

HOW TO WIN A TUCK HAMPER — See page 20

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



No. 11. (New Series). ■ FULL OF SCHOOL STORIES AND ARTICLES ■ Jan 10, 1920.



A GRAND SCENE IN "UP AGAINST DAUBENY!"

Our Photographic Supplement

Continued on Page 9

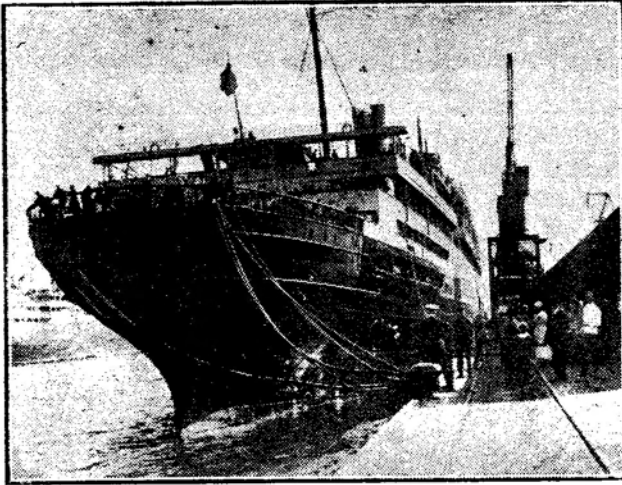
THE BOYS' PICTORIAL



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

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BRITAIN'S LARGEST LINER.



This fine picture shows the Aquitania just about to leave Southampton Docks for her run across the Atlantic to New York. The ship has a length of 901 feet, a displacement of 47,000 tons, and engines of 60,000 horse-power. During the War she did splendid work.—Taken by R. Gould, 9, Handel Terrace, Polygon, Southampton.

A BIT OF GERMANY.



A view of the landing-stage at Cologne from which many of our Tommies in the Army of Occupation have taken long trips on the river Rhine.—Taken by W. R. Reynolds, 46, Darnley Road, Mare Street, Hackney, London, E. 9.

JACK THE RAGMAN.



This rag collector, who also sells dolls and toy balloons, ranks next to Father Christmas in the estimation of the children of East Birmingham.—Taken by A. Johnson, 21, Humpage Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.

**SEND
ALONG
YOUR
SNAPS!**

RESTING—BUT WATCHFUL.



In every zoo, the lion is one of the greatest attractions to the visitor, and this magnificent specimen seems to be well aware of his proud title of King of the Forest.—Taken by E. Brain, 47, Dove Street, Kingsdown, Bristol.

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The Greyfriars Herald



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FLOODED OUT!

I don't mean that the River Sark has overflowed. I mean that I am flooded out with letters. Three mails a day, and each bag bulkier than the last!

Nine writers out of ten have something to say about THE GREYFRIARS HERALD. And in nearly every case, unqualified praise is given to our novel feature, "The Boys' Pictorial."

"The only fault I have to find," writes Bernard H., of Nottingham, "is that there aren't enough photographs. I should like to see the whole issue packed with these ripping views."

I dare say you would, Bernard. But that would mean the suppression of Owen Conquest's grand school stories, to say nothing of the other regular features. "The Boys' Pictorial" is intended as a supplement; and a supplement it will remain.

WHO IS HE?

Hundreds of readers are consumed with curiosity as to the identity of the fellow who writes the Weekly Interviews. Tom Brown is the Special Representative who writes the Police Court News; but the Weekly Interviewer remains anonymous. Most of my chums are agreed that it cannot be me, and it cannot be Bob Cherry; yet they are convinced it is somebody in the Remove, and they demand to know who that "somebody" is.

"Tell me, Mr. Editor,
Would you think it odd:
If the chap in question
Was Alonzo Todd?"

Asks "Sunny Jim," or Southsea. Yes, I should. I should think it very odd indeed!

Another correspondent writes:
"I have studied the Weekly Interviews very carefully, and have discovered that the Special Representative cannot possibly be you, Bob Cherry, Billy Bunter, Hurree Singh, Wun Lung, or Fisher T. Fish. Then who the thump is it?"

That is a question which I do not propose to answer. "Gladys M.," of Brighton, suggests that I should give my readers a clue as to his identity, such as:
"His hair is crisp, and black and long,
His face is like a can."

But I think we will allow the much-harassed Special Representative who conducts the Weekly Interviews to retain his anonymity.

HARRY WHARTON.

Our
Weekly
Cartoon.

Specially
Drawn
by
FRANK
NUGENT



**POTTY
PETER
the
POET**

To develop his fine muscular physique into that of a Sandow, Carpenter and Billy Bunter rolled into one, Peter decided to pulverise the punching-ball. For the future—we have advised him—he had better put a little more punch into his poetry.

My Weekly Interview.

This week:

George Wingate
Captain of Greyfriars



I STEPPED into the Editor's sanctum, and, fighting my way through the lumber of rejected contributions, was at last able to get a glimpse of the Editor himself.

"What are your orders for this week, Mighty One?" I inquired. The Editor reflected.

"This week?" he said. "Well I think you'd better go along and see Wingate. Mustn't leave our highly-respected skipper out of this series."

"Right you are," I said, relieved to find that my errand was purely a local one. "I'll go and interview the Great White Chief."

"Mind you talk to him as man to man," said the Editor. "Don't be afraid of him. He won't bite. You've been a lot too feeble in your interviews lately. Instead of standing up for yourself, you let the people you interview take liberties with you."

I went along to the Sixth-form passage, and, clutching my notebook and pencil in my hand, stepped briskly into Wingate's study.

Wingate's fag was in the act of preparing tea; and Wingate himself reclined on the sofa.

"Get out!" he growled.

I pretended to be deaf.

"Disappear!" snapped Wingate.

"Look here," I said, "you're not going to address me in that high-handed manner, you know! Are you aware of my identity?"

"I'm aware that you're a silly young ass!" snorted Wingate.

"I am the Special Representative of 'The Greyfriars Herald.' I've come here for the purpose—"

"Well, I didn't suppose you'd come here accidentally!" growled Wingate. "Say what you've got to say, and travel!"

"I trust you do not object to cross-examination?" I said.

Wingate glared.

"I object very much to being cross-examined by a fag!" he said.

"I am sorry; but a Special Representative is compelled to ask questions. What is your name?"

"Wingate, fathead!"

"I see. I presume that Fathead is your Christian name, and Wingate your surname?"

"You—you—"

"Do you enjoy the exalted position of Captain of Greyfriars?"

"I don't enjoy being pestered by a young idiot who ought to be in Colney Hatch!" retorted Wingate.

And there was a chuckle from the fag who was making toast.

"Now, don't be rude!" I said, shaking a reproving forefinger at the captain of Greyfriars. "You are skipper of the first eleven, aren't you?"

"Of course!"

"Then I don't agree with your choice of players. The fellows you select week by week might do themselves justice at a marbles tournament, but they're hopeless at footer—simply hopeless!"

Wingate shot up with a jerk; but nothing daunted, I went on:

"You ought to look to the Lower Forms for your talent—to the Remove, for instance. Wharton and Bob Cherry deserve a place in the first eleven, and so do I. I can bag goals—"

"You'll bag a thick ear in a minute!"

"And I'm just the type of player you want—dashing keen, and bursting with energy! You're a putrid skipper, Wingate—simply putrid! I'm not insulting you. Don't think that for a moment. I'm merely stating a fact. Infuse more push into your methods!"

At that moment Gwynne of the Sixth came in.

"Is tea ready?" he asked.

And then, catching sight of the expression on Wingate's face, he added:

"Great Scott, old man! What's happened? You look as if you've had a shock!"

"I have!" said Wingate grimly.

"This cheeky young rascal"—he pointed to me—"has had the nerve to come here and tell me how to run my job!"

"My hat!"

"Look here, Wingate," I said, "you ought to be grateful, instead of scowling at me like that! You ought to invite me to tea. I notice your fag has prepared a plate of ripping toast. Where's my whack?"

"You shall have it now!" said Wingate, in ominous tones. "Hand me that cricket-stump, Gwynne!"

Scenting trouble, I darted for the door, but Wingate got there first. He seized me in his strong grasp and dumped me down across the table.

Then he belaboured me with the cricket-stump until his arm ached.

"There!" he panted, when the performance was over. "You advised me to infuse more push into my methods, if you remember? Very well. Here goes!"

And Wingate pushed me through the doorway with such force that I cannoned into the opposite wall of the passage.

Recovering my equilibrium, I limped away to the editorial office to inform the Editor that he was a snare and a delusion!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

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

W. G. B. (Greyfriars) is in a bad way. He writes as follows: "I am suffering from the following ailments: (1) Weakness and giddiness (dew to lack of nurrishment); (2) Billyus attacks (also dew to lack of nurrishment); (3) Stiff neck; (4) Broken koller-bone; (5) Hooping coff; and (6) Fatty dejenerashun of the hart. Can you please tell me, through your Anser to Korrespondents Kollum, how to put an end to all my mizzery?"—Certainly, old chap! Select the largest and heaviest brick you can find, tie it round your neck, and jump into the River Sark. But don't forget to put me in your will!

"Dig."—Your poem has been held over till Doomsday. But for the fact that you have rhymed "bun" with "alligator," and made the last line of each verse about twenty yards too long, it would be a topping poem. If I were you, I should give up versifying and keep white mice instead!

Horace C. (Greyfriars).—You commence your letter with the words, "Intelligence has reached me." Surely this is an absurd misstatement of fact?

A. A. D'A.—So you consider that "that beastly, bwutal bulldog, Towser, who has no respect whatever for a fellow's twousers ought to be muzzled?" Hear hear! Or perhaps we could have him on a chain, in the same way that we have often had a certain nobleman on a string!

"Baggy."—Thanks for your letter. It is interesting to note that your ancestor, Baron Tucklesse de Trimble, came over with William the Conqueror. I suppose his coat-of-arms consisted of a barrel, surmounted by a dozen doughnuts? You go on to say that he landed at Pevensy with the hump. Well, I know somebody who is going to land on the floor of the Fourth-form passage with a bump!

Jimmy S. (Rookwood).—The joke you forward for insertion in "The Greyfriars Herald" came out of the Ark with Noah. It has already travelled round the globe billions of times, and now you have the cheek to serve it up again! There is no new thing under the sun, I know; but for goodness' sake try and send us something a bit less ancient than that! Even the kitchen cat failed to raise a grin.

"The Toff."—Regret to learn of the mysterious loss of your Latin dictionary. Skimmy, your brainy study-mate, has a nasty little habit of swallowing dictionaries. I should advise you to tilt him upside-down and shake him!

UP AGAINST DAUBENY!

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

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

Daub's Eleven.

"**D**RAKE'S left out!" Jack Drake heard that remark as he came along to the notice-board with his chum Rodney. Round the notice-board, fastened on the mainmast of the Benbow, a crowd of juniors had gathered.

There was an item of unusual interest among the notices that afternoon—the list of players in the St. Winifred's junior eleven. On the morrow, St. Winny's were meeting Highcliffe on the home ground, and many fellows had waited eagerly to see Daubeny of the Shell pin the paper up on the board. Most of Vernon Daubeny's selections could be guessed in advance easily enough, but fellows who were keen on footer clung to the hope of seeing their names in the list.

"Same old family party," said Raik of the Fourth. "But Drake isn't in the family circle as usual. Well, he couldn't expect it, considerin'."

"Why not?" asked Estcourt.

"Hasn't he rowed with Daubeny?"

"That's got nothing to do with football."

Raik grinned.

"It's got a lot to do with it, according to Daub," he answered. "I'll bet you that Drake doesn't play for St. Winny's again so long as Daub is junior skipper."

"Then it's rotten!" said Estcourt, with a frown.

"Go hon!"

