

THE BEST BOYS' PAPER FOR XMAS!

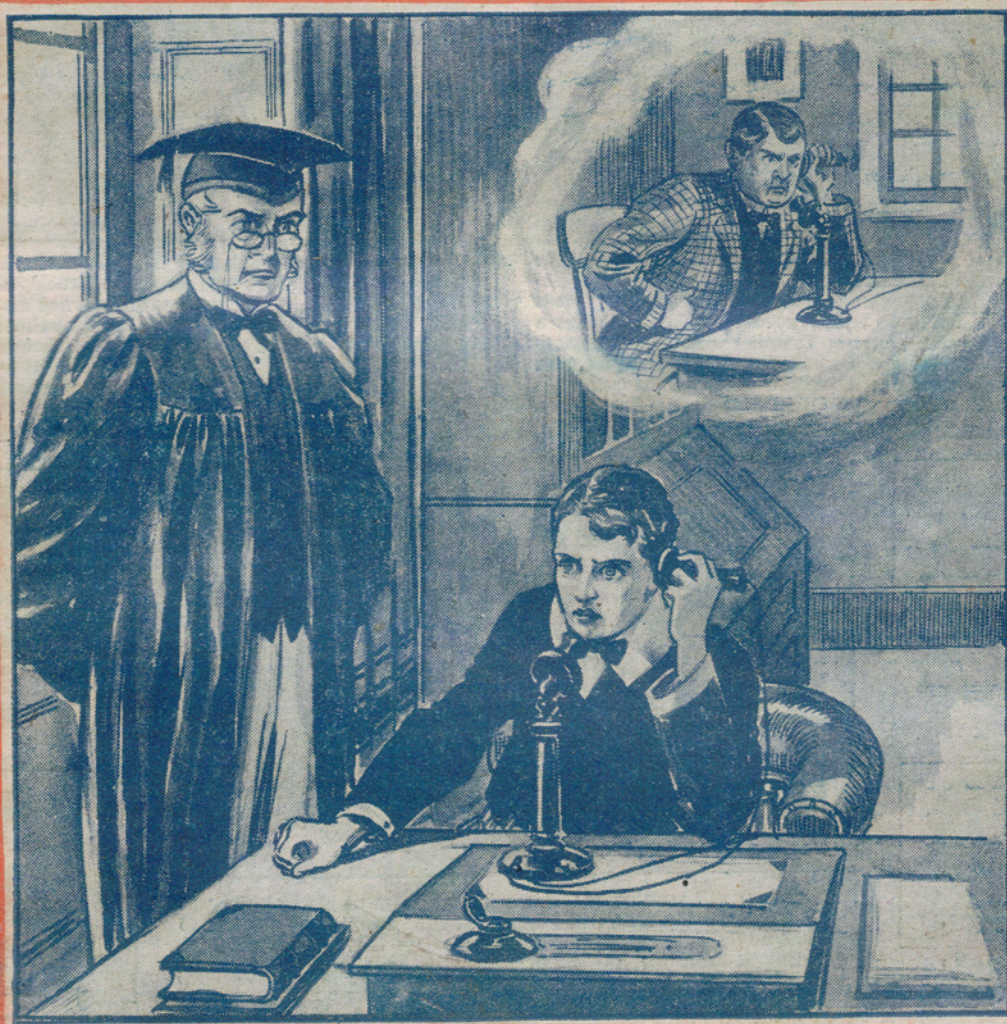
The Greyfriars Herald $1\frac{1}{2}$ ^d



No. 9. (New Series).

FULL OF SCHOOL STORIES AND ARTICLES

Dec. 27, 1919.



JACK DRAKE'S TERRIBLE PREDICAMENT!

Our Photographic Supplement

Continued on Page 19

THE BOYS' PICTORIAL



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

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

EZRA'S TOMB.

A DOG OF WAR!



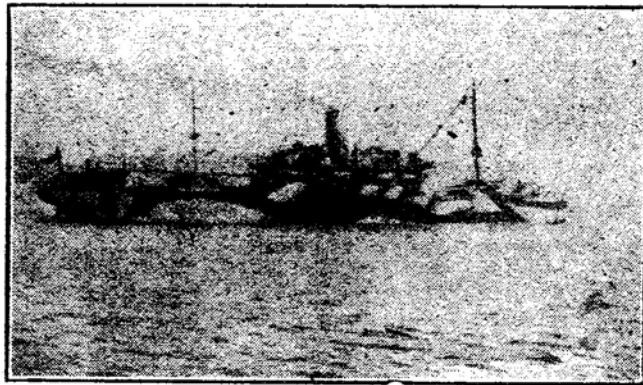
The tomb of the prophet, Ezra, is situated on the River Tigris between Basra and Bagdad. It was near this place where our gunboats smashed some of the Turkish vessels which were trying to escape up-river. The tomb has a beautiful blue dome, but our Tommies who had to encamp in the vicinity were kept too busy defending themselves from the voracious swarms of mosquitoes to admire the scenery.—Taken by John Watson, 90, Suddell Side St., Darwen, LanCS.

This splendid photograph was taken at the "War Dogs' School," where the dogs used on the battlefields during the War were trained. They would go out and find the wounded, bring back a button from the man's tunic, and then lead the rescuers to the disabled soldier. The dogs were chosen for their wonderful sagacity and were trained to get used to the noise of shell and mine explosions as shown above.—Taken by G. Parker, 1, Thornbank Place, Lower Oldfield Park, Bath.

WEARING WAR-PAINT!



E. Taylor (Ryde, I. of W.).



A steamer still wearing the extraordinary design with which she was painted during the War. The idea of "camouflage," of course, was to break up the lines of a ship to such an extent that it was made extremely difficult for a German submarine to aim a torpedo with accuracy.—Taken by J. Hunter, 126, Prince Edwin Street, Liverpool.



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Tom Hollis (Doncaster).



H. W. Throsby (Brockley).



Miss E. Fordree (Upton Park).



A. E. Beckett (Birmingham).



Miss M. Torrens (Ireland).



Douglas Hendry (Dundee).



Miss A. Wharton (Middlesborough).

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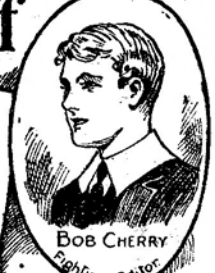
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Occasional Contributors from GREYFRIARS

Occasional Contributors from Other Schools

Editorial

By Harry Wharton.

FALSE PROPHETS!

Some time back the Editor of the Companion Papers was lunching with a friend, to whom he announced that the GREYFRIARS HERALD was going to be revived.

The friend smiled rather scornfully. "And how long do you suppose it's going to run?" he asked. The Editor replied that he hoped the HERALD would emulate Charley's Aunt, and be perpetually running. "Rats!" said the other—or something to that effect. "I give it less than a couple of months!"

Well, the two months are up—and so is our circulation. The dismal prophecy that we should die an early death has not been fulfilled.

Another melancholy merchant predicted that the HERALD—though it might be an excellent boys' paper—would begin and end with No. 1. "The market is simply flooded with boys' papers at the present time," he explained, "and it is absolutely impossible for a new paper, whatever its merits, to cope successfully with the competition." The speaker felt so convinced that he was right that he actually drafted out a mock epitaph, as follows:

"IN AFFECTIONATE MEMORY
of
'THE GREYFRIARS HERALD,'
Which, being without visible means of support, perished miserably
on
NOVEMBER 8TH, 1919.
AGED ONE WEEK."

THE CRITICS CONFOUNDED!

Well, we haven't perished yet, and we certainly do not lack visible means of support. I am not going to shout from the housetops about the success of our little paper. Suffice it to say that THE GREYFRIARS HERALD is firmly established in the affections of the boy and girl public.

The critics were wrong, as critics often are. We may not be at the very top of the tree, but we hold a commanding position, and if my chums continue to display the loyalty they have shown in the past, we shall be able to say with truth: "GREYFRIARS HERALD, first; the remainder, 'also ran.'" HARRY WHARTON.



DICK PENFOLD



MURREE SINGH



BILLY BUNTER



TOM MERRY



JIMMY SILVER



ARTHUR A D'ARCY

Our Weekly Cartoon. Specially Drawn by FRANK NUGENT



POTTY PETER the POET
Our poetical merchant addresses a nautical nut on the beach, who, however, does not appreciate his verses. Now Peter knows why a sailor is called a "tar!"

My Weekly Interview.



This week:
Cecil Ponsonby

IT was with a light heart that I set out to interview Cecil Ponsonby, the bold, bad blade of Highcliffe. I had been thinking seriously of giving up this interviewing game for good, especially as last week I was nearly slaughtered with a cricket-stump. But as the editor came through with an extra one-and-sixpence in compensation for my injured feelings, I decided that second thoughts were best, after all.

At the gates of Highcliffe I encountered the Caterpillar. I don't mean a crawling grub. I mean Rupert de Courcy, the bright particular star of the Highcliffe Fourth.

"A happy year and a merry new Christmas!" I said, by way of greeting. "Can you tell me if Mr. Ponsonby's at home?"

The Caterpillar smiled.

"He never is these days. He only comes to Highcliffe to sleep."

"My hat! Where shall I find him?"

"There's a little wooden hut on the shore, near Pegg Bay," said the Caterpillar. "There you will find the nutty Pon, surrounded by his gushin' admirers."

"But what's he doing there?" I exclaimed.

"Holdin' a smokin'-concert, I believe."

I nodded my thanks to the Caterpillar, and hurried away in the direction of Pegg Bay.

On reaching the shore I soon spotted the little wooden hut. It was not very inviting as to exterior, and the interior was still less so.

Peering through the small window, I beheld half a dozen fellows seated at a crude table. There was a constant chink of coin, and I could see that a game of banker was in progress.

All the players had cigarettes, though in many cases they had gone out, either owing to the excitement or to the fact that the cigarettes were too cheap and nasty to be smoked with any degree of comfort.

I tapped on the window. Instantly the game stopped, and Ponsonby, looking very alarmed, sprang to the door.

"Who's that?" he muttered.

"I am the special representative of 'The Greyfriars Herald,'" I replied.

"What do you want?"

"An interview with you, Mr. Ponsonby."

"Step inside, then!"

My quest spoke very affably, and I ought to have been suspicious of his intentions. Instead of which I walked in, like a fly entering a spider's web.

At a signal from Ponsonby the nuts

of Highcliffe rose to their feet, and made me a sweeping oow

"Sit down, an' make yourself at home," said Gadsby. "Do you play banker?"

"Not for love or money!" I replied. Ponsonby grinned.

"We play for both," he said. "We find the game thrillin', entertainin', and excitin'. Now you're here, you might as well join in for half an hour."

Now, it is against my principles to play cards. Gambling isn't encouraged at Greyfriars.

At that moment, however, I was moved by an irresistible impulse.

"I'll take a hand," I said.

"Good!" Ponsonby was fairly beaming. "An' you'll have a cigar, of course?"

"A—a cigar?" I faltered.

"Yes. Do try a Flor de Cauliflower!"

"But I don't smoke—"

"If you don't learn now, you never will."

In a moment of weakness I took one. (Naughty boy!—Ed.)

What followed was like a ghastly nightmare.

That cigar nearly choked me. But I dared not remove it from my mouth, or the "nuts" would have chipped me no end!

Gallantly I puffed and snorted, and the cigar began to get smaller. So did my supply of pocket-money!

I had intended to win hands down at banker—to clear Ponsonby and Co. out. But somehow the boot seemed to be on the other foot!

My seven-and-six melted down to five bob.

As time went on the five bob diminished to two!

To my sickened gaze the figures of the Highcliffe "nuts" began to grow faint and indistinct.

Presently I realised that my two bob had gone the way of the rest.

I rose to my feet, clutching wildly at the table.

"I—I've had enough!" I muttered.

"Not going to desert us, surely?" asked Ponsonby in surprise.

"Groo! This cigar—"

Snatching the torpedo-shaped horror out of my mouth, I hurled it out of the window, and then staggered towards the door of the hut.

"We don't want to lose you," said Ponsonby, "but if you feel you ought to go—"

I did! I quitted the hut, and tottered away towards an overturned boat on the shore.

I sat down on the boat, drinking in the ozone in great gulps, and after a time I felt better—well enough, in fact, to go back to Greyfriars.

My New Year resolutions, dear readers, are as follows: (1) No more banker; (2) No more Flor de Cauliflowers!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

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

"Skimpy."—Lack of space prevents us from publishing your latest screed, entitled "A Thousand and One Reasons Why Football Should be Abolished." We haven't the slightest intention of abolishing football. In fact, the next time we see you we mean to dribble you along the passage!

