

Grand Tales! — Tuck Hampers and Money Given Away!

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



No. 10. (New Series). ■ FULL OF SCHOOL STORIES AND ARTICLES ■ Jan 3, 1920



DAUBENY SETS OUT ON HIS DESPERATE VENTURE!

Our Photographic Supplement

THE BOYS' PICTORIAL

Continued on Page 9



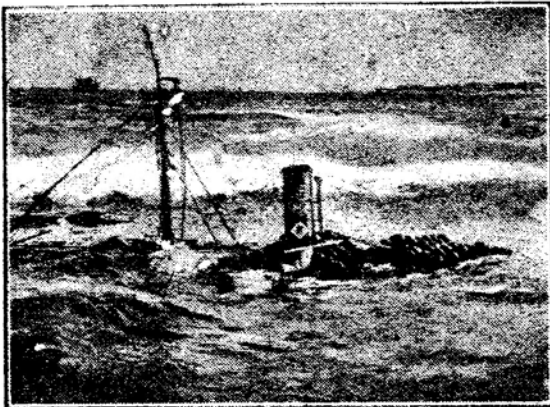
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SCHOOLBOY CADETS ON THE MARCH.



A column of cadets of the Eton Officers' Training Corps, passing through Hyde Park near the Marble Arch, on the way to Buckingham Palace. The Public Schools have produced many of our best officers.

THE WRECK!



The majestic wrath of the sea is vividly presented in this splendid photograph of the wreck of a steam trawler near Yarmouth.—Sent in by D. W. Dawson, 5, Bolina Road, S. Bermondsey, London, S.E. 16.

STONEHENGE.



The exact origin of the huge stones on Salisbury Plain is lost in antiquity, but one theory is that they formed part of a temple used for sun-worship.—Taken by S. Carter, 10, Childers Street, Deptford.

A FEW READERS OF "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD."



A "Revenge" Snapper of the "Herald."



S. Zagermann (London).



Miss Reta McLaughlan (Richmond).



A. Goodchild (Sheerness).



H. B. Miller (Stockton Heath)

The Staff



HARRY WHARTON
EDITOR
The Greyfriars Herald



FRANK NUGENT
Sub-Editor



TOM BROWN
Special Representative



VERNON SMITH
Sports Editor



LORD MAULEVERER
Fashion Editor



MARK LINLEY
Sub-Editor



BOB CHERRY
Fighting Editor

OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTORS from GREYFRIARS

OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTORS from Other Schools

Editorial

By Harry Wharton.

ENTER 1920!

A HAPPY NEW YEAR to you, readers all! Peace Year has gone; and what an eventful year it was! The poet tells us that peace hath her victories no less renowned than war; and one of those victories was the re-launching of "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD." I call it a victory rightly, because the "HERALD" was revived at a time when the market was congested with boys' papers, and it has had to cope with keen and fierce competition. But merit tells; and the quality and quantity of our features have combined to win a very high place for "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD," whose circulation will soon seriously challenge those of its godparents, the MAGNET and GEM.

PULLING TOGETHER!

For this delightful state of affairs I have to thank my numerous army of chums, at home and abroad, who have co-operated to make this little paper a rousing success. The keenness and loyalty displayed by my readers have caused the "HERALD" to go far; but there is still "room for improvement," as Gussy of St. Jim's would say. There are some homes to which "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD" has not yet penetrated. This is a state of affairs which must and will be remedied. I look with confidence to my chums to rally round still further, and to give all non-readers at least three reasons why they should buy the "HERALD."

- What are the three reasons? I will summarise them as follows:
- (1) Because it is the only paper run by boys for boys.
 - (2) Because the school stories by Owen Conquest are alone worth the money.
 - (3) Because the "HERALD" is the only paper which awards Tuck Hampers week by week.

There are heaps of other reasons, of course, why "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD" should find a place in every home. But these three will do to go on with.

HARRY WHARTON.



DICK PENFOLD



MURREE SINGH



BILLY BUNTER



TOM MERRY



JIMMY SILVER



ARTHUR A DARC

Our Weekly Cartoon.
Specially Drawn by FRANK NUGENT



POTTY PETER the POET
Peter likes doing good turns, so when he saw a doglet with a saucepan tied to its rudder, he hastened to the rescue. When the cat appeared, the pup did a few good turns on its own account, but Peter was quite upset!



My Weekly Interview.

This week:

Mrs. Mimble Of the Tuck Shop

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

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

Jack B.—I entirely disagree with you when you say that the quickest way to get internal pains is to consume two dozen jam-tarts at one sitting. I should say that the quickest way would be to listen to one of Gusey's tenor solos!

"Skimmy" writes: "Since sustaining a painful contusion on my left eye, owing to the unexpected arrival of a weighty tome, hurried by one of my callous comrades, I have been subjected to derisive persecution on account of my personal appearance. Will you please inform me, my dear Lowther, how I can heal my discoloured optic?"—In the first place, my dear Skimmy, prevention is better than cure, and you could have avoided the missile by refraining from arguing with your study-mates on the merits of Professor Balmy-crumpet. However, the mischief has now been done, and the best way to get rid of the contusion would be to place on the eye at bedtime a blue-bag containing half an ounce of soot. In the morning a mixture of blue-black ink and pepper should be applied gently to the spot. The contusion will then do the vanishing trick!

Gerald K. (Sixth Form) bubbles over as follows: "I regard you as a bumptious young ass, and I see that you have been taking my name in vain in your 'Answers to Correspondents.' If this sort of thing continues, I shall have to visit you with an ashplant!"—Quite all right, old chap. I'm seasoned to hard Knox!

G.A.G.—Sorry to learn that in your last affray with Aubrey Racke he bit you in the arm. I should advise you to be treated immediately for hydrophobia. It's no joke to be bitten by a gay dog!

"Baggy."—I have received your tender and touching "Ode to Grubb," which commences as follows:

"Grubb, grubb, gloryus grubb—
Better by far than the morning tub!

When dreaming of thee, nite and morn,
My hart with reuding pangs is torn."

—And so is your poem! It responds in fragments in the W. P. B. (Wicked Poetry Basket.)

George F. (New House).—You ask if I am prepared to hand over the writing of this column to you. The answer, as the photographer said, is in the negative!

(As Billy Bunter remarked when somebody sat on him, "Owing to pressure on my space a large number of replies are held over!")

away to the tuck-shop under the elms.

"Good-afternoon, Mrs. Mimble!" said, as the dame appeared. "We have met before, I think?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Mimble sternly. "You owe me half a crown!"

Greatly to the good dame's surprise, I promptly paid over the amount.

"And now," I said, "kindly produce some of your finest Christmas fare. I'll have a Christmas pudding—that fat-looking fellow in the window—and half a dozen mince-pies."

"That will be seven-and-six," said Mrs. Mimble firmly.

"Nonsense! Look here, Mrs. Mimble, I am the special representative of 'The Greyfriars Herald,' and if you will provide me with the foodstuffs in question, free of charge, I'll undertake to insert a ripping advertisement for you in our paper.

Mrs. Mimble was impressed.

"Is the circulation a good one?"

"Good? Why, it's wonderful, ma'am—simply wonderful! In every mansion, cottage, caravan and coal-cellar in the United Kingdom you'll find a copy of the 'Herald.' People simply rave over the paper. The Prime Minister takes it to bed with him, and the Lord Chief Justice studies the Police-court News, because he find it helpful and instructive."

"Very well," said the dame.

And I produced a document from my pocket and spread it out on the counter. This was the advertisement:

JESSIE MIMBLE, THE TUCK-SHOP, GREYFRIARS.

(Under the patronage of Lord Bunter de Grunter, the Viscount Todd Earl Squiff of Drinkwater, the Marquis of Cherrybob, and other esteemed noblemen.)

Plum cakes a speciality! Customers are requested to bring their own pokers! Christmas puddings a work of art! Four Form-masters have sampled them, and still survive!

N.B.—No credit or "tick" permitted. Mrs. Mimble will turn a deaf ear to all stories of imaginary postal-orders.

LAUGH AND GROW FAT—AT MRS. MIMBLE'S!"

The tuck-shop dame seemed quite satisfied with this advertisement—doubtless because, not having her glasses on, she was unable to read it. Anyway, she handed over a Christmas pudding and half a dozen mince-pies, for which I didn't have to pay a single red cent.

If only all interviews were on the same lines as this one, the task of "The Greyfriars Herald" special representative would be the cosiest and cushiest in the world!

"I BEG—"

"You shouldn't beg here," said the editor reprovingly. "You'll find yourself committed for trial at the Woolshed Assizes if you do that sort of thing."

"Ass!" I growled. "I beg—"

"There you go again! Beggars aren't allowed in this study."

"I beg," I shouted, "to hand in my resignation!"

These words had the same effect on the editor as a blow in the solar plexus would have done. He sprang back like a startled fawn.

"You—you're fed-up with your job?" he stammered.

"I am! It's no catch, being the special representative of a rag like the 'Herald.' It's all work and no play, and precious little pay!"

"Oh, come!" said the editor. "I paid you ninepence-halfpenny for that article on Coker—"

"Yes, and I came away from Coker's study with twenty-eight bruises on my back and shoulders!" I chimed in. "And not a penny compensation did I get! You'll have to find some other silly ass to take on this thankless job of interviewing people. I resign here and now, instant, and forthwith, unless—"

"Unless what?"

"You give me an immediate increase in screw."

It was the editor's only chance of retaining my services, and he knew it. He gave way, but he was very nasty about it.

"Give me ten bob, Mr. Editor, and I'll go and interview somebody on the strength of it."

"Look here—"

"Ten bob, please, or I resign!"

Very reluctantly the editor handed over the money.

"I suppose you're going over to St. Jim's?" he said.

I shook my head.

"Rookwood, then?"

"No," I said calmly; "I don't intend to budge from Greyfriars."

"What! And I've given you ten bob for travelling expenses!" hooted the editor.

"You'd better call it guzzling expenses," I said with a chuckle. "I'm going to see Mrs. Mimble, at the tuck-shop."

"You—you—"

"Ta-ta!" I said cheerfully. "See you later. And don't forget my increase of screw!"

With the ten bob burning a hole in my pocket, I left the editor to finish his apoplectic fit in peace, and strolled

LIGHT AT LAST!

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

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

Mr. Smith Speaks Out!

TUCKEY TOODLES of the Fourth stopped outside the door of the Head's study—the old captain's cabin on the Benbow.

He raised a grubby hand to tap, and paused.

The expression on Tuckey's fat face was lugubrious.

An invitation to visit the Head in his study was never attractive to the St. Winifred's juniors. It resembled too closely an invitation to visit a lion in his den. But it was not an invitation that could be declined.

Tuckey Toodles tapped at last.

Tap!
"Come in!"
The deep voice from within made Toodles jump.

He opened the door and blinked into the study. He jumped again as he found Dr. Goring's stern glance fixed upon him.

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

"You may come in, Toodles."
"It wasn't me, sir!"

"What?"
"I—I was below at the time, sir!"

stammered Toodles. "I—I haven't been on the gangway to-day, sir."

"Toodles! I saw you from my window distinctly. You rushed into Mr. Smith, and pushed him off the gangway into the water!" exclaimed the Head.

"Oh! If—if you saw me, that—that's another matter, sir!" gasped Tuckey. "I—I mean, it—it was only a joke, sir!"

The Head's brow grew sterner, and Tuckey groaned inwardly. At that moment he fervently wished that he had not thought of his brilliant scheme for keeping Gentleman Smith away from the Benbow. It had not occurred to Tuckey's powerful brain that, as the Head was expecting a visit from Gentleman Smith, and as the gangway was in full view from his window, his brilliant stratagem was not likely to pass unnoticed.