"Worse than that!" said Tuckey Toodles. "I'm left out—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I always am left out, you know," said Toodles. "I call it rotten! It doesn't matter so much about Drake. He's not much of a footballer, anyhow. I—I say Drake, old chap, I didn't see you. I was just saying how rotten it was for Daub to leave you out of the team."

Jack Drake pushed the grubby junior aside, and stood looking at the notice, reading it down with a frown upon his brow.

Drake was an unsuspecting fellow—perhaps a little too unsuspecting. It had not occurred to him, so far, that his quarrel with Vernon Daubeny would make any difference to football arrangements.

He had all the more reason to feel secure, because he knew that he was needed in the team if St. Winny's was to have any chance. Vernon Daubeny was not an ideal football skipper. Nobody who was not on friendly terms with Daub had a chance of figuring in the junior eleven. And as Daub's friends were far from being keen players, the eleven suffered in consequence. Even while Jack Drake had "gone the pace" with the Bucks of St. Winifred's, he had been a first-class footballer and a tower of strength in Daubeny's team—and even one really good man meant a great deal to a



Vernon Daubeny blinked at that notice blankly. Egan and Torrance blinked at it and looked at one another with rather sickly looks. Seeley grinned a little, but he seemed rather uneasy.

slack eleven. Now the lofty Daub had parted with his one really good man.

"Precious lot, aren't they?" grunted Sawyer major, as Drake read down the list. "It will be a show to-morrow, and no mistake!"

"Another licking for St. Winny's!" remarked Tuckey Toodles. "Has anybody ever counted up Daub's lickings?"

"Life's too short!" grinned Raik. "Highcliffe ain't much class at footer, though," observed Conway.

"They've improved," said Estcourt. "They will walk all over that crowd of duds to-morrow."

"What do you think, Drake?" Jack Drake's eyes were gleaming.

He might have guessed it, knowing Vernon Daubeny as he did; still, it came as a shock to him to find that his name was not in the list as of old.

The list ran: V. Daubeny, Torrence, Egan, Upham, Truro, Chilcot, Seeley, Vane, Dudley, Fenwick, Chetwynd. Seven were of the Shell, four of the Fourth Form. And all of them were members, more or less prominent, of the elegant society of the Bucks of St. Winifred's.

"Drake doesn't seem to like it," murmured Pierce Raik, with a wink at the other fellows.

Jack Drake knitted his brows.

"It's simply rotten!" he said. "I

could make up a team of the Third that would beat that lot."

"It's the same old family, with one exception," sneered Raik. "You used not to grumble when your name was in the list."

Drake flushed, and turned away without replying. He was quite aware that he had been much too easy-going when he was a chum of Vernon Daubeny's. But as a matter of fact, he had often urged the claims of better players upon Daubeny even at that time. Estcourt, "sap" as he was, was a good man at football; but Daub had always passed him over as if he did not exist. Even Raik, the slacker and amateur blackguard, was a better man than most of Daub's selections.

Rodney joined Drake as the latter left the buzzing group round the notice-board.

"I suppose Daubeny is monarch of all he surveys in these matters?" Rodney remarked.

"He's junior captain."

"And his word is law?"

"In a way, yes."

"I shouldn't take him for much of a footballer from his looks," said the new junior.

"He isn't," said Drake shortly. "He can play, in his way—a fluffy way. He could have beaten the team Highcliffe used to send over—"

Ponsonby and his crowd. He's got no chance to-morrow."

"And the rest?"

"Daub's the best of the lot."

"Oh, my hat!"

Drake made an angry gesture.

"I never thought of being left out of the footer," he said. "Of course, I might have expected it, not being on speakin' terms with Daub now. I suppose he's cad enough for anything."

"Then the match to-morrow is a goner, for certain?"

"Quite certain!"

"It seems awful rot, then!" said Rodney. "Daubeny ought to be given the order of the boot, if that's his way. How did he come to be junior captain?"

"Well, Daub has a lot of influence—he's popular in his way. No end of money, too. I—I"—Drake coloured—"I backed him up at the last election, too."

"What on earth for?"

"Well, he asked me."

Rodney smiled.

"That was a queer reason for putting the junior matches in the hands of a cad and a dud," he said.

"I—I suppose it was. He was my chum then. I suppose I was wrong. I never seem to do right somehow," said Drake moodily. "Still, I suppose it doesn't matter much, to me personally. I've got to slog this term, and I may as well let the footer go."

"No fear," said Rodney promptly. "You'll fag at study much better if you slog at footer too. You want to work but you don't want to become a spooney. You've got to stick to the footer. I've been looking forward to some footer here, too. Daubeny hasn't even condescended to ask me whether I play. What about making a move, and getting Daubeny shifted out of the captaincy, and a better man put in?"

Drake stared at him.

"Not much good," he said. "Daub's pretty firmly fixed. I don't suppose it would work. But even Daub must want to win matches, if he can, if only for swank. He's not got a man there who can stand up to a charge. Why, I've seen Egan dodge a rush and give the ball away. It's possible that he thinks I wouldn't play owing to our row. I wonder—perhaps I ought to speak to him. Let's go and see Daub."

And the two juniors repaired to the Shell quarters.

Trouble!

DAUBENY and Co. were at tea. There was quite a little party gathered in Daub's study.

Besides Daubeny, Torrence, and Egan, to whom the study belonged, there were several Shell members of the eleven: Chilcot, Seeley, and Upham. There was not much room for new arrivals. Jack Drake tapped at the door and threw it open, and he and Rodney remained in the doorway, looking in. Six pairs of eyes were turned inquiringly, and superciliously, on them.

Dick Rodney was in any case an "outsider," in the lofty view of the Bucks. And since Drake's fall from fortune, all the nutty society had followed Daub's lead in giving him the "marble eye." "Lame ducks" were not wanted in that elegant circle.

Vernon Daubeny extracted an eye-glass from his waistcoat-pocket, jammed it into his eye, and surveyed his two visitors with the supercilious survey that often made fellows want to punch Daub's head.

"Hallo! I don't remember askin' you fellows here!" he remarked.

"Shut the door after you, will you?"

"I've come to speak about the football," said Drake.

"Nothin' to speak about, dear boy."

"I've just seen the list."

"You're welcome to see it. It was put up for the fags to read," said Daubeny, and his friends smiled.

"My name isn't there."

"Quite so."

"That means that I'm left out."

"Did you work that out in your head?" asked Daubeny admiringly; and his friends chuckled.

"I want to know what it means," said Drake. "We're not friends now, Daubeny, but I'm ready to play football for St. Winny's, if I'm wanted. I thought I ought to tell you that."

"Thank you for tellin' me. As it happens, you're not wanted."

"Hardly," murmured Egan.

"Why not?" asked Drake, keeping his temper.

"Not good enough," said Daubeny coolly. "I rather blame myself for playin' you before. I was too good-natured. But it's really impossible to put you in again. A skipper is bound to think of his team."

And this time Daubeny's friends roared.

The expression on Drake's face was, as Egan murmured to Torrence, worth a guinea a box.

"Then you haven't left me out because you thought I had my back up and wouldn't play?" asked Drake at last.

"Not at all."

"And it isn't because I kicked you out of my study the other day?" continued Drake.

Daubeny turned red, and Rodney laughed. This time the Bucks did not laugh, however.

"I've had enough of this dashed insolence, Drake," said Daubeny savagely. "Clear out of my study!"

"Not till I've finished," said Drake, his eyes gleaming.

Daubeny rose to his feet.

"If you don't go, you'll be put," he said.

"Go ahead!" answered Drake.

Rodney drew a little closer to his chum and pushed back his cuffs. All the Bucks were on their feet now. There was a pause.

"Have you come here to kick up a shindy?" asked Egan, at last.

"I've come to speak to Daub," said Drake. "Daub says that I'm not good enough for the junior eleven. Who kicked the only goal in the last match with Redelyffe?"

"That was a dashed fluke!" said Daubeny. "Anyhow, I've made up my mind, and I'm not goin' to play you, or any of your shabby friends, either. So you may as well clear."

"Oh, quite!" grinned Egan.

"Not good enough for a team of slacking duds?" exclaimed Drake.

"Not so good as Egan, who's turned his back on the game because he was afraid of a charge?"

"It's a lie!" shouted Egan.

"Not so good as Torrence, who never keeps his wind for more than ten minutes?"

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Torrence uneasily.

"Not so good as Seeley, who kicked a man in the last match and got a penalty against us?"

Seeley shrugged his shoulders.

"Not so good as Chilcot, who lets every ball pass him in goal?"

"Not every one," said Chilcot coolly. "I believe I stopped a ball once."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And that's the scratch crew I'm not good enough to play in!" exclaimed Drake. "You're lying, Daubeny, and you know you're lying! You're leaving out the only man who ever played a decent game."

"Blessed is he that bloweth his own trumpet!" yawned Daubeny.

"Swank!" grinned Egan.

"Not much swank in calling myself the best man in a crew like you lot!" answered Drake scornfully. "If I wasn't that, I wouldn't undertake to stand up to a Third-form team. Highcliffe will walk all over you to-morrow, and you know it! You're making the school's name a by-word in games!"

"Is that all?"

"No, it isn't all! I sha'n't stand this!"

"What are you goin' to do, then?" sneered Daubeny.

"I'm going to shift you out of the captaincy!"

"By gad!"

It was Rodney's suggestion, and until that moment it had not been a definite thought in Jack Drake's mind. But the insolence of the Bucks' great chief was too much for him; and he had committed himself now. He meant what he said.

"Go ahead with the shiftin'," said Daubeny, with a laugh. "You're welcome, if you can do it. If it comes to an election perhaps I'll ask you to tea, and then you'll give me your vote. And I'll give your shabby pal twopence for his."

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

"And now get out!" continued Daubeny. "You're funny, Drake, but you're not really amusin'. Wander off!"

Jack Drake drew a deep breath.

"Back me up, Rodney!" he muttered.

"Certainly. What are you going to do?"

"Mop up the study."

"Hear, hear!"

It was two against six, but the two had between them a good deal more nerve than the six. To the surprise and wrath of the Bucks the two Fourth-formers made a sudden rush.

In a second the study table was up-ended, and a shower of crockery and tuck swooped over, crashing. And in a second more, Seeley and Upham, who were nearest, were hurled sprawling in the ruins.

"Kick them out!" roared Daubeny.

"Back up!" shrieked Egan.

But Egan was trying to get behind Torrence, and Torrence was trying to get behind Daubeny, which placed them at a disadvantage. Chilcot stood up to Rodney for a moment, and was

laid on his back with a rapid uppercut. Daubeny fairly harled himself upon Jack Drake, and was met with left and right.

There was a wild trampling and scuffling and yelling in Daubeny's study—generally a scene of aristocratic calm.

Daubeny was on the floor, and Torrence followed him, and Egan dodged into a corner behind an armchair. The two Fourth-formers stood victorious in the midst of the wreck.

It was such an experience as the Bucks of St. Winifred's had never been through before.

And it dawned upon Vernon Daubeny, as he sprawled breathlessly among cracked cups and saucers and jam and cakes, that he had been guilty of a tactical error in making an enemy of Drake of the Fourth. There was danger that a new leader might arise in the Lower School, and that Daubeny's reign would come to an end.

Drake's glance gleamed scornfully round the wrecked study.

"That will do for a beginning," he said. "Come on Rodney!"

The two juniors left the study without a hand being raised to stop them. Vernon Daubeny staggered to his feet, feeling his nose tenderly with his hand as if to ascertain whether it was still there.

"Ow! Oh, gad!" he gasped. "The—the ruffians! The hooligans! Ow!"

"Oh, my eye!" moaned Seeley. "Let's get after them, and smash them!" roared Chilcot.

Chilcot started for the door. But there were no followers, and when Chilcot found himself alone in the passage, he decided to go to his own study instead of Drake's.