P. Mellish.—Your abusive letter to hand. I am not publishing it, as you suggest, because the readers of "The Greyfriars Herald" don't want to peruse the pining remarks of such vermin as you. It's a mystery to me why you weren't exterminated during Rat Week!

G. F. (New House) writes: "I am sending you a screamingly funny story, guaranteed to make you rock with laughter!"—As soon as we read it we filled all the fire-buckets at St. Jim's with briny tears!

H. Coker (Greyfriars).—"Can you please tell me how I can improve my mind and memmery, as I am very ankhus to become kaptin of Greyfriars."—Afraid I can't do miracles, old chap. It is impossible to improve what you haven't got!

"Reddy" (New House) wishes to know if it is possible for a fellow of fifteen to fall in love. Yes, rather! Trimble's in love—with jam-tarts! Gussy's in love—with shining silk toppers! And the entire School House is in love—with Gussy!

Eric. K. (Sixth Form).—"If I get hold of the cheeky young rascal who pinched an alarm-clock from my study mantelpiece I'll slaughter him!"—Please, Kildare, it wasn't me! Don't get huffy! If you had an alarm-clock, it's not surprising that it went off!

Johnny Bull. (Greyfriars).—I am sending you my latest pirate story for you to criticise before passing it on to the editor. There are plenty of thrilling and blood-curdling incidents.—I can clearly see, Bull, that you mean to "gore" me!

"Baggy."—"Please will you tell me how to become a 1st-class publick speaker?"—By remaining silent!

Aubrey R.—"You can jeer at me as much as you like in "The Greyfriars Herald," but I've quite made up my mind to go to the dogs."—I strongly urge you not to become a crook like Crooke, or you'll find yourself or' 'reeks Raeko!

UNDER THE SHADOW!

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

By OWEN CONQUEST
(Author of the Famous Rookwood Stories).

A Talk on the Telephone.

"DRAKE!"
"Yes, Lovelace?"
"You're wanted—Head's study!"

The Fourth Form at St. Winifred's had come out from classes, and were scattering cheerily over the main deck of the Benbow when Lovelace of the Sixth called to Jack Drake.

Drake was chatting with Dick Rodney, with a very cheery face, but his looks clouded as he received the summons to the Head's quarters.

There was a rather peculiar expression on Lovelace's face, which Drake did not fail to note.

"Anything up?" the junior ventured to inquire.

"I should say so!" grunted the captain of St. Winifred's. "It's rather new, I think, for a Fourth-form kid to be rung up on the Head's telephone!"
"Wha-at?"

"Oh! You weren't expecting a call?" grinned Lovelace.

"No fear! On the Head's telephone!" exclaimed Drake. "It's some mistake—it can't be me that's wanted."

"The Head wants you at once," answered Lovelace, and he turned away.

Jack Drake made his way aft, wondering. His first thought had been that he was called to Dr. Goring's presence for a "carpeting," but that evidently was not the case. It was not likely that his people had rung him up from home, and the junior simply could not imagine who had had the nerve to ask for him on the telephone sacred to the use of the Head of St. Winifred's.

The Head's study was the former captain's cabin of the Benbow—an apartment which the fags of St. Winifred's at least, firmly believed had once been occupied by the great Admiral Benbow himself. If that was so, the old admiral would have been surprised if he could have seen its present appearance, with the bulkheads lined with bookshelves, a Persian carpet covering the deck, and an electric reading-lamp on the table. Dr. Goring was standing by his desk, upon which the telephone stood; the receiver was off.

The Head was frowning a little. It was a surprise, and not a pleasant one, to the stately old gentleman to be called to the telephone and informed that a junior of the Fourth was wanted by an unknown interlocutor.

"Drake!" said Dr. Goring. "You have been asked for on the telephone by some person of the name of Smith. I need not tell you, Drake, that—Bless my soul, what is the matter, Drake?"

Jack Drake almost staggered.

"Smith!" he stammered.

"You know the name, I presume, Drake?"

"Ye-es, sir."

Drake had wondered who could have



Loud yells of laughter, and shouts of encouragement followed Gentleman Smith from the Benbow.

had the temerity to ring him up. And it was Smith—Gentleman Smith of the Lobster Pot—the sharper to whom he owed money! This was Mr. Smith's way of reminding him that the debt was not yet settled.

The reckless rascality of the man took Drake's breath away. If the Head had even suspected that "Smith" on the telephone was the loud, over-dressed man he had sometimes seen lounging about Chade and Kingsford—

Evidently the Head did not suspect that.

"I need not tell you, Drake," resumed the Head sternly, "that junior boys are not allowed the use of this instrument."

"N-n-no, sir! I—I understand."

"This man Smith declares that he has important business with you," said the Head. "For that reason I have sent for you."

"T-thank you, sir."

"Kindly tell me who this man is, Drake," said the Head.

"He is—he is—is—Smith, sir!" stammered Drake.

"I am already aware of that."

"Ye-es, sir!"

"Whoever the man may be, he has no right to ask for you upon this instrument. Evidently it is some person unacquainted with the customs of St. Winifred's. Your confusion, Drake, leads me to suspect that you have per-

haps made some undesirable acquaintance outside the school."

"Oh, sir!"

"Is that the case, Drake?"

"I—I—"

"You may take the call," said Dr. Goring grimly, "and I will remain here while you speak to this man."

The unhappy junior dragged himself to the telephone.

To talk with Gentleman Smith with the Head standing by was a task that would have taxed the nerve of Daubeny of the Shell himself. But there was no help for it. Drake took up the receiver and placed it to his ear.

"Hallo!" he muttered into the transmitter.

"'Ow long am I goin' to be kep' waitin'?" demanded a harsh and sulky voice along the wire. "Is that young Drake?"

"Yes."

"Ho! You know me, I reckon?"

"I—I know you."

"I'm speaking from the Lobster Pot."

Drake shuddered. Fortunately the Head could hear only what Drake was saying, and did not even surmise that St. Winifred's was now in telephonic communication with the lowest haunt on the river-side.

"You shouldn't have rung me up," Drake stammered. "We're not allowed to use the telephone here."

"I knows that; I did it a purpose," said Mr. Smith cheerfully. "You see, you ain't sent along that there five, and I want the money."

"I—I—"
"Are you coming along 'ere with it?"

"N-n-ne!"
"I thought not. 'Ave you posted it on?"

"N-n-not yet."
"Jest so! You think you're going to addle me—wot?"

"No, no! Later—"
"Too late already! I'm coming up to the school to call for it."

"You—you can't!" gasped the junior. "You—"

Drake's voice broke off. The grim aspect of the Head's face, almost at his elbow, petrified him. He could not guess what the Head was thinking of this peculiar conversation. How he was to answer Gentleman Smith without giving Dr. Goring a clue to the purport of the talk was a puzzle, and a terrifying one. And there was plainly a talk with the Head coming, after the talk with Gentleman Smith was over.

A low chuckle sounded along the wires.

"Can't I? You'll see!"

"But—"
"You come along this 'ere arternoon," went on Gentleman Smith's voice. "If you ain't 'ere by five, I'm coming!"

"I—I—"
"I've waited long enough. Was that the 'Ead I was speaking to jest now?"

"Yes."
"Ow'd you like me to pitch 'im the whole yarn on the 'phone?"

"You—you wouldn't—"
"I would if I don't get my rhino. Don't I always pay up fair an' square? Ain't a man to be paid likewise?"

"Yes, yes—next week—"
"This arternoon, or you'll 'ear of me. I'm in two minds now whether I don't spin the 'Ead the whole story," growled Mr. Smith. "That means the sack for you, my fine young feller!"

"I—I know! But—"
"This arternoon, then."
"I—I can't—"
"Them's my last words!"

And Gentleman Smith of the Lobster Pot rang off.

Danger Ahead!

JACK DRAKE put up the receiver with a trembling hand.

His face was pale as he turned to face the grim glance of the Headmaster of St. Winifred's.

Even if the Head had surmised nothing from the fragments of talk he had heard, the junior's confusion was more than enough to make him suspicious.

"T-t-thank you, sir!" muttered Drake; and he made a movement towards the door, with a faint hope that the matter was at an end.

Dr. Goring raised his hand.

"You need not go yet, Drake."

The junior stopped, his heart beating.

It is necessary for you to explain this matter, Drake. Who is this man Smith?"

"He is—a—a—a—"
"A friend of yours?"
"Oh, no, sir—nothing of the kind!"
"But you know him?"
"I—I've met him, sir."
"Where have you met him?"
"On—on shore, sir!" stammered the junior.

"I did not suppose you had met him on board the Benbow, Drake," said the Head drily. "In a word, what are your relations with this man? What business have you with him?"

"None, sir. I—I've met him, and I don't want to meet him again. He's a—a rotter, and I wish I'd never seen him."

"Possibly. Yet he is keeping up communications with you?"

"Against my wish, sir," said the junior eagerly. "I hadn't the faintest idea who it was asking for me on the 'phone. It was like his cheek to ring me up. He's no business to speak to me—no right!"

The Head's look was very searching.

"It seems, then, Drake," he said slowly, "that on some occasion on shore you have made an undesirable acquaintance, whom you would be glad to get rid of, and who refuses to be got rid of?"

"Yes, sir," breathed Drake. "In that case, you have acted foolishly, but you are not perhaps very seriously to blame. But have you nothing more to tell me, my boy?"

Drake was silent. For a moment he was tempted to speak out—to tell the Head of the wretched scrape he was in, and throw himself upon his mercy. But the words died on his tongue. There was too much at stake. His prospects at school, his promise to his mother, tied his tongue. The Head might take a lenient view of his folly; but if he did not—

There was a short silence. "Very well," said the Head at last, as Drake did not speak. "I accept your assurance, Drake, so far. From your replies I gather that this man was threatening you."

"Ye-es, sir, in a way."

"In what did his threats consist?"

"He—he said he would come here if I didn't see him on shore," faltered the junior.

Dr. Goring raised his eyebrows. "Indeed! That simplifies the matter. When did he wish you to see him?"

"This arternoon."
"And if you do not go he threatens to come here?"

"Ye-es."
"Very good. You will remain on board ship this arternoon, Drake. You will not go ashore under any pretext whatever. I shall give instructions to the porter. As for this man, I will see him if he comes. You may go."

Jack Drake almost staggered from the study.

Dick Rodney was waiting for him on deck. And a good many of the Fourth-formers had gathered round, greatly interested by the fact that one of the Fourth had been called up on the Head's telephone.

"What's the little game?" asked Raik. "Was it the Kingsford tailor after his little bill, Drake? Haven't you paid for those lovely bags?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Or was it one of your beery friends at the Lobster Pot?" chortled Sawyer major.

Drake flushed at the last question, but he did not make any reply to the many inquiries. He drew Rodney aside, and they walked forward. They left the juniors chuckling.

"That was it!" grinned Sawyer major. "I say, St. Winny's is coming to something, isn't it? I wonder what the Head thinks?"

"I always said Drake would get bowled out in the long run," remarked Newson, with an air of great wisdom. "If Drake's bowled out, Daub will be in it!" said Rawlings.

Raik shook his head with a grin.

"Daub's all right," he said. "Daub won't be bowled out; he's too deep. If the chopper comes down it won't come down on Daubeney."

Tuckey Toodles had followed the two chums forward. Tuckey Toodles wanted to know, and Tuckey was not to be denied. Drake and Rodney had stopped by the mainmast, and Tuckey joined them there.

"Drake, old chap—" he began.

"Oh, don't bother!" said Drake irritably. "Cut off, Tuckey! I want to speak to Rodney."

"My dear chap, you want to speak to me," answered Toodles confidently. "I'm your old pal, and I'm the fellow to see you through. If it's a question of money, rely on me."

"Fathead!"
"Tell me all about it," said Toodles encouragingly. "I can see you're in a scrape. Now, spin me the whole yarn, dear old chap. Of course, I sha'n't breathe a word to anybody."
"Buzz off, for goodness' sake!"
"If that's what you call gratitude, Drake—"

Drake walked away impatiently. But Tuckey Toodles was not to be shaken off. He rolled in pursuit.

"I say, Drake—" he shouted.

Drake turned and seized the persistent Tuckey by the shoulders, and jammed him against the mainmast. There was a gasp from the plump junior, like air escaping from a punctured tyre, and he slid down and sat on the deck, blinking.

"Ow!"

"Come on, Rodney!" muttered Drake.

And the chums of the Fourth escaped into the bows, while Tuckey was still trying to get his second wind.

"Now, what's the trouble?" asked Rodney, when they were free from the inquisitive Tuckey at last.

Drake leaned on the foremast, his hands driven deep into his pockets, and deep gloom in his face.

"It's all up!" he muttered.

"Not so bad as that, perhaps," said Rodney quietly. "Anyway, get it off your chest."