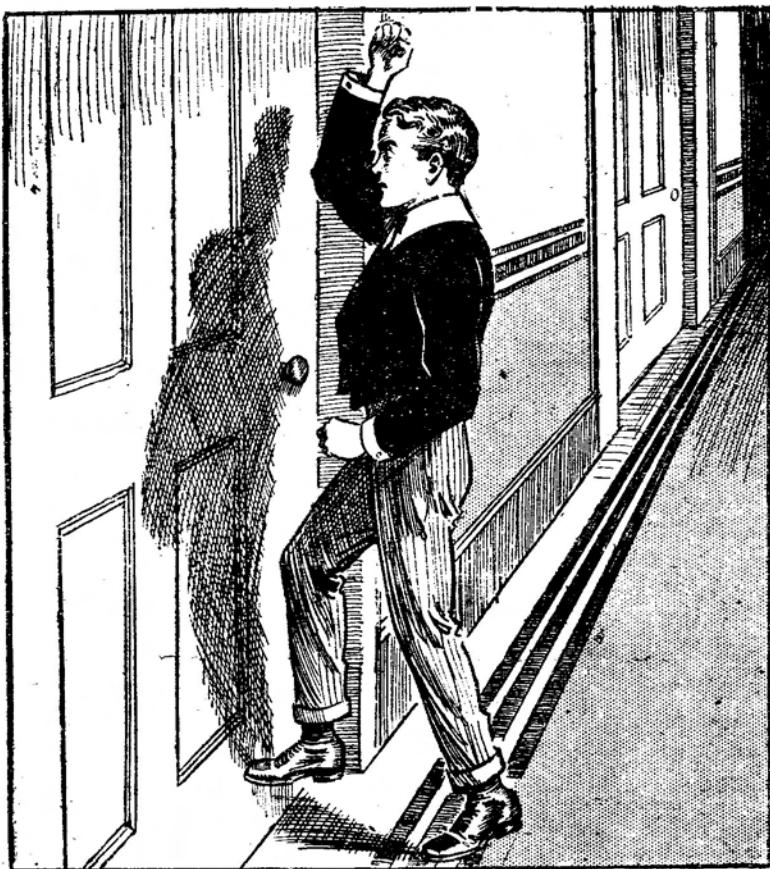
"That—that boulder, sir—" recommended Tuckey.

"That what?"
"I—I mean that man, sir—oughtn't to have come here, sir. He's not a respectable man," said Tuckey hopefully. "I—I thought I ought to biff him, sir—"

"To what?"
"Biff him—I mean bowl him over, sir. He's an awful character, sir," said Toodles.

"Then you know him?"
"Oh, no, sir!" gasped Tuckey, terrified at the bare idea of being suspected of knowing Gentleman Smith of the Lobster Pot. "Not at all, sir! I—I've never seen him before—never even heard of him!"

"Then how do you know he is a bad character?"
"I—I—"



"Will you let me in Daub, or shall I shout?" yelled Jack Drake. "If you want all the school to hear about Gentleman Smith—"

Tuckey's voice trailed off.

"You had better tell me the truth, Toodles," said the Head severely.

"Certainly, sir! I always do. I—I couldn't tell a lie, sir," said Tuckey.

"I couldn't do it, sir, any more than George Washington, sir."

"This man Smith was coming here to make a statement regarding a certain boy in this school," said the Head. "No doubt the boy concerned thought of this device for keeping him away."

"Oh, no, sir! Drake never said a word."

"Oh—it was Drake, then?"
"Not at all, sir! He hadn't the faintest idea of my wheeze," said Tuckey. "I never told him. I simply wanted him to see that I was to be relied on more than that ass Rodney, sir."

"It was on Drake's account, then, that you prevented Mr. Smith from paying his visit here?"

Tuckey gasped.

His intentions had really been good: he had meant to save Jack Drake from the exposure threatened by the sharper from the Lobster Pot. But somehow—Tuckey hardly knew how—the Head seemed to be getting hold of the whole story.

"Answer me, Toodles!" exclaimed the Head sternly.

"I—I— Yes, sir!" stammered Tuckey.

"Drake did not wish the man to come here?"

"N-no, sir—I—I suppose not."
"Why?"

"Because—because—"
"Well?"

"Because, sir," said Tuckey, with an inspiration, "he—he thought the fellow wasn't a suitable chap to call on you, sir. Not—not at all the kind of society for you, sir."

"Wha—a-at?"
"You—you wouldn't have cared for his conversation, sir," stammered Tuckey. "Awfully low chap!"

"You utterly ridiculous boy—"
"Oh, sir!"

"Are you aware, Toodles, whether Drake has any relations with this man Smith?"

"Oh, no, sir! I know he hasn't! Drake's people are quite respectable, sir—he wouldn't have any of his relations with the Lobster Pot!"

"Bless my soul! You are very obtuse, Toodles."
"T-t-thank you, sir."

"I mean has Drake had any dealings with this man?"
"I—I—he—he—"

"Kindly answer me at once, Toodles, without thinking out any prevarications."
"Certainly, sir."

"Well, I am waiting for your answer."
"I—I—I—"

Tuckey Toodles could get no further. He blinked helplessly at the Head. Jack Drake's former escapades in company with Daubeny and Co. were common talk in the Fourth Form, but even Tuckey Toodles realised that it would not do to recall them to the Head.

But his confusion was a sufficient answer.

"I will question you no further, Toodles," said Dr. Goring sternly. "I will not punish you for your folly, as you appear to have acted from a mistaken sense of loyalty to your Form-fellow."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" gasped Tuckey, in great relief. "M-m-m-may I go now, sir?"

"You may go."

Tuckey Toodles expected to be told to send Drake to the study as he tottered to the door. But the Head did not speak, and Tuckey left the study in great relief.

Dr. Goring remained for some time in deep thought. His reflections were suddenly interrupted by the buzz of the telephone-bell.

The old gentleman took up the receiver.

"'Allo!" It was a hoarse and angry voice that came along the wires. "Is that the Benbow?"

"Yes."

"I want to speak to the 'ead-master."

"The headmaster is speaking."

"Oh! Orlight! I dessay you've 'eard of me—Gentleman Smith."

"I have heard of you."

"I was speaking on this 'ere 'phone to a young rip this arternoon—young Drake."

"I am aware of that."

"I was coming to see you, old cock, when I was bunged into the water," went on Mr. Smith's furious voice. "It was young Drake's doing—I know that. I've been smothered with mud, and nearly drowned. 'Ere I am, dripping, and my clothes ruined. Think I'm going to stand that?"

"Really, Mr. Smith—"

"I was coming to the school to tell you about young Drake," said Mr. Smith savagely. "He owes me money."

The Head's lips tightened.

"How can a boy in this school possibly owe you money, Mr. Smith?" he inquired icily.

"Backing 'orses."

"Oh!"

"Five pun that young rip owes me," went on Gentleman Smith. "And he ain't dubbed up. I got his paper to show for it—a bit of writing, sir. I was going to show you that, sir. Young swindler, he is. I'll show him up! Duckin' a man in the river—"

"I cannot place the least reliance upon your statements, Mr. Smith."

"Wot!"

"On your own statement, you have gambled with a schoolboy. If you are capable of that, you are capable of anything," said the Head coldly. "I shall not believe a single word of yours against any boy in this school without the most complete proof."

"Ho!"

"If you have any proof to offer, I shall be happy to see it. You can call here—"

"And be chucked into the water again—wot?" hissed Mr. Smith.

"I will take measures to see that you are not so treated. You can come here in perfect safety."

"P'r'aps, and p'r'aps not!" snarled Mr. Smith.

"You will come, Mr. Smith—"

"I s'pose I can please myself about that there."

"Certainly not. If you do not come and prove your statements, I shall take legal measures to punish you for uttering slanders concerning a boy belonging to this school."

"Oh!"

"You will take your choice, Mr. Smith," said the Head grimly.

There was a pause.

"You'll see me in the morning, then," said Gentleman Smith at last. "I'll bring the bit of writin' with me."

"Very good."

And the Head put up the receiver. There was a wrinkle in his brow as he rose from the telephone. His suspicions had been awakened—more than awakened. But Gentleman Smith's visit would settle the matter, and the Head's decision was deferred until the following day. Tuckey Toodle's brilliant scheme had only postponed the evil hour.

Up to Daubeny!

ALL serene, old top!" Tuckey Toodles made that cheering announcement as he came into No. 8 Study in the Fourth.

Jack Drake and Rodney were there, both of them looking gloomy and troubled. And they did not brighten up at Tuckey's announcement, as the fat junior expected.

"Ass!" was Drake's curt reply.

Tuckey blinked at him reproachfully.

"Well, I like that!" he exclaimed warmly. "After I've pulled you out of your scrape. I told you I could do the trick—better than that ass Rodney. I'll bet you Smith is sorry he came."

"He will come again, ass!"

Tuckey Toodles looked thoughtful for a moment.

"I'll biff him again if he does," he said.

"Fathead!"

"Have you spun the Head the whole yarn?" asked Dick Rodney.

"Not a syllable," said Tuckey confidently. "He was trying to pump me, you know, but I never let on anything. Not so jolly easy to pump me, you know. I simply pulled his leg. I can tell you that he got no change out of me."

Jack Drake gave a grunt.

"I suppose that means that he's got the whole story," he said. "Well, it was bound to come out."

"If that's what you call gratitude, Drake—"

"Oh, give us a rest," said Drake wearily. "I suppose you meant well, Tuckey, but you're a silly ass."

Tuckey Toodles snorted.

"You can get out of your next scrape by yourself!" he said indignantly. "I think you're an ungrateful beast, Drake. What are we going to have for tea?"

"Bother tea!"

"I suppose we're going to have some tea? After what I've done, some fellows would stand a jolly good spread."

"Dry up!" roared Drake.

"Do you mean to say there isn't going to be tea in the study?"

"No, bother you!"

"You—you silly ass!" gasped Tuckey. "Why couldn't you tell me that before? Might have been late for School tea!"

And Tuckey Toodles fairly bolted from the study.

"Better come along and have tea, Drake," said Rodney, rising.

Jack shook his head.

"I don't want any tea. I—I'm done for at St. Winny's, Rodney. That rotter Smith will be savage over his ducking; he's bound to come again. He may pitch the yarn to the Head over the 'phone, too. And—and to think that I came back to St. Winny's this term to work—that I promised the mater—" The junior's voice trembled.

"There's a chance yet," said Rodney quietly. "Smith can scarcely come here again this evening."

"He'll come to-morrow."

"Daubeny may be able to stop him."

"He can't see him."

"Daub's broken bounds at night before now, for his own rotten games. He can do the same again," said Rodney. "I believe that Daub has put Smith up to this. Anyhow, Smith wouldn't dare to quarrel with him—he makes too much out of him. Daubeny can keep him off, if he chooses—and you can make him choose. It's a chance, anyhow."

Drake nodded slowly.

"Tell Daub that if you go down, he goes down with you," said Rodney. "No need to go easy on the cad. If you're going to sink or swim together, he will see that you swim."

"I'll try it," said Drake. "But—but if the rotter has 'phoned—"

"We shall have to wait and see about that."

"You're a good chap, Rodney," muttered Drake. "You're standing by me like a brick, and I know what you think of that kind of rot I was fool enough to get mixed up in. If—if I only get clear of this, I'll be jolly careful there's nothing of the sort again. If I could only get clear this once—and get a chance to keep my promise to the mater—"

"There's a chance, anyway. Come along!"

Jack Drake followed his chum to the dining-room in time for tea. But he did not do justice to the tea. There was a weight on his mind that he could not throw off.

What had Gentleman Smith done? What did he intend to do? With the "bit of writing" in his possession it was in his power to ruin the schoolboy who had been his dupe. At every moment Drake was expecting a summons to the Head's study. If the rascal had telephoned—

Would the Head believe him? Not without proof; but the proof was in Gentleman Smith's hands, and he had shown that he intended to use it.

That evening the chums of the

Fourth worked at the prep. in No. 8 Study with clouded faces.

The dreaded summons to the presence of the Head had not come.

As bedtime drew near Drake felt his heart grow lighter.

The blow had not fallen, and if it were to be postponed till the morrow there was a chance. To save his own skin Vernon Daubeny would intervene—he must intervene. He should be forced to intervene.

"Nine o'clock," said Rodney at last. "Nothing's going to happen to-night, Drake. You'd better see Daubeny before bedtime."

"I'll cut off to his study," answered Drake.

