoot;
- F. Price, 62, Sydenham Rd., Smethwick, Birmingham.

CORRECT SOLUTION:

Dear Chums,—Now that the cold weather is on us, we one and all turn to reading for killing time. I intend to make this paper the best book that can be bought for the money, and have many splendid new features in store for you. So order your copies every week.—Your friend,

HARRY WHARTON.

A VISIT TO THE DENTIST

By DICK PENFOLD

Scene: The torture-chamber of Mr. Lugg, the Friardale dentist.

(Enter Billy Bunter.)

Dentist: Ah, good-morning, sir! What is it?

Wherefore have you paid this visit?

Bunter: Well—ahem!—to tell the truth,

I possess a groggy tooth.

Dentist: Seat yourself in yonder chair;

Shoot your legs into the air;

Then resign yourself to Fate,

And I will investigate.

Bunter (squirring in the chair):

Shall I have to have it out?

Dentist (making examination): Yes, you will, without a doubt.

Bunter: Will it hurt me very much?

Dentist: Nothing, sir—the merest touch!

Bunter: If you please, may I have gas?

Dentist: Don't be such a funky ass!

Bunter: May I have cocaine injected?

Dentist: You are worse than I expected!

Bunter: May I never be apprenticed

To a beastly, brutal dentist!

Give me cocaine, there's a toff—

Ow! Yaropski! Dragimoff!

Dentist: Grip the chair, sir, like a vice;

Think of something sweet and nice.

Think of cakes and currant-buns;

Think of jam-tarts—twopenny ones!

Bunter (wildly): Gerraway! Keep off the grass!

That's my jaw, you clumsy ass!

Dentist: Here it comes—a beauty, too!

I shall send it to the Zoo.

Where they will describe it thus:

"Tusk of hippopotamus."

Bunter: Ow, I wish I hadn't come!

Dentist: Oo-garoooh! Release my thumb!

Bunter: Yow! I'm a frightful fix!

Dentist (successfully withdrawing tooth): That will cost you two-and-six!

Bunter: Ow-ow-ow! I've got no money!

Pip-pip-please don't think it funny

If I pay your paltry pittance

When I get my next remittance!

Dentist: Well, of all the thumping cheek!

Out you go, you fat young freak!

(Exit Bunter, assisted by Mr. Lugg's boot!)

Our Personal Column



Mr. Harry Wharton and Miss Marjorie Hazeldene have collaborated in producing a new play, entitled "Under the Mistletoe."

Mr. William Gosling, the gate-keeper, begs to acknowledge Christmas-boxes from the following: "The Famous Five," 10s.; M. Linley, 2 6d.; R. Penfold, 2 6d.; Harold Skinner, three French coins (with holes in); and W. G. Bunter, nix.

Mr. Paul Prout, M.A., relates that one Christmas he succeeded in shooting the Rapids. We wonder if the Rapids have yet recovered?

Mr. Harold Skinner acknowledges with grateful thanks the dead cat which he found in his stocking. He would like, however, to exchange it for a turkey. Any offers?

Mr. Frank Courtenay, of Highcliffe, recently organised a fancy-dress ball at that school. Billy Bunter, who was permitted to take the part of Santa Claus, disappeared with the loot.

A reader sends me the following conundrum: Why did Billy Bunter on Christmas Day resemble "The Greyfriars Herald"? Because he was packed with good things, I suppose!

Mr. Claude Hoskins, of the Shell, received a cornet for a Christmas-present. We presume that his chums addressed him on Christmas morning as follows: "Hoskins, awake; pollute the happy morn!"

Thomas, the kitchen cat, spent the Christmas vacation with Mrs. Mimble. Thomas tells us that his Christmas dinner of mice and milk was simply top-hole!

Mr. Horace Coker spent part of the vac. in bed, owing to injuries received in a snow-fight. Mr. Coker mistook one of the enemy's fortresses for one of his own!

Mr. Robert Cherry assures his readers that he is in the best of health and spirits, and will celebrate his birthday next Monday. All gifts of money will be—(placed in the poor-box!—Ed.)

Bunter's Christmas Presents!

By
Dick
Penfold.



"Old customs never should die out:

To let them die is shocking,"
Said Billy Bunter, "and I mean
To hang my Christmas stocking."

"It strikes me," grunted Johnny Bull
(For Johnny is a grunter).
"A far more useful dodge would be
To hang that porpoise Bunter!"

"On due reflection," Bunter said,
"A stocking's rather small.
I'm bound to get no end of gifts:
It wouldn't hold them all!"

"And so, you fellows, I will find
A large, capacious sack."
"You silly chump!" I cried.
"You'll have
Old Wingate on your track!"

But Bunter to the woodshed went,
And found what he was seeking;
And when he hung it out one night
The chaps were simply shrieking!

Old Wingate came to see lights out.
"What's this?" he sternly cried.
Said Bunter, "'Tis for Santa Claus—
'Twill soon be packed inside."

"You fat young idiot!" Wingate said;
"It isn't Christmas Eve!"
But Bunter murmured:
"What's the odds?
We'll play at make-believe!"

Soon Billy Bunter's booming snore
Re-echoed through the room,
And various forms were seen to flit
Towards him in the gloom.

At least a score approached his bed
And dropped things in the sack.

"A few choice Christmas gifts!" they said;
And then they toddled back.

Next morn, when rising-bell rang out,
A youth with hungry eyes
Advanced towards a bulging sack
With joyous, keen surmise.

Said Bunter (for he little guessed
That we'd been playing tricks):
"Such generosity is fine!
You chaps are simply bricks!"

The sack was opened; William George
With choking cry sprang back.
"You called us bricks," said Squiff;
"but lo,
The bricks are in the sack!"

"Oh dear! Oh, crumbs! Oh, help! I'm done!"
The wretched Bunter cried.
Once more he tottered to the sack
And took a peep inside.

Large bricks were there, and lumps of coke,
Likewise a heap of stones;
And thinking Bunter was a dog,
Some wag had added bones!

The words that Billy Bunter said
I'd better not repeat.
All sorts of things were in that sack
—But nothing good to eat!

Great expectations sometimes fail
To be fulfilled, alack!
We had the biggest jape of term,
And Bunter had—the sack!

OUR SILVER SHILLING FEATURE

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

Fishy News!

A gentleman once sent his negro servant to buy some fresh fish. The man went to a shop, and, taking up a fish, began to smell it.

"Here, you rascal!" exclaimed the fishmonger angrily. "What are you smelling my fish for?"

"Me no smell your fish, massa," replied the negro. "Me talk to him."

"Well, what do you say to the fish?" asked the fishmonger, smiling.

"Me ask him news at sea, that—all, massa."

"And what did he say?"

"He say he don't know. He no been dere dese tree weeks!"—Sent in by Alan E. Kemp, Bridge House, Horn-castle, Lines.

Very Necessary!

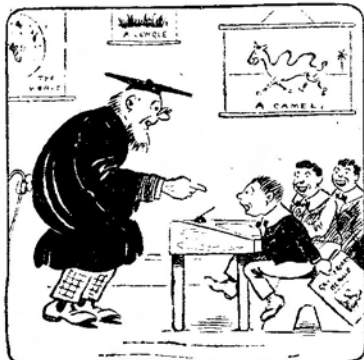
Mr. Fen: It's pouring with rain, and it's ten miles to your house, so we'll fix you up for the night. Will you stay?