"You remember—that night when you wanted to stop my breaking bounds with Daub and Co.," muttered Drake. "That night—I backed Brown Boy—you remember. I owe Gentleman Smith five quids. I—I've been going to raise the money somehow and pay him, but—I haven't done it! I—I've been thinking of my work lately, you know. I was going to sell my bike, but—of course, I ought to have seen to it at once—"

Rodney smiled faintly.

Drake's happy-go-lucky disposition was very different from his own, and it was a little hard for him to understand a fellow who allowed things to drift at their own sweet will.

"Of course, I ought to have seen to it, but I hoped something would turn up, you know," muttered Drake. "I don't want to part with the jigger if I can help it—at a loss, too. Now I'm poor I can't afford to throw away money, can I? And the bike would go at a big loss. I—I was really trying to be a bit more careful than I used to be, and—and something might have turned up—"

"What did you expect to turn up?"

"Well, nothing exactly definite, you know—but something— And I couldn't guess that that rogue Smith would be beast enough to speak to the Head. Of course, he'd threatened. But—"

"Is there still time?"

"He's coming to-day, unless I take the money to him at the Lobster Pot this afternoon. And I'm gated; old Coote's told not to let me cross the gangway to-day. Not that it makes any difference—I haven't the tin. And—and the Head's going to see him if he comes. It's all up; and—and I came back this term to work like a nigger," said Drake miserably. "I don't quite know how it's all gone wrong, but it has!"

Rodney wrinkled his brows in thought.

"If I had the tin I'd stand by you like a shot," he said. "But I haven't, unluckily. What about Daub?"

Drake crimsoned.

"I'd rather be kicked out of St. Winifred's than ask that cad!"

"I don't mean that. Daubney seems to have been the cause of your getting into Smith's clutches. He must have some influence with the man. If your affair comes out, Daubney will be in danger."

"I shouldn't give him away, of course."

"But there would be danger, all the same, if that blackguard came here. Unless—" Rodney knitted his brow again.

"It's rather odd that Smith should be so bitter—about such a small sum, too. I suppose he's had more than that out of you, one time or another?"

"Ten times as much."

"And he will lose the tin if he comes here and kicks up a shindy."

"He means it, though."

Rodney nodded.

"Daub's very savage with you now, Drake, since you've rowed. Do you think it likely that he has put Smith up to this?"

"Daub—" Drake started. "My hat! If I thought—"

Drake broke off, setting his teeth. As if in a flash he saw the hand of his enemy behind the bullying of Gentleman Smith—his false friend, now his enemy—Daubney of the Shell! He drew a deep, hard breath.

"Oh, I'm a fool!" he muttered. "Daub, of course! I chucked him out of my study the other day. This is his answer to it. Smith is a brute, but he knows he will get his money, and he's chucking it away by kicking up a row. He wouldn't do it. It's Daub, of course. I dare say he's standing the

loss if Smith loses the money by showing me up. I—I—"

"Hold on—where are you going, Drake?"

"I'm going to see Daubney!"

Jack Drake dashed round the mast, and there was a crash and a yell. He came into full collision with Tuckey Toodles, and the shock made him sit down heavily on the planks. And Tuckey Toodles sprawled and roared.

Daubney Does His Best!

"YOU—you prying rotter!" gasped Drake.

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"You—you—"

Toodles sat up dazedly.

"I—I wasn't listening!" he gasped.

"I—I didn't creep behind the mast to listen to you, old chap—never

headed for the Shell quarters, and found Daubney there, lounging outside the studies. The junior captain of St. Winifred's met him with a stare. "A word with you, Daubney—" began Jack.

Daubney waved his hand.

"Nothin' of the sort—I don't know you," he answered. "If you've come here to borrow money, Drake—"

"You know I wouldn't, you cad!" exclaimed Drake fiercely. "I've been rung up on the Head's 'phone by Gentleman Smith—"

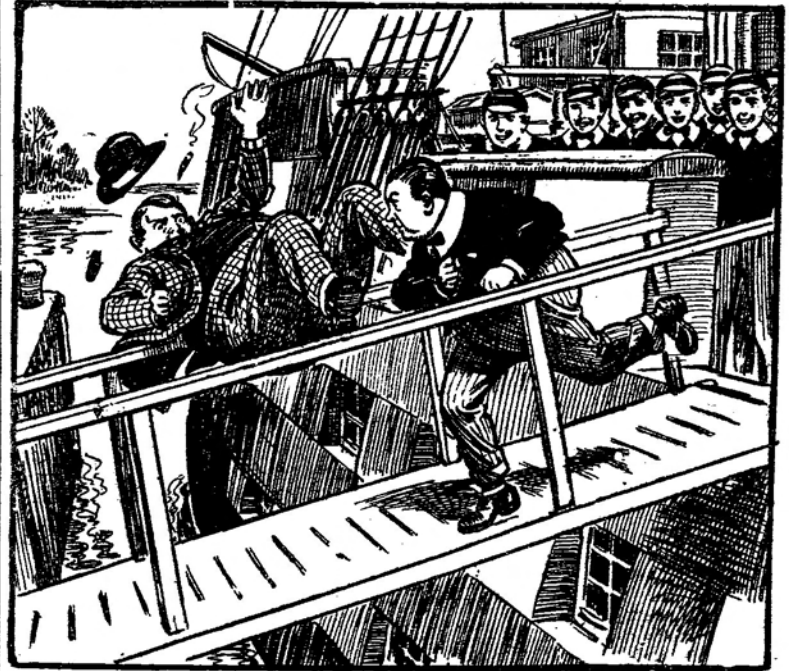
"That's your bizney."

"Yours, too, I think. Will you step into your study with me—"

"No, I won't."

"You can have it out here, if you like. Smith is coming to the Benbow to-day—"

"No bizney of mine," said Daubney, with a shrug of the shoulders.



Gentleman Smith staggered away. The back of his legs came in sudden contact with the low parapet, and he fell heavily backwards over it. Splash!

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Drake, blankly.

thought of such a thing! I haven't heard a word—not a syllable! I—I say—yaroooh!"

Tuckey Toodles broke off with a yell as Drake jumped up and commenced operations with his boot.

"Hold on!" exclaimed Rodney.

He dragged the fat Fourth-former to his feet.

"Toodles, you young rascal—"

"Yow-ow-ow!" howled Toodles.

"You needn't mind me, Drake; I'm not going to tell anybody that Gentleman Smith is coming here to see you—"

"Shut up!" hissed Drake.

"Well, you be civil, then, if you want me to shut up," said Tuckey Toodles independently. "I'm jolly well not going to be kicked; it's a thing no fellow would stand. Look here, I'm the man you want, Drake—not Rodney. Rodney's an ass—"

"Oh, ring off!"

Jack Drake hurried away, leaving Tuckey Toodles still eloquent. Drake

"I believe you are putting him up to it. He's no reason of his own for playing such a dirty trick."

"What rot!"

"And if he comes," shouted Drake savagely, "I'll see that the Head hears of you as well as of me, Daubney!"

"Come into the study," muttered Daubney hurriedly.

Several fellows were gathering round, and Ransome of the Sixth could be seen in the distance. Second thoughts were best in this case, and Daubney decided to have the interview in private.

Drake followed him into the study.

"Now," said Vernon Daubney, with a savage look, "what do you mean, Drake?"

"I mean what I say—every word," said Drake more calmly. "You've put Smith up to this game, and you can stop him. If you don't, you'll take the consequences as well as I."

"You mean you'll sneak to the

Head because that man gives you away for not paying him?" said Daubeny, with an evil look.

"Put it like that if you like. You're working it with Smith to give me away, and you'll get the chopper along with me if you don't stop him."

Daubeny gnawed his lip.

"I shall deny the whole bizney, and Smith will back me up," he said.

"If you can make the Head believe your lies you'll be all right. I don't think you can. The Head's rather too downy for you to pull his leg, I think."

"I've had nothin' to do with Smith comin' here."

"That's not true; it's clear enough."

"Hang you! What do you want me to do?" muttered Daubeny savagely.

"Stop him."

"How can I stop him?"

"That's for you to decide? Stop him in time, if you know what's good for yourself."

Drake turned to the door.

"Hold on!" muttered Daubeny.

"Look here, I'll try—I'll do my best." "You'd better be successful."

"I'll cut off and see him after dinner, and—and use my influence with him, if you like," said Daubeny, biting his lip. "I can't answer for him—"

"It will be as bad for you as for me if you don't."

With that Drake quitted the study. The bell was ringing for dinner, and he joined Rodney as the juniors went into the dining-room amidships. Daubeny was looking thoughtful and a little harassed as he went to his place at the Shell table.

After dinner the captain of the Shell consulted with his chums, Egan and Torrence, and the trio headed for the shore.

At the end of the gateway from the Benbow they found the gate closed, and Coote, the porter, was standing outside his cottage.

"Open the dashed gate, Coote!" snapped Daubeny.

Coote shook his head.

"Ead's orders, sir!" he replied. "Nobody allowed on shore this afternoon."

Daubeny started.

"What the dickens! Do you mean to say that the whole school's gated?" he exclaimed.

"Them's the orders, sir."

"Look here, Coote—" Daubeny showed a half-crown in his hand.

Mr. Coote's eyes lingered regretfully on the coin, but he shook his head again.

"Sorry, sir—the 'Ead was very pertickler in his horders. Nobody under the Sixth to go ashore."

There was no help for it. The nuts of the Shell turned back along the gangway, and returned to the Benbow.

Drake was leaning on the bulwarks there, and he eyed Daubeny grimly as the latter came up.

The Shell fellow approached him, muttering in a low voice.

"It can't be helped, Drake—I can't go. The whole school's gated."

"You'd better."

"I tell you I can't! You can ask Coote yourself! You saw that he

turned me back," breathed Daubeny. "It's on your account, hang you! The Head's gated us all so that you can't send anybody to stop Smith. Look here, Drake—"

Jack Drake drew a deep breath.

"You mean that Smith can't be stopped?" he asked.

"You can see for yourself."

"Then you'll be sorry that you fixed it with him to come at all."

"Drake—"

"That's enough."

Jack Drake turned on his heel.

Vernon Daubeny glanced at his chums. Torrence looked worried, and Egan shrugged his shoulders. They had no help to give.

Daubeny hurried after Drake at last. Jack had gone down to his study, and the Shell fellow found him there with Rodney and Toodles.

"Drake old man," Daubeny began appealingly, "I've done all I can. You know I can't get ashore."

"Get out!" growled Drake.

"It won't benefit you to spin yarns about me to the Head! I—I swear I had nothin' to do with Gentleman Smith comin' here!"

"What's the good of telling lies?" exclaimed Drake scornfully.

"I—I—"

"Get out!"

Drake advanced towards Vernon Daubeny with his fists clenched, and his eyes gleaming over them. The Shell fellows backed out of the study.

"Old chap!" he muttered, from the passage, "we used to be pals, Drake. Don't be a cad! I assure you that—"

Slam!

The door closed on Daubeny with a slam, and the hapless "Buck" returned to the upper deck in a state of rage and alarm. His plot was recoiling on his own head with a vengeance.

Drake threw himself into a chair. "Precious specimen, isn't he?" he muttered satirically. "I suppose it won't do me any good to give the cad away. He would stop that brute coming if he could—now! Oh, what a fool I've been; and now the game's up!"

Rodney was silent. But Tuckey Toodles chimed in cheerily:

"Never say die, old man! Rely on me!"

"You fat idiot!" said Drake, rather ungratefully. "For goodness sake don't worry me now with your silly rot!"

"Go it, old chap, slang your best old pal if it does you any good!" said Tuckey considerably. "All the same, I'm going to see you through. I've got an idea—a regular wheeze!"

"Dry up!"

"But I tell you—"

"Kick him out, Rodney!"

Tuckey Toodles made a strategic retreat to the door. In the doorway he paused to bestow a fat wink upon the exasperated Drake, and to lay a grubby finger beside his podgy nose in a very knowing manner.

"You rely on me," he said. "I'll see you through."

And Tuckey Toodles vanished, leaving the hapless Fourth-Former quite uncomfortable by his assurance.

Toodles to the Rescue!

AFTERNOON classes that day were a long-drawn misery to Jack Drake.

He could not give much attention to Mr. Packer, and the Fourth-form master was very sharp with him in consequence. But Drake could not help it. In every sound he seemed to hear the heavy footsteps of the sharper who was coming to the Benbow to betray him. The more he thought over the matter, the more clear it was that Gentleman Smith was simply the instrument of Daubeny's malice. The rascal would scarcely have taken such a step on his own account. And Daubeny, who would gladly have stopped his tool, now that he understood what it meant for himself, was powerless; probably he was as troubled and harassed, in the Shell room that afternoon, as Jack Drake in the Fourth.

