

**GORGEOUS TUCK HAMPERS FOR READERS!**

# The Greyfriars **1<sup>d</sup>** **Herald** **1<sup>2</sup>**



no. 12. (New Series).

FULL OF SCHOOL STORIES AND ARTICLES

Jan. 17, 1920.



**MOBBING THE SLACKERS' ELEVEN!**

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.

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

ON THE TRAIL!



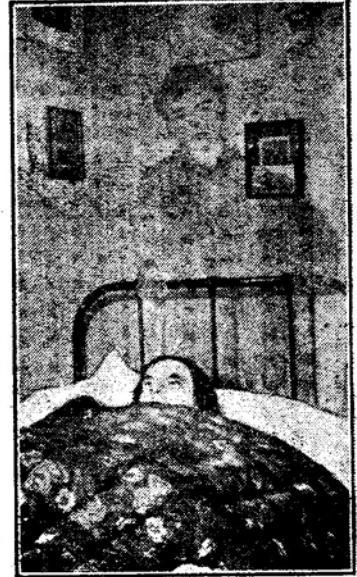
Minding the watchword of that splendid organisation—the Boy Scouts—"Be Prepared!"—a motto which can be applied to the larger game of life.—Taken by W. G. Gough, 276, Wyld's Lane, Worcester.

A VILLAGE STATUE.



This memorial to General Wolf, the hero of Quebec, stands in the market-place, at Westerham, Kent, his native town.—Taken by S. J. Osborne, 33, Camilla Road, Bermondsey, S.E. 16.

A TRICK PHOTO!



A clever picture obtained by exposing the plate twice, the "ghost" effect being secured by under-exposure.—Taken by J. N. Lawrence, 280, Great Colmore St., Edgbaston, Birmingham.

WELL HEADED, SIR!



A. Bennett (London).



A. E. Speeding (Westminster).



A fine snapshot of an exciting bit of play in a match played between Military and Post Office teams at Newcastle.—Taken by J. Hutchinson, 94, Morpeth Street, Spital Tongues, Newcastle-on-Tyne.



G. Smith (Durham).



E. Mials (Hackney).



G. Basham (Stratford).



Miss E. Ryley (Small Heath).



A Chester Reader of the "Herald."



Miss H. Crowshaw (Chester).



J. Wills (South Wales).

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*The Greyfriars Herald*



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TOM BROWN  
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Occasional Contributors from GREYFRIARS

Occasional Contributors from Other Schools

# Editorial

By Harry Wharton.

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

FROM my postbag this week I have extracted many interesting queries, some of which I will deal with right away. "Never put off till to-morrow what is the thief of Time," as Inky would say.

"Monty," of Malvern, sets the ball rolling by asking me what has become of our Fashion Editor. "Why doesn't Mauly contribute regularly to THE GREYFRIARS HERALD?" inquires my Malvern chum. "Has he been knocked down by a motor-car?"

The answer, "Monty," is in the negative; though, had such a calamity occurred, the answer would be in the infirmary!

The fact is, Mauly is a lazy mortal, and the Fashion Editor's job suits him down to the ground, because he has nothing to do! One of these days he will probably bestir himself, and languidly dictate an article—if he can get hold of an office-boy and Mr. Quelch's typewriter!

## FACT OR FICTION?

Another querist, Victor G., of Wimbledon, writes: "Is the Greyfriars Police-Court merely a myth, or do the proceedings actually take place?"

Well, we certainly hold mock trials from time to time, but they are more in the nature of fun than anything else. Sometimes, however, we have occasion to punish a bully or a sneak; and that isn't fun—not for the victim, at any rate!

## SPORTING RECORDS.

"Athlete," of Harrow, wishes to know the highest score I have ever made at cricket, and the highest number of goals I have ever kicked in one footer match. The respective answers are (1) 156 not out, (2) six goals. My chum also wishes to know if these achievements constitute a Remove record. The cricket score does, but both Bob Cherry and Vernon Smith have beaten me in the goal-scoring line, each having scored seven in one match.

That's three queries disposed of, at any rate; and I have no doubt there will be more to come!

HARRY WHARTON.



DICK PENFOLD



MURREE SINGH



BILLY BUNTER



TOM MERRY



JIMMY SILVER



ARTHUR A D'ARCY

Our Weekly Cartoon.

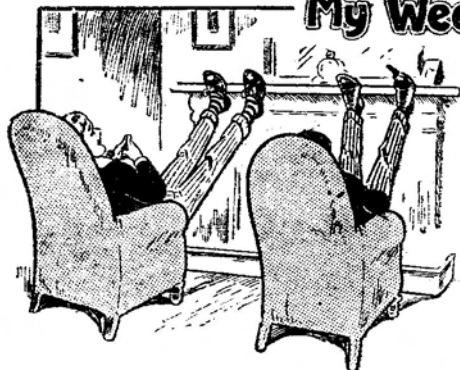
Specially Drawn by FRANK NUGENT



## POTTY PETER the POET

Our potty pedlar of putrid poetry went to a friend's house for his holidays, and while there, endeavoured to induce the pet parrot to do something more amusing than sitting on its perch thinking all day. As usual he got the "bird."

## My Weekly Interview.



This week:

**George Alfred Grundy**  
Of St. Jim's

"FIVE bob!" said the editor.  
"Fifteen!" said I.

"Fifteen!"  
"Look here—"  
"Look here—"

We stood glaring at each other like a couple of tigers. The editor had resolved not to give way; I had resolved ditto.

It was the old, old question of travelling-expenses. I had been requested to go over to St. Jim's to interview a fellow named Grundy, and I considered that the journey, including extras, would cost fifteen bob. The editor's modest estimate was five.

For some moments we stood glaring at each other across the editorial table. The editor kept hissing "Five!" and I kept hissing "Fifteen!" and you would have thought it was a new sort of game.