Mr. Hen: Yes, but I must first go home and tell my wife.—Sent in by J. Williams, 3, Keppel Street, Stoke, Devonport.

An Informing Fact!

Mr. Quelch (lecturing on the rhinoceros): Now, I must have your undivided attention, otherwise it will be totally impossible for you to form any idea of this hideous animal unless you keep your eyes fixed on me.—Sent in by W. G. Mills, 230, Wheeler Street, Birmingham.

CORRECT!



FORM-MASTER: "Name six animals of Central Africa, quick!"

BINKS MINOR: "Three lions and three giraffes!"

An Escape!

Nugent: What shall I do with this article sent in for the "Herald" by Alonzo Todd, entitled "Why Do I Live?"

Wharton: Send it back with a slip saying: "Because you sent this by post instead of bringing it personally!"—Sent in by G. Price, 106, Lillie Road, Fulham, S.W.6.

A Sad Answer!

Mr. Quelch (to Bolsover): Is it true that you have been ill-using Bunter?

Bolsover: The answer is in the infirmary, sir.—Sent in by C. L. Fox, 53, Church Road, Barnes, S.W.13.

Money Talks!

Old Gentleman: I cannot find words enough to thank you for finding my silver plate!

Detective: Never mind: a cheque will do as well.—Sent in by J. C. Macrae, 39, Thornwood Drive, Partick West, Glasgow.

VERY OFFENSIVE!



TEDDIE: "Can your doggie jump as high as that fence?"

JIMMIE: "I'm sure I don't know. How high can the fence jump?"

Airily Answered!

Hairdresser (with an eye to business): I'm afraid your hair is getting very grey, sir.

Customer: I'm not surprised. Hurry up!—Sent in by N. Ravenscroft, Bleak House, Maybank, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs.

A New One!

Bob: What's the difference between a bull-dog's nose and Billy Bunter's postal-order?

Tom: Give it up!

Bob: One turns up and the other doesn't!—Sent in by Claude Whitehead, 51, Market Square, Pecklington, near York, Yorkshire.

Milk of Kindness!

Little Cuthbert: Mother, I saw a mouse in the milk-pail this morning.

Mother: Good gracious! Didn't you take it out?

Little Cuthbert: No; I threw the cat in!—Sent in by A. H. Faulkner, 25, Ashwell Street, Netherfield, Notts.

Tight Money!

Tailor: When are you going to pay me for the suit I made you, Master Fish?

Fisher T. Fish: I kinder calculate you've made it so tight I can't get my hand into my pocket for the greenbacks!—Sent in by L. Munday, 13, Anerley Hill, Upper Norwood, S.E.19.

OUR FOOTBALL COLUMN

Conducted by Our Sports Editor
H. VERNON-SMITH

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Several people have tried their hands at reporting the Remove's footer matches, and this week Loder of the Sixth comes into the picture with a tragic story of how a match was won and how a wager was lost!—H.W.

GREYFRIARS REMOVE v. HIGHCLIFFE.

By Gerald Loder.

IT was not the regular Highcliffe eleven which came over to Greyfriars last Saturday. The team was composed of Ponsoby and his pals, and I understood from Ponsoby before the match that it would be a "dead cert." for Highcliffe. Armed with this information, fresh from the horse's mouth, so to speak, I biked down to the Cross Keys and wagered the landlord a fiver that Highcliffe would win. The landlord jumped at it.

When I got back to Greyfriars I found that the match had started, and I seized a small fag by the ear and demanded to know if there were any score yet.

"Yes, rather!" said the fag. "They're two up!"

"Oh, good!" I chortled. And then the beastly little imp had the audacity to add:

"The Remove are two up, you know—not Highcliffe!"

"You little brat!" I said savagely. And I screwed his ear until he yelped.

It was a crushing blow to me, as you may guess, but I felt better shortly afterwards. Bull accidentally handled the ball in the penalty area, and Ponsoby scored from the resultant kick. It was a gift goal for Highcliffe, but it put fresh heart into me.

Just before half-time Ponsoby scored again. He was miles off-side, and the goal should have been disallowed, but the referee didn't happen to be looking.

But alas! The second half was like a hideous nightmare!

Goal after goal was registered—but not from the feet of Ponsoby and Co. The Remove had all the play, and those cheeky young brats Wharton and Vernon-Smith bagged two goals each. Then, just before the finish, that nigger Hurrec Singh put on another goal, the Remove winning by 7 to 2!

That evening I walked sorrowfully down to the Cross Keys.

The landlord encountered me with an evil grin and an outstretched palm.

"I hear that Highcliffe got a jolly good drubbin'," he said. "It was a fiver, I think, Mr. Loder?"

"Oh, crumbs! The—the fact is, I'm short of ready money!" I stammered.

"Then you'd better find it by Wednesday," said the landlord threateningly, "or—"

He left the sentence unfinished. It is Wednesday as I write these words, and I am still short of ready money! Confound the Remove!



A stirring serial story dealing with adventures amongst Redskins

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

IT was indeed Buck Dixie himself who was sitting there at the extreme left of the circle of Indian chiefs, personating to the life the venerable and disreputable Prairie Wolf, so closely and so wonderfully that even the war chiefs of his own nation assembled in that smoky tent did not suspect the impersonation.

They had all seen Prairie Wolf three hours before the council. They had sat and smoked and talked with him till he had retired to his lodge for a sleep before the hour of the council.

Prairie Wolf was getting old, and old gentlemen all over the world—even old Redskin warriors—like a nap. It was, Prairie Wolf's habit to roll himself up on his bed of buffalo-ropes in his painted lodge, and to take a snooze whenever opportunity offered.

And it was to these sleeps that he attributed the strength and cunning in war that still remained with him, notwithstanding his advanced age.

And that evening Prairie Wolf had retired to his lodge as usual, after gibling freely at Eagle of the Red Claw, the new commander, and his dilatory methods. It was Prairie Wolf who had urged on the younger braves to attack the Palefaces, and had carried the younger war chiefs with him till he had secured quite a following in the Indian camp.

And, having made all the partisans of Eagle of the Red Claw thoroughly uncomfortable, the venerable warrior had retired to the lodge on which was painted in a great red design the roughly drawn figure of a wolf, and had settled himself on his buffalo-ropes, under which were hidden a couple of bottles of the fire-water of the Paleface.

The real Prairie Wolf hated the Paleface worse than poison. But he loved the firewater poison of the Paleface that was put up in square-face bottles better than anything on earth.

He would drink this villainous spirit which was sold to the Redskins by the half-breed traders, and would once more feel the blood coursing through his old veins. Once more he would have dreams of the supremacy of the Red Man in his own land, and back to him would come memories of the great buffalo-hunts of his youth when the whole great central plains of North America were the Red Man's hunting preserve.

And these were the hours when old Prairie Wolf was thoroughly happy.