During classes, Tuckey Toodles bestowed several significant winks and nods upon his study-mate, which Drake did not even notice.

Some scheme, apparently, was working in Tuckey's fat brain. Tuckey was determined to show that he, and not Rodney, was the fellow to be relied upon; but what was working in the grubby junior's mind was a mystery. Drake did not give him a thought.

It was a relief to Jack Drake when the Fourth were dismissed; though it brought the fatal hour nearer.

At tea-time, Jack was not thinking of tea. He was leaning on the bulwark near the gangway, watching.

At every moment he expected to see the squat figure of Gentleman Smith emerge from the shadow of the brown woods and approach the gate. Dick Rodney was with him—silent! There was nothing he could say—nothing he could do. The chums could only wait.

"Drake!" It was Vernon Daubeny's voice at Jack's ear. "You—you know I've done my best. You—you won't—"

"Leave me alone!"

"But you won't—"

"No, I won't!" growled Drake. "It won't do me any good; I'm not going to mention you, you cringing cad! Now leave me alone!"

And Vernon Daubeny, in great relief, left him.

Drake, with a clouded brow, watched the landing-place. Tuckey Toodles came rolling along to the gangway.

"Rely on me, old top!" he whispered, as he passed Drake.

"Fathead!"

Toodles strolled along the gangway, halfway to the gate on the bank, and sat down on the low parapet. He too was watching.

Drake caught Rodney's arm suddenly.

"There he is!"

A squat figure appeared from the path through the woods and came along by the football ground. The juniors recognised Gentleman Smith, of the Lobster Pot, with his bowler hat a little sideways, and a black cheroot stuck in the corner of his mouth.

Coote, the porter, stared at the sharper, as he came up to the gate.

But Coote had evidently had his instructions for he admitted that remarkable visitor without question.

Mr. Smith lounged through the gate and came along the gangway, with a grin on his red face, as he caught a hundred pairs of eyes turned upon him from the Benbow.

"Smith of the Lobster Pot!" murmured Pierce Raik. "I say, Drake, there's a visitor for you."

"Or for Daub!" grinned Sawyer major.

"There's goin' to be a row!"

All eyes were fixed on the bookmaker as he came on. Tuckey Toodles rose from his resting place on the low rail by the side of the permanent gangway.

He started running towards the gate.

Apparently the grubby junior did not see Mr. Smith, for he was charging straight at him like a bull at a gate.

"Ere, look where you're going!" ejaculated Smith.

But the warning came too late; or perhaps the astute Toodles did not choose to look where he was going.

He came at the bookmaker like a bull, lowering his head to the charge.

Crash!

Tuckey Toodles was not a lightweight. His bullet head, with his very considerable weight behind, smote Mr. Smith upon his ample and highly-coloured waistcoat.

Gentleman Smith staggered away.

The back of his legs came in sudden contact with the low parapet, and he fell heavily backwards over it.

Splash!

"On! My hat!" gasped Drake blankly.

There was a yell of laughter from the crowded deck of the old warship.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Goal!"

"Well hit, Toodles! Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Smith had fallen on his back where the water was shallow. He came up in two feet of water, streaming, drenched, and thick with mud. His fat red face was coated with it, and unrecognisable. And the sounds that proceeded from him were scarcely human.

"Groogh! Hooh—hooh—goooog! Gug-gooog!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tuckey grinned at him from above. "Sorry, old top! Did I run into you?"

"Grooooooogh!"

Gentleman Smith scrambled wildly through the mud. He could not reach to the gangway, and he had to scramble ashore. But there was a good distance of shallows and mud between him and the solid bank. He scrambled and squelched and swore. Loud yells of laughter and shouts of encouragement followed him from the Benbow.

It was five minutes before Mr. Smith clambered through mud and rushes, at last, and sank down breathless on the bank.

He sat there for some minutes, spitting out mud and ooze, and uttering a string of savage oaths. When he staggered to his feet at last, he did not come towards the gates again. At that moment Mr. Smith was more in need of a bath and a change than

of anything else. He shook a furious fist at the grinning faces on the ship, and tramped away.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the juniors.

To Pierce Raik and one or two others of his kidney the departure of Gentleman Smith was very disappointing, for nothing would have pleased them better than a full-sized row with others as the victims. But the three "Bucks" of the Shell watched his going with sighs of relief.

"Thank goodness the bounder's gone!" muttered Vernon Daubeny.

Judging others by his own standard, he had felt far from safe, notwithstanding the promise he had obtained from Jack Drake.

Tuckey Toodles came back on the Benbow, grinning. He gave his astonished study-mate a fat wink.

"Didn't I tell you to rely on me?" he grinned. "I'm the man, you know. Put your money on old Tuckey!"

"You—you—your ass!" gasped Drake, hardly knowing whether to be relieved or not. Tuckey's extraordinary "wheeze" had put off the evil hour, at least; and there was a chance—

"Toodles!" It was Mr. Packe's voice. "Go to the Head at once!"

"Oh, lor'!" gasped Tuckey.

And the triumphant grin faded from Tuckey's grubby features as—at a snail's pace—he made his reluctant way to the Head's study.

Don't miss "LIGHT AT LAST!" next Tuesday's splendid complete story of the boys of the Benbow!

RESULT OF TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION. No. 4.

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

MRS. A. McTIFFIN,
251, Cemetery Road,
Trealaw,
Rhondda, Glam.,

whose solution contained one error.

A Tuck Hamper has been awarded to each of the following twelve competitors, whose solutions came next in order of merit: Robert R. Thomas, Pen Coed Bach, Llysfaen, Colwyn Bay; Wm. G. Roas, 10, Blomfield Road, Maida Vale, London, W.9; John G. Dove, 9, Beighton Street, Sutton-in-Ashfield, Notts; Fredk. A. Gentry, 8, Whitehall Lane, Grays, Essex; J. Bewick, 15, Shakespeare Cres., Patricroft, Manchester; George Benson, 47, St. Michael's Road, Liverpool; J. S. Earnshaw, Cargo, Carlisle; Wm. Swanney, 47, Prince Regent Street, Leith; George Richardson, 17, Sydney Road, Hornsey, N.8; Richard Waring, 29, Mapperston Road, Bradford, Yorks; Henry Watt, c/o David Watt, 329a, Merry Street, Motherwell; Maude Jarrett, 13, Kerfield Cres., Camberwell, S.E.5.

CORRECT SOLUTION:

Dear Young People,—I must thank you for your complimentary letters about our Picture Puzzle, but I also want thousands of contributions to our silver shilling feature. If you hear of any good joke or come across anything that you think suitable for this paper, send it in. You will receive a shilling if your paragraph is published.

Yours sincerely,
HARRY WHARTON.

OUR PERSONAL COLUMN

(With acknowledgments to the Daily Newspapers)

By BOB CHERRY

The Head is suffering from Spanish flu.

Mr. Prout is suffering from German measles.

Mr. W. G. Bunter is suffering from the effects of Dutch cheese. (And Mr. Robert Cherry will shortly be suffering from the effects of a British knock-out!—Ed.)

A petition has been sent to Mr. Cecil Reginald Temple requesting him to make less noise. He is dressed far too loudly!

Mr. Gerald Loder complains that a great deal of profiteering is going on with regard to cigarettes. But he is unable to make his grievance public, for reasons best known to himself.

Mr. Horace Coker, in playing football for the Fifth, put the ball through his own goal, and thereby crippled his side's chances. The verdict was "Suicide during temporary insanity."

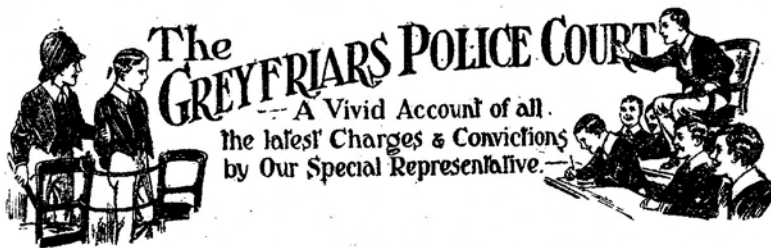
Uncle Clegg, who keeps a grocer's shop in the neighbourhood, says that although his name rhymes with "egg," he has a strong objection to being pelted with that commodity—especially when the egg resembles Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome."

Mr. William Gosling has been reprimanded by the Head for neglect of duty. Although he always appears to be sweeping the leaves, he sometimes leaves the sweepings!

When the aforesaid Mr. William Gosling is working on his allotment, it is difficult to tell whether he is a son of toil or a ton of soil!

Mr. Robert Cherry will shortly enter the Home for Faded Journalists. Mr. Cherry has endured the strain of writing the "Personal Column" for many moons. (And if he talks such silly rot he'll soon see stars!—Ed.)

Mr. Harry Wharton continues to edit "The Greyfriars Herald," and, amazing to relate, the circulation is going up!



The GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

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

Owing to the absence, through an attack of whooping-cough, of Mr. Justice Wharton, the latter's seat on the Bench was taken this week by Mr. H. Vernon-Smith.

The court was thronged with fashionably dressed schoolboys, who cheered loudly on the arrival of the prisoners.

Rough on Temple.

Quite a sensation was caused by the first case, in which Mr. Peter Todd, of "Freakville," Remove Passage, sued Mr. Cecil Reginald Temple, the eminent swanker, for breach of promise.

Magistrate: What did he promise?

Mr. Todd: He promised me six doughnuts if the Remove licked the Upper Fourth at footer, and he hasn't paid up.

Magistrate: So the promise was merely a scrap of paper, eh?

Mr. Todd: Yes. It resembled your face, your worship.

Magistrate: Resembled my face! What do you mean?

Mr. Todd: Because it was like a pie-crust! (Loud laughter.)

Magistrate: I refuse to stand—

Mr. Temple (hurling a cushion at his worship): Sit down, then! (Loud and prolonged laughter, as the magistrate turned a back-somersault over the Bench.)

Order having been restored by the Court Usher, the magistrate resumed his seat—likewise his wig, which had fallen off during his acrobatic feat.

Magistrate: I will see that you are brought up at the next Woodshed Assizes, Mr. Temple, for contempt of Court!

Mr. Temple: Bow-wow!

Magistrate: Do you intend to hand over the six doughnuts to Mr. Todd?

Mr. Temple: Dashed if I do!

Magistrate: Then he is hereby authorised to hand over to you six thick ears!

Mr. Todd: He's only got two, your worship!

Magistrate: Very well. Give him two thick ears now, and the remainder on the instalment system!

The two thick ears were duly awarded, and Mr. Temple left the Court on a stretcher.

Damages for Bunter!

William George Bunter, who appears in the dock almost as regularly as he feeds, was charged with borrowing, without the permission, consent, or knowledge of the owner, a bicycle, the property of Mr. S. Q. I. Field.

Mr. R. Cherry, K.C., who outlined the case for the prosecution, said that the citizens of Greyfriars were fed-up with prisoner's "winning" ways. "The bicycle in question" said Mr. Cherry "was truly a magnificent one. It was manufactured by the Break-neck Bicycle Company, of Spooing-

ton, and possessed a three-speed gear, an oil-bath, and a chicken-catcher. Such a bicycle, your worship, could not have cost a penny less than half-a-crown! It was a triumph of modern invention."

Magistrate: Where is it now?

Mr. Cherry: It was collected this morning by an itinerant vendor of ancient iron. (Laughter.)

Magistrate: Was the prisoner responsible for smashing it up?

Mr. Cherry: Yes, your worship. It clearly stated on the machine that the load was not to exceed two tons.

Mr. Harold Skinner, K.C., C.A.D., for the defence, described the bicycle as an old crock, which would have disgraced any respectable dust-heap.

"It was more like an old-fashioned sewing-machine than a bike," continued Mr. Skinner, amid laughter.

"The prisoner borrowed it in order to take it out of the way. It was an eyesore to Greyfriars."

Mr. Field (indignantly): That bike was a treasure!

Mr. Skinner: And the prisoner tried to convert it into a hidden treasure! (Laughter.)

His worship, summing up, said that the jury must take into consideration the past record of the prisoner. "Is that past record a good one? No! Does it bear close scrutiny? No! Does the prisoner deserve to get it in the neck? No—I mean, yes!" (Loud laughter.)

The jury, without retiring, sang out a verdict of "Guilty!"

Magistrate: Prisoner will be awarded damages—

Mr. Field (interrupting): What awful cheek! I'm the fellow who ought to get damages!

Magistrate: I mean damages to his person!

Mr. Field: That's better! You're not quite such a silly ass as you look!

Damages were duly awarded to the prisoner. The foreman of the jury wielded the cricket stump.

REPORTS IN BRIEF.