Not Quite a Success.

WHAT'S it all about?"
"Like Drake's cheek to call a meetin'! Who's Drake?"

"Awful nerve!" said Raik.

"I sha'n't go!" grunted Vane.

"Same here!" said Dudley.

"I shall go!" said Estcourt. "Give Drake a chance. It's up against Daubeny, I think."

"Daub's all right."

"That's a matter of opinion," remarked Estcourt, with a shrug of the shoulders. "I'm going, anyhow."

There was a new notice on the board, in Jack Drake's hand. It was to call a junior meeting in the common-room amidships.

Certainly, Jack Drake, as a "common-or-garden" member of the Fourth Form had no authority to call meetings. Still, it was indisputable that Drake could put a notice on the board if he liked, and that fellows could turn up in the common-room at half-past six if they chose. And most of the Fourth Form did choose.

At six-thirty, in fact, nearly all the Fourth, and some of the Shell and the Third, were gathered in the common-room to hear what Drake had to say—some of them prepared to support him whatever he said; others equally ready to oppose him, irrespective of the views he propounded.

Daubeny and Co. were conspicuous by their absence; but some of the

Bucks who belonged to the Fourth Form came in.

Drake and Rodney and Tuckey Toodles were first in the field. Tuckey Toodles had constituted himself chairman of the meeting, in the firm belief that he was bound to have a hand in the proceedings, and that the proceedings wouldn't be much use without that.

Tuckey had arranged a rostrum—a hassock upon a chair from which the speaker was to address the meeting. He had sorted out a Union Jack left over from Peace Day, and stuck it up behind the rostrum. Tuckey surveyed these arrangements with some pride.

"Looks quite rejerky—what?" he said to his study-mates. Probably Tuckey meant recherche, though it was equally probable that he was not quite clear what recherche meant.

"Topping!" said Rodney. "The

"Gentlemen——"
"Hurray!"
"Shut up, Tuckey, you ass!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Well, I like that!" exclaimed Tuckey Toodles, in surprise and wrath. "I was only cheering you."

"Well, give us a rest. Gentlemen——"
"I jolly well won't cheer you now, Drake!"

"Dry up! Gentlemen, this meeting has been called——" recommenced Drake.

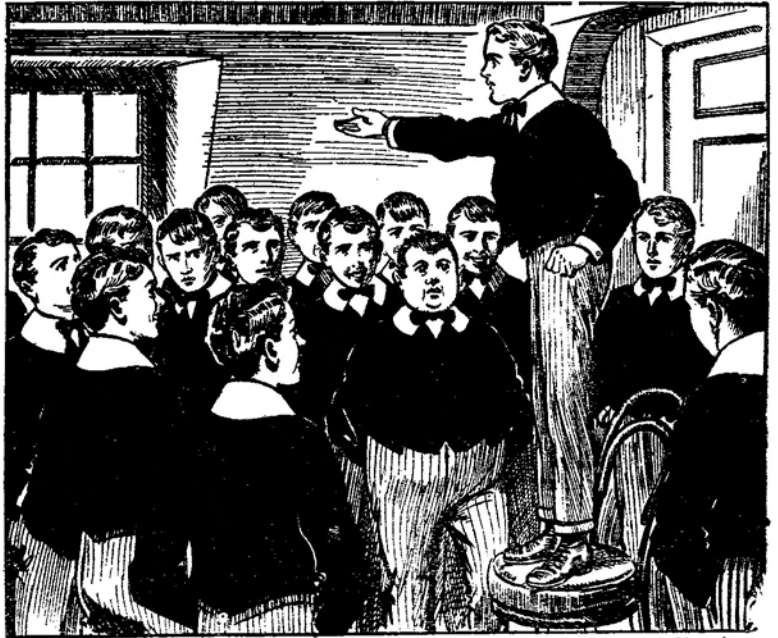
"We can guess that much," remarked Raik.

"Order!"

"Yes, order!" bawled Tuckey Toodles. "Order! Shut up, Raik! Shall I eject him from the meeting, Drake?"

"Be quiet!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"



Drake, from his elevated position, surveyed the meeting. It was pretty clear that Daubeny of the Shell had a good many supporters there, in spite of his shortcomings—and he had a good many supporters who were not there.

fellows are turning up all right, Drake."

"We've come to see the gas turned on," said Raik. "What the thump is that rag for?"

"That flag," corrected Tuckey Toodles—"that flag is the sign of liberty. We're out for liberty, ain't we, Drake, old boy?"

"Is it going to be a speech, or a song and dance?" asked Raik.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's an address to the Lower School!" said Drake.

"And you're doing the chin-wag?"

"Yes."

"Cut it short, then."

Jack Drake glanced round over the crowd that was swarming into the room. Unofficial as the meeting was, it was evident that it would be pretty well attended.

"Time!" murmured Rodney.

Jack Drake mounted the rostrum.

"Gentlemen——" he began.

"Hear, hear!" bawled Tuckey Toodles, by way of encouragement.

"If that's what you call grateful to a chap who's backing you up, Drake—Ow! Leggo my ear, Rodney, you beast! I'm quiet ain't I?"

"Gentlemen," resumed the orator, when Tuckey Toodles had been suppressed, "you have all seen the notice on the board—the footer list to-morrow. Now, I'm the last chap in the world to heckle a football skipper on account of his selection of players——"

"Excepting when he leaves you out!" suggested Raik.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But that list is rather too thick!" went on Drake, unheeding. "Is there a man in that list who can play footer?"

"Lots!" retorted Chetwynd, who was in the list. "What about me?"

"You can play marbles——"

"What?"

"Or banker. You can't play footer!"

"You cheeky ass!" roared Chetwynd.

"What price me?" demanded Fenwick.

"Just the same—nix, and dear at that!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"To come to the point," resumed Drake. "St. Winny's can't afford to throw away matches to please Daubeny. I think the captain of the school ought to chip in; but Lovelace hasn't. I suggest an official meeting of all members of the junior club, and the sack for Daubeny. St. Winny's wants a new junior skipper. That's my view."

"And a pretty rotten one!" sniffed Chetwynd.

"Hurray!"

"Rot!"

"Bravo, Drake!"

"Bosh!"

"Rats!"

Opinions evidently differed. Drake, from his elevated position, surveyed the meeting. It was pretty clear that Daubeny of the Shell had a good many supporters there, in spite of his shortcomings—and he had a good many supporters who were not there.

Rodney's brow clouded a little.

Much as St. Winny's needed a new junior captain, the task of providing one was plainly not going to be easy or simple.

"Is that all you've got to say?" inquired Pierce Raik.

"That's the gist of it," said Drake, rather discouraged. "I've said what I think. I'm willing to hear other fellows' opinions."

"Then I'll give mine," said Raik, jumping on a chair. "Gentlemen of St. Winifred's—"

"Cheese it!"

"Go it, Raik!"

Raik went it.

"Gentlemen, you have just listened to the honourable member opposite—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I should like to ask the honourable member one question. How is it that he has suddenly discovered that Daubeny's team is no good the minute he is left out of it? Why didn't he make that discovery before?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a roar of laughter. Drake stepped down from his rostrum. The cad of the Fourth had put his finger on the weakest spot in the position of the reformer.

"Drake voted for Daub at the last election," pursued Pierce Raik victoriously. "Why did he, if Daub wasn't any good?"

"Echo answers why!" grinned Chetwynd.

"Yah!" roared Tuckey Toodles. "Daub's put you up to this, Raik. I saw you in his study. He was giving you bobs."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And Raik was spending them in the canteen," howled Sawyer major. "Raik would say anything for half a crown."

"I—I—I say—" stammered Raik, quite taken aback.

But a roar of derision drowned his voice and someone kicked his chair away, and Pierce Raik came with a howl to the floor.

"Let a chap speak!" Sawyer minor,

of the Third Form, clambered on the table. "Gentlemen, chaps, and fellows—"

"Shut up!"

"Knock that fag over!"

"Give a chap a chance!" yelled Sawyer minor. "I back up Drake—we want a new skipper. What we want is a skipper from the Third. And if you fellows will vote for me—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Here, you come down!" said Sawyer major, jerking his minor by the ankle; and the hero of the Third disappeared. There was a sound of brotherly scrapping for the next few minutes.

The meeting broke up in confusion.

A Warning to Daub and Co.

THAT chicken won't fight!" Jack Drake made that remark as he entered No. 8 Study with Rodney for prep.

"They don't seem so tired of Daub as we are," said Tuckey Toodles.

"All the same, St. Winny's is going to be licked to-morrow. It wouldn't matter so much if it were only a senior match; but—"

Drake laughed as he pulled out his books.

"I don't know," said Dick Rodney, thoughtfully. "Daub's got a strong party, but even his backers must want the school to win matches. It's a pity you ever backed him up, Drake; that's where the shoe pinches. It does look a little as if—as if—"

"As if I were simply wild at being left out?" said Drake, rather grimly.

"Well, yes. It isn't so, but it does look like that."

"Raik made the most of that, of course. I dare say Daub put him up to it, as Tuckey said." Drake shrugged his shoulders. "Well, I've got to think of work first, anyhow; and the footer will have to go. Not much good calling for a new election after what's happened."

Rodney wrinkled his brows.

"After the Highcliffe match is chucked away, the fellows may think differently," he said.

"It's rotten to see matches chucked away!" growled Drake. "Still, I've got an idea. It's got to be rubbed into the fellows that Daubeny ought to be sacked. If he plays the goat with the footer, he's not going to be allowed to carry it off with swank. After prep, we'll call the fellows who support us into this study. I've got an idea to suggest. Let's get that dashed prep. over first."

The chums of No. 8 settled down to work.

For a time there was silence in the study; but prep. was over at last, and then Tuckey Toodles was despatched with messages.

For the next quarter of an hour Fourth-formers were dropping into No. 8 Study.

Newson, Sawyer major, Norman, Conway, Furry, Estcourt, Rawlings, and two or three others arrived. Some of them glanced round the study and seemed a little disappointed. Possibly they had expected refreshments.

"Well, what's the game?" asked Sawyer major. "What's on?"

"I think you fellows are backing me up?" said Drake.

"Hear, hear!"

"There isn't a chap in this study, excepting Toodles, who couldn't play a better game of footer than any of Daubeny's crowd!" went on Drake.

"Here, draw it mild!" exclaimed Toodles.

"Shut up, Toodles!"

"Well, are we to ask Daub to hand the match over to us?" inquired Norman, with a grin.

"Daub's got the footer in his hands," said Drake.

"That's against the rules in soccer," said Sawyer major solemnly.

"Oh, don't be a funny ass! Daub has the junior games in his hands, and he's running them to please himself and his pals. It's the business of every St. Winny's chap to see that the school isn't disgraced on the playing fields. It's not only the footer. There'll be the cricket later on, and the boats, and it will be the same story. Now, we can't prevent Daubeny from leading a team of duds into the field to-morrow against Highcliffe—"

"That's so."

"But we can jolly well rag them if they disgrace St. Winifred's!" exclaimed Drake, his eyes sparkling. "They've chosen to play for the school, and it's up to them not to slack through the game."

"They'll slack all the same," grunted Sawyer major. "They don't care much whether we win, so long as they swank around as the junior eleven. Football comes second, with Daub and Co."

"Exactly. If they play their hardest, and don't slack and funk, they might pull it off."

"They'll both slack and funk," said Estcourt. "They always do."

"Yes, rather."

"Well, I've thought of a way of bucking them up," said Drake. "I don't mind being left out if Daub can put in a winning team. It's up to us to help him make it a winning team."

"How?" demanded several voices.

"By promising them the ragging of their lives if they don't beat Highcliffe."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Phew!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"That's the idea!" said Jack Drake coolly. "We'll draw up a notice to pin on Daub's list on the board. They'll read it, and know what to expect. We'll make them a promise, and we'll keep our word."