To-night the grizzled, scarred old

warrior made short work of his two bottles of Paleface poison, and abandoned himself to dreams.

He became young again, and he saw through his dazed eyes the walls of his lodge roll back, and the great prairies, dotted black with the great bison herds, stretching away as far as the eye could reach.

A Paleface doctor would have told him that these were really drunken visions, due to the excitation of an old man's brain-cells by a heavy dose of alcohol, and that these visions were really caused by blood-pressure on the brain.

But to the ancient warrior these visions were revelations, and when he had thus drugged himself with bad gin he would dream his dreams and then recite them in the Council Lodge with such vividness that he would often sway the council by his eloquence.

And to-night Prairie Wolf dreamed a vivid dream under the influence of alcohol.

He dreamed that the walls of the tent rolled back, revealing the vast prairies covered with black spots. But the black spots were no longer the great herds of buffaloes. They were the great horde of Palefaces rushing across the land from east to west, settling and devouring the land of the

Red Man, staking out their claims, building houses, making roads.

It was not a dream; it was a vision. The old warrior saw the tents of his wandering tribes folded for the last time as they gave place to the solid roof-trees of the settled race of Palefaces. The day of the hunter was over, and the day of the tiller of the soil had come. Nature was no longer content to leave her vacant lands to a few wandering tribes of Indians. She needed it for the great populations of the world, and these were coming first by tens, then by hundreds, then by thousands, then by millions.

Thus old Prairie Wolf read his dream, half sleeping and half waking, and made note of it so that he could repeat it in the Great Council Lodge, so that his brother chiefs might know that he was a seer of visions and a prophet.

And indeed his spirit of prophecy was not far from the truth.

Then in his waking dream Prairie Wolf saw the last Redskin who rose from the ground before him.

The Redskin was like himself, light of build, lithe and lean—such a brave as he himself had been when he was young, and his early scalps, trophies of the young brave, were still at his belt.

Then old Prairie Wolf blinked and sat erect. His dream had passed, and the walls of his deerskin lodge had closed around him once more.

But the Indian of his dream had not passed.

He stood over him, young and lithe, a brave dressed in the habit of the Navajoes.

The door of the tent was still closed by its thongs of deer sinew which served as tent-cords. So it was apparent that this uninvited visitor had entered the tent by crawling under the fly, like a snake.

Prairie Wolf was an old warrior. He uttered no sound, though he suspected his visitor.

His brain was still bemused by alcohol, and he had no idea how long he had slept. But with a swift movement he snatched at the scalping-knife in his belt.

Like a flash the young brave was upon him. The knife was wrenched from Prairie Wolf's hand, and he was rolled back amongst the buffalo-ropes.

He gave a gasp as the light of the smoky stone lamp that was the sole illumination of the lodge fell upon the

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. Kit is captured and taken before Eagle of the Red Claw and the war council. A pow-wow takes place, but little do the chiefs guess that one of their number, old Prairie Wolf, is lying gagged and bound elsewhere, while sitting among them in disguise is Buck Dixie, the scout!

features of the brave who had pinned him down.

"Buk Diksee!" he whispered under his breath.

The brave smiled grimly, and Prairie Wolf felt the point of his own knife tickling his throat.

"Buck Dixie it is, old Prairie Wolf," came the answer, hissed in the old man's ear, "and if thou art tired of life thou wilt give the alarm. If thou wouldst live another few years of thy span, hold thy peace till thou art gagged and bound, and thou shalt find a hundred bottles of gin hidden by the Square Rock before the waning of the next moon!"

A hand that had the grip of iron behind it was laid softly on Prairie Wolf's throat to enforce the bargain, and as a precaution against a sudden cry.

Prairie Wolf's mind worked quickly in this moment.

Buck Dixie had caught him napping. How he had passed the sentries and had found his way into the Redskin camp was a mystery to the old warrior. But the fact remained. Here was Buck Dixie, with his knee on his chest and his hand at his throat. And "Buk Diksee," as the Redskins called this Paleface Robin Hood of the Far West, was a man of his word. If he gave as much as a gurgle his life would end there and then. If, on the other hand, he lay still he would not only save his life but in addition would be rewarded with a hundred bottles of the coveted gin, which would be deposited by the Square Rock, which was on the Lone River Ridge, within the period of the next moon.

And Buck Dixie was a man of his word. Every Redskin knew that. If he said that the gin would be there—well, it would be there, for Buck Dixie never broke his word either to Redskin or Paleface.

And here, at any rate, was one Paleface old Prairie Wolf did not absolutely hate. He feared Buck Dixie, and in a savage fashion of his own respected him, since no Redskin living could claim the feats which were credited to this famous Indian-fighter and scout.

And furthermore, the cunning old Redskin knew that any cry from his tent would not necessarily bring help.

He was credited with being a seer of visions, and a great medicine-man. And when he was indulging in his dreams and visions he knew that he often cried aloud.

So if a half-choked cry were heard issuing from his lodge it would attract no sentry's notice. He was always left undisturbed in his slumbers, and no brave would have dared to enter his deerskin tent when he was indulging in a vision. In fact, when Prairie Wolf announced that he was going to sleep in his lodge most of his followers superstitiously gave that particular tent a wide berth. They had no desire to see any of the wonderful things of which Prairie Wolf spoke after he had been indulging in a drinking-bout.

So Prairie Wolf lay very still, and tamely allowed Buck Dixie to gag him.

The gags he used were quite humane, and not uncomfortable.

These were little pads of rubber

which were attached to extending screws, and Buck inserted them between the old warrior's gums quite skilfully and tenderly, forcing his jaws apart by twisting the fly-piece of the screws. Then he wrapped a silken scarf many times about Prairie Wolf's mouth and neck, tying it so that it did not interfere with his rather wheezy breathing.

He bound the old warrior to his tent-pole, seeing to it that he was comfortably perched amongst his buffalo-ropes before he did so, a consideration which Prairie Wolf appreciated.

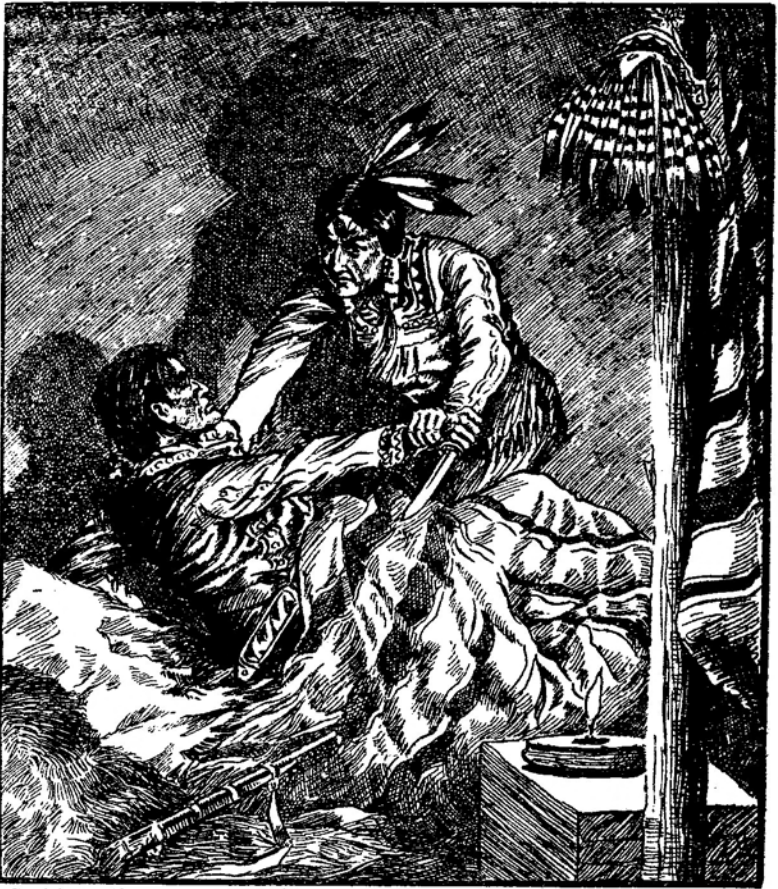
Then, seating himself in front of the old gentleman, he closely studied his face, lifting the smoky stone lamp