"Look here," said the editor at last, in the lofty way he sometimes adopts, "intelligence has reached me—"

"It's about time!" I said. "I've always deplored your lack of intelligence!"

"Ass! Intelligence has reached me that the last time I gave you your travelling-allowance you squandered it in riotous living. I really can't afford—"

"Oh, yes, you can!" I chimed in. "The Herald" is going great guns; in fact, the demand for copies exceeds the supply. So be a sport, and hand out fifteen shekels of silver from the old oak chest!"

As you know, I nearly always get my way on these occasions; and this time there was no exception. The editor tried to compromise at first, and make me accept ten bob, but I wasn't having any. So he handed over the fifteen, and with a light heart and a jingling trouser-pocket I set out for St. Jim's.

It was a good distance to St. Jim's, and when I got out of the train at Rylcombe I was obliged to obtain light refreshments—light in quantity, but not in price.

Regretting that I had not tapped the editor for a quid, I strolled up to that famous seat of learning, St. Jim's.

Tom Merry met me in the quad, and he told me I should find the great Grundy in his study.

Five minutes later I was deep in conversation, and in Grundy's arm-chair.

George Alfred had a great deal to

say for himself. In fact, I couldn't get a word in edgeways.

"It's only right that 'The Greyfriars Herald' readers should know all about me," said Grundy. "Then they can aspire to follow in my footsteps, and achieve greatness, like I've done. As a scholar, I'm great. As a footballer, I'm top-hole. As a fighting-man, I stand alone. Of all the brilliant, brainy fellows who ever lived, I'm the first and foremost. I prance off with the first prize, and the others have to rest content with consolation gifts. I—well, in a word, I'm IT!"

I listened to this—and much more—from Grundy, scribbling industriously in my notebook the while.

"Have you any special words of advice to offer our readers?" I asked at length.

"Yes. They should never be backward at coming forward. They should never tire of blowing their own trumpet. They should shout the odds about themselves wherever they go. That isn't swank—it's commonsense."

I nodded, and continued to scribble. Grundy seemed very curious to know what I was writing. Presently he could contain himself no longer.

"Hand over that notebook of yours!" he commanded.

For reasons of my own I didn't want Grundy to see what I had been writing. But he was not to be denied, and he snatched the precious book out of my hand.

Grundy's expression became surprised, and then stern, and then sulphurous. For this was the little ditty I had inscribed in my notebook:

"I'm Grundy—Grundy of the Shell—  
A fellow who does all things well:  
All languages and tongues I'm pat in,  
Including German, Greek, and Latin.

And on the footer field I'm IT:  
I give the crowd a pale-blue fit!  
My skill enables me to roll  
The leather through my own team's goal!

I'm Grundy—Grundy of the Shell!  
Roll up, you chaps, and kick me well!"

Grundy came at me with lowered head, just like a bull, and then he proceeded to mop up the study with me.

I went back to Greyfriars with the gloomy reflection that Grundy had had the best of it. But I had recovered my precious notebook, and the verse was published, so I've been able to get my own back, after all!

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

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

George F. (New House) asks: "Who is the leading humorist of the day?" Modesty forbids me to answer this question outright, but I am able to give my correspondent the following hints. The leading humorist of the day resides in No. 10 Study, Shell Passage, School House. He is good-looking, popular, clever, brilliant, and so forth, and his Christian name is Montague. If it's a question of who is the leading comedian of the day, however, I should award the palm unhesitatingly to George F. (New House).

"Reddy."—I am quoting your Limerick, but I sincerely hope the subject of it doesn't discover your identity!

"A ratty old tyrant called Ratty  
Once purchased a priceless meat patty;  
But Trimble espied it,  
And soon got outside it,  
And made ratty Ratty more ratty!"

"Alonso" (Greyfriars).—I have received your long-winded and earnest appeal for subscriptions to your fund for providing South Sea Islanders with sleeping-jackets. Nobody at St. Jim's is prepared to send a sum of money on behalf of the savages in question, but Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, our fashions expert, suggests giving them socks!

"Walter Adolphus" (Third Form).—The red nose you complain of has been caused either by indigestion or by imbibing ginger-pop to excess. The nearest approach to a cure is to paint the rest of your chivvy red to match!

"Skimmy."—Your 500,000-word essay on Determinism arrived by post-technic this morning. You strike me as being a suitable candidate for a Home for Incurables. The nearest I can recommend is the New House!

"Pon" (Highcliffe).—"Your alleged 'comic' column in 'The Greyfriars Herald' has been brought to my notice, and it makes me tired."—I always did think friend Ponsoby suffered from too much fat—of the gold-tipped variety!

"Fatty" (New House).—"If I put half a crown on Smart Boy in the Spoofem Stakes, do you think I shall win?"—Not being a racing expert, I can't say whether you will back a winner, but I'm surprised to find Wynn a backer!

Miss Ethel C.—Delighted to hear that you propose coming over to tea with the editorial staff. As Tom Merry is providing a special cake for the occasion, you will be expected to bring your own hack-saw!

# THE HIGHCLIFFE MATCH!

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

By OWEN CONQUEST  
(Author of the Famous Rookwood Stories)

## CHAPTER I.

All Clear!

"LOOK here, Drake——"  
Vernon Daubeny of the Shell was waiting for the Fourth to come out of their Form-room after lessons on Wednesday morning.

The Shell were out first that morning, and Daubeny had been waiting some minutes, leaning in a graceful attitude on the mizzen mast of the old warship.

He detached himself from the mast as a crowd of the Fourth came out, and intercepted Drake and Rodney.

His greeting was not pleasant. There was a frown on Daubeny's brow, which expressed anger.

Drake halted, and Dick Rodney followed his example. Rodney was smiling a little.