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

"Hands up in favour of the proposal?" said Rodney, laughing.

Every hand in the study went up.

Jack Drake's idea was rather remarkable, but there was no doubt that the footballers of the Fourth were in favour of it.

"Good!" said Drake. "Let's get on to the notice, then, and we'll all sign it, and Daubeny and Co. will know that we mean business."

"Hear, hear!"

And Jack Drake and Co. set to work upon the document which was to cause great surprise, and considerable dismay, in the breasts of the Bucks of St. Winifred's.

The next morning, as Vernon Daubeny strolled along the main deck of the Benbow before breakfast, he became aware that he was the object of very considerable attention. He was accustomed to that, certainly—Daub had always been a great man in the Lower School, and even seniors were often very polite and civil to the great Daub. But the chief of the Bucks was a little perplexed by the attention he was receiving now. There was amusement in the glances that were cast towards him.

"What's up among the fellows?" he said to Egan.

"Somethin'—blessed if I know what!" answered Egan.

"Some joke on!" yawned Torrence. Seeley of the Shell came along with a grin on his face.

"Seen the notice, Daub?" he asked.

"What notice?"

"It's pinned on the footer list."

"Oh!"

Daubeny and Co. strolled round the mainmast to look at the board. Then Daubeny stared.

A sheet of paper was pinned half-over the junior football list; and a good many fellows were staring at it

and grinning. The paper was in the handwriting of Jack Drake, of the Fourth Form; but the numerous signatures that were appended to it were written by their owners. And the notice ran:

NOTICE! OFFICIAL!

This afternoon the Highcliffe match is to be played by a team of hopeless duds.

Warning is hereby given to those duds that they are expected to play up and beat Highcliffe.

Slacking and funkng are barred.

WHEREAS the above-mentioned duds cannot be relied upon to play the game, they are hereby warned that if they throw away this match—as usual—they will be Drastically and Thoroughly Ragged by the undersigned—

- J. DRAKE.
- R. RODNEY.
- F. ESTCOURT.
- T. SAWYER Major.
- F. NORMAN.
- L. RAWLINGS.
- B. NEWSON.

- H. CONWAY.
- F. FURLY.
- T. CROFT.
- N. HOOKE.
- RUPERT DE VERE TOODLES.

Vernon Daubeny blinked at that notice blankly. Egan and Torrence blinked at it and looked at one another with rather sickly looks. Seeley grinned a little, but he seemed rather uneasy.

Daubeny drew a deep breath. "Rotten cheek!" he said.

He jerked down the paper, crumpled it, and threw it into the Chadway. Then he walked away, with a lofty nose, but with pink in his cheeks.

Five minutes later there was another paper on the board, bearing precisely the same inscription. It remained there, and St. Winifred's chuckled over it loud and long. And there were unusual heart-searchings among the elegant youths who were booked to meet Highcliffe on the football ground that afternoon.

The next story of Jack Drake, entitled "THE HIGHCLIFFE MATCH," will keep you spell-bound from first to last!

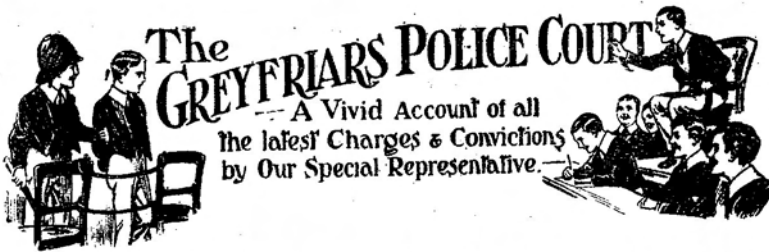


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WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO TO SECURE A BEAUTIFUL ART PLATE :: :: ::

We reproduce here a small line drawing of a magnificent coloured plate which every reader of THE GREYFRIARS HERALD has an equal chance of securing. All you have to do is to secure the names and addresses of SIX of your friends who are non-readers of THE GREYFRIARS HERALD. When you have done this, write them down on a postcard and post them to the Editor of THE GREYFRIARS HERALD, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4. All postcards should be marked Free Plate in the top left-hand corner. Names and addresses of regular or occasional readers must on no account be sent, otherwise your application for a Plate may be rejected. Before sending in your list, make sure that the names are of non-readers. No reader will have more than one picture awarded.

This is a small line drawing of the Plate to be Given Free. Actual size of Plate, with engraving is 7½ inches by 10 inches. The title of the picture is "Boy, 1st Class, JOHN TRAVERS CORNWELL, V.C. The Battle of Jutland, May 31st—June 1st, 1916. From the Picture by F. O. Salisbury, painted for the Admiralty on board H.M.S. Chester." The closing date of this offer will be published in this paper in a week or so. No application will be accepted after that date.



The GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

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

The New Year Petty Sessions were well attended, quite a number of fellows from other Forms being present. The police-court was suitably decorated with ivy, holly, and the skull and cross-bones.

Mr. Justice Wharton, having first removed his snow-shoes, set the ball rolling shortly after six o'clock.

Gosling and the Ghost!

Peter Todd, a bony-looking individual, was bundled into the dock, with a policeman on each flank. A cordon of special constables also surrounded the dock to prevent any attempt at escape on the part of the prisoner.

Magistrate: Toddy, old son, it cuts me to the heart to see you standing in the dock. What have you been up to, you silly chump?

Mr. R. Cherry, K.C., for the prosecution, said the charge was a peculiar one.

"A few nights ago, your worship, the prisoner covered himself with a sheet and pretended to be a ghost. He struck terror into the hearts of those who watched his merry antics."

Magistrate: For whose benefit did prisoner do these things?

Mr. Cherry: For Gosling's. On going to the wood-shed one night Gosling encountered a white-robed figure. He simply flew back to his lodge and declared that the woodshed was haunted. The police were called in to investigate, and, after a fierce grapple with the alleged ghost, P.-c. Johnny Bull discovered him to be Peter Todd.

Mr. Moutague Newland, K.C., for the defence, said that a practical joke was no crime, and Mr. Todd ought never to have been charged. "We all get a little high-spirited at this season of the year," said Mr. Newland. "I even saw your worship dancing the Jazz on the top of Quelch's desk this morning. (Laughter.) Besides, we all know what a surly beggar Gosling is, and he deserves to be scared. I sincerely hope the prisoner will do it again, and that we may all be witnesses of the event." (Laughter.)

His worship, summing up, said that the members of the jury must decide whether prisoner was guilty merely of a practical joke, or of an offence against the law. "Mr. Todd bears a good character," added his worship, "and I should not like to see him picking oakum or working the treadmill!"

Prisoner: Cheer up, old sport! You won't! (Laughter.)

The jury, after an absence of four seconds, returned a verdict of guilty, with a strong recommendation to mercy on account of the prisoner's mental condition.

Prisoner (excitedly): Are you suggesting that I'm potty?

Magistrate: Hush, my dear fellow!

It's only too obvious that a chap who turns himself into a spook must have bats in his belfry. However, at this season of peace on earth and goodwill towards lunatics, I will be lenient. You may help yourself to the contents of the poor box!

Prisoner (hotly): There's nothing in it!

Magistrate: Very well. Take it and go!

Prisoner left the court amid loud laughter.

REPORTS IN BRIEF.

William George Bunter was charged with creating a disturbance outside the window of Mr. Prout's study by carol singing.

Prisoner munched a mince-pie, and blinked affectionately at the magistrate. "Happy New Year, your worship!" he said genially.

Magistrate: Thank you! I, in turn, wish you a Merry Thick Ear! (Laughter.)

Mr. Mark Linley, K.C., for the prosecution, said that a fellow who sang carols outside a Form-master's study, and then had the cheek to pass round the hat, was a disgrace to the Form, and should be dealt with accordingly. There was no harm in carol singing, but soliciting alms was another matter.

There was no defence, and the jury, without taking the trouble to retire, returned a verdict of extremely guilty.

Prisoner was sentenced to devour one of Mrs. Mumble's home-made puddings; in other words, he was awarded two hours' hard labour.

Three disorderly youths—Richard Nugent, Hubert Bolsover and George Alfred Gatty—were charged with pelting his worship with snowballs in the Close.

The prisoners wept bitterly in the dock, and the court usher was despatched for a bucket.

Magistrate (severely): Why did you attack me with snowballs?

Nugent minor: Boo-hoo! It was a case of mistaken identity, your worship. We thought you were Skinner!

Magistrate: How dare you suggest that I resemble Skinner in any way?

Nugent minor: Oh, crumbs! I—I—

Magistrate: I will hand you over to the court missionary. Doubtless he will be able to reform you—by means of a cricket-stump!

The court missionary willingly obliged.

OUR PERSONAL COLUMN

(With acknowledgments to the Daily Newspapers)

By BOB CHERRY

Mr. William Gosling complains of a shortage of firewood this winter. We suggest chopping off Coker's head!

Mr. W. G. Bunter was birched in Big Hall this morning. Perhaps we ought to call this the "Agony Column."

Mr. Frank Nugent was awarded fifty lines in class yesterday, and he has not yet recovered from his imposition.

Mr. Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, of the dusky complexion, was mistaken the other day for a grate-polish advertisement!

Mr. Potty Potter's new play, "The Village Idiot," will be rehearsed on Saturday, with Mr. Horace Coker playing the title-role.

Mr. Harold Skinner intends to explore the caves for hidden treasure. His Form-fellows will afterwards explore Mr. Skinner's pockets!

The extra peal of the rising-bell this morning was a signal that Mr. Richard Nugent had washed his neck!

Mr. Paul Prout informed his class the other day that history repeated itself. So does Mr. Prout's rifle!

At the concert on Saturday next Mr. Gerald Loder will sing that well-known ditty "We Sha'n't Get Home Till Morning!"

Mr. H. Vernon-Smith reports that he found a number of rats in his study. We presume he refers to Skinner, Snoop, and Stott?

Our turf correspondent, Mr. Cecil Ponsobny, advises us to back Alpha for the Dishem Stakes. We think the name of this horse should be changed to Omega. He's bound to finish last!

Mr. Robert Cherry, like a certain famous play, is still going strong!

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

A Lively Retort!

A very old man was accosted in the village street by a stranger who said: "Excuse me, but you must be a great age."
 "Yes," responded the ancient; "I be getting on for ninety-five."
 "And have you lived here all your life?" asked the stranger.
 "No, not yet," was the reply.—Sent in by F. Kelly, 32, Vronhill Street, Liverpool.

Running Comment!

Bob: What was Bunter running so fast for down the road this morning?
 Frank: To stop two fellows from having a fight.
 Bob: Oh, who were they?
 Frank: Himself and Bolsover!—Sent in by Miss E. W. Wood, Masonic Hall Lodge, Kingston Road, Merton Park, Surrey, S.W.19.

A "Plane" Fact!

Two Irish labourers were watching an aeroplane which was flying at a very great height.
 "Begorra!" said Pat, pointing to the 'plane. "Oi wouldn't like to be up with that!"
 "And faith," replied Mike, "I wouldn't loike to be up without it!"—Sent in by Miss M. H. Gunn, 15, Waverley Park, Edinburgh.

NOT WHAT SHE MEANT!



MA: "Remember, Johnny, an angel is watching over you!"
 JOHNNY: "Oh, ma, don't be conceited!"

Heavy Humour!

Tommy: 'Ow far is it to the camp, mate?
 Native: About foive moiles as t' crow flies.
 Tommy: Well, 'ow far is it supposin' the crow 'as to walk an' carry a rifle an' kit-bag?—Sent in by E. Beardsall, 2b, Drewry Road, off Highfield Lane, Keighley, Yorks.

Soon Got Some "Brass"!