snuffed from behind the gag as Buck Dixie, putting his hand to his mouth, removed his teeth and placed them in the deerskin pouch which he had removed from Prairie Wolf's belt.

This was the real big medicine! Prairie Wolf had never seen or heard of a set of false teeth before.

Buck nodded and smiled with toothless gums, and his smile was the smile of an artist.

"Never seen a bit of Paleface jaw-carpenter's work before—eh, old Prairie Wolf?" he asked in a low voice. "Well, I'd lost a good many of my teeth after you chaps chased me and starved me through the Wind River business, and I thought I'd have the rest out so that I could play the part



Prairie Wolf gave a gasp as the light of the smoky stone lamp that was the sole illumination of the lodge fell upon the features of the brave who had pinned him down. "Buk Diksee!" he whispered under his breath.

so that its light fell equally upon them both.

Then Prairie Wolf glared at his visitor in wonderment.

Buck Dixie unfolded his field supply of war-paint, used for renewing his tribal marks whilst on the war-path, from its deerskin case. He examined the vermilion and the black, which was made from burned bones of the deer, and removed the linen wrappings which were used to keep it moist.

And Prairie Wolf rolled his eyes in astonishment as he saw the intruder deftly alter the painting on his face—which was that of a brave—into that of his own insignia of war chief.

Something like a gasp of horror

of an old ruffian like you if the need came!"

Then Prairie Wolf fairly froze with horror.

Buck Dixie, studying his captive's face carefully, had pulled over his head the headdress of feathers which the old warrior habitually wore to the Great Council.

It was his state headdress, and it was carefully kept in a bag of quilled deerskin, just as an English barrister keeps his wig.

But Prairie Wolf's horror was not caused by seeing the dread "Buk Diksee" slip on his own headdress, but by the absolutely natural way in which he wore it. It was Prairie Wolf's own swank to pull that headdress far over

his eyes, in the manner of Laughing Cloud, a famous Indian hero, since departed to the Happy Hunting Grounds. Prairie Wolf had always admired Laughing Cloud, and had imitated his ways and his gestures all his life.

But the style in which Buck Dixie wore that headdress told the old reprobate that at some time or another the scout must have gained entrance to the Secret Lodge in which he wore it.

Only by having been present at the most private meetings of the Great Council could "Buk Diksee" have learned exactly how he, Prairie Wolf, wore his ceremonial headdress on these occasions.

Little wonder that Prairie Wolf, startled out of his Redskin composure, granted through his gag as he realised that to have done this the scout had impersonated other chiefs, and had marched boldly and openly into the Council, with a full knowledge of its ceremonial and the thousand-and-one points of etiquette that could only be known to one of the grace of a full war chief.

And this explained to the wily old Redskin a thousand incidents which had baffled the great Council or the Tribes, how their plans had miscarried, and how their most secret designs had become known to the Palefaces.

Buck Dixie held the lamp up between them, and studied the old man's face closely.

Then, as though by magic, his own face seemed to alter in every line.

It took on the deep wrinkles of the face of old Prairie Wolf, and the queer setting of his toothless jaws caused by much gnawing of hard, sun-dried charqui, or jerked beef. The eyes of the scout narrowed under the shadow of the headdress, ceasing to be the eyes of a Paleface, and becoming those of an aged Red Indian. His well-knit body seemed to shrink under the Navajo blanket which he had thrown over his shoulders.

Old Prairie Wolf quivered with horror at the sight.

The man standing over him had become himself, or the shadow of himself. He was no longer the dreaded "Buk Diksee," the Paleface scout, but Prairie Wolf, the old and scarred warrior chief of the Navajos.

Buck chuckled as he moved round the lodge, holding the little stone lamp high, so that Prairie Wolf could see him and his wonderful personation. And his gait was that of Prairie Wolf to the life.

It almost made the old chief wince as he saw Buck Dixie walk with that same little halting step that he himself used when the old bullet-wound by his hip was touched up with a little rheumatism.

"Near enough—eh, Prairie Wolf?" chuckled Buck Dixie. "Near enough to deceive the eyes of the great chiefs of the Council Lodge. Have no fear. As I have taken thy shape, so will I take thy voice and thy manner of speech, and I will speak in Council with thy wisdom."

Then he placed the lamp on the ground, and looked to the charges of a strange, new little weapon which Prairie Wolf regarded curiously, for it was none other than the little gun

which speaks many times—the six-numbered revolver.

Buck Dixie had two of these weapons, and he looked carefully to the caps, since to be caught in the Great Council Lodge in his present guise would spell death unless there were some quick shooting.

Then, soft-footed and stealthy, he passed from the lodge, making the door fast after him, and leaving Prairie Wolf to his thoughts.

And the old Redskin chuckled as he sat there bound to his tent-pole. He was a warrior and the grandfather of warriors, and he could admire consummate daring and cunning, even in a Paleface.

And Buck Dixie had not treated him ill. The gags which he had fixed in his mouth were not uncomfortable, and he, Prairie Wolf, was to receive a hundred bottles of gin as a consolation-prize—and he was getting a very old man, and the fires of hate were dying down in him as he drew nearer and nearer to the Happy Hunting-grounds.

"Wah!" he muttered behind his gag, as the scout left the tent to make his way to the Council Lodge. "There goes a man! Such a man was I when I was a young brave—like this Buk Diksee—and had we Red-skins a hundred such, the Palefaces would not have driven us from our hunting-grounds! But we breed not such men, and the days of the Red Man are numbered in the land!"

And thus Buck Dixie won his way into the Great Council Lodge of the Navajos, where, in the guise of Prairie Wolf, he chipped his enemy, Eagle of the Red Claw, to his heart's content, whilst his busy brain planned the deliverance of the Paleface boy who stood so bravely facing this great semicircle of pitiless faces.

Rescued!

"BUK DIKSEE'S days are numbered!" snarled Eagle of the Red Claw. "In a few days he shall share the fate of this Paleface boy!"

And with a sweep of his hand he pointed to Kit.

"And what shall be the fate of the Paleface boy?" demanded the spurious Prairie Wolf.