And he made his way to the Shell quarters. Daubeny's door was locked when the Fourth-former tapped at it.

"Cut along!" came Daubeny's voice from within. "No visitors wanted."

"Let me in, Daubeny."

"Hallo, it's Drake!" came Egan's voice. "Don't you understand, dear-boy, that you've outlived your welcome in this study?"

"Will you let me in, Daub, or shall I shout?" asked Jack Drake. "If you want all the school to hear about Gentleman Smith—"

"Shut up, hang you! I'm opening the door."

The key was turned back, and the door swung open. There was a haze of cigarette-smoke in the study as Drake entered.

Egan and Torrence looked at him curiously. Daubeny's brows were knitted in a savage scowl.

"Well, what is it?" he snapped. "You know you're not wanted here."

"It's about Smith," said Jack quietly. "You know what happened this afternoon. That ass Toodles bumped him into the water, and he cleared off. He'll come back unless he's stopped."

"Stop him, then, if you can."

"I can't, but you can, and you've got to."

Daubeny gritted his teeth. "How can I see him? I—"

"Suit yourself about that. You've got to see him, and you've got to stop him from coming here," said Drake steadily. "If you don't, you stand up to the Head with me to-morrow; we sink or swim together."

"Sneak!" said Egan.

Drake's eyes blazed. He made a stride towards Egan, who dodged round the study table.

"I'm taking this line because I'm certain that Daubeny has put Smith up to playing this game," said Drake.

"Rats! Daub had nothin' to do with it," said Torrence uneasily.

"Well, that's what I think. Daubeny can stop him, if he chooses—and he knows what to expect if the man comes here."

"I tell you I can't!" hissed Daubeny. "I can't break bounds to-night. How am I to get ashore?"

"Please yourself. You've done it before."

"Only when a boat came from the Lobster Pot to fetch me. I can't get out by the gangway when the gates are locked. Do you think I'm going to swim the Chadway to please you?"

"It's impossible," muttered Egan. "You'll have to take your chance, Drake."

"Daubeny will take his chance along with me, then," said Drake, setting his lips. "You've done the mischief, Daubeny, and you can undo it the best you can. You know what to expect if you don't."

"I can't!" panted Daubeny. "You know I can't get ashore—you know it's impossible—"

"I should risk a swim, in your place," said Drake contemptuously. "It's not far to swim—to get ashore—"

"After dark, and in this weather! No fear!"

"If you funk it, find some other way."

Drake turned to the door. His mind was made up, and there was no mistaking his look.

"Hold on!" muttered Daubeny. "I—I can't go! Suggest somethin',"

lighted a cigarette with a trembling hand.

"What the thump am I goin' to do?" he muttered thickly.

"You ass!" said Egan. "What did you play this trick for at all? I told you it was too thick! Drake's an insolent cad, but gettin' a fellow sacked—it's too thick."

"Lot of good tellin' me that now!" snarled Daubeny.

"Well, I told you before."

"Oh, shut up! I—I suppose I shall have to risk the telephone. And—and if Smith isn't there—"

"He will be there all right."

"It's frightfully risky. But that cad means business," muttered Daubeny. "I shall have to chance it."

He threw away his cigarette. Egan took a pack of cards from the table drawer, where they had been



"Hallo, Tuckey!" Jack Drake astonished the grubby, chubby Tuckey with a smack on the shoulder. "Hallo, my plump pippin! You worked the oracle after all, you grubby bounder!"

you beast. I—I'll do anythin' I can." Drake paused.

"There's the telephone," he said.

"There's only one telephone on the ship—in the Head's study. I can't use that. The Head will be there."

"The Head goes to bed earlier than the hours at the Lobster Pot."

"It's too risky! Suppose I was caught—"

"You'll be caught anyway if you don't keep Smith away from the Benbow."

"Oh, you rotter!" muttered Daubeny helplessly. "I—I daren't risk it—usin' the Head's telephone at night! Suppose—suppose—"

"Smith would know your voice, and he would do as you tell him."

"He mightn't."

"It will be bad for you if he doesn't," said Drake grimly.

And he walked out of the study and slammed the door.

The "Bucks" of St. Winifred's looked at one another. Daubeny

hastily placed out of sight when the door was opened.

"Goin' on?" he asked.

"Hang it! No."

And Vernon Daubeny strode savagely from the study, leaving his chums to the delights of banker. Vernon Daubeny was not in a mood for banker just then.

Done in the Dark!

BEDTIME! Lovelace of the Sixth looked into the junior common-room amidships on the Benbow. And there was a general move to the dormitory.

Jack Drake noticed that Lovelace's glance lingered upon him. After the juniors were in their hammocks the captain of St. Winifred's paused, with his hand on the switch of the electric light.

"Just a tip to you kids," he said. "There will be an eye kept on this dormitory. Any fellow trying to

sneak out after lights-out will get into trouble."

And with that Lovelace put out the light and retired. There was a buzz of voices among the hammocks when he was gone.

"Who's that meant for, I wonder?" said Raik. "Which of you riotous bounders is suspected of wanting to break bounds to-night?"

There was a fat chuckle from Tuckey Toodles.

"Hallo, Toodles knows!" said Sawyer major. "Who is it, Toodles?"

"That's telling!" said Tuckey. "I'm not going to mention names. There may be a fellow who might want to go and see Smith and try to keep him away, and there may not. I'm not giving Drake away."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"So Lovelace has his eye on you, Drake?" chuckled Pierce Raik.

"Find out!" growled Drake.

"No giddy excursions to-night," said Sawyer major. "It's all right, Drake—you'll see your friend Smith to-morrow. He's bound to come."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jack Drake made no reply to that.

He was quite well aware what the prefect's warning meant. He was under suspicion, and precautions were taken that he did not communicate with Mr. Smith before that gentleman's next call.

But it mattered little. The next move was for Daubeny of the Shell to make, and the Shell was not under suspicion. Vernon Daubeny was free to act, if he had the nerve. Drake wondered whether Daub would find the nerve. It was to save his own skin, and Daub could not have had a more powerful motive than that. After all St. Winifred's was plunged in slumber it was possible to creep into the Head's study and use the telephone; but undoubtedly it was risky. Would Vernon Daubeny face the risk, or the certainty of sharing Drake's fate on the morrow? And if he faced it, would he be successful?

It was a chance, but Drake knew that it was a slim chance. It was long before his eyes closed that night.

In the Shell dormitory, Vernon Daubeny's eyes did not close; they were not likely to close.

He had made up his mind to take the venture, lest worse should befall him. As he lay in his hammock, with the Shell fellows sleeping round him, Daubeny stared into the darkness and counted the minutes. He had been caught in his own toils, and it was not at all certain that he would escape from them. It was not the first time that Vernon Daubeny had had cause to anathematise his own cunning and duplicity.

The minutes passed on leaden wings.

It was not till past midnight that Daubeny ventured to leave his hammock.

He dressed quietly in the darkness.

His heart was beating hard as he picked his way among the hammocks and quitted the Shell dormitory.

The Benbow was plunged in darkness.

The last light had been extinguished—the last door had closed.

Silently, in his socks, Daubeny groped and picked his way. For-

tunately he knew every inch of the interior of the old warship. But it was some time before he stood shivering in the passage outside the Head's study.

All was dark. He listened for a full minute, but no sound came to his ears save the wash of the water, against the hull of the old-ship.

He ventured to turn the handle at last, and as he did so he was seized by a sudden fear that the door might be locked. But it was not locked, and he opened it softly.

The study was pitchy dark.

Daubeny trod in softly, and closed the door behind him with hardly a sound. He stood on the thick carpet, trembling in every limb, and scarcely breathing. The Head's bedroom was the adjoining apartment, and there was only the bulkhead between. If Dr. Goring should hear—suppose he were sleepless that night—suppose—

A thousand fears were in the craven heart of the hapless "Buck" of St. Winifred's. But he screwed up his courage at last, and groped his way across the study.

There was a sudden sound as his knee knocked on a chair in the darkness. He stopped, shaking from head to foot.

Silence.

He moved on again at last, and with trembling fingers felt for the telephone, in its accustomed place on the Head's desk. His fingers found it, and he sank into the chair before the instrument. His heart was thumping so hard that he could almost hear it beat. With the instrument in his hands, it was a full minute before he ventured to lift the receiver. But he lifted it at last, and placed it to his ear.

"Hallo!"

In the dead silence the voice along the wires seemed like a shout to the wretched junior. He gasped.

"Kingsford One-O-one!" he muttered into the transmitter.

"Eh?"

"Kingsford One-O-one."

"I don't hear you. Speak louder, please."

"Kingsford One-O-one," breathed Daubeny.

He was heard at last at the Exchange, and he shivered as he thought that he might have been heard in the adjoining room also. But there was no sound.

He waited—it seemed an age that he waited. But a voice came at last—the voice of Mr. Tadger, the landlord of the Lobster Pot.

"Hallo!"

"Is that you, Tadger?"

"Hallo! That Master Daubeny?" Mr. Tadger's voice was surprised.

"Yes, yes!"

"I can't 'ear you, Master Daubeny."

"It's I—Daubeny. I want to speak to Smith. Is he there?"

"Yes; he's in his room with a little party. Is it important?"

"Yes, yes, yes! Tell him to come to the 'phone at once."

"I'll tell 'im. 'Old on."

Daubeny held on.

He was listening intently at the receiver; and still more intently for a sound from the adjoining room. But there was no sound.

For two terrible minutes the junior waited in growing terror. But the husky voice of Gentleman Smith came through at last.

"That you, Master Daub?"

"Yes, yes!"

"S'prised me to 'ear you was 'phoning at this hour," said Mr. Smith.

"Anything wrong, sir?"

"Yes. You're not to come to the ship, Smith."

"Hay?"

"It's all off!" breathed Daubeny. "Drake has found out that I put you up to coming here, and he's threatening to give me away, too, if you come."

"Oh, my heye!"

"Keep away, for goodness' sake! You understand?"

"That's all werry well," came Mr. Smith's voice, with an obstinate tone in it. "But I've been ducked, and nearly drowned!"

Daubeny ground his teeth.

"You're to keep away, I tell you."

"Master Drake owes me fipun—"

"I'll see it paid."

"Well, I've been nearly drowned, and—"

Mr. Smith did not seem to be in an accommodating mood.

"You're to keep away!" panted Daubeny. "I'm ruined if you come here! I'll see you to-morrow somehow; I'll make it all right, Smith. You understand?"

"Oh, orlright, Master Daubeny; I'll do wot you want. All the same—"

"That's right. Don't show up near the Benbow, that's all."

"But look 'ere, I've spun the 'Ead the yarn on the 'phone to-day, and—"

"Oh! You fool!"

"He was torkin' about prosecuting a bloke for slander, if I don't prove wot I told 'im about young Drake."

"You can palm off some yarn on him, then. If you come here, you'll never see me again."

"Oh, orlright, sir! I'm your man. But—"

Daubeny replaced the receiver on the hook. To his horror he heard the sound of a movement in the adjoining room. Had the Head awakened?

He groped his way frantically to the door and crept out into the passage. With a thumping heart he fled into the darkness.

Five minutes later he was in his hammock in the Shell dormitory. But the dawn was glimmering on the Chadway before his eyes closed in slumber.

The Clouds Roll By!

CLANG! Clang!

The ship's bell was ringing, and the St. Winifred's fellows turned out in the sharp winter morning. There were two among the juniors who were heavy-eyed—Drake of the Fourth, and Vernon Daubeny of the Shell.

After breakfast Drake joined the Shell fellow, coming from the dining-room.

"Well?" he said curtly.

"It's all right," muttered Daubeny.

"He's not coming?"

"No."

"Good!" said Drake.

He walked away cheerily and joined Rodney on the deck, leaving Vernon Daubeny gritting his teeth.

Drake had slept little the preceding night, and he was feeling rather heavy in the Form-room that morning. But otherwise he was in a cheerful mood. The danger had been averted—it seemed certain that it had been averted now.

During morning lessons the Head's valuable instructions in the Sixth Form-room were interrupted. The school page brought a message that a Mr. Smith was asking for him on the telephone.