"Well," said Drake.

"I've got somethin' to say to you," said Daubeny, biting his lip. "about that notice you put on the board this mornin'——"

"Go ahead!" said Drake with a grin.

"I've taken it down——"

"Like your cheek!"

"And chucked it into the river—for the second time!" said Daubeny.

"Well, I dare say all St. Winifred's knows it by heart by this time," said Drake, laughing.

"He, he, he!" came from Tuckey Toodles, who had stopped to hear what the Buck of the Shell had to say. "I saw some of the Sixth reading it and grinning over it. He, he, he!"

Daubeny gritted his teeth.

"I want to know what you mean by it, Drake!" he said savagely.

"Exactly what I said. You're playing Highcliffe this afternoon with a team of hopeless duds, and you're going to get licked. There's still time for you to make up a fightin' team, if you like. If you don't, and if Highcliffe lick you at footer, you're goin' to get the ragging of your life. If you lose the match, look out for trouble after the whistle's gone!"

"He, he, he!" chortled Tuckey Toodles. "Yes, you look out, Daub—I'm going for you, you know!"

"You fat idiot!" growled Daubeny.

It was not Tuckey Toodles that the great man of the Shell was worried about.

But Jack Drake's notice, with a long list of the names of Fourth-formers attached to it, worried him considerably.

Vernon Daubeny did not intend to confess that it worried him; but undoubtedly it did worry him all the same.

Possibly he hoped to beat Highcliffe with his team of Bucks; but he knew enough about football to know that a victory was a very unlikely contingency. There was still time, as Drake said, for the junior captain to



It was the climax. The astounded Caterpillar reeled over and fell. There was a screech from the whistle. All Highcliffe were yelling!

make up a fighting team. But that Daubeny did not choose to do.

"I suppose you mean that you're goin' to give trouble because I've dropped you from the eleven," he said.

"It's not only that. You've not put in a single man who can play."

"I think I'm skipper," said Daubeny. "Isn't it a skipper's business to choose his own team?"

"It's a skipper's business to win matches too," retorted Drake. "There's still time for you to do the right thing."

"Which means playing you?" sneered Daubeny.

"Which means making at least six or seven changes," answered Drake calmly. "I will suggest a few players, if you like: Myself——"

"Of course!" sneered the Shell fellow.

"Of course!" assented Drake. "And Rodney, and Eastcourt, and Sawyer major, and Rawlings——"

"And the whole shabby gang of outsiders—what?"

"Shabby or not, they can play footer, and your crowd can't, and you know it!"

"Well, I'm not doin' anythin' of the kind."

"That's for you to settle, as junior captain. But you're expected to win the match; at least, to put up a good game," said Drake. "We shall be there, watchin'. If you play up, and lose through no fault of your own, you're all right. If you slack—as usual—and get disgracefully licked—as usual—you're going to get a thumpin' good ragging to teach you better. It's the only way."

"The only way!" assented Rodney, with a grin.

"He, he, he!"

Daubeny clenched his hands.

"Well, I'm not goin' to make any changes in the team," he said. "And I'm not goin' to have a shindy after the match, Drake."

"One or the other, I think," answered Drake.

"Who set you up as a judge of junior footer?" demanded Daubeny angrily.

"I set myself up, old top," answered Drake coolly. "You've gathered up enough lickings for St. Winny's. The record last term was enough to make a St. Winny's fellow ashamed to look

anyone in the face. This term it's going to be different."

"There's one thing you've forgotten," said Daubeny.

"What's that?"

"Egan and Torrence and I have a collection of your IO U's," said Daubeny viciously. "You owe ten quids among us. How would you like your IO U's pinned up on the notice-board alongside of your precious notice, for all St. Winny's to read, with the word 'welsher' added?"

"Phew!"

"That's what I had to say," said Daubeny. "You'd better think it over before you put your dashed notice up again, Jack Drake!"

To Daubeny's surprise, Drake burst into a laugh.

"Not at all," he answered. "You see, I happen to have the money, and I was coming along to your study today to ask for my IO U's."

Daubeny started.

"You've got the tin?"

"Every penny. You see, I've sold my bike at last," smiled Drake. "I've sent Gentleman Smith a money-order for his five quids, and I've got the rest for you and your pals. Feelin' pleased?"

Vernon Daubeny did not look pleased.

The money was little enough to the wealthiest fellow at St. Winifred's; and the debt had given him a hold over Drake—once his "pal," but now his coming rival for the leadership of the Lower School.

"We'll come along now and settle," said Drake, laughing. "I was a silly ass to play cards in your study, Daub; but a fellow must expect to pay for being a silly ass, and I'm ready to pay. Trot on, old top."

Without a word Daubeny turned and strode away, and Drake and Rodney followed him to his study.

Torrence and Egan were there, evidently waiting for news, and they looked surprised as Drake and Rodney came in with the chief of the Bucks.

"Trot out the merry documents," said Drake, with a smile, as he threw a little bundle of currency notes on the table.

"Oh!" said Egan. "You're payin' up!"

"That's it."

Daubeny's face was dark and grim; but there was no help for it. The three Bucks handed over the IO U's, as the money was counted out; and the Fourth-formers left the study, smiling. After they were gone, the trio exchanged glances.

"Not so much under your thumb, as you thought, Daub!" remarked Torrence.

"This dishes us!" said Egan. "I—I say, what about puttin' Drake in the eleven after all?"

Daubeny compressed his lips.

"Never!"

"We don't want a lot of trouble after the match."

"Rot! Is a footer skipper goin' to be threatened by a player he's left out of the eleven? A pretty state of affairs!"

Egan shrugged his shoulders.

"It's no good ridin' the high horse, Daub. I'm with you in keepin' those shabby outsiders out; but it's no good pretendin' we've got a winnin' team—

we haven't. If Highcliffe walk over us easily, lots of fellows will be ready to back up Drake over this."