"He shall be taken out after the dawn, and he shall make the Running!" croaked Eagle of the Red Claw. "The squaws who have lost their braves, the boys and the dogs and the camp-followers shall tear him to pieces. He came as a spy into our camp. He is a Paleface, and he shall die by the Running!"

Prairie Wolf grunted, and his shrunken face was shadowed in the great headdress which he wore so jauntily.

"Lo, chiefs and brothers of the Great Lodge!" said he, his voice rising high and shrill. "I have had a vision which tells me that this Paleface boy shall not die. He shall be delivered from our hands, and he shall live to be a scourge and a whip to the Red Man, even as Buk Diksee, of whom thou, Eagle of the Red Claw, speakest so easily!"

There was an uneasy movement amongst the circle of chiefs. But they listened to the words of Prairie Wolf

with respect. They had heard of his visions before when he had recited them in open Council, and Prairie Wolf's visions had a trick of coming true in a most uncomfortable manner. Most of them regarded the old chief as a medicine-man and a prophet.

"Verily I tell thee that this boy shall not die!" mumbled Prairie Wolf. "He shall live, and he shall live to bring further ruin on the lodges of the Red Man. He shall grow as cunning as the snake, and a great fighter, and there shall be no peace in the Indian border where Kit the Scout shall move!"

Kit started as he heard his own name from the mouth of the ancient chief.

How did this man know his name? A sudden hope arose in his heart that some chance might intervene to have him from his fate.

Eagle of the Red Claw received the prophecy of the spurious Prairie Wolf just as that speaker desired.

"Lo!" he exclaimed with a sneer. "Since there is danger that this Paleface boy shall escape, he shall be made prisoner to Prairie Wolf himself. And Prairie Wolf shall answer to the Great Council for his keeping!"

A grunt of approval greeted this remark. It was known that Prairie Wolf would be a sure guardian of the prisoner. And in binding Kit prisoner to him, the Council had handed him over, as it were, to the sheriff of the tribe.

"At one hour after dawn, thou, Prairie Wolf, shall deliver thy prisoner to the Running!" said Eagle of the Red Claw. "And he shall die at the hands of the squaws and the young men. I have spoken!"

"So be it!" replied Prairie Wolf.

The Council was closed, but the circle of chiefs remained seated on their divan of buffalo-ropes as Prairie Wolf rose from his seat and limped over to the spot where the prisoner stood.

The limp was inimitable. It was just that dragging walk that afflicted Prairie Wolf at these times, when the mist was about and the rheumatism of old age touched up the Paleface bullet that was still lodged in his leg.

Not one in that forbidding circle dreamed, as Prairie Wolf limped forward to the boy, that this was none other than the dread Buck Dixie himself!

They saw the toothless gums grinning at the boy fiercely.

Those of them who had met Buck Dixie remembered that he had an even row of white teeth.

And when Prairie Wolf drew his hunting-knife and signed to the boy to walk before him, even the drawing of the knife was in character, for the blade was whipped from its quilled sheath with a swanky movement that was Prairie Wolf's to the life.

Prairie Wolf limped out of the Great Council Lodge with the point of his knife at the prisoner's back, and not one suspected him.

Nor did any follow him. The prisoner had been delivered to his charge; that was enough. Prairie Wolf would keep him in his lodge for the rest of the night, and would deliver him to the Running at the appointed hour in the morning. The matter

was now out of the hands of the Council, and they settled down to the Redskins' favourite occupations of smoking and long-drawn discussion.

Kit drew a long breath of relief when he passed out of the Great Council Lodge into the free air.

He could feel the point of Prairie Wolf's knife pressing lightly on his back. But somehow he had no fear of his guardian.

No brave challenged the two as they passed through the almost deserted section of the camp to where Prairie Wolf's Lodge stood, in the long row of the chiefs' lodges.

All these were empty and deserted, for their tenants were still sitting in the Council tent, where they would stay for the rest of the night, yarning and smoking in what they deemed their Parliament.

Prairie Wolf steered his prisoner by gentle touches of the sharp, murderous blade, much as though he were driving a pig to market, and he brought him to a standstill before the door of the lodge which was painted in great red designs of the wolf.

This was Prairie Wolf's little grey home in the West, and, standing at the door, he unlatched it by its deer-skin thong, and signed to Kit to enter.

There was an inner flap in this tent or lodge, to screen the interior from the public gaze when the door was open. And inside this Kit came to a standstill with a sudden start, for there, lashed to the tent-pole, bound and gagged, was the very double of his gaoler.

The spurious Prairie Wolf laughed under his breath as he stood behind his prisoner and sheathed the knife, carefully latching the door of the lodge behind him.

"We've got you out of that safely, youngster," said he, in perfect English, speaking in low tones.

Kit started as he turned to look at his gaoler.

There were white teeth gleaming now in Prairie Wolf's mouth; fifty years seemed to have fallen from his shoulders, and he stood erect and youthful in the shadowy lodge.

"What does it all mean?" demanded Kit.

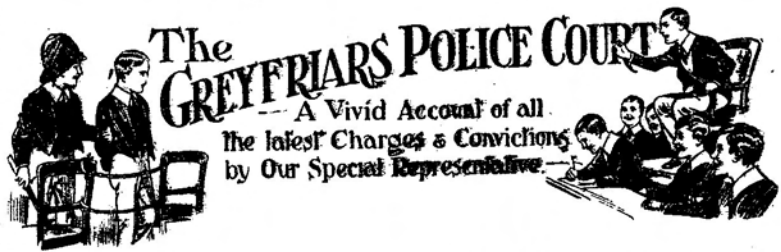
"Why, my boy," replied his captor in amused tones, "it means that the real Prairie Wolf, who is your gaoler, is tied up to the tent-pole here, and that I who played his part in the Council am Buck Dixie, come back a little before I said I would!"

"Buck Dixie!" gasped Kit. "Do you mean to say you are not a Red-skin?"

"Softly with my name, boy, in this camp!" whispered Buck. "It would mean death to be caught in here, and we are not yet out of the wood. But I am only an imitation Redskin, though you must admit that I am near enough like the real article to deceive the Council themselves."

He slipped off the great feathered headdress which he had borrowed from the reluctant Prairie Wolf, and with a few deft touches from the packet of war-paints altered the marks on his face.

(Continued on page 18, Col. 3).



"Standing Room Only!" was the notice displayed in court this week. There was a packed house, and several sensational cases came before Mr. Justice Wharton.

The members of the jury regaled themselves with chewing-gum, and made out their verdicts in advance.

Stormy Scenes in Court.

There was great excitement when five Highcliffe youths—Ponsonby, Gadsby, Monson, Merton, and Vavasour—were thrown into the dock. They were charged with caddish and revolting behaviour, unbefitting the sons of gentlemen.

Magistrate: This is one of those cases where the prisoners ought to be pulverised first, and tried afterwards! (Laughter.)

Mr. R. Cherry, K.C., prosecuting, said that the past record of the prisoners would not bear inspection.

Ponsonby: Neither will your face! (Laughter.)

Magistrate: Police-constable Bull! Just tickle that cheeky cad with your truncheon, will you?