Dr. Goring left his class and proceeded to his study, with a rather grim expression on his face. Gentleman Smith had not arrived, according to arrangement. That Drake had not left his dormitory was certain, and he could not have warded off the threatened visit. Was the whole story simply a concoction of a drunken rascal? The Head wondered. He took up the receiver.

"I am here. Is that you, Smith?"

"Yessir." Gentleman Smith's voice was very meek and civil, quite different from his tones of the preceding day.

"What have you to say?"

"I hope, sir, as you'll look hover wot I said to you yesterday, sir," said Mr. Smith meekly. "It was only a game, sir."

"What?"

"I was a bit riled, sir, at bein' bunged in the mud, and that's all, sir. I take it all back."

"Indeed! And why did you pay your visit here in the first place?"

"Oh, that was only a lark, sir," mumbled Mr. Smith. "Young Master Drake had checked me, sir, and I come along to make things 'ot for 'im. P'raps I'd 'ad a little to drink, sir. No 'arm done."

"You are a rascal, Mr. Smith."

"Eh?"

"I have no doubt whatever that it was the fear of prosecution that has made you withdraw your rascally accusation."

"Look 'ere—"

"That is enough."

The Head rang off.

He returned to the Sixth Form-room much relieved in his mind; and Mr. Smith, at the Lobster Pot, stood himself a drink, by way of comfort for the hard words he had had to take meekly. Mr. Smith could not afford to quarrel with the "Bucks" of St. Winifred's; but it was fortunate that the Head did not guess the reason of the sharper's change of intentions.

The Head was taking the air on the poop of the old Benbow when the Fourth came out after lessons. Jack Drake glanced at him rather uneasily, and he was surprised and relieved to receive a kindly smile. Evidently the affair of Gentleman Smith was at an end.

Rodney slipped his arm in Drake's as they walked away along the deck of the Benbow.

"All serene now!" he said.

Drake nodded, his face very bright.

"Looks like it. I don't quite catch on, but it's plain enough that Daub has done the trick, and bottled up that rascal. I'll put up a notice to-day about selling my bike—and get the five quids, and pay him—and get my paper back. Then I shall be clear." Drake drew a deep breath.

"My hat! I feel better now! And—and I'm going to grind like anything now. We'll have a go at cheery old Flaccus after dinner, Rodney, if you feel up to it."

Rodney laughed.

"Quite!" he said. "And this time you're going to keep it up, kid!"

"You bet!"

"I say, 'Drake, old boy—"

"Hallo, Tuckey!" Jack Drake astonished the grubby, chubby Tuckey with a smack on the shoulder. "Hallo, my plump pippin! You worked the oracle after all, you grubby oundder!"

"Ow! Don't bust my collar-bone!" squeaked Tuckey. "I'm glad to see you're in a better temper to-day, anyhow. Didn't I tell you to rely on me, and not on that ass Rodney?"

"You did," said Rodney, laughing.

"That's my way—sticking to a pal through thick and thin, you know," said Tuckey, beaming. "Generous, you know—loyal, and all that—that's me! Some fellows would stand a fellow a jolly good spread after a fellow had done a fellow such a thumping good turn. Of course, I'm not hinting."

"Ha, ha, ha. We'll kill the fatted calf in Number eight to-day. We'll do our best to burst you, Tuckey."

"Now you're talking!" said Tuckey Toodles.

And in No. 8 that day, after lessons, there was a "spread" that satisfied even Tuckey Toodles, in celebration of the happy fact that the clouds had rolled by at last.

THE END.

Look out for the ripping story of the School on the River next Tuesday!

RESULT OF TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION. No. 5.

In this competition one competitor sent in a correct solution of the pictures. The First Prize of £5 has therefore been awarded to:

RICHARD W. EMPSON,
31, Ley Street,
Ilford.

A Tuck Hamper has been awarded to each of the following ten competitors, whose solutions contained one error each:

W. J. Jones, 50, Foxhole-rd., St. Thomas, Swansea; Frank Oakley, 29, Sladedale-rd., Plumstead, S.E. 13; A. G. T. Fisher, 3, Archcliffe-rd., The Pier, Dover; L. Bassett, 12, Bell-rd., Sprowston-rd., Norwich; Antonio Chapple, 15, Winns Terrace, Forest-rd., Walthamstow; Andrew Halliday, 12, Military-rd., South Shields; Miss R. Jennings, 74, Paddington, Liverpool; Miss Mary Waite, 117, Rawlinson-st., Barrow-in-Furness; Harry Meadows, 4, Chapel-st., Marylebone-rd., N.W. 1; James Corbett, 7, Fairfield-rd., Ponders End, Middlesex.

CORRECT SOLUTION:

"Dear Wharton,—If you will forward me one of your Prize Hampers as a sample, it will give me great pleasure to accept same. Should I enjoy the contents you may rely on me as a constant purchaser of your book. I shall, of course, enter the competition each week and endeavour to win another hamper.

"Yours truly,

"WILLIAM BUNTER."

OUR PERSONAL COLUMN

(With acknowledgments to the Daily Newspapers)

By BOB CHERRY

It is rumoured that Mr. George Wingate intends to resign from the captaincy. Mr. Robert Cherry is ready to step into the breach.

Mr. Gerald Loder also has designs on the captaincy. But the Remove has designs on Mr. Gerald Loder!

Mr. George Blundell sends us the following conundrum: Why is William Greene? Because he can't help it, poor chap!

Mr. W. G. Bunter declares that he can't do without his breakfast. But the Remove can do without Bunter!

Mr. Sidney Snoop has been through the hoop. Mr. William Stott also caught it hot. Mr. Harold Skinner failed to back a winner. But Mr. Robert Cherry is still alive and merry! (Steady on, old chap! You're queering Dick Penfold's pitch!—Ed.)

Mr. Mobbs, of Highcliffe, recently awarded over fifty impositions. No wonder each of his indignant pupils Mobbs him!

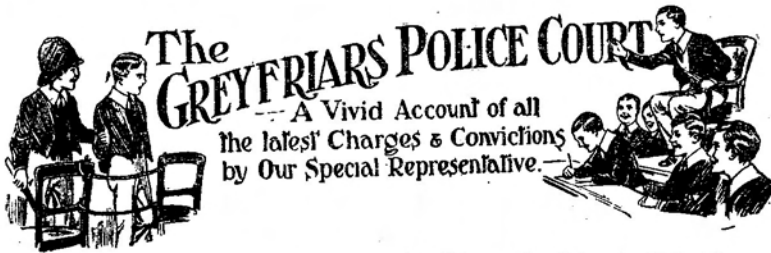
Mr. Johnny Bull has just received a fat remittance from his uncle. Offers of eternal friendship are pouring in from all sides!

Mr. Donald Ogilvy has lost one of his white mice; Mr. Percy Bolsover has lost his temper; and Lord Maul-ever has lost his memory!

Mr. H. H. Quelch, M.A., gave six juniors permission to use his typewriter last night. The machine was collected this morning by the old-iron merchant!

Mr. Samuel Tuckless Bunter was heavily fined at the Greyfriars Police Court for exceeding the feed limit.

Mr. Harry Wharton says that he will be pleased to receive contributions from readers. So will Mr. Robert Cherry—but the contributions must be in cash!



The GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

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

Crowds of photographers, pressmen, and others had to be turned away from the police-court this week, owing to lack of accommodation. The news that a Cliff House girl was to be the principal witness in one of the cases caused a profound sensation. Mr. Justice Wharton sprinted into the court shortly after six o'clock.

Bessie Bunter in the Witness-Box!

The first prisoner was a good-looking youth named Sampson Quincey Ifley Field. He was charged with corresponding with one of the young ladies at Cliff House, without the knowledge of his schoolfellows.

Mr. Frank Nugent, K.C., for the prosecution, said that this was a very painful case, for the prisoner was a pal of his. Duty, however, came before friendship.

"The prisoner has behaved abominably," said Mr. Nugent. "He has written a letter to a Cliff House girl—Miss Bessie Bunter, to wit—and he endeavoured to keep it a secret. Police-constable Bull, however, with his usual smartness, contrived to intercept the letter, which I will now read to the court."

There was a dramatic silence as the counsel for the prosecution groped for the letter.

Mr. Nugent: Here we are, gentlemen! Just listen to this:

"My dear Bessie,—It seems ages since I saw you last, and I am simply dying to see you again.

"Come straight to Greyfriars on Wednesday afternoon, won't you? It will be a half-holiday, and we will spend the afternoon in rambling on the cliffs, and the evening at the Courtfield cinema.

"Let me know in advance what sort of chocolates you like best, so that I can order half a dozen boxes. I know what a healthy appetite you've got!

"Believe me, dear Bessie,
"Ever your own
"SAMPSON."

Magistrate: Oh, Squiffy, Squiffy, you'll bring down my grey wig in sorrow to the grave! (Laughter.)

Miss Bessie Bunter, a slim young lady of fifteen, tripped lightly into the witness-box. She strongly denied that she was on friendly terms with prisoner.

Mr. Nugent: Have you ever met him?

Witness: No!

Mr. Nugent: Have you ever written to him?

Witness: No!

Mr. Nugent: Are you the lady referred to as "My dear Bessie"?

Witness: No! I'm nobody's "dear Bessie"—except Billy's and Sammy's. (Laughter.)

Mr. Nugent: Do you deny that you have a healthy appetite?

Witness: Most emphatically! I'm

terribly under-fed at Cliff House—starved, in fact!

Mr. Nugent: That's all the more reason why you should possess a healthy appetite! Is it correct that on one occasion you consumed twenty-four mince-pies at a single sitting?

Magistrate: That's not a fair question. My learned friend will oblige by sticking to the point.

Mr. Nugent: Do you absolutely deny that the prisoner's letter was intended for you?

Witness: Yes, and I'll smack your face if you cross-examine me any more! I'll scratch you, too!

The counsel for the prosecution hurriedly sat down.

Mr. Field, who conducted his own defence, said that the letter in question was not intended for Miss Bunter at all. It was written to his own cousin, Bessie Field, who had recently arrived in England from Australia, and who was coming to Greyfriars to see him on the following Wednesday. "An idiotic mistake has been made," said Mr. Field, "and the police should be soundly bumped!"

The magistrate, summing up, said he was of the opinion that a blunder had been made, and that P.-c. Johnny Bull had put his foot in it. It was up to the jury, of course, to decide; but unless they returned a verdict of not guilty he'd sack the lot!

The foreman of the jury hastily pronounced a verdict in accordance with the views of the magistrate.

Magistrate (to prisoner): You are acquitted, old fellow! I shall expect you to stand me a feed for working the oracle! (Laughter.)

Miss Bunter: What about my travelling expenses? I've come all the way from Cliff House to attend this court, and—

Magistrate: It's all serene, Miss Bunter! I'm just going to pass round the hat!

The collection realised fourpence in French pennies.

REPORTS IN BRIEF.

William George Bunter (after he had chased his sister from the court and insisted on halves) pleaded guilty to not washing his neck on the morning of the 15th instant.

Magistrate: Good old Bunter! How would you like a nice big cake?

Prisoner (with little round eyes gleaming behind spectacles): Ripping, your worship!

Magistrate: Then you shall have one—of soap. (Loud laughter.)

Mr. Robert Ogilvy was charged with leaving his bicycle unattended in the Close, in contravention of the Defence of the Elms Regulations.

This being his first offence, the accused was discharged without a stain on his Etons.

MY NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS!

Several well-known individuals have been asked to announce their New Year resolutions. The result is published below.—Ed.

BILLY BUNTER:

"My New Year Resolutions are three in number, vizz.:

"(1) I will eat nothing likely to give me a pane.

"(2) I will tell no more woppers.

"(3) I will not lissen at any more keyholes, bekaws of the draft."

BOB CHERRY:

"I will tackle the impot that Quelchy gave me on Armistice Day."

FISHER T. FISH:

"I kinder sorter guess and calculate I don't make Noo Year Resolutions. I only make real, live, up-to-date wheezes for roping in the shekels."

WUN LUNG:

"Me tinkee me buyee new pigtail, beastly bully Bolsover having cuttee one inchee oftee oldee one."