"We've got to beat Highcliffe, then."

"Oh, we'll try, of course!"

"Look here, you fellows have got to play up!" growled Daubeny.

"After all, we have had a rotten record. I can see that Drake's goin' to make capital out of it, and have a bid for the captaincy. We've got to keep the footer in our hands; and, dash it all, we've got to show that we can win sometimes. None of your slackin' in this match, Torrence."

"Oh, rot!" said Torrence.

"And none of your foulin', Egan." Egan flushed.

"Who fouls?" he demanded angrily.

"You do—you got a penalty against us last time. Kickin' a fellow you don't like is all very well, but not in the penalty area and fairly under the nose of the referee. We've all got to be jolly careful this time—if we make too rotten a show, it may even come to a new election, with Drake up against me for the captain's job."

"That wouldn't be a bad thing for St. Winny's, anyhow," retorted Egan. "If the fellows had any sense they'd jump at the chance."

"You cheeky rotter!" roared Daubeny.

"Same to you."

"Chuck it!" murmured Torrence, coming between his two friends as they glared at one another. "No rags in this study! Keep all that for Drake."

Daubeny, with a grunt, stamped out of the study. The great chief of the Bucks of St. Winifred's was disturbed in his mind. Perhaps he saw before him the looming shadow of downfall.

#### The Highcliffe Match.

JACK DRAKE'S face was very bright as he walked along the deck of the Benbow with Rodney.

"I'm glad that's off my mind!" he remarked.

"You'll miss your jigger."

"That doesn't matter. After all, you haven't a jigger, old chap. We'll hoof it together," said Drake.

Rodney laughed.

"I'm glad it's over and done with," went on Drake. "It's been bothering me no end. Now all's clear."

And Drake went in to dinner with his chum in great spirits.

There had been a good deal of a change in the rather wayward junior since his friendship with Dick Rodney. The "cut" from the Bucks of St. Winifred's had wounded him at first, but he had almost forgotten that now. Indeed, he wondered a little how he could have been friendly with Daubeny and Co. so long; for he had never really been quite deceived as to Daub's character. He was glad it was all over; still more glad that his debt had been paid, and that he was free from the entanglements his earlier folly had brought upon him.

After dinner there was a buzz of talk among the St. Winifred's juniors. The notice that had been put on the board by Jack Drake had vanished, but it was not forgotten. It was not

likely that any fellow in the Fourth or the Shell would miss the football match that afternoon.

Whether Daubeny and Co. would be inspired to greater efforts by the threat that impended over them, was an interesting question; and whether they could beat Highcliffe even if they did their very best, was another question that was difficult to answer.

But there was no doubt that that afternoon's match was of unusual interest, in view of what might follow it.

All eyes were on Daubeny and Co. when they walked across the gangway to the shore.

The nutty eleven seemed well satisfied with themselves; possibly some of them did not take Jack Drake's threat very seriously.

Daubeny took it seriously enough; but he did not allow his lofty features to indicate the thoughts in his mind.

As a matter of fact, Daubeny was not pleased with his team, and he had been urging upon them the necessity of playing the game of their lives; not on account of Drake's menace, of course, but to show the school generally that they knew how to uphold the colours of St. Winifred's.

That was too new a line for Daub to take, however, for it to have much effect on his men.

Chetwynd of the Fourth confided to Dudley that he wasn't going to make "dashed work" of a game of football, and Dudley fully agreed with him. Egan was looking quite sulky; Daub's lectures had not pleased him. Torrence had even suggested retiring from the eleven, and letting Daub fill his place as he chose, but his offer was refused. Daubeny was determined to play the team as he had selected it; it was too humiliating to appear to be influenced by what the "shabby outsiders" thought or said. But Daub was very keen on pulling off a victory if it was within the bounds of possibility.

Quite a little army of juniors followed the chosen champions to Little Side.

At a short distance from the gleaming Chadway lay the playing-fields of the School on the River. It was a cold sunny afternoon, and frost gleamed on the leafless branches by the Chadway. The Highcliffians had not yet arrived, but their brake was expected every moment as the St. Winifred's juniors thronged round the field and behind the goals. Jack Drake came along with Rodney and Tuckey Toodles, and the juniors who had signed the manifesto, followed them in a crowd—Estcourt, and Sawyer major, Conway, Furly, Rawlings, Hooke, and the rest. Vernon Daubeny glanced at the compact array, and scowled.

"By gad, were gettin' an audience to-day!" remarked Egan. "Blessed if I think there's a junior left on the ship. Even that grubby little beast Toodles has turned up."

"Confound them!" muttered Daubeny.

"They seem to think it's goin' to be interestin'," grinned Egan. "There's some of the seniors watchin' from the ship."

Daubeny glanced towards the river,

On the poop of the old Benbow could be seen Lovelace and Armitage of the Sixth, gazing shorewards, and smiles could be detected on their faces. Tomlinson and Wake and Hamersley of the Fifth were leaning on the rail and staring at the football ground and grinning. Evidently the seniors were interested—no doubt owing to Jack Drake's manifesto.

Poole of the Fifth who was referee, was grinning, too, as he came on the ground.

And round the field the swarms of juniors were grinning, as if it were a comedy they had come there to see.

Daubeny and Co. were glad when the Highcliffe brake came hooting down the road, and the visiting team arrived.

The Highcliffe team looked fit and well enough—there was nothing slack or lounging about them. Frank Courtenay, the junior skipper of Highcliffe, shook hands with Daubeny in a rather formal way. Daubeny was not the fellow Courtenay could feel very friendly towards. Highcliffe were not long in their dressing-room, and they came very lightly into the field, where the Bucks of St. Winifred's were loafing.