P.-c. Bull: With the greatest of agony, your worship!

There was a dull thud as the truncheon descended on Ponsonby's wooden head.

Mr. Cherry (continuing): The prisoners at the bar—

Magistrate: This isn't a public-house! (Laughter.)

Mr. Cherry: The prisoners in the dock—if that suits your worship better—were discovered only this afternoon in the act of quitting a tobacconist's shop in Friardale.

Magistrate: Ho, ho! Bring the axe and chopping-block! (Loud laughter.)

Mr. Cherry: On being questioned as to why they entered the shop, they said they had been buying cigars to present to their Form-master, Mr. Mobbs, on the occasion of his birthday.

Magistrate: What a delightful fairy-tale! Did Mr. Mobbs live happily ever after?

Mr. Cherry: He wouldn't have done if he'd sampled the cigars! (Laughter.)

Magistrate: Where are the cigars now? Prisoner Ponsonby, what have you done with them?

Ponsonby: Search me!

Magistrate: I think I will!

At this juncture his worship leapt down from the bench and rushed at Ponsonby.

A terrible scene followed. Gadsby seized his worship by one ear, and Vavasour by the other, while Monson planted his fist in his worship's face.

The police rushed to the spot, and a free fight ensued. The prisoners were eventually subdued, and his worship, looking very much the worse for wear,

crawled out from the human wreckage. In his hand he triumphantly clutched a box of cigars.

Loud cheers arose as his worship resumed his seat on the bench.

Foreman of the Jury: If you please, your worship, we'd like to deliver our verdict at once.

Magistrate: Fire away, then!

Foreman of the Jury: We find the five prisoners guilty, and hereby sentence them to—

Magistrate: Steady on! This is where I come in!

Prisoners were sentenced to six strokes each with a cricket-stump for caddish conduct, and to a severe bumping for contempt of court, the sentences to run concurrently.

REPORTS IN BRIEF.

A good-looking youth named Montague Newland was charged with confiscating a bottle of gin, the property of William Gosling, gate-keeper.

Magistrate: Oh, Monty! Were you going to drink it yourself?

Prisoner: Of course not, fathead! I considered it my duty to lessen Gosling's stock of spirits.

Magistrate: In other words, you made him low-spirited? (Laughter.)

Prisoner: Gosling thinks a jolly sight too much of the juice of the juniper, and I don't regret taking that bottle of gin away from him.

Magistrate: Go up one, Mr. Pussy-foot! You ought not to be in the dock at all. Take a penny out of the poor-box, my dear fellow! It will compensate you for the inconvenience you have suffered.

Prisoner left the dock amid frenzied cheers.

There was another sensation in the court when George Tubbs, a desperate-looking youth, was charged with attempting to commit suicide by eating toffee which he had made himself.

Detective-inspector Penfold, giving evidence, said that he found the prisoner rolling about in great agony on the floor of the fags' common-room. Investigation showed that he had consumed twelve chunks of home-made toffee. "Another chunk," said the inspector, "would have finished him off!"

Magistrate: What a pity he didn't sample another! (Laughter.)

For the defence it was stated that the prisoner was rolling in agony because he had just been licked by his Form-master.

Prisoner was bound over, in two sureties of twopence and three-half-pence respectively, to be of good behaviour. Inspector Penfold promised to keep an eye on him.



Sacked From The Skool!

By Dicky Nugent.

Illustrated by Bob Cherry.

At the express request of our infatuated contributor, we are publishing his story exactly as it stands.—Ed.

I.

BOOM! It was the 13th stroke of midnite soundng from the old clock-tower at St. Toby's.

In the Fourth Form dormitry, silence brooded like thunder. No sound could be herd, save the feece snores of a duzzen feloes, and the creakng and grongng of one of the beds.

Whose bed, deer reeders?

As this is a kounndrum you will never be able to anser, I will tell you. It was the bed okkupied by Frank Fearless.

For one giddy minnit Frank pawsed, his heart thumping against his ribbs. "You chaps awake?" he wispered. Dead silence.

"Then you must be asleep?" said Frank.

Still silence.

Frank Fearless, who had gone to bed with his clothes on, drest rappidly in the darkness.

It was a wild nite. Vivvid flashes of thunder shot across the sky, and the pitiless lightning came down by the bucket-ful.

Frank Fearless clapped himself on the back with great satsiffaction.

"To-nite's the nite!" he mermered.

Karryng his boots in his hand, he stole on tiptoe from the dormitry, so that his boots would make no sound. But alas!

At this junkcher, Bob Briton, the kaptin of the Fourth, who had not been able to get to sleep, suddenly woke up.

"Who's that?" he kried, in penny-trating tones.

Frank Fearless stopt short. His hart was powndng against his ribbs. "I—I'm Fearless!" he said, in tones of fear.

Bob Briton sat up in bed.

"Wither bownd?" he demanded.

"I'm going to have a little flutter at The Wite Hoarse," ansered Fearless.

His voice grated with defyanee.

Bob Briton was out of bed in a minnit. He laid his hand on his chum's sholder.

"Now, look here, Franky," he said. "Take my advice, and give The Wite Hoarse a wide berth. You are asking for trubble. You have alreddy been caught out of bownds fifty times this term, and Doctor Birchblock will not give you anuther 'chance. You will be sacked from St. Toby's."

Frank Fearless larfed skornfully.

"What if I'm sacked?" he said.

"I don't care!"

"But I do! You owe me a krown!"

"Oh, crumms!"

Bob Briton griped his kompanion by the ear.

"Don't be an ass!" he said. "Get back to bed."

Frank Fearless shook himself free.

"Ratts!" he said. "Likewise bosh! Also go and eat koke! I'm going, I tell you!"

And the next minnit he was gone—swalloped up in the feece darkness!

II.

BOOM! Midnite again sownded as Frank Fearless strode into the mane street of the villidge. (Either the school clock had been put forward under the Daylight Saving scheme, or the village clock had lost its bearings!—Ed.)

The jewnier did not paws untill he reached the bar-parler of The Wite Hoarse.

The landlord, an evill-looking man, with one nose longer than the other, nodded cheerily to Frank.

"What-ho!" he said afferbly. "Let me introdoce you to my two friends, Mr. Fleeceem and Mr. Spoyles."

Frank shook hands with the people in queschun, and then, placing a loaded siggar between his lipps, he sat down at the table.

"We'll play nap," said the land-lord, "for penny points."

"Oh, make it tanners!" said Frank recklessly.

"Jest as you like, sir."

Boom!

Wunce again the stroke of midnite rang out. (The fiftenth stroke this time we presume?—Ed.)

The sollum chimes seemed to konvey a warnng to the fulish, wayward lad who was setting out so litely along the rode to ruin.

Frank started; and so did the game. At first, Frank won kwite a little

heep of tanners. But his luck did not remane good.

The winnings vanished, and soon it was Frank who was paying out tanners.

Pore lad! He mite have known that the other three were fleesing him rite and left.

All was grissed that came to the mill of the kard-sharpers.

The kards were marked on the back with splashes of red paint; a fact which Frank Fearless failed to notiss.

At last the retched boy rose to his feat. His face was haggerd.