WILLIAM GOSLING:

"Which I won't touch another drop—of cold water!"

ALONZO TODD:

"My New Year Resolutions, dear Mr. Editor, are manifold and multitudinous. I will proceed to expound four hundred and fifty-six of them." (Not in these—er—pages!—Ed.)

HURREE SINGH:

"I have resolvefully determined to work in class slogfully, to shoot for goal kickfully, and to be an esteemed credit to my kind and ludicrous teacher-sahibs."

LORD MAULEVERER:

"Yaw-aw-aw! No New Year Resolutions from this quarter, except to buy twelve more cushions for the study sofa!"

GERALD LODER:

"Go and eat coke!" (What curious New Year Resolution of Loder's! Can't he find something more dainty and less substantial?—Ed.)

DICK PENFOLD:

"My New Year Resolution, Dear Editor, will be To cause a revolution Among tame poets—see?"

HAROLD SKINNER:

"My New Year Resolution? Not to be found out!"

HORACE COKER:

"My New Year Resolewition is to reform the Remove."

THE REMOVE:

"Our New Year Resolution is to reform Coker!"

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

A Timely Question.

Patient in the "insane ward," to medical officer on his morning visit: Is that clock on the wall quite right?

Doctor (looking at his watch, and comparing the two): Yes, perfectly.

Patient: Then what the thump is it doing in here, then?—Sent in by W. S. Westwood, 249, Edward Road, Coppermill Road, Walthamstow, E.17.

A Lucky Shot!

An Irishman was sleeping in a log cabin in Canada. Towards midnight he awakened suddenly, and thinking he saw a ghost at the other end of the cabin, he reached for his six-shooter and fired at it. Next morning he found a bullet-hole through his own shirt that was hanging on a peg.

"Begorra!" he cried. "'Tis lucky Oi wasn't in it at the time!"—Sent in by T. Lancashire, 10, Wales Street, Ripponden Road, Oldham, Lancs.

Cooked Their Goose!

Mess President: Cook the dinner today on the new oil-stove, Johnson?

Johnson: Well, sir, I began to, but it went out.

Mess President: Then light it again.

Johnson: Yes, sir, but it's not back yet. It went out through the roof!—Sent in by J. Garner, 4, Lindley Grove, Richmond Hill, Leeds.

GRATE FUN!



"I put one of my wedding presents on the fire this morning."
 "Did you really? What was it?"
 "A copper kettle."

A Bootiful Sight!

Micky Desmond (to Gosling the school porter): I say, Gossy, lend me a spade for a minute. Bunter's up to his ankles in snow and I want to dig him out!

Gosling: Well, why can't he get 'issed out?

Micky Desmond: Shure, 'tis because the silly spalpeen's fallen in head first!—Sent in by G. Ramsay, 9, Clarence Street, Ulverston, Lancs.

Very Freezing!

Alonzo Todd: This hard water is not easy to wash in, is it, my dear Cherry?

Bob: No; but it's quite soft to some I have seen recently.

Alonzo: Ah, sea-water, I presume?

Bob: No, ice, you chump!—Sent in by Miss Mildred McAlpine, 7, George Place, Northbrook Street, Birmingham.

Secured Him "Time!"

A man arrested for murder bribed a juryman with a hundred pounds to insist on a verdict of manslaughter. The jury were out a long time, but at last came back with the desired verdict. Later, when the juryman visited him in his cell, the prisoner said:

"I'm much obliged to you, my friend. Did you have a hard time?"

"Yes," replied the man. "I had a hard tussle. The other eleven wanted to acquit yer!"—Sent in by A. Surtees, 8, Durham Street, Vauxhall, S.E.11.

VERY MO-VING!



"Bouncer tells me he has the position of leading man in that new drama."
 "Yes: he leads the cow across the stage in the first act."

And Tommy Got Pounded!

Teacher: Now, if I bought a pound of butter for a shilling and sold it for three-and-sixpence, what ought I to get?

Tommy: Gaoled for profiteering!—Sent in by D. Smith, 17, Wellesley Street, Stepney, E. 1.

Sly Dogs!

Butcher (to lawyer who has just entered his shop): How should I act if a dog stole a piece of meat valued at six shillings?

Lawyer: Charge the meat to the owner of the dog.

Butcher: Well, your dog did it!

Lawyer: Then I shall only want eightpence, please! My information is six-and-eight!—Sent in by F. Tudor, 9, Kilton Lane, Sheffield.

OUR FOOTBALL COLUMN

Conducted by Our Sports Editor.
H. VERNON-SMITH

EDITOR'S NOTE.—It is not necessary to be a footballer in order to write a football column—of sorts! Realising this, she called upon Mrs. Mimbble, the proprietress of the school tuckshop, to report last Saturday's game. The good dame appears to have been ably assisted by Skinner!—H.W.

GREYFRIARS REMOVE v. UPPER FOURTH.

By Mrs. JESSIE MIMBLE.

WHEN Master Vernon-Smith asked me to come and see the dear boys play, and to write an account of it afterwards, I was delighted. I am no scholar, as most of you are aware, but I will do my best.

On reaching the ground I found Master Wharton's team facing Master Temple's.

The captain of the school blew a whistle, and then the dear boys started kicking each other.

Sometimes I caught a glimpse of a muddy ball—particularly on one occasion when it struck me in the eye.

Master Skinner rushed to my assistance, and brushed off the dirt with a handkerchief.

At that moment a deafening cry of "Goal!" arose.

"Would you mind explaining to me, Master Skinner," I said, "how goals are obtained?"

"With pleasure, ma'am! You see that curious-looking net?"

I nodded.
 "Well, every time a fellow balloons the ball right over the top it's a goal."

When the game re-started after a short stop the Remove got quite a crop of goals.

At last it was all over. The Remove came off the field looking very downcast, and I could not understand it.

"Cheer up, Master Wharton!" I said. "You have won by fifty-nine goals to three, and you ought to feel proud of yourself. If you and the other dear boys on the winning side would care to step along to my shop, I shall be happy to serve you with refreshments free of charge."

Master Wharton blinked at me in surprise for a moment; then he laughed heartily.

"You've made a slight mistake, ma'am!" he said. "We were licked—and the score was two to one against us!"

I repeated what Master Skinner had told me, and the players laughed until their sides ached.

"Skinner was pulling your leg, ma'am!" said Master Cherry.

"Good-bye to the refreshments!" said Master Bull.

But he was wrong. I insisted upon the dear boys accompanying me to my shop. And when they left it, half an hour later, they no longer looked downcast. They were beaming with gratitude; and Master Vernon-Smith said he hoped I should report a good many more football-matches in future!



A stirring serial story dealing with adventures amongst Redskins

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

BUCK DIXIE gazed anxiously back at the ridge over which they had come, as it showed grey and clear in the dawn.

At any moment he expected to see the feathered figures of Eagle of the Red Claw and his party silhouetted against the pale sky that crowned the ridge.

As he had foretold, the great stampede of Redskin horses was now scattering in all directions as the thousand riderless steeds, travelling in the wake of Starlight and the Indian grey found themselves on a wide expanse of sweet green grass which was very different from the rough, parched buffalo-grass of the prairie.

Already the weaker and more weary amongst these were dropping out of the great drove and starting to graze greedily amongst the bushes that grew everywhere in thick clumps.

But the main body of the drove had scented water, and were travelling fast down the slope towards the wide river which, bordered by a thick growth of willows, meandered through the great valley in the prairie.

The bushes helped to part the drove. Little detached parties of horses broke away from the main body, and found themselves separated in the aisles and lanes which ran amongst the bushes.

Buck nodded with satisfaction as he noted this.

"In half an hour," said he, "they will be all over the valley, and the feed gets better at every yard. It will lead them on and on till they are scattered over a good twenty miles of country. Then Eagle of the Red Claw and his friends will have all their work cut out to round them up."

He urged the grey forward now, and Starlight set the pace. They raced onwards for the shining river, Buck Dixie keeping his eye all the time on that grey ridge they were leaving fast behind.

Presently he slipped from his saddle, hanging by the side of the grey so that only his foot showed above the horse's back, and Kit, who was up to this Indian trick, followed his example.

They were now hidden behind the bodies of their mounts and their Redskin pursuers, coming to the top of the ridge with a thousand scattered horses within their view, would have a difficult job to pick out the whereabouts of the man and the boy who had led their mounts so far afield.

They were well amongst the bushes

bordering the river when Buck slipped from the grey to the ground, bringing his steed to a standstill behind a thick clump of willows.

Starlight also came to a halt, and Kit slipped from his back.

"There they are!" exclaimed Buck, pointing to the ridge through a rift in the willows.

For a moment Kit could see nothing. His eyes, new from the short distance and streets of England, were not yet adjusted to the huge spaces of the prairie. But presently along the crown of the ridge he saw a tiny dot moving.

Against this dot a second dot showed—then a third.

And soon the ridge was occupied by fifty tiny little figures, not so large as tin soldiers.

But they were forbidding little figures as they reined in their ponies and sat there surveying the wide expanse of the valley, for they were all Redskin war chiefs.

"Lie low, Kit!" said Buck Dixie, in a low voice. "Those rascals have eyes like telescopes. And they are searching the valley for a sign of us. It's us they want first, and the ponies afterwards. But we'll take to the river directly. Water leaves no trail."

He crouched behind the willow, parting the branches with his fingers to keep his watch on those tiny menacing figures.

The crowd of fifty had increased in

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, but is rescued by an old chief, who turns out to be none other than Buck Dixie, the scout, in disguise. Buck stampedes the Indians' ponies, and, with Kit, rides away, pursued by Eagle of the Red Claw and his braves.

numbers. The braves, not so well mounted as their chiefs, were coming up in twos and threes.

Buck Dixie chuckled under his breath.

"Their ponies are pretty well lathered," said he. "They have ridden fast, and they have ridden far, and the Redskin pony doesn't like fast travelling. He hasn't got the stay for it. And that's all in our favour. Here they come, over the ridge!"

The little dots were soon lost to sight against the brown ridge, which was beginning to take colour as the light of the dawn increased to full daybreak.

Kit could not see any Indians now. But they were there, all the same, streaming down into the valley, heading rather towards their right.

Buck's keen eyes had not lost sight of them. He, too, had eyes like an Indian, and could see more with the naked eye than most town-dwellers could see with the help of a powerful pair of binoculars. He watched the stream of men and horses coming over the ridge for a little while.

"We'll leave them to sort out the rails," said he. "Now for the river!"

He sprang upon the back of the grey, and carefully steered the horse into a narrow, sandy little watercourse fed by a spring which wound amongst the willows.

"How can they pick up our trail out of all these thousand trails that lead into the valley?" asked Kit.

Buck Dixie laughed.

"You'll learn that presently, Kit," said he. "A horse that carries a man eaves a different track to a horse that runs riderless. That's why I was careful to lead the mob and not to follow it. Their tracks will have obliterated ours. But those varmints will pick them up, sure enough. But running water washes away a trail. That is why I am following this little brook. It is covered by willows all the way to the river, and once in the river we can swim our horses under the shelter of the banks.

He rode on till they had reached the spot where the little brook ran into the river, which was a good forty feet wide, running between deep, high banks of gravel which stood up in straight walls. Then he slipped off the back of the grey, and signed to Kit to ride Starlight straight into the water.

"Stick to your seat, Kit," said he.

"This grey fellow will follow old Starlight, but I will swim beside him."

Starlight seemed to know exactly what was required of him. He walked silently into the deepening water, and was soon swimming, whilst the grey, after a little hesitation and nervousness, followed him.

Then the deep green current took them, sweeping them on close under the high banks.

There was a good head of water in the river, for the snows were melting on the far distant mountain ranges that fed it, and Kit saw the ochre-coloured banks sliding past him with incredible swiftness.

They grey kept close to Starlight, Buck Dixie holding his mane and swimming beside him, talking to him encouragingly in the Navajo tongue. "He follows Starlight all right," said he, with a laugh. "Starlight made friends with him in the night, and he'll follow the old horse anywhere now."

"How do you know that?" asked Kit curiously.