"They look a good lot," Dick Rodney remarked to Drake, watching the men in yellow and black with interest. They certainly looked in better form than the players in green and white.

Drake nodded.

"They're topping," he said. "They used to send out a very scratch crowd, but that chap Courtenay pulled them together, and he's made a new thing of the Highcliffe Eleven."

"Which is Courtenay?"

"The skipper-chap with the fair hair. Chap he's talking to is De Courcy—they call him the Caterpillar. Smithson is the goalie—that squatty chap. Hallo, Daub's going to kick off!"

The kick off fell to St. Winifred's.

All eyes were on the field as the leather rolled.

The game started fast.

Almost from the whistle, Courtenay of Highcliffe had the ball, and he brought it up the field, the forward line going like clockwork. It was clear that Highcliffe had put a good deal of time and patience into training. The home forwards were left standing—the halves seemed nowhere, and the backs put up only the feeblest defence against the rapid attack.

Chilcot in goal was quickly busy.

The Shell goalkeeper was unusually active, too; it was a dangerous shot that came in, but Chilcot fisted it out. It met the head of the Caterpillar, however, and came back like a pip from an orange. Chilcot wasn't equal to that. The ball shot past his ear and lodged in the net.

There was a buzz.

"Goal!"

"Goal!" said Jack Drake, in deep disgust. "Goal in the first five minutes, and the ball nearly touched that howling ass! He could have stopped it with his eyelashes!"

"What a frightful dud!" said Rodney.

"That ass keep goal!" growled Sawyer. "He couldn't keep white rabbits!"

"Chilcot! Go home!" roared two score of voices.

Chilcot's face was red and sulky as he slung out the ball. Courtenay and Co. smiled as they walked back.

"By gad!" the Caterpillar murmured to his chum. "It really wasn't worth a journey for a kids' game like this, Franky."

And Courtenay nodded; he was thinking so too.

Vernon Daubeny stopped to speak to his goalkeeper. His face was flushed, and his eyes glittering. Nagging a player in the progress of a game was really not a good method of getting the best out of him; but apparently it was the best. Daubeny knew.

"You idiot!" he said.

Chilcot stared at him.

"What's bitin' you, Daub?" he grunted.

ney. It wasn't very encouraging to their champions, perhaps—but they could not help that. If Daubeny put a "dud" in goal, he was entitled to know what they thought of the dud; and they let him know. At that moment, if a referendum had been taken of the St. Winifred's juniors, there would certainly have been a big majority for giving Daubeny of the Shell the "sack."

Unfortunately, it was too late for that, and the disgusted onlookers took it out in cat-calls.

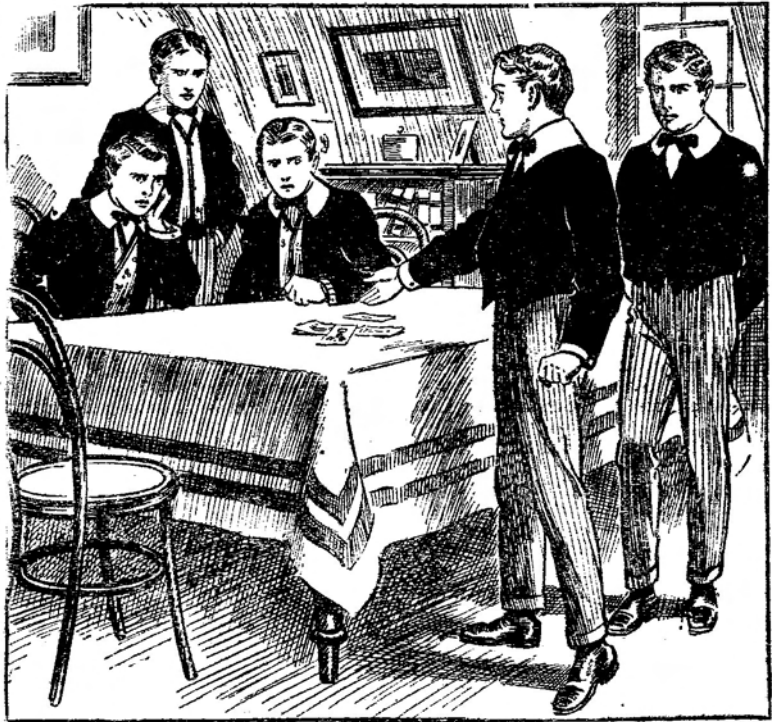
Six to Nil!

"PLAY UP!"

"Good man!"

The unexpected had happened.

Perhaps, invigorated a little by the cat-calls, the men in green and white had been playing up; and for ten minutes or more, Highcliffe had been



"Trot out the merry documents!" said Drake, with a smile, as he threw a little bundle of currency notes on to the table. "Oh!" said Egan. "Then—then you're payin' up?"

"Do you call that keepin' goal?"

"Oh, rats!"

"Are you goin' to let them pile up a couple of dozen?" hissed Daubeny.

"It looks like it, at this rate!"

"Who let them through?" inquired Chilcot. "If the forwards stand about star-gazin', what's a chap to do?"

Daubeny gave him a savage look and walked after his men. Chilcot shrugged his shoulders and grinned. He had given Daub as good as he gave, and that was a solace. Keeping the ball out of goal was a lesser consideration.

St. Winifred's kicked off again, with their ears tingling from the remarks they heard on all sides. Highcliffe, of course, made no remarks, but they could not help smiling. But the St. Winifred's crowd expressed their opinion freely—especially the crowd standing round Jack Drake and Rod-

ney. And when De Courcy came through with the ball, Seeley, at centre-half, more by luck than anything else, trapped it and buzzed it out. And it fell to Vernon Daubeny, who, with really creditable swiftness and decision, raced it up the field.