"I'm dun!" he said. "Oh, surely not?" said the landlord, in tones of serprise.

"But I am! I haven't a single penny-peace left! Now I come to think of it, it is kwite possibul that I have been cheeted."

"What!" rored Mr. Fleeceem. "You dare to in-sin-you-ate—"

began Mr. Spoyles.

Frank choked with indignashun, and the siggar.

"It is krool—krool!" he said, tern-ting wite. "My term's pockit munney, amounting to 18 pense, has gone into your greesy pockits!"

"And it's going to stay there!" said Mr. Fleeceem, with a narsh larf.

Frank said no more.

With a hevvy hart, he terned on his hevvy heel, and walked hevvely out of the bar-parler. The wind blew through his empty pockits as he made his way back to St. Toby's.

"Fool!" he muttered. "That's what I am—a silly fool!"

And the wind eoked his remark wurd for wurd.

"You're an iddiotic chump!"

III.

MIDNITE boomed out sollumly from the old clock-tower as Frank Fearless klabered over the skool wall and made his way across the kwadrangle.

Exsept for the feece wind, which sent severral tiles klattering off the roof on to our hero's head, all was kwiet.

Suddenly a tall form loomed up in the darkness.

Frank's hevvy hart beet with relentless vigger against his ribbs.

"My hat!" he gasped, his eyes farely starting out of there sockits. "It's the Head!"

"Yes, Fearless, you are kwite korrekt in your sermise!" said Doctor Birchblock sternly. "Why are you abroad at this our?"

"Abroad, sir?" panted Frank. "What rot! I'm still in England!" "Why are you absent from your dormitry?"

"Oh, crumms!" "Anser me, Fearless!"

"I—I came out to see what sort of a nite it was, sir!"

"Rats!" said the Head. "Tell us anuther!"

"But it's a fact, sir—" "Bow-wow!"

Frank was trimbling in every lim. "I—I—" he stutered.

"You have been to The Wite Hoarse!" said the Head, hoarsely.

Frank boughed his head in silence. He realized that the game was up.

"Retched boy!" exclaimed the Head. "This is not your 1st offense; but let me tell you hear and now, that it is your last! You will leave St. Toby's by the first trane in the morning!"

"Oh!"

"In the meenwhile," kontinewed the Head, nashing his teeth, "you will go to the punnishment-room."

The unhappy felo grovelled on his nees, klutching wildly at the tale of the Head's gown.

"Let me off, sir!" he entreated. "I'll never do it again—never!"

"You'll never get the chance!" retorted the Head grimly. "Go!"

"But, sir—" "Go!"

The kondemned jewnier rose to his feat and lerched away in the direckshun of the punnishment-room.

This was to be his last nite at the old skool!

Frank through himself down on the bare bed, and rattled it with his sobbs.

"Boo-hoo!" he waled. "If only I had lissened to Bob Briton!"

But it was too late for vane regrets. Frank's skool kareer had come to a fool-stop.

The tempest howled outside and in his lonely prizzen Frank Fearless howled, too.

He was fritened when he picktured the seen in the Big Hall next morning; the hoots and hisses of his delited skoolfeloes, and the seaedy swishing of the grate birch. Then there would be the final wurd of the Head:

"Buzz off, Fearless! You are sacked from St. Toby's!"

It was not until midnite boomed out from the old clock-tower that Frank Fearless sank into trubbed slumber.

IV.

BOOM! The merry tinkle of the rising-bell greeted Frank's cars.

He jumped up from the bed, and fownd that he was frozen stiff. The events of the nite before rose vividly to his memmery. Again he picktured to himself the seen in Big Hall.

"I can't face it!" he mermered. "I can't! I can't!"

And then a brite idea struck him. He would run away! He would lower himself from the windo of the punnishment-room by means of a notted hankerchief, and scoot!

Before the last deffening rere of the rising-bell had died away, Frank Fearless had karried out his desprit skeme.

He dropt from the windo into the kwadrang.e 80 feat below, and after rubbing himself with embro-kashun, he dashed away at top speed.

The alarm was given, and half the skool took up the pursoot. But Frank was a fine runner, and after a time his skoolfeloes were kompelled to abandon the chase.

Frank slowed up when he came to the rivver.

"I through them off the sent all rite that time!" he muttered, as he strode along the toeing-path.

And then he suddenly stopped short, holding his hart in his mouth. Seated on the o'd rustick bridge was a fammiliar figger.

It was the Head!

Dr. Birchblock was a keen angler, and it was his kustom to get up early in the morning and fish for tadpoles with a jam-pot attached to a peace of string. He was doing so on this okasion, and he failed to notice the pressence of Frank Fearless.

Frank's hart went back to its proper place again, and he stood watching the Head with fassinated eyes.

The Doctor was about to draw up his jam-pot, full of young tadpoles, when he lost his ballance.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Frank.

The Head turned a komete summersalt into the icy water!

Splash! Crash!

"Ow!" rored the terrifyed Head.

"Yow! Groo! Yaropski!"

Frank Fearless looked at the feerce, angry currant of the rivver, then he looked at the Head's face. Having servived this shock, he tore off his jacked, boots, overcote, collar, cap, and tie-pin, and rushed to the reskew.

"Quick!" panted the Head. "I am at my last gasp! If I swallow anuther pint I shall—yow!—burst!"

Fearless Frank Fearless fearlessly

flushed threw the krool, seething water.

Was the brave jewnier going to his doom? Would he be sucked under by the seaweed?

Yes—no—yes—no—yes—NO!

As the drowning man came up to the serfiss for the 10th time, Frank caught him by the nape of the neck, and mannidged to toe him to the bank.

It was some minnits before the Head could speak. His gown was swolen like a baloon, or a chap with the toothake. And water was oozing from his kling-ing garments.

"Fearless!" he said at length. "You have saved my life!"

"Nunno, sir!" said Frank modestly.

"But you have! I distinktly felt you do it! My brave boy! And to think that I was about to konfer upon you the order of the boot!"

Frank larfed. He could afford to larf now. The klouds had rolled by, and his hart powdaded happily against his ribbs.

"Can I remane at St. Toby's, sir?" he asked.

"Of course!"

"Can I have a fiver for survices rendered?"

The Head nodded.

"And will you buy me a motor-skooter, sir?"

"Yes, yes! Any old thing," said the delited Head.

Folloed by Frank, Dr. Birchblock, dripping seaweed and wetness, led the way back to the skool. As they entered the gates the old clock-tower of St. Toby's was striking the our. (It's about time that old clock-tower went on strike altogether!—Ed.)

A crowd of feloes gathered rownd, and in simple wurd the Head told the story of Frank's brave dede.

And wile the Head went to wipe the wet off himself, the skoolboys rased chere upon chere!

And now, deer readers, we will bid our hero adyoo. Since this story was ritten, Frank Fearless has rizzen to be kaptin of St. Toby's, and he knows how to brake bownds without being fownd out. And he will never forget those dark days when he was Sacked from the Skool!

THE END.



Seated on the old rustick bridge was a fammiliar figger. It was the Head!!!



THE IDEAL HOLIDAY.

How Would You Like To Spend
The Christmas Vac.?