Three disorderly youths—Richard Nugent, George Tubb, and George Alfred Gatty—were charged with obstruction. P.-c. Johnny Bull gave evidence to the effect that they were playing marbles in the Remove passage. The magistrate bound the trio over to be of good behaviour for five minutes.

Percy Bolsover, a hulking lout of prize-fighting appearance, was charged with doing grievous Toddily harm to Alonzo Todd by punching him on the nose. Prisoner, in a thick voice, pleaded "Not guilty." The magistrate remarked that this was a bad case, and prisoner was bound over—and given six strokes with an ash-plant!

THE RED MAN'S TRAIL

(Continued from page 14.)

plain, sitting his fast-travelling grey as though he were sitting in an arm-chair, and chatting as they raced along.

But all the time Buck Dixie was steering his way across the great, undulating expanse as surely as an experienced pilot steers over a sea that is familiar to him.

He was following the true line of country that would lead the ponies towards a high ridge in the prairie, which was nearly twenty miles away. This ridge was imperceptible in this great expanse, but on the far side of it the grass improved from the rough buffalo-grass of the prairie, and the plain was broken and watered by many springs and cut up by numerous clumps of bushes.

For the Indian ponies this patch of country was the Promised Land.

"It will take the Redskins a long time to round up that bunch again, Kit," said he, "and by the time they have got their ponies again, and are ready to renew their attack on your friends, the help I promised them will have arrived. Then there will be a day of reckoning with the Navajoes.

Kit could hardly realise that they were travelling uphill all the time. But just before the dawn he felt a new freshness in the air, and noticed a fresh wind on his face.

A faint greyness was showing in the east, against which Buck Dixie's profile showed in a clear silhouette.

Kit glanced at him wonderingly. The scout in his Indian dress looked the very picture of a Redskin brave. He rode like an Indian, and drove the grey forward with Indian words, not of encouragement but of abuse, since a Redskin has no other language for his mount, which in its turn understands no other words.

"We are two thousand feet above the level of the spot where we started," announced Buck Dixie, "and we are over the top of the ridge. Now mark you how these nags will travel when they smell the grass and the water in the valley below."

With a wild yell Buck urged the grey onward, and Starlight started to travel at his best pace.

The herd swept forward, neighing and whinnying as, down the long slope of the prairie, they travelled at whirlwind speed.

The dawn was coming fast now. Kit could see a huge plain, dotted with bushes and clumps of trees, which lay out like a map below them.

Buck pointed to a wide, shallow river that gleamed in the mistiness below.

"That is where we have got to get," said he laconically, "before Eagle of the Red Claw and his posse reach the crest of the ridge. And they are coming up fast behind us!"

And, stooping low on his horse's neck, he looked round behind at the ridge over which they had come, which now stood out boldly in the grey light of the dawn.

Another long instalment of this exciting serial next week. Order in advance, and oblige your Editor by giving this copy, when you have finished with it, to a non-reader chum.

OUR SILVER SHILLING FEATURE

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

Informing!

It was a dark, stormy night when a belated traveller in a lonely country district found himself entirely at a loss as to his locality. He wandered aimlessly for some time, until at last he came across a signpost. As he was unable to distinguish what was on it from the ground he climbed the post. Then he read the words: "WET PAINT!"—Sent in by H. Stanford, 11, Cranworth Road, Pitsmoor, Sheffield.

Profiteering!

Magistrate: For your last offence I fined you seven shillings; this time I shall fine you twenty shillings.

Prisoner: 'Ere, I shall report this case to our local committee! That's what I calls profiteering, m'lud!—Sent in by C. G. Dawes, 35, Harlow Road, Lidget Green, Bradford.

Clever Lad!

"My boy," said the benevolent stranger, "what is that on the river?"
"A cruiser."

"And what are those people on deck?"

"Crew, sir."

"And what makes it go, my son?"

"Screw, sir."

"Smart boy! Where do you come from?"

"Crewe, sir!"—Sent in by G. Woods, 2, Poplar Grove, Dingle, Liverpool.

BLESS HIS SOLE!



KIND LADY: "Here's a pair of boots my good man; but they will need repairing."

FED-UP FREDDY: "Gimme five bob to get 'em mended, mum, an' you can keep the boots."

Floored!

Host (a trifle nervous about the effect of his guest's wooden leg upon the polished floor): Hadn't you better come on the rug, corporal? You might slip, you know?"

Guest: Oh, I'm all right, thanks. I've got a nail in the end of it!—Sent in by K. Wheeler, 6, De la Pole Avenue, Anlaby Road, Hull.

A New Table!

Two pints one quart;
Two quarts one gallon;
One gallon one quarrel;
Two quarrels one fight;
One fight two policemen;
Two policemen one magistrate;
One magistrate—two months!—
Sent in by Jack Hall, 248, Beacon Street, Lichfield, Hull.

Hold Hard!

Bob: What is that which you can hold in your right hand but cannot hold in your left hand?

Rob: Give it up!

Bob: Your left elbow!—Sent in by E. Caunt, 37, Henrietta Street, Bulwell, Nottingham.

HE WANTED A MATCH!



FIRST: "Light mate?"

SECOND: "No, it's jolly heavy!"

Please Oblige!

"Dear Teacher," wrote little Johnny's mother,—"Kindly excuse my boy's absence from school yesterday, as he fell in the mud. By doing the same you will oblige his mother."—Sent in by J. M. Greal, 57, Haverstock Road, London, E.C.5.

Naturally!

Binks: Here's a riddle, old chap. A man going to his work went over a bridge, and coming back he went under a bridge. What was his name?

Jinks: Too hard for me! Give it up!

Binks: Well, the man's name was Murphy.

Jinks: Why, how d'you make that out?

Binks: Because, chump, his father's name was Murphy!—Sent in by S. Taylor, 188, Willows, Lane, Bolton, Lancs.

A Facer!

First Detective: Strange that I didn't recognise him. I thought I should know him in any disguise.

Second Detective: But when he was caught he had no disguise.

First Detective: Ah, that accounts for it!—Sent in by C. Simpson, 7, Bathley Terrace, Bathley Street, Nottingham.

OUR FOOTBALL COLUMN

Conducted by Our Sports Editor
H. VERNON-SMITH

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In the olden days I used to write this column myself, but there are now dozens of people falling over each other to write it for me. This week's report is from the pen of Bolshevik major—I beg pardon!—Bolsover major.—H.W.

HARRY WHARTON'S XI v. VERNON-SMITH'S XI.

By Percy Bolsover.

THIS match was played on Little Side, on Wednesday, and I was duly appointed referee.

I wanted Smithy's side to win, of course—not only because I hate that prig Wharton, but because I foresaw the possibility of a free feed in Smithy's study if his side proved victorious.

Straight from the kick-off Wharton's men attacked, and Wharton himself crashed the ball into the net.

"Goal!" shouted the crowd.

"Nonsense!" I retorted. "Wharton was offside!"

"Look here——" protested Wharton.

"Keep your rat-trap closed!" I said sternly. "I'm refereeing this match!"

"My hat!"

Five minutes later, after another hot attack by Wharton's forward line, Frank Nugent netted the ball.

"P'raps you'll say that wasn't a goal, Bolsover?" sneered Wharton.

"It wasn't!" I said.

"What!"

"I didn't happen to be looking," I said. "Therefore I refuse to grant a goal."

There was a great outcry, of course, but I stuck to my guns. And then Vernon-Smith's team took up the running, and Smithy himself scored with a ripping shot.

"Goal!" I chortled joyfully.

At half-time Smithy's team led by a goal to nothing, though in reality they ought to have been behind.

In the second half Wharton scored three goals, and I disallowed the lot. I had an excuse each time, of course.

When I blew the final whistle I could have danced a jazz in my delight.

Smithy's team had won, and I capered up to Smithy in great glee.

"A splendid victory, old chap," I said—"thanks to me!"

Smithy made no reply to this.

"I suppose you're going to treat me for helping you to win?" I ventured.

"Yes," said Smithy grimly; "I'll treat you all right—to the bumping of your life! Give me a hand, you fellows!"

Then I was bumped till I ached all over.

There was certainly a great repast in Smithy's study that evening, but the writer of this article was otherwise engaged. He had been sentenced to an hour's hard labour in the bathroom, and he was still engaged in scraping the mud off his features when bedtime came.



The RED MAN'S TRAIL

A stirring serial story dealing with adventures amongst Redskins

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

Kit had no sense of fear as he crawled out from under the Redskin walls of Prairie Wolf's lodge, close behind Buck Dixie.

He knew that, though surrounded by enemies, he had here a companion who was a match for any Redskin in cunning, and more than a match for any Redskin in courage.

The scout rose in the darkness before the boy like a shadow, and, with a soft, padding, noiseless step, made his way through the irregular rows of the ledges in the Redskin encampment, walking as though he were familiar with every row of tents as a town-dweller is familiar with his own town.

Many of the Redskins were sleeping, but from some of the tents came the sound of deep, guttural voices which told that many of the braves were yet stirring, and were whiling away the night after the true Redskin fashion, in smoking and talking.

Kit kept close behind that shadowy figure as Buck Dixie strode rapidly through the camp. He noted that the assumed walk of the scout was perfection itself. It was the true Redskin gait—the gait of an habitual rider of horses.

No one challenged them as they made their way through the camp.

Some of the Redskins who were crouched about the red embers of their fires grunted some sort of a greeting to Buck as he passed them.

It was not till they had reached the outskirts of the camp that Buck Dixie made a sign of caution to his young companion.

They were approaching the horse-lines, where the Indian ponies were tethered to long picket-ropes of raw hide. These were dozing, having long ago finished their scanty allowance of parched corn.

But the sentinel in charge of the horse-lines was wide awake, for the Redskin trusts no one where horse-flesh is concerned, not even the members of his own tribe.

There was a low hissing sound in the darkness, and one or two of the ponies started and pulled at their rope halters restlessly, for no Indian pony likes the sound of hissing, all being too well aware of the danger of the deadly rattlesnake.

But the hissing was the challenge of a human being.

A Redskin sentry rose in the darkness before them, swiftly and silently as a shadow.

Buck Dixie answered him with a hiss that was apparently a code, for the sentinel advanced without suspicion.

Kit could see him glance up at the stars, which are the Red Man's clock, and understood that Buck was intimating his relief. Then, as he saw Kit following close at the heels of the supposed Redskin, he grew suspicious, and came to a standstill.

But with a spring like a leopard Buck Dixie was upon him.

The Redskin was not even allowed breath to shout. Kit looked on astonished at the quietness and suddenness of it all. There was no sound as the sentry was borne to the ground. He was not even allowed to fall.

In the gloom it seemed as though Buck Dixie had caught the man in his arms and had gently lowered him to the ground.

But when the famous scout rose, the Redskin lay there neatly bound, gagged and helpless. It was more like a conjuring-trick than the attack of a man on a man, so quiet and neat and deft was every movement.

Then Buck Dixie handed Kit a sharp bowie-knife, and signed to him to follow his example.

He slashed through the long raw-hide picket-ropes, and the long lines of ponies stood there, as yet unconscious that they were freed.

A few of them snuffled the air doubtfully.

Their instincts told them that they

could scent the Paleface, but luckily the Navajo clothing that the two were wearing confused the scent of the ponies. Otherwise they would have given the alarm by their neighing.

There were over five hundred ponies in this bunch, and these were not hobbled as they would have been in an Indian encampment in peacetime, where they would be allowed to range over the mile or two of country about the camp to pick up their grazing.

The Redskins had learned a few tricks from the United States cavalry who fought against them, and now when on the war-path most of the ponies were fed on war rations of parched corn, and were kept ready in the immediate vicinity of the camp.

And it was Buck Dixie's intention to stampede this bunch, so that at least five hundred of the Redskin warriors should be left dismounted when his time came to strike.

Soon all the long picket-ropes were cut. But the ponies stood there in their lines, unconscious that they were free.

All stood steady till Buck Dixie gave a long, low whistle.

This was answered not by human beings, but by a creature more intelligent than many human beings, and with a heart as good as any.

There was a quick thud of powerful hoofs on the soft, springy turf, and Starlight, Buck's powerful black charger, came trotting up to his master, resting his muzzle lightly on Buck's shoulder.

Buck Dixie patted the velvet soft nose of his horse, and swung himself into his saddle.

"Jump up behind, youngster," he whispered. "Starlight with two on his back is better than any one of these Indian rattletraps with one rider."

Kit swung himself up behind the scout. Then Starlight, who seemed to know exactly what he was about, curvetted amongst the pony-lines, bustling the ponies just as a London mounted policeman gently shepherds a crowd.

Soon the whole mob of ponies were on the move, astonished, doubtless, to find that they were free of their pickets. And like master like horse, these were savage and untrained creatures who would not move without a leader.