The smart young man, his school honours thick upon him, stood holding forth earnestly in his father's office. His intention was to teach the world in general and his father in particular the proper manner in which up-to-date commerce should be conducted.
 "You may rely on me, sir," he was saying with emphasis. "I shall devote my whole life to the interests of the business. It shall be my aim and ambition to keep the family name free from stain."
 "Good!" said the old man gruffly. "That's the spirit! Tell the office-boy to give you the whiting and ammonia; then go and polish up the brass nameplate on the door!"—Sent in by S. E. Redman, 24, The Avenue, Southampton.

SLIPPER-Y!



TEACHER: "Now, the bear skin makes coats, the crocodile, bags and purses, and—"
 BOY: "The banana skins, slippers, sir."

A Rise Guaranteed!

Old Gent: No, my man, I have no money to spare for you, but I will tell you of two things that will help you to get up in the world, and they are—
 Weary Walter: A ladder and an alarm-clock!—Sent in by E. Jewell, 65, Filton Avenue, Horfield, Bristol.

Ax-ing For It!

Mr. Quelch: Now, what does the reign of Charles the First teach us?
 Skinner: Not to lose our heads in moments of excitement, sir!—Sent in by E. Moody, Ford Cottage, Victoria Avenue, Didsbury, Manchester.

OUR FOOTBALL COLUMN

Conducted by Our Sports Editor
H. VERNON-SMITH

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, has already tried his hand at reporting a footer match, and this week our own Form-master—Mr. Quelch—has something to say on the subject of our latest fixture.—H.W.

GREYFRIARS REMOVE v. ROOKWOOD.

By H. H. Quelch, M.A.

I HAD never acted as referee in my life prior to last Saturday, and I don't think I shall ever undertake the task again. Football, to my mind, is a coarse and brutal pastime, and I frequently had occasion to administer correction to my pupils, as the following account will show.

I selected a supple-looking cane before setting out for the football-ground, and it was well that I did so.

"Here's the whistle, sir," said Wharton. "You blow it, and then the game starts."

I accordingly blew the whistle, whereupon my pupils rushed at the Rookwood boys.

Each side seemed to be striving for the possession of a muddy-looking ball. Presently Wharton emerged from the scrimmage with the ball at his feet, and he ran with it down the field.

"Shoot!" shouted the crowd. And then Wharton kicked the ball full in the face of the Rookwood boy who was guarding the net.

Such brutality annoyed me. "Wharton!" I rapped out. "Take a hundred lines!"

"Oh, crumbs! W-w-what for, sir?" "For behaving like a hooligan!"

"Accidents will happen, sir," said Cherry.

"Come here, Cherry," I commanded, "and hold out your hand!"

I wielded the cane to good purpose, and both the crowd and the players seemed very surprised at my action.

"Quelch's a beastly Prussian!" I heard Bull say under his breath.

"Bull! How dare you? Hold out your hand!"

Having awarded the insolent junior six strokes, I dismissed him from the field.

As the game went on I found it necessary to dismiss others. On one occasion the ball struck me in the chest, and I ordered Vernon-Smith, Todd, Linley and Wharton off the field for laughing.

"I say, sir!" protested Nugent. "We can't play on with only six men!"

"You must do your best, Nugent," I said.

I understood at the end of the game that Rookwood had won by twenty-two goals to nil.

A strange hissing noise greeted my ears as I left the field, and a lump of turf knocked my mortar-board off.

I am still endeavouring to discover the identity of the young miscreant who threw that turf!

THE RED MAN'S TRAIL!



A stirring serial story dealing with adventures amongst Redskins

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

BUCK DIXIE fried strips of the jerked buffalo meat over the flame. The stuff was tough and salt, but to Kit it seemed the most delicious breakfast he had ever tasted.

And as they ate their breakfast he told the scout how it had fared with the white party in the camp.

Buck nodded his approval as he listened to the story of the gallant defence and of Uncle Baldy's contrivances, and he chuckled when Kit told him how they had tapped the spring with the help of the rubber tube.

"That was well done!" said he. "And they will have enough water in the camp to see them through till sunset to-night. Then my relief arrives, and you will see the biggest Indian rout there has been for many a year. We are going to teach the Navajoes a lesson they won't forget in a hurry!"

"They will be anxious about me!" said Kit sorrowfully. "They will be certain that I am killed or going to be killed!"

But Buck shook his head. "Don't let that upset your breakfast, my boy," said he kindly. "I have already told them that you are safe."

Kit stared at the famous scout in wonderment.

"How on earth did you do that?" he demanded.

But Buck Dixie shook his head. "I mustn't tell you all my secrets, youngster," said he. "Half my reputation in this country is built up on making mystery where there is no mystery. But you can take it from me that, before you had entered the council tent, the message was in your camp that you were safe, that they need have no fear for you, and that if they held out till sunset to-night they, too, would be safe."

"But do you mean to say I was safe when I stood in front of that gang of murderers, and they had sentenced me to the Running at dawn?" asked Kit. Buck Dixie smiled enigmatically.

"I was there, my boy, in that Secret Council. Therefore, you were safe enough," he answered. "Now have some more of this fried buffalo meat. It's tough enough, but it's good food for a hard ride, and there's hard riding before us. The Redskins will have despatched a lot of small parties in this direction to cut us off, and we have a lot of dodging to do before we

reach the rendezvous with my relief party."

Buck Dixie fed the horses with a gruel of oatmeal. He would not allow them to drink much.

He examined the legs of the grey carefully.

"You shall take the grey for your own, Kit," said he. "He is the pick of that Indian bunch, and you will snow, at any rate, that you are mounted on one of the best horses in this country. If I'm any judge of horseflesh, he has got better blood in him than any Indian nag. What name will you give him?"

Kit considered the question for a moment.

"I'll call him after the old race-horse that used to graze on the meadows at home," said he. "His name shall be Fleetwing."

Buck Dixie nodded approval.

"That's a good name for a horse," said he gravely. "Now, Kit, you have won this horse from the Redskins in fair fight, and he's a good horse. Otherwise I would not let you take him, for in this country a man's horse is a man's life. But he has got to forget that he's an Indian horse, and he's got to remember that you are his master. Give me a bit of your undershirt. Not that Redskin gear, but a bit of the garment you wear next your skin."

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, reaches a secret cave.

Kit, wondering, drew his bowie knife and, opening the deerskin jumper he was wearing, cut a strip of cloth out of his black flannel shirt, which he handed to the scout.

Then Buck, searching in his pocket, produced a gaily decorated quill which was half-filled with a bright blue powder.

Then he called in the Indian tongue to the grey which advanced towards him, its great dark eyes shining in the lamplight.

Buck Dixie fondled the horse, speaking to it in soft caressing Indian words. He took the bag from its head and pulled its soft muzzle down to him, whispering in its ear.

"I am giving him his own name and your name," said he, smiling, as he held the square of cloth to the grey's nose, at which it sniffed daintily.

Then he handed the quill containing the blue powder to Kit.

"Now Kit," said he "blow the powder out of that quill into his nostrils. Make two puffs of it—half in one nostril and the other half of the powder in the other—and he will know then that you are his master, and he will never leave you."

Kit took the quill gingerly.

Buck Dixie smiled.

"Be careful that the horse don't blow first, Kit," he laughed, "or he will be your master. That powder is big medicine."

Kit thus advised held the end of the quill against Fleetwing's muzzle and puffed twice.

He staggered back as the air was filled with a blue luminous cloud, which made his head swim dizzily.

Then he gave a cry for Fleetwing, rolled over, and fell as though he had been shot.

Kit stood half-dazed, gazing at the fallen horse, which lay on the floor of the cavern, its eyes glazed, and its flanks heaving slowly.

"I've killed him!" he exclaimed sorrowfully.

But Buck Dixie shook his head. "Give him three minutes," said he, smiling reassuringly. "His soul has flown away to the Happy Hunting Grounds, and when it comes back to him he will claim you for master. He will follow you as faithfully as a dog, and he will never give you away when there are Redskins on your trail."

And for three minutes Kit watched

Fleetwing sorrowfully as he lay on the floor of the cavern.

To all intents and purposes the horse seemed dead. Its breathing had ceased, and its neck was stretched out limp and helpless.

But at the end of the third minutes there was a quiver through its limbs. It lifted its head, then staggered to its feet, gazing at Kit with a new look in its dark, intelligent eyes.

Then it fell to muzzling him and fussing over him as though it had discovered a long lost master.

"Now wash out his nose with a drop of fresh water," ordered Buck Dixie. "He won't let anyone but you touch him for some time. Look!"

He rose and advanced to the grey. But it reared back till its head touched the vault of the low cavern, showing its teeth viciously.

Buck Dixie laughed. "Now you call him," he ordered. "Fleetwing!" called Kit.

Immediately Fleetwing was soothed. He stepped forward to his young master, laying his velvet muzzle on his shoulder, allowing Kit to pet him and fondle him.

He was sweating slightly with fear. But he allowed Kit to handle his legs and feet and to rub him down and to wash his nostrils with water.

"He's your horse now for keeps!" said Buck Dixie. "That powder is magic powder, and there was only one Redskin who had the secret of it. That was the famous Laughing Cloud, Chief Paramount of the Navajo Nations. He's dead long since, and the secret of the powder is mine."

"Will it do him any harm?" asked Kit doubtfully.

Buck Dixie shook his head. "Rub him down well before we ride again," said he. "He's sweating slightly, but that's only fear. Old Laughing Cloud knew more about horsebreaking than any man living, and the powder was the most of his secret!"

He waited till Kit had rubbed down the horse. Then he scraped away the gravel in a corner of the cavern and revealed two rifles, which were carefully wrapped in many swathes of oiled silk to protect them against dampness.

Buck Dixie unwrapped these carefully, and from a tin box, hermetically sealed, produced two bandoliers of ammunition.

"Now Kit," said he, "the coast is clear and we are rested and fed. I'll show you another secret of Buck Dixie's cave."

And stepping up to the dark rock face at the back of the cavern, he lifted his hand and smote it thrice with his palm.

"Open sesame!" he cried.

Outwitting the Redskins!

KIT stood astounded as he watched Buck Dixie hit the wall of the cavern thrice with the flat of his hand.

For at the third blow, which was by no means a hard one, a huge slab of the conglomerate rock, of which the walls were composed, turned smoothly as though on a hinge, leaving room for them to pass with their horses.

"That's the secret of Buck Dixie's cave!" laughed the scout, as Kit stood regarding him open-mouthed.

"My word!" stammered Kit. "You are like a fellow out of a fairy-tale! You seem to do whatever you like with rocks and Redskins!"

Buck Dixie laughed at this frank admiration of his powers.

"I'm like most wonderful people, Kit," he replied—"a few brains backed by a lot of bounce, and that's the secret of handling rocks, Redskins and roughs. But I will let you into this little secret."

He picked up the lamp and held it close to the rock which had shifted so wonderfully.

"You see, Kit," said he, "if you look closely into this rock that it is as near like pudding-stone or conglomerate of pebbles and marl as makes no difference. But I made this rock, and there is cement in it, and it is built up round empty tins mounted on a core of steel. In short,

it from the river and get out by the land. If you are in trouble on the land, you can bolt out the back-door by the river. And let me advise you, Kit," he added with a laugh, "when you pick out a refuge always pick one if possible with a back door. Never get into a place where you can't get out."

And, swinging himself into the saddle, the scout led the way on Starlight.

Kit mounted the grey and followed his guide through this strange rift or crevasse in the ground, which was for all the world like a deep trench scored into the conglomerate rock and gravel for some twenty feet, and was in no part much more than six feet wide.

"I discovered this crevasse by falling into it one dark night," remarked Buck, turning in his saddle. "Star-



Starlight rose, and his master, swinging himself to the saddle, fired his revolver almost in the face of a fourth brave, who, throwing up his arms, toppled backwards as his pony reared.