It was a great chance, and the St. Winifred's crowd—ceasing to cat-call—gave Daubeny a roar of encouragement. There was no doubt that Daubeny of the Shell could play footer if he chose to take the trouble.

Daub's rush penetrated the Highcliffe defence finely, and if the other forwards had backed him up—as the Highcliffe forwards backed up Frank Courtenay—that chance might have materialised. But support was sadly lacking.

Truro and Upham, the outsides, were on the ground, and apparently in no hurry to rise. Egan and Tor-

rence, the insides, made an attempt to back up their leader. But Torrence was shouldered over by a Highcliffe half, and Egan—faltering as a heavy back lumbered at him—dodged aside, fairly funking it. Daubeny was left on his own, without the remotest chance of assistance from his valuable team.

Even so the great Daub did unexpectedly well.

There was no one to whom to pass the ball; but with great luck he ran it through the halves and round the back who opposed him, and came with a spin up to the enemy's goal. There was a roar.

"Good old Daub!"

"Bravo!" roared Jack Drake, quite forgetting that he was on fighting terms with Daubeny of the Shell.

"Good man!"

"Kick! Kick!" yelled Sawyer major.

"It's a giddy one-man game," said Dick Rodney. "If any of those chumps knew how to play footer—"

"Daub! Daub! Go it, Daub!"

"Kick! Kick!"

Daubeny was seen to cast a kind of hunted look around, as if in the vague hope of seeing help at hand. But there was no help, and Daubeny did his best. He drove the ball in, and Smithson of Highcliffe drove it out, right to a Highcliffe back.

Perhaps the back was a little slow. For Daubeny, dodging another rush, closed in on him and robbed him of the ball. But he had no time for a good shot, he had just time to miskick, and he did it. Smithson met the ball with his boot and drove it high and far.

Daubeny was on his back as the ball sailed.

The game was rushed away to midfield, and Daubeny staggered up and followed it, gasping. He had done well, as the loud cheers from the St. Winny's crowd testified; but football was not a one-man business. His big effort only showed up more clearly the incapacity of the men he had selected. And mingled with the cheers for Daubeny, were less complimentary remarks to his followers.

"Wake up, Torrence!"

"Seeley, go home!"

"Get off the field, Egan—you may get hurt. I say, Egan's blubbing! Look at Egan blubbing—his toe's been trodden on!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Egan scowled savagely. He was not "blubbing," or anything like it; that was a playful exaggeration. But there was no doubt that he threw away chances in the field because he would not risk the smallest damage. And as Sawyer major indignantly remarked, if a fellow was funky, perhaps the poor beast couldn't help it, but there was no need for him to make an exhibition of it on the football field.

"Daub's a good man, if he liked," Dick Rodney remarked to Drake. "He's out of condition, though; he's got bellows to mend already."

"But what a team!" said Drake.

"Uncertainly!" said Rodney, laughing. "Egan's the worst; but the rest are much of a muchness. Daub must be a silly ass to play a dud crowd like

that, whether they're his pals or not. He's got no chance."

"Not a ghost of one!"

"And he might have had me in the team!" said Tuckey Toodles warmly. "I offered—you fellows heard me offer!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Daubeny certainly had "bellows to mend," and he did not put in another great effort. But he managed to keep his men together somehow, and bar off the Highcliffians till the whistle went for the interval. Much to the surprise of the visitors, after their first easy goal, they did not score again in the first half—and it was a surprise to the St. Winny's crowd too.

But the omens were gloomy for the second half. Daub's team had been run almost to a standstill; and how would they live through the second "forty-five" was a mystery.

They looked fagged enough when they lined up again, and Poole of the Fifth blew the whistle.

Daubeny was in better trim than the rest, but he was tired. Probably the whole team would have taken things very easily but for the "manifesto" of Jack Drake. So much public attention had been drawn to their loafing through games, that for very shame's sake they had to play up a little. For ten minutes or so in the second half they held Highcliffe.

Then the collapse came.

From a rush of the visitors, the home men melted away like butter in the sun, and the Highcliffe forwards came sailing through. And when the ball went into goal, Chilcot missed it by feet.

"If there's a worst player in that crowd, it's the goalie!" Rodney remarked. "But he's not facile principles. The others are nearly as rotten; they run him close."

"Goals are cheap to-day," grunted Sawyer major. "As cheap as ducks' eggs in the summer, by gad!"

"Play up, you loafers!" yelled Tuckey Toodles.

"Chilcot! Go home!"

Five minutes after the kick-off, the Highcliffians were round the home goal again. The change of ends had brought the wind against them, but it made no difference, or little. The home players were nearly spent, and the visitors walked through them. The ball landed again, Chilcot this time missing it only by inches. However, he missed it.

"Three up!" said Tuckey Toodles.

"What's the odds against three dozen?"

Some of the St. Winny's fellows walked off the ground, disgusted. Some of them howled, and there was a chorus that rose and fell:

"Chilcot, go home!"

In the distance, along the side of the Benbow, grinning seniors could be seen. The Fifth and Sixth were unusually interested in junior football.

"Four up!" said Drake at last, breathing hard. "And St. Winny's haven't broken their duck!"

"Five!" said Rodney, a few minutes later.

It was getting near the finish now. Ten minutes remained to go, and

the Highcliffians were grinning irrepressibly. They had found St. Winny's easy stuff before, but never so easy as this.

Even Daubeny, self-satisfied as he was, had a sickly look. He realised that he had ridden the high horse not wisely, but too well, on this occasion.

Even one or two capable men would have saved him from this woeful exhibition, and his tardy resource of nagging and bullying his men was quite ineffective—indeed, Egan openly sulked after receiving a savage "jawing" before two or three grinning Highcliffians, and for a time he loafed with his hands in the pockets of his footer shorts, and let the game go by.