EDITOR'S NOTE—I have put the above question to several more or less prominent people, whose views are given below.—H.W.

Shades of Uncle Benjamin! Alonzo Todd's Curious Whim!

I should prefer to spend the Christmas vacation at Hanwell. By so doing I should doubtless succeed in bringing a ray of sunshine into the lives of the unfortunate inmates. In gazing upon my earnest, benevolent countenance, they would forget their insanity. I should sympathise with them in their lunacy; I should soothe them when they started to grab at the carving-knife. On the principle of my devoted Uncle Benjamin, I should bubble over with the milk of human kindness. And then I should return to Greyfriars, happy in the knowledge that my vacation had been spent nobly and unselfishly. (No, Lonzy; once you had passed through the portals of Hanwell you would be detained as a permanent inmate!—Ed.)

From Coker the Joker!

My Krissmus Vack would be spent in teaching the cheeky remove faggs how to play footer. (And we, in turn, should give Master Coker some elementary lessons in spelling!—Ed.)

A Fishy Suggestion!

Waal, I swow! I guess I shouldn't spend my vac. in this sleepy, moth-eaten island. I'd nip across the herring-pond, and travel through Noo York in state on my motor-scooter. Yep! I sorter calculate I should be a big attraction. Newspaper reporters would rush up— (And so would the ambulance!—Ed.)

Billy Bunter's "Ansesstral Halls!"

How should I spend the vack? What a queschun! I should of corse repare to the ansesstral halls of Lord Bunter de Grunter. I should invite nobody but my bruther Sammy, and what a grate time we should have! The dinner would konsist of twelve corpses (presumably Bunter means courses!—Ed.), and it would be eaten with avidditty. (Is that a new brand of sauce?—Ed.) Of corse, there would be plenty of jamun-puffs, doe-nuts, mades of ouner, treackle tarts, sossidge-rolls, cream-bunns, veel-and-hamm pyse, chokklit wall-nuts, and seterer and seterer. These things would take a lot of swallowing— (So does your varn about the "ancesstral halls, Buntty! You had better cut it out, and tell the plain, sober truth—namely, that your Christmas vac. will be spent at the Bunter Arms!—Ed.)

Wun Lung's Wish!

Me vellee muchee tinkeee me likeee spend vacation at Wharton Lodge. Me waitee for invitation. (Nothing doing, old top! We bar heathen Chineeas at Wharton Lodge!—Ed.)

Inky's Idea!

I should like to spendfully enjoy the esteemed and ludicrous vacation on India's coral strandfullness. The natives in the State of Bhanipur would remarkfully say: "Behold, our esteemed Nabob has turned up like a badful penny! Let us cook the fat-headed calf, and make merry at his expensefulness!" Far away from the gimlet eyes of the sahib Quelch, I should muchfully enjoy my esteemed self. The other members of the Famous and Ludicrous Five would, of course, sailfully depart with me for India. (No, thanks, Inky! We prefer the good old turkey and Christmas pudding to a diet of curry and bananas!—Ed.)

Penfold Prefers the King's Highway!

How would I like to spend the vac.? Why, with a kitbag on my back, And a stout cudgel in my hand, I'd tramp throughout the giddy land! Strange misadventures I might meet; I might not get enough to eat. I might be sandbagged in the dark By some low, money-grabbing shark And when the stars began to peep, Into my dug-out I should creep— A dug-out built of hay and straw; The quaintest place you ever saw! Next morning, at an early stage, I should resume my pilgrimage. Mile after mile I'd swing along, Light-hearted as a lark in song. And, if I boasted ample tin, I'd call at some sequestered inn And masticate, with skill and ease, A loaf and half a pound of cheese. In short, I'd have a ripping time! A walking-tour would be just prime! (Whilst we have no objection to bread-and-cheese, we strongly resent being sandbagged in a country lane after dark. This walking-tour, so far as we are concerned, is therefore "off"!—Ed.)

Mr. Quelch Would Work!

I should like to spend the Christmas Vacation—in fact, I probably shall do so—in working on my History of Greyfriars. (That merry old History, like Charley's Aunt, is still running!—Ed.)

Good Old Gosling!

I begs to say as how I should like to spend the Christmass ollerday in receeving tipps from the young gents. (This shall be arranged. As Gosling

does not specify the sort of tip he wants, we'll tip him into the fountain!—Ed.)

From Nugent Minor!

if i could spend the xmas vac in my own stile i should like to stand behind the ex-kayser with a thikk-stikk wile he is sawing wood. For evvery cut with the saw i would give him a cut with the stikk just to show there was no ill-fealing. next to mister twigg i konsider the ex-kayser the biggest beest who ever lived. (Shush! You mustn't libel Form-masters in that way, Dicky! Personally, I regard Mr. Twigg as a snow-white angel by comparison with the ex-Kaiser!—Ed.)

THE RED MAN'S TRAIL

(Continued from page 15.)

Then he restored the war markings which had been almost obliterated from Kit's face in the struggle of his capture.

"Now, my boy," said he, "we've got to get out of this camp quickly, for the night wears away to the dawn. But once free of it I'll show you some sport of the right sort."

He leaned over his prisoner and restored his knife and its quilled sheath, and the deerskin pouch.

"Fare thee well, Prairie Wolf!" said he with a short laugh. "Tell the chiefs that in the night, when thou wert lost in visions, 'Buk Diksee' came to thy lodge and took the boy from there, so that there shall be no Running in the dawn, and the squaws shall lose their victim. But thou, Prairie Wolf—look thou to the Square Rock on the Lone River Ridge before the waning of the next moon, and thou shalt find not one hundred bottles, but two hundred bottles of the firewater of the Palefaces for the comfort of thine age, and in tribute of the good-will of 'Buk Diksee,' the Paleface who has the Redskin heart!"

And, lifting the fly of the tent, Buck Dixie and the rescued prisoner crept out into the night, leaving old Prairie Wolf grinning behind his gag.

This Buck Dixie had bested him. But he had likewise bested his rival—Eagle of the Red Claw. And there were no two hundred bottles of gin for Eagle of the Red Claw!

"Wah!" he grunted behind the gag as Buck crept from the tent. "There goes a man after mine own heart! He should have been born a Redskin and a Navajo warrior, and he would be great as Laughing Cloud, and a leader of his nation!"

Another long instalment of this exciting Redskin story in Next Tuesday's issue of "The Greyfriars Herald." Order your copy in advance.

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A picture of the modern British battleship, H.M.S. Barham, a unit of the great Fleet that kept our coasts during the War.—Taken by A. F. Chapman, Merborne, Clarence Park Road, Pokesdown, Bournemouth.



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TUCK HAMPERS AS PRIZES!



GREAT NEW COMPETITION.

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

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

Should more than 10 readers qualify for the tuck hamper prizes, these will be added to. You may send as many solutions as you please, but each must be accompanied by the signed coupon you will find on this page. Write your solutions IN INK on a clean sheet of paper, fill up coupon below, and pin to this, and address to: No. 8, 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 23rd. 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. 8, and agree to accept the published decision as absolutely binding.

WRITE CAREFULLY.

Signed _____

Address _____

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