Kit, this particular piece of rock is a fake. It's as hollow as a drum, and it is neatly pivoted on a steel pipe that rests at each end in a well-oiled socket. But it is good enough to deceive a Redskin. Redskins aren't geologists, and it would take an educated eye to see that this particular lump of conglomerate which bars the entrance to my cavern is made by the hand of man and not by Nature. Now we will lead the horses out, and we shall find ourselves in a furrow or a fissure in the face of the prairie that will hide us for a long way from the eyes of our Redskin friends."

They led their horses out of the cave, and Kit found himself travelling along the bottom of a deep trench which was almost covered by the bushes that met overhead.

"That's a very handy little cache of mine," said Buck. "If you are in trouble in the river, you can get into

light was wiser than his master. He stopped, whilst I went ahead to see what was the trouble, and I wasn't long in finding out, either. But luckily I had taken the coil of my lariat with me, and good old Starlight pulled me out—didn't tell me that I was an ass, either!" he added, as he patted Starlight's arching neck.

They made their way slowly through the crevasse, which was plainly the work of some long-forgotten earthquake, which had split and rent the rock in all directions.

Buck seemed to know his way well enough, or perhaps he left it to Starlight to decide. There were side-turnings and ramifications of all sorts in the deep trench.

But Starlight did not falter. He turned to the right and then to the left and then to the right again with the unflinching step of a horse who knows where he is going.

Buck rode at ease in his saddle, and

even lighted his pipe, a thing he would never have done in the ordinary course of things in hostile country.

He seemed to feel that this apparent carelessness needed some explanation, for he turned in his saddle again and addressed his young companion.

"I can afford a smoke here, Kit," said he, "because these crevasses cut up the ground so hereabouts that there won't be any Redskins overhead to sniff the smoke. This is a great country for dodging an enemy about here, and I've a notion that one of these days, when the great wars of the future are fought, men will dig themselves in in just such trenches or crevasses as these. I was talking of it only the other day to Major Lincoln, of the Dandy Fifth. But he said I was talking nonsense. He's a cavalryman, though, and he thinks, naturally enough, that all wars will be fought and won by cavalry.

As he talked to the boy and puffed at his pipe, Buck Dixie little dreamed that he was forecasting more or less accurately the conditions of the great war which was to take place in future years, when Kit should be grown to manhood.

"Ever met the Dandy Fifth, Kit?" he asked.

"No," replied Kit.

"Well, you'll meet the finest rough-riding cavalry in the world when you do," replied Buck slowly. "I'm not an American—I'm English, like you. But the Fifth United States Cavalry is the finest pioneer cavalry in the world to-day. And you won't be long in meeting them. But I've a notion that we'll be meeting some Redskins first."

Buck put up his pipe.

"Now, Kit," said he, "we'll be coming out into the open soon, and I think we have dodged Mr. Eagle of the Red Claw and his gang o' painted beauties. But he will have detached plenty of scouting-parties to cut us off. So we'll have need of all the speed of our horses, and I think that nag of yours will make good."

Buck paused.

"But, mind you, Kit," he added impressively, "if he fails, if he has an accident, goes lame, or puts his foot in a prairie-dog's burrow, old Starlight has got to carry us both, and poor Fleetwing has got to have a bullet through his head."

"Why?" asked Kit.

"Why, my boy, because I have made him a Paleface horse by that puff of the magic blue powder," answered Buck. "He'll never live happy with Redskins or with Redskin ponies again, and, what's more, he'll be a source of danger to you."

"How?" demanded Kit.

"Why," replied Buck slowly, "He'll search you out wherever you may be, and the Redskins, if ye fell into their hands again, would not be long in finding this out. They are good horsemen, are the Redskins, and cunning men, and though they don't know the secret of Laughing Cloud's magic powder they have heard of it, and they know its effects. You might just as well leave a pet bloodhound in their hands to use against you."

Kit saw the force of this argument; but he patted Fleetwing's neck.

"You sha'n't fail me, old chap," he muttered.

The sun rose higher in the blue sky, and the white clouds that were sailing overhead dappled the country with their shadows as the two swept onwards through the shallow valleys.

But presently the character of the grass began to alter. It grew thicker and stiffer, projecting here and there in withered tufts.

Buck sat up in his saddle and sniffed the air.

"I smell Redskins!" said he. "In another hour we'll fall in with one of the Navajoes' scouting-parties. Then you can get ready for a race."

He slackened Starlight's speed as he spoke, to give the horses a breather. Then, pulling up, he looked to the girths of his saddle and examined the legs of both the horses.

"Fit to ride for a man's life!" he muttered with satisfaction. "And we are good enough to run rings round anything that the Redskins have got up against us. We will lead them a dance!"

On they went again, the character of the country changing with every mile, till soon they were back on the real prairie country, with its parched clay surface and its burned, withered grass.

Buck did not speak now. His eyes constantly swept the huge undulations of the country, and at last he gave a grunt that was as much a grunt of satisfaction as of fear.

"Redskins!" he ejaculated.

Kit gazed round the vast horizon. He could see nothing.

"I can't see any Redskins," he answered.

"Didn't suppose that you could," replied Buck. "Your eyes are too new from the streets of the settled countries. But if you had a telescope you could see a troop of twenty-seven Redskins riding along the top of yonder ridge. They are scouts, and they have been put up on that ridge to patrol this section of country."

He pointed far away to the southward, where a long ridge in the prairie showed against the skyline. It was scarcely higher than any of the surrounding folds in the widespread country. But Buck knew that its few feet of extra elevation gave it command over a vast stretch of the prairie.

"They can't see us yet," said he with certainty. "They are cruising along the top of the ridge there, looking further to the south for us. Their attention is not this way."

"And why can't they see us, if we can see them?" asked Kit, astonished at his companion's weird sense of sight, and equally at the strange sense which enabled him to read his enemy's mind at a distance of some miles.

"Why, my boy," replied Buck, with his quiet smile, "we are travelling just now in a cloud shadow, and they are expecting to pick us up to the southward. But you need not be disappointed about it. They'll see us presently."

And he gazed at that provoking distant ridge with seeing eyes, while Kit could see nothing but the vast brown expanse of the prairie-lands.

The long cloud shadow in which they had been travelling cleared and drew away ahead of them.

"They have seen us now," an-

nounced Buck Dixie cheerfully. "And there's another war party away to the north of us. They are starting to signal. Look yonder!"

Kit could see now. It was not the enemy he saw, but a small column of black smoke rising from the ridge like the smoke of some hidden factory-chimney.

"They work that with resin and turpentine from the pines which they get from the country further south. It raises a very good smudge of smoke on a blue day. Look—they are signalling now!" said Buck.

The tiny column of smoke broke off and rose again in little puffs that showed faint black against the turquoise sky.

"There's a party away to the north-east of us," said Buck, in matter-of-fact tones, as though he were reading from a printed book, "and they are nearer to us than the party which is signalling. They'll signal in their turn to another party ahead to cut across our trail and head us off. And that is how it's done."

"And what do we do?" asked Kit, to whom these mysteries of prairie-craft came as a revelation.

Buck Dixie laughed.

"Why, we do exactly the same as a sailor who has to steer his ship over a sea between enemies who are on the watch for him. We steer so as to give as wide a berth as possible to the fellows who are waiting, and when they begin to close on us we put on speed or make a stern fight with them. Mark you, Kit," he added, "the prairie is much the same as the sea. It is open country north, south, east and west, with just a few gullies and snags in it, like the sands of the sea. It also has its visibilities and its shadows, like the sea. And the man who fights on the open prairie depends on these and the speed of his horse just as a ship depends on the speed of her sails or her engines."

Buck increased Starlight's speed. The going was good on this soft lush-grass, and the two horses fairly raced along for the space of four miles.

Then Buck gradually slackened speed.

"That's number two war party we have left behind us," he remarked with absolute certainty.

"How do you know that?" asked Kit, rather disappointed by the apparent tameness of this running of the gauntlet of unseen enemies.

"By navigation," replied Buck briefly. "They won't sight us now, nor will they head us off. They will have to come down to our trail to pick it up, and they will join the party of twenty-seven who first sighted us. Then they will fasten on our trail like a pack of bloodhounds. But a stern chase is a long chase, and in a few minutes I'll tell you how many we shall have up against us."

Kit was wonderstruck. Had it not been for the sight of that sinister little smoke cloud in the blue sky, he might well have thought Buck Dixie was laughing at him, and peopling the wide, sunny country with imaginary bands of Redskins.

He was roused from his thoughts by a grunt of satisfaction from Buck, who, leaning down in his saddle, was

surveying the turf over which they were passing.

Even Kit could see that it was cut up by the fresh tracks of horses which crossed their trail.

"That's the track of the party we've passed," announced Buck. "There's ninety-seven of them, and there's one lame pony amongst them. Ninety-seven and twenty-seven makes one hundred and twenty-four braves on our trail—quite a nice little party. The trail is about three hours old," he added, in the same quiet, matter-of-fact tone that almost made Kit laugh.

"I don't call this very exciting," said Kit.

Buck laughed out loud at this naive remark.

"Wait another half-hour, my lad, and you'll get all the excitement you want," said he. "And what's more, I'll show you, barring accidents, a wipe-up of Redskins that will be talked of for a long time. This gang whose trail we have just crossed will soon be back after us red-hot. But they little dream that most of them will be riding straight for the Happy Hunting-Grounds!"

Kit said no more. He was bewildered by this man who spoke with such certainty of the things that were going to happen.

"Now, Kit," said Buck, after a while, "we are now drawing towards number three party. They have been signalled that we are coming, and they are going to give us most trouble of the lot. There will be about thirty of them, for the Navajos lay out their scouting-parties strong and weak alternately. And this lot will be faster travellers than the rest, for their ponies have not travelled so far, and they are working on a smaller radius of patrol. Ha—here they come! I thought we'd meet the varmints hereabouts!"

Buck was pointing to the horizon to the north-east. Here was another of those low-lying ridges which gave the prairie the look of a vast sea troubled by a long ground-swell.

Kit could see the Indians plainly now. On the breast of the ridge, about three miles to the north, showed a tiny figure—the figure of a mounted brave. Another popped up alongside him; then another and another. It looked almost as though they were rising from the ground, but Kit knew that they were riding up from the other side of the ridge.

"This is where we travel!" cried Buck exultantly; and with a whoop he sent Starlight flying forward, whilst the grey closed on his flank.

Kit looked behind him, over his shoulder.

Things were exciting enough now. Thirty or forty Redskin braves were racing down the gentle slope of the prairie in chase of them. And, to judge from the pace they were travelling, they were all well mounted.

Buck had them counted all right.

"Thirty-six of the rascals!" said he. "That means a hundred and sixty in all. And the one with the lame mount will not be of any use. He doesn't know it, but that lame hoss may save his life for him this day!"

And Kit noticed, as the scout led him over the prairie, that he was not

following the line which would allow him to gain most on their pursuers. In fact, his course was a gentle curve, and their enemies were gaining on them.

But he had learned enough of Buck Dixie's ways now to have implicit faith in him.

Soon the faint whoops of their pursuers came drifting to them down the wind.

Buck chuckled.

"Let 'em waste their breath," he laughed. "And now, Kit, don't get scared if you see old Starlight go suddenly lame and fall behind. And don't wait for me. Keep along about this pace, and head straight for the spot where yonder patch of scrub shows. Pass that a hundred yards to the right, and you'll see another patch three miles ahead of you. Steer straight on that, and take no notice of what I am doing all the time, beyond, maybe, looking over your shoulder to see how it's done. I want to slow these chaps, to give their mates a chance of coming up."

Then of a sudden Starlight, who had been loping along at an easy hand gallop, went apparently suddenly lame.

This was directly after Buck, leaning forward in his saddle, had whispered in the ear of the gallant old horse.