"And they call that football!" said Sawyer major, almost weeping.

"Look at the ref!" growled Rodney. "Fairly doubled up! This will be a standing joke in the Fifth!"

"Look at 'em grinning on the Benbow!" said Toodles.

"There go Highcliffe again!"

"Back up, you slackers!" roared Sawyer major, shaking his fist at the faltering defenders. "Put your beef into it! You ain't playing marbles!"

Highcliffe came sailing on, and the home men were bundled hither and thither. Egan, waking up for once, tackled the Caterpillar, who was sailing on to goal. De Courcy lightly shouldered him off, and was sailing on, and Egan, his face flushed and full of rage, made a spring at him and struck out.

It was the climax.

The astounded Caterpillar reeled over and fell. There was a screech from the whistle. All Highcliffe were yelling:

"Foul! Foul! Penalty! Penalty!"

"Oh, the fool! The rotter!" gasped Jack Drake. "He's done that before—I've seen him! Right on the spot, too! It's a penalty kick."

"Foul! Foul!"

Courtenay ran to help up his chum. For a moment he looked as if he would knock Egan flying. Fortunately, he restrained his temper, and helped the Caterpillar to his feet.

"You fool, Egan!" hissed Daubeny. "Didn't I warn you—"

"Oh, shut up!"

Egan loafed back.

"It's a penalty!" said Rodney.

Frank Courtenay took the kick, and landed the ball. And again there was a chorus:

"Chilcot—go home!"

"Six up!" said Jack Drake.

"What a game!"

The sixth goal was the last: as Estcourt remarked, it was enough and to spare. The whistle rang out for the last time, and the players came off.

"And now," said Drake, "as soon as Highcliffe are gone—"

"Then for the ragging!"

"You bet!"

Jack Drake and Co. were ready, and their numbers had been reinforced now. Almost every fellow on the field was ready to aid them in dealing with the "duds" who had disgraced the school colours. And Highcliffe were not long in going. Egan's foul had led to strained relations; Frank Courtenay politely, but firmly,



declined all hospitality; and as soon as the visitors had changed, they returned directly to their brake. Two or three of the Bucks' eleven had already sought to make their way to the Benbow, but the aspect of the crowd was too menacing, and they cut back into the pavilion. Eleven exceedingly unhappy champions skulked in their dressing-room, fully conscious that the storm was to burst as soon as the Highcliffe brake had rolled away.

**Mobbed!**

**H**AVE them out!" Highcliffe were gone, and a mob of juniors roared outside the timber building. And the nuts of St. Winny's looked at one another with scared faces. Daubeny was the only one who showed any firmness. And even he was deeply troubled. "There's goin' to be a row!" said Torrence. "That ruffian Drake is goin' to keep his word." "Our friends will stand by us!" said Egan. "Doesn't sound as if they will," said Chilcot. "Listen to them! I

fancy we could count our friends on the fingers of one hand at present." Vernon Daubeny muttered an oath. "Well, what are we goin' to do, Daub?" asked Chetwynd. "I suppose we ain't stickin' in here all the evenin', are we?" "Hang them! Hang you! What sort of a game did you put up?" said Daubeny bitterly. "I may lose the captaincy over this." "You put us in the team!" said Egan sourly. "Perhaps we'd have done better with a decent skipper, too!" "You loafin' rotter—" "Better language, please. We're not goin' to be slanged by you, Daub." "What's the good of slangin'," said Chetwynd of the Fourth. "That dashed crowd is howlin' for our blood! What are we goin' to do?" "Go and eat coke!" snapped Daubeny. "Have them out!" came a roar from outside. "Funks! Show your noses!" Daubeny set his lips. "There's Lovelace comin'!" said Torrence, glancing from the window. "Not before he's wanted, by gad!"

Lovelace of the Sixth strode on to the field. The yells of the angry juniors died down as the captain of St. Winfred's came among them, smiling. "Now then, not so much row!" said Lovelace. "What's goin' on here?" "We're after Daub!" yelled Sawyer major. "We're going to scalp him!" "Yes, rather! Have him out!" Lovelace laughed. "You're going to do nothing of the sort," he said. "Quiet now! Daubeny, come out of that, and get back to the ship at once!" "All right, Lovelace." Daubeny and Co. came out, with their coats and mufflers hastily thrown on. In the presence of the captain of the school it was not possible to lay hands upon the delinquents; but the looks they received were very eloquent. "Cut it!" said Lovelace. Daubeny and Co. started for the ship. Lovelace followed more slowly. There were howls again now, and two or three caps were used as

(Continued on page 16, col. 3).

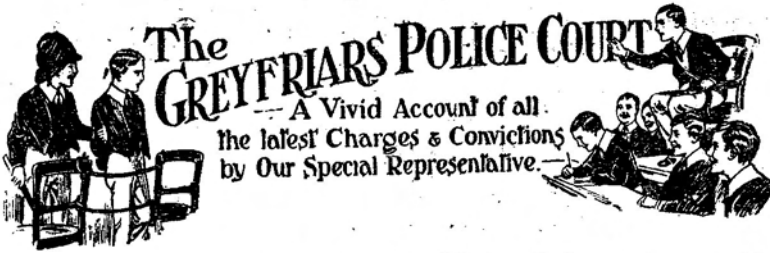
# MAGNIFICENT COLOURED PICTURE TO BE GIVEN FREE

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TO SECURE A BEAUTIFUL  
ART PLATE :: :: ::



This is a small line drawing of the Plate to be Given Free. Actual size of Plate with engraving is 7 1/2 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.

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## The GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

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

The Box-room Assizes were held this week, Mr. Justice Wharton presiding. At an early hour long queues lined up outside the box-room, but most of the would-be sightseers were turned away. The special representative of "The Greyfriars Herald" wangled an entry into the court by disguising himself as a policeman.