"Why," replied Buck, "I could tell by the way he closed up on Starlight in the night, and by the way they were muzzling one another when we were taking cover under the willows. A Redskin horse is like a Redskin—it's not often that he'll make friends with a Paleface horse, but when he does he's friends for life."

They swam on through the deep green current, listening for signs of pursuit.

A flight of wild duck, following their leading drake in two converging lines, flew across the river ahead of them, giving forth plaintive, piping cries.

The birds were travelling fast and high, and Buck looked up at them with a nod.

"Redskins!" said he. "Those birds only take flight before dawn and after dusk, when they change their feeding-grounds. It's our friends have sent them up from the low-lying ground. Some of them can't be far away."

And as he spoke the wind brought the sound of a war-whoop to their ears.

"They've picked up our trail somewhere!" said Buck in a low tone.

"That whoop was the tracker's whoop, which shows that one of the braves has found the trail of a loaded horse. But it's not the trackers I am thinking of, but the stray parties which will have set off to chase the ponies and to quarter the ground for us. But keep on, Kit; those fellows are yelling enough to let us know where they are."

Now and again, as they swam on, they could hear faint whoopings and calls, which were brought to them by the water, which conducted the sound like a telephone.

"They have sent search-parties up and down the river," muttered Buck, "and there's one lot of them coming this way. But we'll fool them. Look out for the bluff round the next bend, Kit!"

The current bore them swiftly round the bend, and soon Kit saw the place that Buck was looking for.

Here in the valley lay a large stratum of pudding-stone, which, impreg-

nated by lime, was harder than the surrounding beds of gravel.

The river had undercut the banks, which at this spot were nearly twenty feet high. The swift current had washed out the gravel; leaving a projecting ledge of the harder stuff, which stuck out like a shelf about two feet above the surface of the river. In one or two places huge slabs of this pudding-stone or conglomerate had fallen into the river, making a sort of eddy, and it was below one of these that Buck, giving the head of the grey a sudden turn, made straight for the bank.

"This is where we have breakfast," he whispered.

Kit gasped with wonderment. He

But Starlight followed unhesitatingly. He swam in under that frowning bank, and Kit slipped from his saddle into the water as they came under the ledge, for there was no room for him otherwise.

And lo and behold, behind this rock face opened the mouth of a roomy and spacious cavern, whose sloping floor led down into the river at a gentle angle.

Up this Starlight walked and Kit waded.

"Stick to Starlight's bridle, Kit, and you won't bump your head," he heard Buck say from the darkness. "Starlight knows his way in here as well as I do."

Starlight walked up out of the



"Listen!" said Buck suddenly. "Here they come!" He went to the wall of the cavern; and placing his ear against the stone, listened intently, beckoning to Kit to do likewise.

was ravenous and sinking with hunger, and here was this miracle of a man suggesting breakfast whilst they were swimming their horses down a desolate river, chased hot-foot by Redskins!

But Buck Dixie swam his grey in through the eddy of the fallen slabs of conglomerate. The water here was deep under the scour of the current, but Starlight followed the grey without question, as though the place were as familiar to him as his stable.

Buck directed the grey straight at the wall of the river, where the great face of pudding-stone projected in a long ledge only two feet above the surface of the water. And horse and rider disappeared under this great up-standing ledge, as though the rock had swallowed them up like some enchanted rock in a fairy-tale.

water, shaking himself like a dog, and came to a standstill in the darkness.

Then came the scratching of a match.

Buck Dixie was lighting a lamp, whose yellow beams soon illuminated the interior of the cave.

Kit looked round him wonderingly. The place was partly natural and partly artificial, for the walls showed signs that they had been hollowed out by a pick. Against the walls were two rude bunks with blankets, and there were boxes and sacks containing stores.

Buck laughed as he poured some meal into a bag and tied it over the head of the grey.

"That will prevent him whinnying if he hears some of his Red-skin friends on the bank above," said he. "What

do you think of this place for a snu bolt-hole, Kit?" he added.

"It's wonderful!" exclaimed Kit.

"I've got a dozen of them all over this country," said Buck, his white teeth showing in the lamplight. "I got the notion from a book of adventures of Robin Hood which I read when I was a youngster. That is why the Redskins think that I am a magician who can come and go as he desires. But the truth is that when the chase gets too hot for me I drop into one of my burrows like a prairie dog, and lie quiet till the clouds roll by. Now we'll stop here for breakfast and wait till our Redskin friends have searched the river. They will be along here soon."

He opened a box and revealed a supply of dried meat and hard biscuits carefully packed in tinned boxes. Then he produced a spirit-stove and lit it, placing a kettle on its blue flame.

Then, whilst the kettle was getting on the boil, Starlight was carefully rubbed down and given a bucket of meal-and-water.

"There's nothing like a spirit-stove," said Buck, as he crouched over the blue flame. "Nothing like a spirit-stove for the Redskin country. The Red Man doesn't yet know the use of firewater as a fuel. He only thinks of burning out his inside by drinking it. And he looks for the smoke of camp-fires all the time. That is another reason why he thinks that I am a magician who can cook without fire."

Buck chuckled as he made the coffee, for the kettle was boiling now.

"Listen!" said he suddenly. "Here they come!"

He went to the wall of the cavern; and, placing his ear against the stone, listened intently, beckoning to Kit to do likewise.

For the life of him Kit could not help walking tiptoe across the cavern, for through the stone walls he could hear the sound of dull hoof-beats. There were horses galloping close overhead.

Of a sudden these dull sounds stopped.

Buck chuckled.

"The varmints have come to a stop just over our heads," said he. "They are peering down the river, which they can see for a long way from the top of this little bluff. They will think it a lost trail, and they won't go any further. The rascals little think that we are cooking breakfast just below their horses' feet!"

The conglomerate rock, strongly impregnated with iron and lime, carried sounds to them with astonishing clearness. They heard the stamp of the horses as, after a brief survey of the river, the Redskin war-party above their heads wheeled their mounts and were off again.

"That's the goods!" said Buck comfortably. "They have given up this trail and they'll hunt us further up the valley. Now we'll have breakfast in peace."

The long instalment of this rattling Redskin story in next Tuesday's "Greyfriars Herald" will be full of excitement. Be early at your newsagent's and place your order!

LOWTHER'S LIMERICK!

A capital complete story, specially written for "The Greyfriars Herald"

By SIDNEY CLIVE



As we emerged out into the passage, four blackened and begrimed fellows staggered towards us. "Who—what—which—" gasped Jack Blake.

IF Jack Blake hadn't thrown the snowball this story would never have been written. But Blake did throw it, thereby providing me with "copy" for "The Greyfriars Herald."

In the quadrangle at St. Jim's the snow lay thick on the flagstones.

It was a bitter January evening, and dark, but not too dark for Jack Blake to detect the athletic figure of Tom Merry crossing the quad.

Tom halted at the pillar-box, dropped a couple of letters in it, and was retracing his steps to the School House, when—

Biff!

A snowball smote him with great violence on the chin, and scattered in fragments on his Eton jacket.

"M-m-my hat!" gasped Tom Merry.

"If I find out who threw that snowball, I'll—I'll burst him!"

There was the sound of a low chuckle in the gloom, and Tom Merry, peering intently, caught sight of a retreating figure. He had recognised the chuckle as being Jack Blake's.

"Come back, you cheeky bounder!" shouted Tom.

"Not this evening!" replied Blake cheerfully. "Some other evening!"

And his form was rapidly swallowed up in the darkness.

Tom Merry gave chase, but it was difficult to tell which direction Jack Blake had taken.

The captain of the Shell gave it up at last, and returned to his study, where Manners, Lowther, and Talbo were comfortable before a blazing fire.

"Hallo!" ejaculated Manners, as

Tom Merry came in. "Been trying to turn yourself into a snowman?"

Tom Merry grunted as he brushed lumps of snow from his Etons.

"That cheerful idiot Blake has been having a pot-shot at me in the quad," he explained.

"My hat!"

"Never mind," said Monty Lowther. "We'll have a pot-shot at Blake!"

"How?"

"Leave it to me!" said the humorist of the Shell, with a chuckle.

Monty's chums regarded him in some surprise as he proceeded to scribble something on a sheet of paper.

"What's the little game?" inquired Talbot.

Silence, save for the scratching of Monty Lowther's pen.

"What's the joke, fathead?" demanded Tom Merry.

Still silence!

Tom Merry was about to seize his chum by the shoulders and shake him, when Monty Lowther looked up.

"How much tin have you got, Tommy?" he inquired.

"A fair amount," said Tom Merry. "Why?"

"Will your funds run to offering a prize of ten bob?"

"A prize! What on earth for?"

"A Limerick competition."

"A which?"

"I have here," said Monty Lowther, in the suave tones of an auctioneer about to conduct a sale, "the first four lines of a Limerick. It's about Blake. I vote you stick it up on the

notice-board, and offer ten bob for the best last line."

Tom Merry gave a snort.

"Well, of all the feeble wheezes——" he began.

"Feeble!" hooted Lowther. "Why-it's the best stunt of the term! We'll give all the fellows an hour to send in their last lines, and we'll announce the result by bedtime."

"Is this what you call scoring off Blake?" said Manners in disgust.

"Yes. We'll score off him so completely that he'll be glad to hide his diminished head. Look at the first four lines."

The juniors did so.

The unfinished Limerick ran as follows:

"A cheeky young bounder named Blake,
Once went for a slide on the lake.
When he felt the ice quiver
He said with a shiver——"

"They'll soon fish me out with a rake!" murmured Talbot.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"None of the last lines will be complimentary to Blake," said Monty Lowther. "Every competitor will have a dig at him. And that's where we'll score——see?"

"There's one thing I don't see," said Tom Merry.

"Namely, O King?"

"Why I should have to fork out ten bob to the sender of the best last line."

"Ahem! You can make it five, if you like, you know!" said Lowther hastily.

"Who's going to judge the competition?"

"We four."

"Very well, then. We'll pay an equal share of the prize-money—a half a crown each."

"That's fair enough," said Talbot.

And he planked a half-crown on to the table.

Manners followed suit, and so did Tom Merry. Monty Lowther, however, seemed to be in difficulties.

"I've got tuppence-ha'penny in cash, four buttons, and the counter-foil of a postal-order," he said. "I'd cheerfully hand over the lot, but I happen to owe Gussy two bob."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"As I evolved the Limerick, I think you ought to let me off," said Lowther.

"All serene," said Tom Merry, laughing. "We'll make the prize seven-and-six instead of ten bob."

"My hat!" said Manners. "There's going to be some excitement this evening!"

"Yes, rather!"

Ten minutes later the notice-board in the junior common-room was besieged by a hustling, curious throng.

"Bai Jove!" ejaculated Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "What's all the wumpus about?"

"Tom Merry's shoved an announcement up," said Digby. "Let me leap gently on to your shoulders, Gussy—like this—and I'll read it out to you."

"Ow! Oh, ewumps!" gasped the swell of St. Jim's, almost collapsing under Digby's weight.

"Sha'n't be more than a tick," said

Digby cheerfully. "I can see over the heads of the surging multitude now. Here we are!"

And this is the announcement Digby saw:

"NOTICE!"

"A Cash Prize of 7s. 6d. (seven shillings and sixpence) will be awarded to the fellow who supplies the best last line to the Limerick given below.

"All entries are to be sent in to No. 10 Study, Shell Passage, by eight o'clock. Four qualified judges will cope with the efforts, and the result will be made public before bedtime.

"RALLY ROUND, EVERYBODY!"

"Think of all the motor-scooters that can be bought for seven-and-six-pence! (Signed) Tom MERRY."

"What's the Limerick?" inquired Jack Blake.

"I—I don't think I'll read it," said Digby. "It happens to be a trifle personal."

Jack Blake chuckled.

"Poor old Gussy!" he said. "His noble leg's always being pulled, with more or less success."

"It isn't Gussy this time," said Digby. "It's you!"

"What!"

"A cheeky young bounder named Blake——" began Digby.

"My hat! If you think you can call me names like that, and keep your nose its normal size, you're jolly well mistaken!" hooted Blake. "Take that!"