A yell of exultation went up from the leading braves as they saw the change in Starlight's paces.

On they came like a whirlwind, yelling and whooping.

And Kit, with the wind streaming past his ears, rode on steadily and obediently towards the marks which Buck had indicated to him.

He stole a glance over his shoulder. Far behind, Starlight had come

almost to a halt. Then suddenly he rolled over on his side, and his master, half falling from the saddle, fell beside him.

The leading braves of the chase, whooping in triumph, charged in a straggling race for the prize, which was Buck's scalp.

Kit's heart misgave him. It was all too horribly real. Here was he apparently running away, leaving his companion to be murdered.

But he remembered Buck's instructions, though for the life of him he could not help reining in Fleetwing slightly.

Bang!

The leading Redskin threw up his arms and toppled from the saddle as Buck, sheltering behind the fallen Starlight, fired his rifle.

Bang!

A second Redskin warrior fell forward out of his saddle, rolling to the ground like a bunch of feathers as that unerring rifle rang out across the sun-lit prairie.

Bang!

Down went a third of the pursuing gang.

And as he went down Starlight rose, and his master, swinging himself to the saddle, fired his revolver almost in the face of a fourth brave, who, throwing up his arms, toppled backwards as his pony reared.

There was a hundred yards interval between these four and the main body of the Redskins, and these came almost to a standstill as the four riderless horses wheeled and bunched, according to the custom of Redskin steeds, then trotted back together to the main body, whilst Starlight, recovering from his apparent lameness, tore over the prairie with the speed of a racehorse, leaving those four very silent figures prone on the ground.

Soon Starlight and his rider were overhauling the grey in fine style, and in less than five minutes Buck Dixie was ranging alongside Kit.

"I got four of the rats!" he laughed. "But we can't play the same trick again. Ease your speed now, Kit. We must not run away from them. See—the other parties are coming up."

Sure enough, two clouds of dust showed behind the group of Redskins, who had come to a standstill about the fallen braves, stunned by the trick which had been played on them.

Then a threatening yell sounded faintly across the prairie. They knew that it was none other than the hated "Buk Diksee" who had thus taken the lives of four of their best braves. But they were over a hundred strong with the parties who were coming up behind, and they meant to have him and the boy who rode with him.

And soon they came thundering along, over a hundred strong, on the trail of the two fugitives, their yells growing steadily nearer and nearer, whilst smoke signals went up to warn other war parties that "Buk Diksee" was abroad and to be caught by those who were bold and cunning enough to trap the Red Man's most hated foe.

Another fine long instalment of this stirring tale of the Redskins will appear in next Tuesday's "Greyfriars Herald." Make sure of your copy!

RESULT OF TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION.—No. 6.

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

E. W. ILOTT,
4, St. Kilda Parade,
Gloucester.

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

- Robert Buckley, 499, Middleton Rd., Chadderton, Oldham; A. J. Hardiman, 70, Herrett St., Aldershot; Leslie Cullford, 39, Commonhall St., Chester; John Whelan, 18a, Hylton St., Plumstead, S.E., 18; D. A. Manning, 185, Westbourne Grove, Baywater, W., 11; Ruby F. Crosskey, 78, Vicarage Rd., Hastings; F. G. Robinson, 13, Alfred St., Burton-on-Trent; Mas. C. Edwards, 70, Bridge St., High Wycombe, Bucks; Joseph Baker, 18, Lawnview St., Belfast; Laura Gorman, 148, Estcourt Rd., Fulham, S.W., 6; Eileen Delamare, 59, Heideberg Rd., Southsea; B. Richards, 15, Oakley St., Kettering.

CORRECT SOLUTION:

Dear Readers All,—This is the time of good wishes and gladness, and I hope all of you will have an enjoyable holiday. If you have a chum who does not read the "Herald," purchase a copy and present it to him. I am sure he will appreciate your gift.

Yours,
HARRY WHARTON.

THE TRIBULATIONS OF TRIMBLE!

A splendid complete story specially contributed to "The Greyfriars Herald"

By JACK BLAKE, of St. Jim's



Taking a step forward, Trimble playfully tweaked Grundy's nose!

BAGGY TRIMBLE, of the Fourth, has seldom been known to miss an opportunity of getting something for nothing.

One evening Baggy was rolling rather disconsolately along the old-fashioned High Street of Wayland, when he saw that something was going on in the public hall.

Baggy stopped short and surveyed the poster outside. It ran as follows:

SUPERB BOXING CONTEST!

At eight o'clock this evening a thrilling twenty-rounds boxing contest will take place between

FIGHTING MIKE
(of Sloggerville)

and

PERCY PULP
(the Wayland Wonder).

Prices of Admission: £2 2s. to sixpence.

BOOK YOUR SEATS EARLY!

Baggy Trimble was mildly interested. He had heard a good deal about the Wayland Wonder and he wanted to see him in the act of knocking spots off Fighting Mike, of Sloggerville. But he didn't see the fun of paying sixpence to witness the entertaining scene.

Boom!

It was the first quarter after eight, sounding from the church clock.

"My hat! The fight must be well under way!" murmured Baggy.

The fat junior blinked around. There was no sign of a commissioner, and no one was seated at the receipt of custom.

Evidently the fight was proving so exciting that the commissioner and his colleagues had sneaked into the hall to see the fun.

Here, reflected Baggy, was a golden opportunity of getting something for nothing.

Chuckling softly to himself, he stole through the entrance of the hall and helped himself to standing-room at the back.

On the raised platform two sturdy, stocky men were doing their level best to wipe each other off the face of the earth.

"Which is the Wayland Wonder?" inquired Baggy of one of the spectators.

"I'm with the four-point-seven punch, of course!" was the reply. "There 'e goes again! 'E's a marvel, that's wot 'e is!"

"Will he win, do you think?" asked Baggy.

"'Course 'e will!"

The thudding of heavy body blows resounded through the packed hall.

Percy Pulp was certainly going strong. He was hammering at his opponent's ribs as if for a wager.

"Time!" said the referee.

"How many rounds have they had?" queried Baggy, as the men went to their corners.

"Six," said Baggy's next-door neighbour. "An' if you ask my opinion, Fightin' Mike will find 'imself down an' out in the seventh!"

"Good!"

The next round was full of thrills. The Wayland Wonder was "all over" his opponent, playing with him as a cat plays with a mouse; but Fighting Mike doggedly refused to take the knock-out.

Towards the end of the round, however, the Wayland Wonder got in some sledge-hammer punches which no man could have withstood.

Baggy Trimble clapped his hands gleefully. Baggy makes it an unswerving rule always to back the winning side.

"Go it, Percy!" he yelled. "Good old Percy! Give him beans!"

Percy obliged. He drove his opponent round the ring, and finally disposed of him with a smashing blow between the eyes.

Fighting Mike went to the boards with a crash.

The referee began to count, but the fallen boxer made no effort to rise. He had no wish to renew his acquaintanceship with the Wayland Wonder's fist.

"Eight—nine—OUT!" concluded the referee.

"Hurrah!"

"Counted out, by Jove!"

"Smashed to a pulp by a Pulp!" said a wag in the audience.

Baggy Trimble's only regret was that he had not been present from the outset.

The slogging display given by the Wayland Wonder had impressed the fat junior immensely.

"My hat! If only I could get a few tips from that chap," reflected Baggy, "I should be the finest fighting-man in the Fourth!"

The audience began to disperse, but Baggy remained where he was until the hall was nearly empty. Then he advanced up the gangway and made his way to the dressing-room behind the scenes.

"What d'you want?" growled a stout, pompous-looking fellow in evening dress.

"I want to see Mr. Percy Pulp," answered Baggy, with dignity. "I'm an old pal of his, you know."

The man in evening dress hesitated a moment, then he allowed Baggy to pass.

The dressing-room was divided into two parts by a screen. On one side of the screen, Fighting Mike was being put in plaster of Paris; and on the other side—towards which Baggy Trimble made his way—the Wayland Wonder was interviewing four newspaper reporters at once, and describing how it was done. As he spoke, he fanned his heated face with a copy of "Sporting Snatches."

Baggy lingered in the vicinity until the reporters took their departure, then he advanced towards Mr. Percy Pulp.

"What d'you want 'ere, young shaver?" inquired the latter.

Baggy glanced eagerly at the victorious boxer.

"I want to know how I can become as good a fighting-man as you," he said.

"My eye!"

The Wayland Wonder took stock of Baggy, and he decided that here was a youth whose leg he could pull until further orders.

"Well, I don't usually give away

any trade secrets," he said. "But I rather likes the looks of you, an' I don't mind puttin' you up to a trick or two."

"Oh, good!" murmured Baggy.

If only he could master the secret of self-defence, he reflected, he would be able to throw his weight about when he got back to St. Jim's.

"My advice won't cost you a penny," said the Wayland Wonder. "But I'm afraid you'll have to pay for the mixture."

"The—the mixture?" gasped Baggy.

"Yes." The boxer produced a small medicine-bottle. "This contains a mixture of embrocation and soothing syrup," he explained.

Baggy Trimble's eyes opened wide in wonder.

"You mean to say that stuff helps you to keep your end up in the ring?" he exclaimed.

"My dear kid, it's the most wonderful mixture ever invented! I should never have licked Fighting Mike if I hadn't had a bottle handy."

Baggy was greatly impressed.

"Would that stuff make me become a first-rate fighting-man?" he inquired.

"Sure!"

"Then I'll have that bottle."

"Half a jiffy!" said the Wayland Wonder. "The price is seven-and-six."

Baggy's jaw dropped.

Curiously enough, he happened to be in funds to the extent of seven-and-sixpence. But to part with it in one solid lump would be a terrible wrench.

And yet, with the aid of that marvellous mixture, Baggy would promptly become the finest boxer in the Lower School—perhaps the finest in all St. Jim's.

This was a chance too good to be missed. Fancy being able to knock out fellows like Tom Merry and Talbot and Grundy! The prospect was dazzling.

"Mind you," said Mr. Percy Pulp, "I'm makin' a tremendous reduction. The original cost of this bottle was a guinea."

"My hat!"

"If you want to become the porker-weight champion of your school, I should advise you to jump at this offer."

Baggy Trimble tried hard to beat the boxer down to five shillings, but the Wayland Wonder wasn't having any.

"Seven-and-six, or no sale!" he said firmly.

Finally, unable to resist the opportunity of becoming a famous fighting-man, Baggy handed over his pocket-money. In return, he was handed the bottle.

"There are no directions on this!" he grumbled.

"Of course not! Do you think I'm goin' to advertise them?"

"How have I got to use the stuff?" The Wayland Wonder lowered his voice.

"Get up early in the morning," he said. "About five o'clock—"

"Groo!"

Baggy Trimble's greatest dread in life, next to soap and water, was getting up early. He agreed with the song-writer who declared it was nice

to get up in the morning, but nicer to stay in bed.

Even early rising, however, would be worth while, if it resulted in Baggy becoming a boxing champion.

"Get up about five o'clock," repeated the Wayland Wonder. "Then measure out a thimbleful of the mixture, and rub it into the small of your back. In your case, it's difficult to find the small of your back, because you're covered with rolls of fat. But this is the place, near enough."

And the speaker gave Baggy a prod in the back which made him yelp.

"Havin' rubbed in the mixture until your arm aches," continued the practical joker, "you dress, go downstairs, an' take a brisk walk. The brisker the better. An' you'll be astonished at the result! You'll feel so strong an' energetic that you'll be ready to tackle anything on two legs at a minute's notice!"

"Good!"

"An' mind you keep this mixture a dead secret," concluded the Wayland Wonder.

"You bet!"

"Well, that's all, young 'un. Good luck!"

Baggy Trimble thanked his kind benefactor, and stepped out into the street, with the marvellous mixture reposing in his pocket.