They seemed to realise that in Starlight they had a leader of their own kind, for they closed about him in a

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, but is rescued by an old chief, who turns out to be none other than Buck Dixie, the scout, in disguise!

great dark, moving mass, and as he quickened his pace they broke into a trot.

Starlight increased his pace, heading out into the blank space of the prairie. And the padding of the unshod hoofs of the five hundred odd ponies increased to a thundering sound as they streamed out of camp behind him as the rats streamed behind the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

They pulled away from their severed picket-ropes by the score, and came galloping on in the wake of that great, powerful horse which, with its two riders, was lengthening its stride and beginning to travel at a high speed.

The movement became a race as the last ponies got off from the picket-lines, and the race became a stampede.

There were few Redskin sentries on this side of the camp, which did not face the beleaguered ring of waggons.

Only one showed in the darkness against the skyline, and he, when he saw this great charge of riderless ponies coming in his direction, ran like the wind to clear them, shouting with fear.

Buck Dixie chuckled as he reined in Starlight lightly.

"Steady, old nag!" he exclaimed. "You are making the pace too hot for these Redskin screws. We don't want to leave them all behind. Give the rear a chance to close up."

Starlight seemed to understand his master's words, for he slackened his speed slightly.

Buck Dixie turned in his saddle and looked over his shoulder.

They were passing over a higher patch of the prairie-land now, and were out of the low-lying ground-mist which enshrouded the two camps.

Behind him, by the faint light in the sky, he could see the great drove of ponies, all well on the move, snorting and sweating with some strange fear of nervousness which the coming of Starlight seemed to have aroused in them.

"It's a stampede! A stampede, right enough!" he cried exultantly, so that Kit should hear him over that thundering roar of two thousand hoof-beats. "Wait a minute, Kit, and you will hear something from the Redskins directly."

And Buck Dixie was not far off the mark.

From the Redskin camp came a distant howling. They had rushed out of the tents that were nearest to the pony-lines, only to find their sentry gagged and bound, and the last of their ponies racing out of the empty lines.

And when they had flourished their torches over the fallen Indian sentry, their yell of dismay deepened to a whoop of anger and execration.

For there, painted on the forehead of the bound sentry, in vermilion paint that was yet wet, was a trademark which they had learned to fear.

It was just a circle and a dot—Buck Dixie's own private mark, that was branded on all his cattle and on all his belongings on the ranch where he spent his days of peace. The sign of the Circle Dot Ranch was well-known to all cowboys and cattle-punchers as Buck Dixie's brand, and it stood for fair dealing and good stock.

But to the Red Indian it possessed another significance. To these the "circle dot" was a sign of dread. It found its way into their very camps when they least expected it. They discovered it cut in the turf on the prairie, and painted on the rocks of the rattler-infested canyons. And always the "circle-dot" to them was a sign of retribution or misfortune.

But their yells were drowned in other yells from other quarters of the camp where ponies were picketed.

The half-wild, half-broken ponies had heard the stampeding of their friends, and were tugging and snatching at their picket-ropes wildly. The stampede was spreading.

Buck Dixie knew well the habit

rope will not stand the pull of fifty maddened ponies, rearing, kicking, biting and squealing.

So up came the picket-ropes, snapping like pack-threads. Isolated ponies tethered to the tent-pegs of their owners tore away pegs and tents. Screams and yells went up from the town of lodges as maddened ponies galloped through the ways between the tents, all intent on joining in that mad race out on the prairie.

Tents were overturned in the confusion; fires were scattered under thundering hoofs. Redskins were bowled over like ninepins as they tried to stay the rush of their nags.

The Redskin camp in a few minutes was in a pandemonium, for the Great



"That is where we have to get!" said Buck laconically. "Before Eagle of the Red Claw and his posse reach the crest of the ridge. And they are coming up fast behind us!"

of mind of the Red Man's pony, just as he knew the habit of the Red Man himself.

These half-wild breeds, descendants of the earliest horses imported by the Spaniards into America, had been accustomed to run wild in herds for centuries, always running together for mutual protection against the wolves and other wild beasts.

Therefore the instinct of the Indian pony is always to get together when some danger, real or fancied, threatens.

The ponies in the other horse-lines had heard that thunder of hoofs out on the prairie. They knew well enough that the main body of their companions were off, and at once they struggled to break free to join them.

And the stoutest raw-hide picket-

Running was taking place.

But it was not the Running that the chiefs had spoken of in the council lodge when Kit had stood before them a prisoner. It was not the running of one helpless prisoner, baited to death by the nails and knives of a thousand vindictive savages.

Buck Dixie had looked to that.

The running was the stampede of over a thousand ponies.

When Starlight had trotted into the horse-lines, in obedience to his master's call, there had been roughly speaking seventeen hundred horses and ponies in the encampment of the Navajos.

But before Starlight, with his double load, had crossed a mile of the prairie grass, twelve hundred of these half-broken steeds had made their

escape and were streaming across the dark prairie at breakneck speed driven by a panic that they could not understand, their one effort being to overhaul the main body of riderless ponies, which was clustering round Starlight as he raced on through the starlit night.

The Redskins were paralysed.

They realised swiftly enough what had happened when they saw that vermilion circle dot shining on the forehead of their bound and gagged sentry.

Buck Dixie had crept upon them in the night, and, single-handed and alone, had demobilised them, leaving them almost helpless on the wide prairies, for a Redskin without a horse is almost as helpless as a ship without a rudder.

In a few minutes two-thirds of their horses had been snatched from them in a wild stampede. These could not be recovered in less than forty-eight hours, if they could be recovered at all.

The yells and whoops died down, and a silence fell upon the camp as this crushing blow was gradually realised.

Buck Dixie had stunned and had paralysed the enemy.

No one dreamed of looking into that closed deerskin lodge where Prairie Wolf lay gagged and bound to his tent-pole.

But the old Redskin warrior knew well enough what had happened. "Buk Diksee" had stopped his mouth, but he had not stopped his ears.

And perhaps some of Prairie Wolf's fellow war chiefs would not have felt flattered if they could have heard that ancient warrior laughing behind his gag.

"Wah!" chuckled Prairie Wolf. "Behold, Buk Diksee has smitten these dull-heads! Did I not warn them to quadruple the horse-sentries when he was about in this country? I, Prairie Wolf, have spoken! But they took no heed of the old man. Ho! Cunning as the snake is he! He has stampeded the ponies, and now our force is divided. Half our warriors will be chasing the ponies of the other half, and there will be no attack on the camp of the Palefaces. And even so did Laughing Cloud when the Navajos warred against the Soshones. He, too, stampeded their ponies. Verily, verily, were this Buk Diksee not a Paleface I could almost love him! For his works are the works of the great Laughing Cloud, greatest of all the Red Men! His voice is the voice of Laughing Cloud. And where Buk Diksee moves there shall be no rest for the Red Man! I have spoken!"

The Race for Safety!

OLD Prairie Wolf, gagged and bound in his lodge, had grasped the situation accurately.

Soon the stunned Redskins were galvanised by the shouts and orders of their war chiefs.

All the ponies they had been able to stop were to be assembled in the camp, and immediate chase was to be given to the runaways and to Buck Dixie.

But precious minutes were lost be-

fore these orders could be executed. Superb horsemen were these Redskins, but even the best of horsemen cannot manage restive and frightened mounts. And the devil seemed to have entered into every Redskin pony in the camp.

Those who had not been able to break from their hobbles and pickets were snorting and kicking and screaming, longing to get away in the trail of the stampede.

Over a quarter of an hour passed before Eagle of the Red Claw, his brow black as thunder, had managed to assemble a party of braves to go in chase of the fugitives.

And the Redskin chief knew well that a stern chase is a long chase. His men must carry water and provisions. There would be no trouble about picking up the trail. The ponies were mad to follow the stampede. They were all sweating and lathering with fright and their eagerness to get off. They would keep the trail through the darkness, and in the dawn those thousands of stampeding hoofs would have left a track across the prairie as plain as a road.

But the best of the ponies had gone. Apart from a few fleet horses which were the property of the war chiefs every steed which had escaped from camp was a better mount than those that were left.

The hated "Buk Diksee" had taken the pick of the lot in that first mad race.

And already some miles away, Buck Dixie, with Kit hanging behind him as they raced through the darkness was reading with absolute clearness what was going on in the camp of the enemy.

It was characteristic of this remarkable scout that he always read what was passing in the brains of his enemy as though he were reading a printed book.

"They are having a lot of trouble getting their mounts together to chase us, Kit," said he. "So we get off with a five-mile start, and a five-mile start in a horse-race takes a lot of pulling down. It's the chiefs that we'll have to reckon with. They are better mounted than the rest, and they will leave the braves behind. But we are well away now, Kit, and I'll find you a mount out of this bunch."

Buck Dixie seemed to be able to see in the dark, like a cat.

He watched amongst the crowd of galloping horses that surged around Starlight as that mighty steed raced over the dark prairie, and, with a slight pressure of his knee, urged him sideways through the leaders of the stampede.

Soon they were alongside a horse which was apparently the leader of the Indian mob.

This was a powerful flea-bitten grey, with a strain of better blood than the average of the Redskin horseflesh.

And Kit sat behind his companion, spellbound in wonderment.

He knew very well that in this darkness and confusion Buck Dixie had selected the best horse out of that maddened thousand which were pounding at Starlight's heels, with the same unerring judgment that he would have

displayed had he been seated in the ring at a horse-show.

Soon he had brought Starlight alongside the Indian steed, and the two raced along neck and neck.

Then Buck Dixie reached out his hand and touched the mane of the Indian horse, fondling it as they raced, and talking to it in the Navajo tongue.

"It's tricky work, changing horses at this speed, with that crowd charging behind," said he. "I am going to leave Starlight to take care of you, Master Kit, and when I've talked to the Redskin plug a little longer, and have got his confidence, I'll jump him."

The riderless horse seemed to understand what Buck was saying to him as the two horses raced along side by side, gradually drawing ahead of the stampede.

"There!" exclaimed Buck Dixie, with great satisfaction. "I knew I had made no mistake. There are two horses in this mob that can beat all the rest. The one is old Starlight, and the other is this grey. Now I am going to jump him. Let go of my belt. Sit tight!"

Kit did as he was bidden. He clung to the back of Buck's saddle as, with a jump, the scout rose and stood like an acrobatic circus-rider in the saddle itself for a second.

Then, with a quick jump, Buck Dixie landed astride of the racing grey.

It reared up, but in an instant he had it in hand.

Kit slipped forward into Starlight's saddle, and the two rode knee to knee, leading the thundering, riderless host by a dozen lengths.

Buck Dixie chuckled when the change of horses had been made.

"That will take a bit of weight off Starlight," he cried. "You are a featherweight, and the dawn will find him ready to race for his life! And he'll make the pace for this grey. I learned that trick from a Cossack in a circus," he added. "Give him a screw of tobacco and a packet of tallow candles to teach it me."

But the lightening of his load made no difference to Starlight. He galloped along at the same steady rate, adjusting his speed to a nicety to bring along the huge crowd of madly galloping ponies.

And he kept close alongside the Indian grey on which his master was riding as they tore over the dark desert neck and neck.

All sorts of wild things rose before them, surriving away right and left into the darkness.

There were prairie dogs and jackass rabbits, the prairie hare, which at the sound of the oncoming stampede raced away like shadows.

A coyote, surprised in his slumbers, leaped up from under Starlight's feet, and, with his brush between his legs, shot away into the darkness at forty miles an hour.

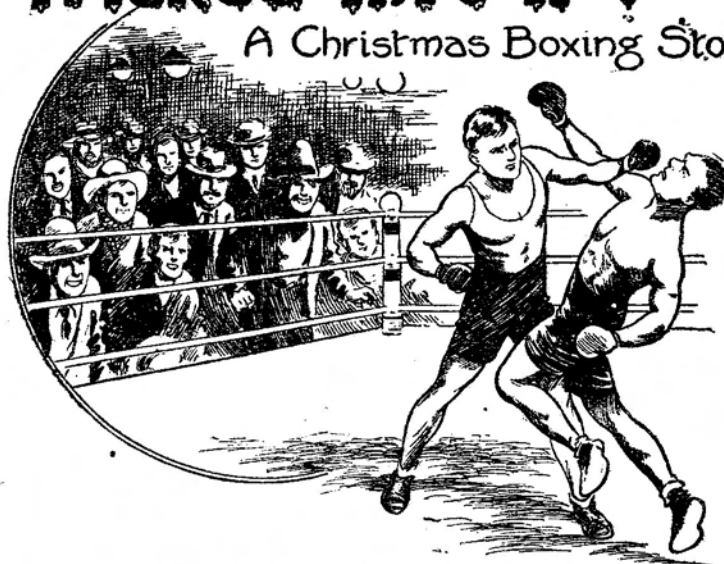
"They don't know what to make of it, Kit," said Buck Dixie, laughing. "They think, doubtless, that it is a prairie fire."