The incensed Blake aimed a blow at Dig; but the later, anticipating events, jumped nimbly down from his perch, and dodged behind Arthur Augustus.

It was Gussy who got the full benefit of Blake's blow. It caught him in the chest, fairly doubling him up.

"Yawwoocoh! Blake, you uttah wottah——"

"Sorry!" gasped Blake.

"Your sorrow does not increase my personal comfort!" said Arthur Augustus severely.

"I meant that swipe for Dig. He started calling me fancy names——"

"You silly ass!" roared Digby.

"I was quoting from the Limerick!"

"Oh!"

"The Limerick refers to you as a cheeky young bounder. I should never go so far as to call you that. I should keep my thoughts to myself."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jack Blake fairly gnashed his teeth with rage when he caught a glimpse of the Limerick.

The other fellows, however, entered into the fun with zest.

"Seven-and-six wouldn't buy a motor-scooter," said Cardew. "I doubt if it would run to a Tate's sugar-box on wheels. All the same, it's not to be despised. I intend to have a shot——"

Cardew's remarks were cut short by a sudden roar of laughter from Grundy of the Shell.

"Ha, ha, ha! Oh, my hat! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Steady on, old chap," said Wilkins. "You'll bust a boiler if you laugh like that!"

"Oh, dear!" sobbed Grundy. "I've thought of a ripping, eighteen-carat, gilt-edged last line! It isn't often that I laugh at my own jokes, but I simply can't help it this time. When they see my finishing touch to that Limerick the judges will have a fit."

"I can quite believe you!" said Gunn.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"How does your last line go, dear boy?" inquired Cardew.

"You'd like to know, wouldn't you?" said Grundy. "But I'm not going to shout it from the house-tops. Everybody would be cribbing it if I did."

"My hat!"

Grundy was quite confident that he had hit upon a winning line, and he went along to his study to write it out.

Quite a number of attempts were submitted to No. 10 Study before eight o'clock.

The study door was locked, and it was impossible for anyone to get in. But a notice had been posted up, as follows:

"LIMERICK CONTEST."

"Competitors are requested to push all efforts underneath the door."

There was quite a buzz of excitement in the School House that evening. Everyone was on tenterhooks to know the result of the competition.

Five minutes before bedtime our curiosity was satisfied. But the result came as a rude shock to everybody, with the exception of George Alfred Grundy.

It was Baggy Trimble who first spotted the result on the notice-board, and when he told us it was there we hurried to the spot.

And this is what we saw:

"COMPETITION RESULT!"

"Over thirty fellows submitted last lines to the following Limerick:

"A cheeky young bounder named Blake,
Once went for a slide on the lake.
When he felt the ice quiver
He said with a shiver——"

"The best last line, in the opinion of the judges, was submitted by G. A. Grundy, of the Shell. It ran:

"Now I shall come a giddy kropper,
and no mistaik!"

"The Cash Prize of seven-and-six-pence has been duly awarded to Mr. Grundy."

We fairly gasped when we read that staggering announcement.

"Carry me home to die!" muttered Cardew. "Grundy bags the prize—Grundy, of all people!"

"And his last line's several yards too long!" exclaimed Levison.

"And what price the spelling?" I chimed in.

"Bai Jove!" murmured Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "This must be a jape on Tom Mewwy's part, deah boys!"

"We'll jape him!" said Digby savagely. "Come on, you fellows!"

An indignant crowd of us rushed away to No. 10 Study. It was our

fixed intention to wipe up the floor with the judges.

"My last line, 'I hope that my neck I won't break,' ought easily to have got the prize," grunted Cardew. "It was miles better than anyone else's I saw!"

"Except mine," shouted a dozen voices.

Quite a little scrap might have developed among ourselves, but just then we reached our destination.

With one wild concerted rush we hurled ourselves forward and burst through the door of No. 10.

But the study was empty!

"No go!" said Herries. "Never mind! We'll deal with the silly chumps in the dorm."

As we emerged into the passage four blackened and begrimed fellows staggered towards us.

"Who—what—which?" gasped Jack Blake.

The four Christy Minstrels halted, and we recognised them, in spite of their black faces, as the Terrible Three and Talbot.

"My hat!" gasped Cardew. "Where have you boudners been?"

"In the coal-cellar!" groaned Tom Merry.

"What!"

"Explain, deah boys!" said Arthur Augustus.

And then Tom Merry and Co. described how they had been kidnapped by a gang of fellows and shut in the coal-cellar.

The kidnapers were Racke, Crooke, Scrope, and Mellish, of the School House, and Clampe and Chowle of the New House, aided by half a dozen others.

"It was Racke's idea of a practical joke," grunted Manners. "They bundled us out of the way, and said they'd judge the competition themselves. We put up a fight, of course, but what can four fellows do against a dozen?"

"Did Racke get hold of the prize-money?" asked Cardew.

Tom Merry nodded.

"It was on my desk," he said. "And Racke's awarded it to Grundy."

"You'll get it back, of course?" I said.

"No; that would be rather rough on Grundy. He quite believes he sent in the best last line!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We'll deal with Racke and Co. when we get up to the dorm!" said Talbot grimly.

"Yes, rather!"

In the Shell and Fourth Form dormitories that night there was weeping and gnashing of teeth.

Racke and his confederates were soundly bunned, and over in the New House Figgins and Co. had instructions to bump Clampe and Chowle. The instructions were carried out—and so were the victims!

These acts of vengeance, however, afforded very little consolation to Tom Merry.

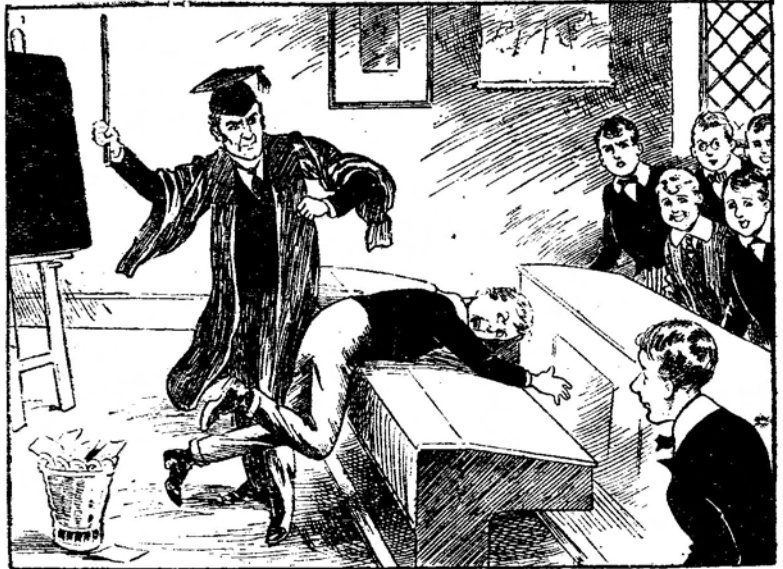
The Limerick Contest had proved a ghastly failure, and Tommy had failed to score off Jack Blake in return for the snowballing incident. But doubtless he will square that debt another time!

THE END.

THE WAGER THAT WASN'T WON!

A screamingly funny complete story

By MICKY DESMOND



"Get over!" snapped Mr. Quelch. Very reluctantly Skinner obeyed, and for the space of three minutes the pointer rose and fell.

"EVERYBODY knows," said Billy Bunter, who was holding forth to a group of fellows in front of the Common-room fire, "that for sheer all-round merit there's nobody in the Remove who can hold a candle to me!"

We fairly gasped at this cool statement.

"The only thing you're any good at, Buntz," remarked Skinner, "is blowing your own trumpet. You're an expert at that, and a rank duffer at everything else!"

Billy Bunter drew himself up to his full height—which wasn't very considerable—and blinked at Skinner through his big spectacles.

"I like your cheek!" he said indignantly. "You're the biggest freak in the Remove, and—"

"Go it, you cripples!" said Bob Cherry encouragingly. "I can see that there's going to be a battle royal presently. Ten to one on the human porpoise!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Skinner and Bunter continued to argue at a fast and furious rate.

Bunter declared that Skinner was a foolish ass, and Skinner insisted that Bunter was an asinine fool. We were expecting the pair to come to blows at any minute.

"There are dozens of things I can do—things that a useless barrel of lard like you would find impossible!" said Skinner.

Bunter laughed scornfully.

"Name one of them," he said.

Skinner paused before replying. He wanted to make his statement impressive. And he succeeded.

"One of the things that I can do, and you can't," he said, "is to get the whole Form a half-holiday tomorrow."

There was an outcry at once.

"Rats!"

"Dry up, Skinny!"

"You're talking out of your hat!"

We were accustomed to hearing wild statements from Skinner, but this was about the wildest he had ever made.

It would be impossible for the most influential fellow in the Form—and Skinner was anything but that—to procure us a half-holiday.

But Skinner stuck to his guns. His face was flushed, and there was an excited gleam in his eyes.

"Would anyone care to make a wager on the subject?" he exclaimed.

Quite a crowd of us responded; but Billy Bunter was the first to accept Skinner's challenge.

"Half a crown!" he said promptly. Skinner gave a snort.

"I want to see the colour of your coin first!" he said.

Nothing daunted, Billy Bunter plunged his hand into his pocket and produced a half a crown.

"My own aunt!" murmured Nugent. "Whose desk have you been burgling, Buntz?"

"Oh, really, Nugent— This half-crown was part of a fat remittance from one of my titled relations!"

"Titled cove!" growled Bob Cherry.

"We needn't worry about where the tin came from," said Skinner.

"Bunter's got it; that's all that matters. I vote we hand the stakes to some responsible person!"

"Guess I'm the galoot you're looking for!" said Fisher T. Fish.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Some responsible person," repeated Skinner, glaring at the Yankee junior. "Wharton, frinstance."

"All serene!" said the captain of the Remove.

In the presence of a dozen witnesses Billy Bunter handed over his half-crown to Wharton, and Skinner parted with a similar sum.

"You champion ass, Skinny!" said Bolsover major. "Its like throwing your cash down a drain! How can you possibly wangle a half-holiday for the whole Form, you burbling chump?"

Skinner replied with the well-worn words:

"Wait and see!"

There was quite a sensation in the junior Common-room.

We knew that Skinner had something up his sleeve, but we were quite in the dark as to what it was.

"Skinner's potty!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Oh, quite!" said Bob Cherry. "He seems to think he can work the oracle, but in my opinion he's bitten off more than he can chew!"

"A fool and his money are soon in the bush, as your English proverb has it," observed Hurree Singh.

"Ha, ha ha!"

Skinner turned to Billy Bunter.

"I've got one condition to make," he said.

"What's that?"

"That you sign a written statement promising not to let on about this wager to Quelchy or any of the prefects."

"Oh, really——"

"That's fair enough," said Harry Wharton.

And he drew up a statement on a sheet of impot. paper, which Bunter, with a good deal of hesitation and reluctance, signed.

The statement ran thus:

"I hereby promise to keep mum on the subject of the wager which I contracted with Harold Skinner in the Common-room this day.

"I realise that if I break this promise I shall be liable to a Form licking, or, at least, a sound bumping.

(Signed) W. G. BUNTER."

"That's the idea!" said Skinner. "Will you keep that statement, Wharton?"

Wharton nodded, and placed the document in his pocket with the stakes.

The transaction was completed just in the nick of time, for at that moment Wingate of the Sixth came in to shepherd us up to bed.

"A half-holiday!" murmured Bob Cherry, when we were in the dorm. "If only Skinner could wangle it!"

"Why, we'd play our overdue footer match with Courtfield Juniors!" said Vernon-Smith.

"What's the use of jawing about it?" said Wharton impatiently. "Everybody knows that Skinner hasn't an earthly chance of winning the wager!"

But from Harold Skinner's bed came a knowing chuckle.

II.

TING-A-LING-A-LING!

It was the telephone-bell in Quelchy's study.

Quelchy hates the telephone at all times; and the particular time when he hates it most is during the interval between brekker and morning school.

Our respected Form-master works so late at night on his never-ending History of Greyfriars that his temper is always on edge in the morning. And it was on edge now as he strode towards the disturbing instrument.