Had he been able to peep back into the dressing-room, he would have seen the Wayland Wonder laying flat on his back and kicking up his heels in a paroxysm of merriment.

II.

BOOM!
It was the last stroke of five sounding from the old clock tower.

Darkness reigned in the Fourth-form dormitory, at St. Jim's—darkness, but not stillness.

Baggy Trimble, who had slept with his precious mixture under his pillow, quitted his snug bed and proceeded to light a candle.

Baggy's movements were anything but noiseless, and in a few moments half a dozen fellows were awake.

"Bai Jove!" murmured Gussy.

"Who's that out of bed?"

"Me!" said Trimble ungrammatically.

"What are you getting up in the middle of the night for, you ass?" demanded Digby.

"Tain't the middle of the night. It's five o'clock."

"Well, get back into bed, porpoise!" I growled.

"Really, Blake, I shall do exactly as I like! And if you try to interfere with me, you'll get a thick ear!"

"M-m-my hat!"

I was thunderstruck at Trimble's warlike tone. And so were the other fellows.

We sat up in bed and watched Baggy's antics in astonishment. By the light of the candle we saw him produce a thimble.

"What the merry dickens——" began Herries.

Baggy filled the thimble from a medicine-bottle, and we wondered if he intended to swallow the liquid. But he didn't. He poured it into his fat palm and proceeded to rub it into the small of his back.

"Mad!" gasped Digby.

"Mad as a hatter or a March hare!" I agreed.

"Weally, Twimble," said Gussy, "I wegard your conduct as extw-ordinary! Why are you wubbin' yourself in that mannah?"

"Mind your own bizney!" snapped Trimble. "Are you looking for a dot on the boko?"

"Bai Jove!"

Arthur Augustus, like the rest of us, was too much overcome to get out of bed and administer a "feahful thwashin'" to Baggy Trimble.

That youth continued to massage himself until sheer exhaustion compelled him to desist.

Then Baggy dressed himself, ignoring the questions which we fired at him from time to time.

It was a cold, cheerless morning, and Baggy's pluck amazed us.

At that early hour, when even the servants had not bestirred themselves, Baggy was going out!

As head of the dormitory, I considered it was high time I chipped in.

"Look here, Baggy!" I said.

"You're not going down——"

"I am!"

"You're not!"

"I tell you I am!"

"I tell you you're not!"

"Who's going to stop me?"

"I am, of course!"

Baggy Trimble laughed.

"You'll get a couple of black eyes if you try it on!" he said.

That was more than I could stand.

I jumped out of bed, and Herries and Digby followed my example.

Baggy threw himself into a fighting attitude; but that was as far as he got. We bumped him soundly on the floor of the dormitory and then heaved him on to his bed, fully dressed.

"You'll stay there till rising-bell!" I panted. "If you attempt to leave the dorm. before then, we'll pulverise you!"

Baggy Trimble protested, of course, but his protests were in vain. He lay shivering on his bed until the rising-bell elapsed out. Then he quitted the dormitory, and went down to the frosty quadrangle.

There is no law against a fellow strolling in the quad. early in the morning; but Knox of the Sixth seemed to think otherwise.

Knox had been out on the razzle overnight, and he had lost a good deal of money at billiards, with the result that, on returning to Greyfriars, he found sleep impossible.

The unpopular prefect came down into the quad. after rising-bell, and he at once pounced upon Baggy Trimble.

"What are you doing here at this time of the morning, you young rascal?" he demanded.

"Go and eat coke!" growled Baggy.

"What?"

"Go and chop chips, if that suits you better!"

Knox stopped short in his stride. His eyes gleamed with a dangerous light.

"You—you cheeky young hound——"

"Oh, run away and pick flowers!"

said Baggy Trimble. "You make me tired!"

"My hat! I——"
"You deserve to be heavily fined for going about with a face like that!" Baggy went on. "Is it really your face, or a mask out of a Christmas cracker?"

Knox was trembling from head to foot with rage. Never before had Baggy Trimble dared to "cheek" him in this manner.

"I—I'll give you a thundering good hiding!" muttered the prefect

And he strode towards the fat junior.

Baggy Trimble did not turn and flee, as he might have done on any other occasion. He had followed out the directions of the Wayland Wonder, having rubbed the marvellous mixture into the small of his back, and taken a brisk walk; and so great was his faith in the mixture that he felt quite confident of being able to hold his own even against a prefect. True, he had been overpowered in the dormitory, but that was before he had taken the brisk walk. Now he felt that he was capable of tackling anything on two legs, as Mr. Percy Pulp had expressed it.

Baggy clenched his plump fists, and glared at Knox.

"Keep your distance!" he exclaimed. "If you come a step nearer I shall let drive with my left!"

Knox came on with a determined stride, and Baggy Trimble shot out his left. He expected to see the prefect throw up his hands and measure his length on the flagstones.

The blow, however, went harmlessly wide.

Seizing the fat junior by the scruff of the neck, Knox dragged him away to his study. There he belaboured the unfortunate Baggy with a cricket-stump.

Whack!—whack!—whack!

"Yaroooop!"

Whack!—whack!—whack!

"Help! Fire! Murder!"

Knox laid on the cricket-stump until his arm ached. Then, with a muttered imprecation, he bundled Trimble out into the passage.

"Oh, dear!" gasped Baggy. "Oh, crumbs! That mixture failed to act! I was counting on it, and it let me down! Yow!"

Then it occurred to Baggy that he had not carried out the directions to the letter.

He ought to have taken the brisk walk immediately after applying the mixture; instead of which, a long interval had elapsed.

Baggy resolved to give the mixture another trial.

He intended to rise at five next morning, but somehow he overslept, and turned out at rising-bell with the rest of us.

The fat junior rubbed a thimbleful of the mixture into the small of his back, as before. Then he hurriedly dressed and went down into the quad.

It so happened that Grundy of the Shell was waiting at the schoolgates for the postman.

Baggy underwent his brisk stroll, keeping an eye on Grundy the while. He intended to pick a quarrel with the great George Alfred, and to prove

the value of the marvellous mixture by giving Grundy a good thrashing.

By the time Trimble had concluded his stroll, there was quite a crowd of fellows in the quad. Baggy beamed. He wanted an audience.

The fat junior rolled up to Grundy. "Hallo, pie-face!" he said.

Grundy nearly fell down.

To be addressed as "pie-face" by a fat worm like Trimble was altogether too thick.

"Why, you—you——" spluttered Grundy, clenching his massive fists.

"I—I'll burst you!"

"He, he, he!" cackled Trimble.

And, taking a step forward, he playfully tweaked Grundy's nose.

Grundy sprang back with a fiendish yell. He was quite thrown off his balance, but only for a moment. Lowering his head, he plunged towards Trimble like a savage bull.

Biff! Thud! Biff! Thud!

Grundy's fists did great execution. Right and left, left and right, they shot out, and Baggy Trimble offered no more resistance than a leaf in an autumn gale.

"Call me a pie-face, would you, you fat chump?" panted Grundy. "I'll slaughter you! Take that—and that—and that!"

"Ow-yow! Garoogh! Lemme alone!" shrieked Baggy Trimble, as he was carried back beneath the weight of blows. "Help! Dragim-off!"

But Grundy's temper was aroused thoroughly. The uncalled-for remark about his face was more than human flesh and blood could stand, and he went all out to pulverise the unfortunate fat junior. He sent in two hooks to Trimble's yielding body, and followed up with a sizzling upper-cut.

Crash!

Trimble was down; and a crowd of fellows rushed to the spot, gasping with merriment.

"Bai Jove!" exclaimed Gussy. "Twimble appeals to have come wathah a cwoppah, deah boys!"

"What's he licking the flagstones for?" inquired Herries. "Can't he wait for his brekker?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Very slowly Baggy Trimble picked himself up. He looked a very complete wreck.

"Ow!" he moaned. "My face has been pushed in, there's a dent in my chest, and my back's broken!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Better 'phone for the ambulance," I suggested. "Wait here a jiffy, Trimble, while I go and ask Railton's permission."

But Baggy didn't wait. He limped sadly and painfully away from the scene of his disaster.

And the last thing we saw him do, ere he vanished into the building, was to take a medicine-bottle from his pocket and dash it against the bowl of the fountain.

Trimble looked so woebegone at the breakfast-table, that Railton asked him if he had lost anything.

Baggy replied that he had lost two things—his faith in the marvellous mixture, and pocket-money to the value of seven-and-sixpence!

A BARBER-IOUS AFFAIR!

By DICK PENFOLD

Scene: The barber's shop in Friar-dale.

(Enter Coker.)

Barber: Lovely morning! How d'ye do?

Shave, or hair-cut, or shampoo?

Coker: Will you trim my upper lip? Give it just a gentle snip.

Barber: You'll be patient, sir, I hope,

While I fetch a microscope?

(Exit Barber, returning shortly afterwards with powerful microscope.)

Barber (after careful examination): Sir, your upper lip is bare!

There is really nothing there!

Coker (indignantly): What's this nonsense you are humming?

My moustache is quite becoming!

Barber: May be coming, sir, don't fret;

But it hasn't got here yet!

Coker: Man, you drive me to despair!

Please pile in, and cut my hair!

Barber: Will you have it short or long?

Coker: You know best; you can't go wrong.

Barber (grinning): I will make you look a nib!

Put your arms, sir, through this bib.

Coker: Steady on, man, with those shears!

You have punctured both my ears!

Barber: 'Scuse me, sir, but do you fly?

Coker: What a funny question! Why?

Barber: Well, these ears of yours would make

Ripping wings, and no mistake!

Coker: That's enough! Confound your cheek!

Will my hair be cut this week?

Barber: Sir, I've cropped it, fore and aft—

Coker: Groo! I feel a fearful draught!

Barber: This way! Here's a looking-glass.

Coker (surveying himself in the glass): M-my hat! You clumsy ass!

Barber: Don't you think I've cut it fine?

Coker: I'm like Convict Ninety-nine!

Barber: Would you like some brilliantine

On that nut of yours, old bean?

Coker: You—you villain! Where's my mop?

I've got nothing left on top!

Barber: When the urchins pass you by

They will shout: "Another guy!"

When they see you at the school

They'll say: "Coker's lost his wool!"

Coker: Why, you grinning little rat,

Just take that—and that—and that!

(Coker wipes up the floor with the humorous barber, and strides out of the establishment, fuming.)

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A WONDERFUL BRIDGE!

The bridge across the Firth of Forth is one of the finest in the world. No less than 38,000 tons of steel were used in its construction.—Taken by David Reid, "Cymro," Burnhead Road, Larbert, Stirlingshire.



H. Wadding (Paddington).



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C. Hodgson (Lancaster).



Miss Jessie Newbold (Aston, B'ham).



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TUCK HAMPERS AS PRIZES!



GREAT NEW COMPETITION.

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

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

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

You may send as many solutions as you please, but each must be accompanied by the signed coupon you will find on this page. Write your solutions IN INK on a clean sheet of paper, fill up coupon below, and pin to this, and address to: No. 11, TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4., so as to reach that address no later than Tuesday, January 13th.

Remember, that my decision must be accepted in all matters concerning this competition as absolutely binding.

I enter "The Greyfriars Herald" Tuck Hamper Competition No. 11, and agree to accept the published decision as absolutely binding.

WRITES

Signed

Address

CAREFULLY.

CAN YOU READ THIS LETTER? OUR ONE-WEEK COMPETITION.

D, 3 R P O M I CC This minute

S I remove the FAV ite R E U U,

H T H E The clown gave a RIDICULOUS performance S A G R E T U U with

T H J A N The III THIS YEAR'S PANTOMIMES ARE MORE MAJESTIC THAN EVER

than ever & who R and I am positive that O F A

T P P 180 minutes C K D O, Harry Whar 20 CWT

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