Buck Dixie seemed to be riding hazard across the great, shadowy

(Continued on page 10, Col. 3.)

Tricked Into It!

A Christmas Boxing Story



Specially Contributed by **Mr. LARRY LASCELLES**
(Greyfriars' Maths. Master)

"WRITIN' home, son?" asked old Zach Evans, the night-watchman of Ferguson's Mills, who shared a room at Taylor's boarding house, High Bluff, with Jack Lawrence.

"Yes, to my mother in England," Jack answered. "I want her to get my Christmas letter in time." He sighed a little, and stared absently through the bedroom window, out on to the snow-covered street.

It was a Christmassy scene, for people clad in furs were walking along the frostbound sidewalks, their breath smoking in the tangy air. Stores were brightly lit. Occasionally sleigh-bells jingled as teams trotted briskly by, driven by warmly-clad farmers and ranchers who had come into town to make their week-end purchases. A winter Saturday evening in a Western Canadian town is always picturesque.

"What's worryin' ye, son?" asked old Zach kindly.

"Oh, nothing," said Jack. "Yes, there is," he corrected himself. "As a matter of fact, I was thinking this is the first Christmas I've never been able to send the mater a decent present, that's all. My first Christmas in Canada, too," he added sadly.

"Guess ye think a heap o' your mother," said Zach. "I had a son once, who thought the world of his mother, too, but he died."

"Yes," said Jack simply. "She's alone, back there in England. I came out here because I thought I'd be able to do better for her: get a farm going, and have her out here soon. At present, though, after eight months in Canada, I'm worth exactly thirty-five cents, after paying my board-bill."

"You'd ought to have stayed on a farm for the winter," said Zach. "These town jobs ain't worth shucks. Anyhow, on a farm, there's steady

bed an' board an' a dollar or two over an' above."

"I did arrange to stay with Jeff Townsend, but—well, he said something to me I couldn't stand, and I knocked him down," said Jack.

Old Zach was very interested.

"Say, you knocked Jeff Townsend down?" he repeated. "Waal, that's the first I ever heard of it. An' didn't Jeff smash you up? You must sure have some punch to do it."

"I used to fancy myself a bit with the gloves at school," said Jack modestly. "And I'm pretty hefty for my age."

"Waal, that beats the band! Why, then, you've got a chance to make twenty-five real good dollars, boy, if ye're that sort of a scrapper. I s'pose ye know as Tom Grierson's come up here to-day from Regina?"

"Who's Tom Grierson?" asked Jack.

"A feller as comes round here twice a year with his party o' boxin' men," Zach informed him. "Don't ye ever read the 'High Bluff Echo'? It tells all about it in this week's number. This time he's bringin' a new find of his—calls him a buddin' light-weight champion of Canada. He may be—a lad of twenty, s'posed to be a marvel with the gloves. He challenges anybody near his weight to take him on. His name's Kid Walsh. There's a purse of twenty-five of the best for the man as can put him out. Nothin' for the trier to put up. It's your chance, boy."

Jack looked at him, smiled, and shook his head.

"I've not come to that yet, Zach," he said. "Why, what would the mater say if she thought her Christmas present were bought out of her son's winnings in a boxing ring? She's a dear lady, with a horror of such things as boxing matches—bless

her! And all that supposing I won, which wouldn't be likely."

"Well," said the old man, "dollars is dollars, no matter how ye gets 'em, so long as they're got honest. That's my opinion."

He went out to take up his night's duties, and Jack continued the writing of his Christmas letter. In it he tried to be as cheerful as possible, for he did not want the good lady, his mother, to expect that his path was strewn with as many thorns as had up to the present beset it. But as he finished the epistle, and sealed it up in its envelope, he looked again out of the window, and sighed again, and thought about those twenty-five dollars that were to be won that night, and thought also of a fine mink-skin muff that Price's store had for sale, its cost being exactly the same amount.

Then he went out to post his letter. Before he got to the post-office, he was attracted by a small crowd of people, who were gathering outside the building, which was the office and printing works of the "High Bluff Echo," the small, double-sheeted journal that, weekly, devoted itself to the affairs of the district.

In the window was a printed notice. It announced that two hundred dollars reward would be paid to anybody who could give information that would lead to the recovery of a valuable diamond necklace, the property of Mrs. Westlake, of Winnipeg, who was at present staying at the Arlington Hotel, High Bluff. As Jack had heard earlier in the day that the trinket had been stolen from the lady's bedroom, he was not surprised that a reward should now be offered for its recovery. Perhaps he wished it could be his good fortune to be the man who had the necessary information to give. Mrs. Westlake, he knew, was the wife of a wealthy cattle and wheat buyer. He had noticed her once or twice during her stay in the town.

Jack stepped back from the window. His foot trod heavily on something. Before he could turn round to apologise, he felt a stinging clout on the side of the head, and heard an impatient exclamation behind him.

"Here, dash it! cried Jack, rubbing his ear. "What the dickens do you think you're playing at?"

He turned to find himself confronting a man of about his own size, though somewhat older—a man with a clean-shaven face, a small nose, and a prominent, somewhat bluish-looking chin. This man was standing on one foot, whilst he rubbed his other on his leg.

"Clumsy fool!" said the stranger. "Why the blazes don't ye look wher yer goin', eh?"

Jack's fighting spirit arose at once. He was not the sort of fellow to take a great deal of insolence from anybody; had he been so, he might still have been working on Townsend's farm, instead of at Ferguson's saw-mills.

"Fool, eh?" he cried hotly. "Not so much of a fool, either, you—you cad! I'm sorry I trod on your toes, out—"

"I guess a lickin' would just about

do to put you in your place," said the stranger, grinning and rubbing his hands suggestively. "Yer've smashed my toes to pulp, an' ye've called me a cad. Waal, them's insults as no genelman can let pass!"

He looked threatening. "I'm quite willing to fight you," said Jack quickly, "if that's what you're after. But not here; it's too public."

"What about Ryan's implement shed to-night, at eight?" asked the apparently quarrelsome one. "That'll suit me right enough," said Jack promptly.

The quarrelsome one grinned, showing one or two broken teeth. "Oh, I'll be there," said Jack, flushing again. "By the way, what's your name?"

"Kid Walsh, very much at yer service," said the other, with a mocking bow. And Jack knew then that he had been tricked, for he remembered what old Zach had told him. Kid Walsh, whilst throwing out his challenge, was not above getting someone easy to show off with before to-night's spectators.

But there was no backing out of it now. He threw back his head, and laughed harshly.

"You worked it well, Walsh," he said. "But perhaps you'll not find me so easy as you think. I'll meet you all right, and if I beat you, as I mean to, by George! I'll claim those twenty-five dollars!"

"Guess yer can have 'em on that understandin'," grinned the boxer.

The crowd parted. Jack moved away, and continued his journey to the post-office. There, he took out the letter to his mother. But he did not post it. He eyed it thoughtfully.

"No," he murmured. "I won't post it until I know whether I'll be able or not to send that muff with it. I didn't want to box for money, but —" He felt his biceps. "You might get a Christmas present, after all, mater mine."

The light of battle was shining in his eyes, and his head was erect, his step was firm, as he returned to the boarding house. Later he went out again, went to the mills, and told old Zach all about it.

"Gosh, I'll be there to watch it," said the old man. "Someone else'll have to carry on for me here. I'm takin' a night off"

II.

AT eight o'clock, Ryan's implement warehouse was packed to the limit of its seating accommodation. It was a spacious hall for this night's purpose, and temporary seats had been provided.

A few minutes after eight, Tom Grierson rose and climbed into the ring. The audience applauded him. They had come determined to have the best possible sort of an evening's entertainment, and they listened good-humouredly while the proprietor of the boxing concern made his opening speech.

He introduced his boxers, five in number.

"An' here, gents," said Grierson, with a flourish, laying his hand on the shoulder of Kid Walsh, "this is

the light-weight marvel of the West. I've offered twenty-five bucks to any man under twenty, and a hundred and forty pounds weight as can beat him. I've had several offers, but the first one Kid'll meet will be Mister Jack Lawrence, of this burg."

The news had got about the town; that the meeting had been arranged; also the circumstances under which it had been brought about.

"As a secret, gents," Grierson continued, "I might as well tell ye as there's a bit of needle about this fight. Mr. Lawrence chose to pick a quarrel with Kid, an' Kid, bein' a business man as well as a comin' champ, suggested it should be fought out here in the ring, for the benefit of our patrons."

There was a stir at the back of the hall. Rather breathless, Jack Lawrence entered. He strode straight up to the ringside and hopped on to the boards.

"Sorry I'm late," he said to Kid Walsh. "Couldn't help it. As a matter of fact, I just had a tip about Mrs. Westlake's stolen necklace, and, whilst making inquiries, I forgot how the time was going."

He looked straight at Kid Walsh as he spoke. He saw that bruiser start ever so slightly. But he paid no further attention to him, and unbuttoned his heavy frieze coat, showing his boxing kit underneath it—shorts, singlet, and rubber-soled shoes.

Jack had plenty of offers from youths who were eager to second him. He selected two from the many, then, stripping off his heavy great-coat, took his corner of the ring. Walsh took his. Hands on knees, Jack leaned forward and scrutinised his opponent. He saw the Kid staring at him queerly, his lips moving; and Walsh was punching his glove together, occasionally trying the feel of them on his own face.

When the referee gave the word "Time!" there was a very resolute light burning in the Britisher's eyes. Jack jumped to his feet and hopped into the centre of the ring. Beneath his thin clothing the spectators could see that he was a well-built youngster, if still ungrown. He was light and springy on his feet. He held himself well.

It was the Kid who led off with a left-handed pass at his opponent's grim-looking face. Jack parried it, and countered with a heavy blow on Walsh's neck. It was not a severe blow, but it appeared to annoy the professional boxer. In retaliation he swung his right sharply at the Britisher's kidneys, but Jack dodged it neatly. Then the round became one of swift, whirlwind-like blows on the part of the professional, and excellent footwork done by Jack. Not once did the Kid get home anything like a crippling blow on the Briton's head or body.

When they took their corners at the end of the round, each boxer knew a great deal about the other's methods. And the spectators had quite come to the conclusion that they were going to see a very interesting and exciting fight before it was finished.

The second round was a bit different. It was Jack who did the pressing. He attacked strongly; in his

first rush he had the Kid well up against the ropes, and it was only by dealing a blow that made the referee—a citizen of High Bluff—shake his head doubtfully that he managed to get away. Jack succeeded in breaking most of the force of the heavy, low body-blow; but he gasped a little under what he'd received, then rushed again.

He got under Kid's guard, made a right-handed feint at his heart, then, swinging his left with the swiftness of light and the force of a pile-driver, got home nicely on Walsh's chin. The spectators heard Kid's teeth rattle together, also they heard Kid's grunt of surprise and annoyance.

Before the professional could recover, Jack was on him again, and sent a series of drumming blows in on the man's chest. Finally Walsh clinched and hung on to Jack's gloves.

"Break away!" called the referee. For the rest of the round Kid fought on his defence.

Jack was a bit blown when he took his corner; but it had been his round all the way, and he felt very elated with himself. The audience were delighted with the success of their fellow-citizen; and Tom Grierson was puffing hard at his cigar, frowning heavily as he did so.

Jack, however, was quite happy. Old Zach Evans was sitting close to him, in the front row. And Zach appeared to have some knowledge of ringcraft, for he carried on a conversation with his young friend over the ropes. Jack listened and digested most of his advice.

"Ye'll get that present for your marm," said Zach, nodding wisely, "if ye keep well in and attack him. You've shook him up some already. I like your style, and I'm beginning to think as the Kid's more of a tin-horn bluffer than a boxer."

"Time!" called the referee; and the two contestants again took the centre of the ring, and waded in once more.

This was a short round. It opened quietly, then Walsh gave a leap forward, and landed heavily on the Britisher's cheek-bone.

The blow felt odd to Jack. A sharp pain accompanied it. He instinctively put up a hand to the spot. Walsh hit again, and Jack went to the floor. But even though he did so, he managed to keep his eye on his opponent, and saw that Walsh's glove seemed to have burst. Then for a second his eyes were attracted to the floor of the ring.

There, in the very centre, probably unobserved by anybody else present, was lying something that glittered and shone in the overhead light.

Jack gave out a half-stifled cry, and lurched to his feet again. At that moment Walsh saw what was lying on the floor. He stooped hastily, as though to pick it up.