Quelchy took off the receiver and placed it to his ear, at the same instant receiving a shock which not only deafened him, but caused him to leap a good four inches off the carpet.

"Really, this is too bad!" he muttered, when he had pulled himself together. "Operator! Are you there?"

There was an inarticulate murmur from the other end of the wire.

"Operator!" repeated Quelchy, his voice rising to a roar. "You have partially deafened me! On placing the receiver to my ear, I received a shock of the most violent and alarming nature! If you are a lady, I regard your conduct as most exasperating. If you are a man, I look upon you as a demented and dangerous imbecile!"

"What! What!" came in a choking voice across the wires. "Are you aware, sir, whom you are addressing?"

Quelchy gave a jump. That voice sounded curiously familiar.

"I—I——" he stammered. "Who is that?"

"I am Major Thresher, sir—a member of the Board of Governors! Never in all my life have I been insulted in this way——"

"Bless my soul!" gasped Quelchy. "Believe me, my dear major, you are under a misapprehension! You evidently only heard the latter part of my conversation, and, therefore, you were not aware that it was the fool of an operator that I was addressing. I should not dream of applying such epithets to your gallant and distinguished self——"

"Cut it out!" was the gruff retort. "Is it my misfortune to be speaking to Quelch?"

"Really, major——"

"Is that Quelch, or is it not?"

"It is."

"Then I have a message to convey to you. Dr. Locke is in London——what?"

"Yes. He has gone to attend the Conference of Headmasters——"

"Huh! Well, in his absence, I'll rely upon you to carry out my instructions. The Remove Form is to have a half-holiday to-day."

Quelchy jumped—for the third time in five minutes.

"This—this is very sudden, major! May I inquire for what reason——"

"Dash it all, sir, I fail to see why I should be cross-examined by a mere underling like you! However, I'll satisfy your curiosity. Our worthy and venerable chairman, Sir Neville Sprightly, celebrates his birthday to-day. He is ninety. He called upon me in his bath-chair a few minutes ago, and made the request which I am passing on to you. The Remove Form, as you are probably aware, is the apple of his eye, and he is, there-

fore, anxious that its members shall have a half-holiday. Will you intimate to your pupils, Quelch, that they are free to do as they like this afternoon?"

Quelchy was staggered by the request—or, rather, command—but it was more than he dared do to defy a governor of the school.

"Very well, major," he said. "I will see that Sir Neville's wishes are met. I trust you are keeping in good health. When last I had the honour of seeing you, you told me you were suffering with gout, rheumatism, and nervous spasms."

"Only the spasms remain," said the major, "and they'll go as soon as I've finished talking to you. Good-bye!"

Quelchy was too petrified to respond. He stood blinking at the telephone as if it had stung him. Then he raised a feeble protest.

"My dear major——"

But the dear major was gone.

The effects of that telephone conversation were apparent when Quelchy came into the Form-room to conduct morning lessons. He fairly flounced into the room; and we experienced a very stormy and painful morning. Lines and licks were as plentiful as leaves in Vallombrosa.

When the time of dismissal came, Quelchy stood frowning at us, as if he had an unpleasant duty to perform—as indeed he had.

"Boys," he said, "I am to inform you that you may take a half-holiday this afternoon."

Quelchy spoke slowly and unwillingly. He would much prefer to have said:

"Boys, I have pleasure in informing you that afternoon lessons will be extended by two hours."

There was quite a sensation in the Form-room when Quelchy made his announcement.

All eyes were turned towards Skinner and Bunter, and we called to mind the wager of the previous evening.

Skinner didn't turn a hair under the scrutiny; but Billy Bunter giggled audibly.

"He, he, he! Skinny thinks he's won the wager, but he hasn't won it yet—not by long chalks!" muttered the fat junior.

"Bunter!"

Quelchy's voice resembled the sudden report of a gun.

"Oh, crumbs!"

"You were talking, Bunter!"

"Nunno, sir! Not at all, sir! When you announced that there would be a half-holiday, it left me speechless!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Quelchy rapped on the desk with his pointer.

"Silence!" he roared. "Bunter! Stand up!"

The fat junior obeyed. His knees were fairly knocking together.

"You have lied to me, Bunter! I distinctly heard you make an articulation—several, in fact. You mentioned the term 'wager,' and 'long chalks.' To what were you referring?"

A murmur of apprehension ran round the class.

We quite expected Billy Bunter to let the cat out of the bag and tell Quelchy all about the wager he had contracted with Skinner.

But Bunter had high hopes of winning that half-crown, and he determined not to "split" at any cost.

"I—I was looking at that row of chalks on the mantelpiece, sir," said Bunter. "I said, 'I'll wager they're long chalks.'"

We fairly gasped. Bunter's ingenuity almost took our breath away. Quelchy's frown was terrific.

"First you denied having spoken, Bunter, and now you admit that you made comments about the chalks!"

"Ahem! I—I wasn't talking, sir, strictly speaking. I was mumbling." "Then I will endeavour to extract a further mumble from you, Bunter!" said Quelchy grimly. "Stand out before the class!"

Billy Bunter obeyed. He received a couple of whacks with the pointer which made him do something more than mumble. He grated to and fro like a cat on hot bricks.

"Dismiss!" rapped out Quelchy, turning to the class.

With beaming faces we trooped out of the Form-room.

Billy Bunter had managed to keep his secret; and what was more, we were actually on the verge of a half-holiday!

It seemed too good to be true.

Had Skinner really worked the oracle? Or would his precious scheme come tumbling about his ears?

With eager impatience we waited to see what the afternoon would bring forth.

III.

HARRY WHARTON telephoned to the skipper of Courtfield Juniors after dinner, and the match was duly arranged.

In due course the Courtfielders arrived, and the Remove eleven turned out in their jerseys and shorts.

There was no interference from Quelchy, and Skinner's scheme seemed to be succeeding ripingly. He had told only one fellow—Stott—how he had managed to wangle the half-holiday.

Skinner himself was standing on the touchline when the match started. The cad of the Remove was grinning triumphantly.

But the grin faded from his face a few moments later when Billy Bunter rolled up.

"Skinny, you rotter, it ain't fair! You've not been playing the game!" said the fat junior shrilly.

"Dry up, you ass!" muttered Skinner, with a savage glare at the Owl of the Remove.

"I refuse to dry up! You haven't acted in a straightforward manner! When you undertook to get us a half-holiday, I didn't dream you intended to play a practical joke on old Quelchy!"

Skinner spun round sharply.

"How did you know—" he began, in alarm.

"I happened to hear you telling Stott all about it," said Bunter. "It was a jolly cute wheeze, but it was taking unfair advantage. Fancy pretending to Quelchy that you were Major Thresher!"

If looks could have killed, Billy Bunter's demise would have taken place there and then. Skinner con-

tinued to glare at him with deadly animosity.

"You—you prying worm!" he hissed. "I might have known you were listening at the keyhole!"

Billy Bunter blinked indignantly at Skinner.

"I mean to get my money back from Wharton!" he declared.

"You—you—"

"Wharton's holding the stakes, and I'll go and tackle him now!"

Bunter was about to move away when a hand fell upon his shoulder.

The fat junior spun round in surprise and encountered the angry gaze of Quelchy.

"Bunter!" snapped the Remove-master. "Am I to understand that a wager has been contracted between you and Skinner on the subject of this half-holiday?"

"Oh, crumbs! Nunno, sir! Nothing of the sort! I can't make out where you get these curious ideas from!"

"You are lying to me, Bunter! I shall punish both you and Skinner with the utmost severity! It appears that this half-holiday has been obtained by trickery and deceit, and I shall curtail it at once!"

"Oh, really, sir—"

Quelchy strode on to the playing-pitch, his gown flapping in the wind.

"This game of ball must cease immediately!" he commanded.

The footballers exchanged dismayed glances.

"Oh, my hat!"

Wharton muttered an apology to the Courtfield skipper who was naturally very much astonished at the interruption. And then we went moodily back towards the building.

When we had assembled in the Form-room, Quelchy ordered Skinner and Bunter to stand out before the class.

"I can see that I have to deal with a fool and a rogue!" he said. "You, Bunter, are the fool! I advise you, for your own sake, to answer my questions promptly and truthfully. Did you contract a wager with Skinner?"

"Ow! Yessir!"

"What was the nature of the wager?"

"Skinner wagered he'd wangle a half-holiday for the Remove, and I wagered he wouldn't, sir."

"Indeed! And Wharton, I understand held the stakes?"

"That's so, sir."

Billy Bunter was departing from his usual custom and telling the truth. He had the sense to realise that whoppers wouldn't help him at this crisis.

Quelchy frowned.

"You have behaved abominably, Bunter!"

"Oh, really, sir, I'm not to blame! It was Skinner who suggested the wager, and he didn't play fair. Between breakfast and morning school he biked down to the Public Call office in Friardale and rang you up, sir. He pretended to be Major Thresher, one of the Governors. He commanded you to give the Remove a half-holiday, and you swallowed the bait, like any other silly ass would have done—I-I mean—"

Quelchy's brow was thunderous.

Skinner tried to speak, but no words would come, his tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth.

"You deserve to be expelled for such conduct!" said Quelchy sternly. "As it is, I shall administer, in the absence of the headmaster, a severe thrashing. You will place yourself in position over that desk!"

"Oh, crumbs!" Skinner was fairly shaking with fright. "I—I—"

"Get over!" snapped Quelchy.

Very reluctantly Skinner obeyed. And for the space of three minutes the pointer rose and fell.

Whack, whack, whack!

"Yow-ow-ow!"

The victim's yells rang through the Form-room.

Quelchy desisted at length, leaving Skinner like a limp rag.

"Now Bunter!"

"Hellup!" gasped the fat junior. "I had nothing to do with this, sir—really, I didn't! I didn't even know a wager had been made! Skinner's to blame all along the line. He wangled the half-holiday—not me!"

"Hold our your hand, Bunter!"

"Oh, crumbs! I—I suppose you're going to lick me, sir?"

"Your supposition is correct!" said Quelchy grimly. "Obey me at once!"

Billy Bunter gingerly extended a fat palm, and he received half a dozen cuts which caused him to curl up.

The fat junior's yells put Skinner's to shame, and Bob Cherry likened the affair to the killing of pigs.

Flushed with his exertions, Quelchy turned to the class.

"I presume that every boy here knew of the wager which had been contracted between Bunter and Skinner?" he said.

There was a general nodding of heads.

"In that case you are all to blame, and I shall punish you accordingly. The whole class will remain in the Form-room an extra two hours this afternoon!"

We groaned audibly.

"Wharton!" said Quelchy.

The captain of the Remove rose in his place.

"Pray hand over to me the sums deposited with you by Bunter and Skinner!"

Wharton stepped forward and placed the five bob on the Form-master's desk.

Billy Bunter stopped squeezing his hands together, and blinked at Quelchy.

"Thank you, sir!" he said.

"What!"

"I'll have my half-crown back, sir, if you don't mind."

Quelchy looked grim.

"Your half-crown—together with that of Skinner's—shall be sent to the Cottage Hospital," he said.

"Oh, help!"

That was the last straw. Both Bunter and Skinner had expected to get one crumb of consolation out of the affair, in the shape of the return of their money. But there was nothing doing!

The Cottage Hospital benefited to the extent of five bob; and we benefited to the extent of an extra two hours in class. Needless to relate, the Cottage Hospital easily came off best!

THE END.

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This week I am giving the above splendid prizes, which will be awarded for the best efforts in the following simple task. Below you will find an attractive picture-puzzle, and I want you to try to make it out for yourselves. I myself wrote the original paragraph, and my artist drew up the puzzle. The original paragraph is locked up in my safe, and the First Prize of £5 will be awarded to the reader whose solution is exactly the same as my "par." The other prizes, which consist of hampers crammed full of most delicious "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.

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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. 10, TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION, "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4, so as to reach that address not later than Tuesday, January 6th.

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I enter "The Greyfriars Herald" Tuck Hamper Competition No. 10, and agree to accept the published decision as absolutely binding.

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Signed.....

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