Jack placed his foot on the glittering object. Kid made a wild rush at him, his arms waving in a very unprofessional style. He appeared to have forgotten that he was still in the ring, fighting. His face was odd-looking above its bruises. His eyes were fixed on the stage all the time as he came at the Britisher. His

shoulder came into heavy contact with Jack's chest.

"Foul!" roared the spectators. "Play the game, Kid!" Jack thrust him away. But before he could strike another blow, Jack Lawrence, with the blood pouring from a deep cut on the cheek, went for him grimly, relentlessly.

It was a beautiful blow that finished the fight. It was one that fetched out yells of applause from those who saw it. It was a straight upper-cut, one so well timed and placed that it landed fairly under Kid Walsh's chin with the full weight of the Britisher under it. It jerked Walsh clean off his feet. There was a dull "chug!" as glove met jawbone. Then, a huddled heap, the professional went up against the ropes and half-way through them. One of his seconds, rising hastily to his feet, stopped him and pushed him back on to the boards. There Walsh rolled over on to his face and lay still and quiet, knocked clean out.

Jack did not pay much attention to the applause that filled the building. He stooped and picked up the glittering object, which he held up to the light. Then, as the seconds hopped into the ring to attend to Kid Walsh, the Britisher walked over to the man he had beaten and seized his gloved hand. Sure enough, at the back of the mitt, was a small gash. The glove had burst, and the horsehair stuffing was projecting.

The spectators became quiet, and leaned forward to view the object as the winner of the fight held it up. It was a diamond-necklace—a pretty, dazzling bauble. It flashed out a thousand beams of fire as it swung to and fro in the Britisher's hand.

"It's Mrs. Westlake's, I think," said Jack quietly. "Is the town constable present?"

"Some Christmas present for your marm this year, after all," said old Zach Evans that same night in their joint bedroom. "Twenty-five bucks for winnin' the fight, an' two hundred for recoverin' that pretty little gew-gaw for the Winnipeg lady."

"Yes," said Jack, who was busily engaged in trying to obliterate the traces of his fight. "Bit of luck, wasn't it? I'm rather glad I did take Mr. Kid on to-night."

"Did yer suspect as the Kid had stole it?" asked Zach. "Ye mentioned something about it when ye turned up at the hall."

"Yes," said Jack. "A maid at the Arlington Hotel told me that she'd seen a man something like the Kid coming out of Mrs. Westlake's bedroom this morning. But as she couldn't be sure, she didn't tell the police. I never thought, though, that the fellow would have hidden it in his boxing-glove. Rotten place to hide it, too."

"Well," said Zach, also beaming at his young friend's happiness, "you deserve to have a Merry Christmas, and I think you will. That was a dandy fight. I'm afraid Kid Walsh won't have quite a high old time, though, in Stony Mountain Penitentiary."

THE END.

A TUCK HAMPER TRAGEDY!

A capital complete story, written

By FRANK NUGENT



The manner of Bunter's return was dramatic, to say the least of it. He came staggering in at the gate, gasping and grunting beneath the weight of a hamper.

"I SAY, you fellows—"
Five hands closed upon five cushions, and five marksmen endeavoured to hit the human target—namely, Billy Bunter.

The fat junior had just entered No. 1 Study, and the manner of his going out was quicker than the manner of his coming in!

Two of the cushions—those hurled by Inky and Johnny Bull—went wide. But the others smote Bunter on various parts of his anatomy, and sent him spinning into the passage.

"Good-bye, Bluebell!" sang out Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
But Bunter is nothing if not persistent. He had no intention of retiring just then. Picking up the cushions he brought them back into No. 1 Study, and blinked at us reproachfully through his big spectacles.

"Oh, really, you know! That's not the way to treat an old pal. I'm surprised at you, Harry! I'm shocked at you, Bob! Franky, old chap, I'm disgusted!"

"You'll be something else if you call me 'Franky, old chap!'" I snorted. "I'll give you a couple of thick ears to nurse!"

"He, he, he!" He will have his little joke, bless him!" giggled Billy Bunter.

"What do you want, porpoise?" growled Wharton.

"I want to borrow—"
"Thought so!" grunted Bob Cherry. "Well, there's nothing doing! This isn't a money-lending establishment! Travel!"

"I want to borrow—"
"There he goes again!" growled Johnny Bull. "Wound up like a blessed gramophone!"

"I want to borrow some information!"
"Oh!"

We stared blankly at Bunter. We had quite expected him to say he wanted to borrow five bob, to be repaid out of an imaginary postal-order. And we would have thrown our spare cash into the Sark rather than let Bunter borrow it. Borrowing information, however, was quite another matter.

"This isn't an information bureau," said Wharton; "but we don't mind putting you wise on any subject, if it's in our power."

"That's the spirit!" said Billy Bunter approvingly. "Never hesitate to help a lame dog over a stile, you know!"

"You look more like a stuffed boaconstrictor than a lame dog!" said Johnny Bull, who is noted for his candour.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"What do you want to know, Bunter?" asked Wharton.

Billy Bunter calmly threw the cushions into the fireplace. Then he groped in his pocket, and brought to light a copy of "The Greyfriars Herald."

"I notice there's a tuck hamper competition on the back page of this trashy rag—I mean this magnificent book for boys!" said the fat junior.

"That's so," said Wharton.
"What I want to know is, can Greyfriars' fellows compete?"

"Of course."
Billy Bunter's little round eyes gleamed with excitement.

"That's topping!" he said. "Wish I'd known it before. I was under the impression that the competition was for outsiders only."

"Don't you refer to our readers as outsiders," growled Wharton, "or you'll get it in the neck!"

"Hear, hear!" said Bob Cherry.
"If you insult our loyal readers we'll

tell them that your pater keeps a pub!"

"He doesn't!" said Bunter indignantly. "My pater's on the Stock Exchange. He's what they call an outside broker!"

"My mistake!" said Bob. "I thought he was a broke outsider!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"All right, you beast!" said Bunter. "You sha'n't have a whack in my tuck hamper when it comes!"

"Strikes me the tuck hamper will hang fire, like the postal-order!" I said.

"Rats! I've got the solution to this week's picture-puzzle all cut and dried," said the Owl of the Remove. "It's a letter from you to your readers, Wharton."

"Go hon!"

"The correct solution is locked in the safe at the office of the companion papers," Bunter went on. "I don't want to swank—I'm not that sort of fellow—but I don't mind telling you that my solution is identical with the correct one."

"In that unlikely event," I said, "you'll win five pounds. That's the first prize."

Bunter shook his head.

"I shall ask the editor to send a tuck hamper instead. I believe the contents are worth more than five pounds. There's chocolate and jam, figs and sardines, potted meat and biscuits, and a whacking iced-cake! The way the artist has drawn that cake fairly makes a fellow's mouth water! Of course, there are other things, too numerous to mention. On the whole, I prefer a hamper to a five, because you wouldn't get a hamper half the size at Uncle Clegg's for five quids."

Billy Bunter evidently cherished great expectations, and we chuckled to ourselves as we reflected that those expectations were never likely to be realised!

"You're quite sure you've got the correct solution, Bunty?" inquired Bob Cherry.

"Quite!" said Bunter. "Here it is."

And he fished out a grubby sheet of paper from his pocket, and read his solution aloud:

"My Dear Readers,—Just a few lines hoping you are quite well as it leaves me at present. 'The Greyfriars Herald' is still going strong, and I am glad you all like the drawing of Billy Bunter which appears on page 3. Many of you have been clamouring for a story by Bunter. I will approach that famous author, and persuade him to deliver the goods.—Yours truly,
"HARRY WHARTON."

"There, you fellows!" said Bunter, in tones of triumph. "What do you think of that?"

"Well, there are certainly not more than fifty errors!" said Wharton.

"Go in and win!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

We laughed still louder when we caught a glimpse of Billy Bunter's spelling. The word "clamouring" was written thus—"klammering." And the word "author" appeared in this novel form—"orther."

"You can cackle!" said Billy Bun-

ter. "But you'll change your tune when my hamper arrives!"

"When!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"Lend me a three-ha-penny stamp, you beast, so that I can post my solution!"

"Ask me nicely, then," said Bob.

"Bob, old chap, be a sport and lend me a stamp!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Cherry handed over the stamp, and Billy Bunter retired. In the dorm. that evening he informed us that his effort had been duly despatched.

Of course, we all laughed heartily. But our laughter died away one morning when Dick Russell declared that he had seen a hamper at Friardale Station, addressed to Billy Bunter.

"Bunty," murmured Skinner, leaning across the breakfast-table, "we've always been good pals, haven't we?"

"Not that I know of!" said Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!" rapped out Quelechy. "Bunter, you have been talking without cessation. And you are not eating your breakfast—a most singular omission on your part. What is wrong?"

"I—I feel very excited, sir," explained Bunter. "There's a tuck hamper waiting for me at the station. May I pop down and get it, sir?"

"No, Bunter, you may not!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

Billy Bunter was obliged to possess his soul in patience throughout morning lessons.

As soon as the class was dismissed the fat junior was surrounded by cadgers of the Skinner type.

Bolsover major linked his arm affectionately in Bunter's.

"How are you, Bunter, my dear old pal?" he murmured.

Bunter replied that he was in good health, and that he did not need to be supported along the passage like a man of ninety crossing a crowded thoroughfare. This was quite smart for Bunter, and there was a laugh at Bolsover's expense.

"But—but you'll want some help with the hamper, surely?" said Bolsover.

"No, thanks. I can manage it."

The fat junior shook himself free, and hurried out of the gates. We punted a footer about in the Close during his absence.

The manner of Bunter's return was dramatic, to say the least of it. He came staggering in at the gates, gasping and grunting beneath the weight of a hamper.

And what a hamper!

The size of the thing fairly took our breath away. How Bunter had managed to cart it all the way from the station was a mystery. And the fact that he had won a hamper at all was an even bigger mystery!

There was a rush of fellows to the school gates, and Billy Bunter was surrounded.

The fat junior dumped the hamper on to the ground, and sat on it.

"My hat!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Bunter's a merry prizewinner!"

"He has securely gained one of the esteemed tuckful hampers!" said Inky.

Billy Bunter mopped the perspiration from his face.

"Ow! This hamper's nearly killed me!" he panted.

"The contents will kill you quite, if you gorged them at your usual rate of progress!" said Squiff.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The crowd had thickened by this time, and Billy Bunter and his hamper formed the centre of a human ring.

"There's a letter stuck in the lid of the hamper," said Skinner.

"The editor's congratulations, most likely," said Bunter. "I'll read it."

As he did so his face changed colour.

"My hat! What a rummy letter!" he ejaculated. "What do you make of it, you fellows?"

Half a dozen of us promptly looked over Bunter's shoulder. This is what we saw:

"My dear Bunter,—As your solution of our last tuck hamper puzzle contained only fifty-two errors, I am awarding you a special booby-prize—something to keep you amused during the winter evenings, and at the same time something instructive. Trusting you are fat and well, Yours faithfully,
"Editor of the Companion Papers."

A chorus of excited exclamations arose.

"Bunter's won a booby-prize!"

"Open the hamper, Bunty!"

"Let's see what's inside!"

The fat junior could restrain his curiosity no longer. He removed his plump person from the hamper, and proceeded to wrench off the lid.

There was a great deal of paper wrapping on top, consisting of back numbers of "The Boys' Friend." These were promptly seized by the admirers of Owen Conquest, and then the booby-prize was revealed to Bunter, and to all of us!

A startled exclamation burst from the prizewinner.

"It's a swindle!"

We gazed at the "prize," and the Close rang with laughter.

For the gift consisted of a number of toy bricks, with pictures painted on them—the sort of things we had pieced together in our nursery days.

"An instructive pastime for the winter evenings!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter's face was a study. He had fagged all the way up from the station with the heavy hamper—and this was the result!

"It's a swindle!" repeated the fat junior wrathfully. "My hat! If only I could have five minutes with the editor of the companion papers!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Some people are always grumbling," said Johnny Bull. "What could be nicer than several sets of toy bricks? Think of the happy hours you'll spend in piecing them together, Bunter!"

"Rats! I can't eat bricks!" said the fat junior furiously. "I can burn 'em, though!"

Billy Bunter declares that the tuck hamper competition in the "Greyfriars Herald" is a snare and a delusion. But that's because he knows that the list of prizewinners will never contain the name of W. G. Bunter!

THE END.

Our Photographic Supplement

THE BOYS' PICTORIAL



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

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SHIPMATES!

Two staunch readers who are comrades—or "brass rags" as they say in the Navy—on a warship.—Taken by Seaman R. E. Mayne, 103, Acacia Road, Markhouse Road, Walthamstow, E. 17.



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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. 9, 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 30th.

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

WRITE CAREFULLY.

Signed.....
Address.....

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