### The Study Wreckers!

Percy Bolsover, a repulsive-looking individual, with a face like a land-slip, was charged with organising and leading a raid on No. 1 Study. He was assisted by four other youths not in custody.

Mr. Mark Linley, K.C., the prosecuting counsel, said that the damage done by prisoner was considerable, but as it wasn't his study that suffered he didn't mind. (Cries of "Shame!" and "Play the game!")

Magistrate: My learned friend had better be careful, or he will find himself standing cheek by jowl with the prisoner!

Mr. Linley apologised to his worship, and proceeded with the case.

Yesterday afternoon, during the match with St. Jim's, the prisoner carried out a daring raid on No. 1 Study. With the aid of accomplices, he smashed up the happy home. Several chairs had their legs amputated, and the bookcase was found to be suffering from concussion. (Laughter.) The cheap German alarm-clock on the mantelpiece—

Magistrate (indignantly): My learned friend is offside! It wasn't a cheap German alarm-clock. It got it myself in Courtfield. It was given away with an ounce of chewing-gum. (Laughter.)

Mr. Linley said that the face of the clock resembled the face of the prisoner, being somewhat dented. (Renewed laughter.) Experts who were called in to examine the wreckage declared that the clock must have nose-dived into the fireplace. The sight of that alarm-clock now was enough to alarm anybody! (Laughter.)

"The wrecking of the study, however," continued Mr. Linley, "was a minor detail compared with the insulting message which had been painted on the looking-glass."

Magistrate: What was the message?

Mr. Linley: "Harry Wharton is a chump," your worship. (Laughter.)

Magistrate (sternly): Does my learned friend agree with that sentiment?

Mr. Linley: Well, there's many a true word spoken in jest, you know!

Magistrate: That's done it! Get into the dock!

The prosecuting counsel promptly fled from the court, bowling over the usher en route.

When order had been restored the

magistrate called upon the counsel for the defence.

Usher: There isn't one, your worship.

Magistrate (to prisoner): Do you plead guilty?

Prisoner: Yes, hang you!

Magistrate: I shall not trouble the jury on this occasion. You are guilty. Percy Bolsover, of a very serious offence. In future you will be known as Bolshevik major. (Laughter.) You will pay the damages into court—namely, two and fourpence halfpenny—and as you have seen fit to wreck our study, we will now proceed to wreck you! (Shouts of "Hear, hear!" and "Pile in, everybody!")

Ten minutes later prisoner left the court on the local ambulance.

### REPORTS IN BRIEF.

George Bulstrode was charged with mutinous conduct, calculated to cause unrest in the Greyfriars Remove.

Detective-inspector Penfold said that he distinctly heard prisoner use the expression: "It's altogether too thick!"

Prisoner said he was referring to the soup which had been served at dinner-time, and his worship gave him the benefit of the doubt.

A stolid-looking youth named Thomas Dutton was charged with disobeying orders.

Mr. R. Cherry, K.C., for the prosecution, stated that a pillow-fight was planned against the Upper Fourth, and on being told to lend a hand prisoner refused to budge.

The magistrate asked the prisoner, through a megaphone, what he had to say for himself.

Prisoner: I'm not deaf, your worship, but I'm slightly hard of hearing, and I may have misunderstood the command.

Magistrate: Go! You are acquitted.

Prisoner: Slow-witted, am I? Take that—and that!

So saying, prisoner rushed towards the bench, and blacked the worshipful eyes of the magistrate.

His worship, stimulated by a glass of weak lemonade, recovered in due course, and clamoured loudly for the prisoner, but the latter had vanished through the ventilator!

William George Bunter, whose appearance in court occasioned no surprise, was charged with loitering in the football pavilion, with intent to commit a felony.

Evidence of the offence having been given, prisoner was sentenced to receive a severe drubbing with cricket-stumps, bails being refused.

## OUR PERSONAL COLUMN

With acknowledgments to the Daily Newspapers.

By BOB CHERRY

Mr. W. G. Bunter has again caused considerable damage to the ceiling of the Remove dormitory by snoring. He will be brought up for trial at the next Dormitory Sessions.

Mr. George Alfred Grundy, of St. Jim's, declares that nobody could stand up to him in fair fight for two minutes. We are afraid that if a Greyfriars fighting-man stood up, Grundy would soon lie down!

Mr. George Potter recently paid a visit to the Courtfield Cinema, in order to see all the latest stars. On coming out he collided with Coker's motor-bike, and saw more stars! We advise Mr. Potter to give up the dangerous study of astronomy.

Mr. Percy Bolsover, the well-known prizefighter, has fixed up engagements with the Courtfield Crusher and the Wapshot Walloper.

Mrs. Mimble, the proprietress of the school tuck-shop, threatens to "tick off" all applicants for "tick."

Mr. Harry Wharton announces that a "high" tea, consisting of ancient kippers and bloaters, will shortly be given in No. 1 Study.

Mr. Fisher T. Fish has been dabbling in stocks and shares. He has now been put in the stocks.

Mr. S. Q. I. Field has just sailed for Australia—in his dreams!

Mr. Horace Coker is to be sent to a Home for the Feeble-Minded.

Mr. Mobbs, of Highcliffe, has been giving lectures on "When I was a boy." We understand that the Caterpillar will shortly lecture on "When I was a grub."

Mr. W. G. Bunter strongly denies the assertion that his pater keeps The Sun Inn. It is the Clerk of the Weather who keeps the sun in—or out, as he fancies.

# OUR SILVER SHILLING FEATURE

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

**A Fly Trick!**

Flinty: The way as some people swindles a poor, 'ard-working man is shameful!

Stubble: Why, what's wrong?  
Flinty: Wrong! Why, I worked for 'alf a day painting a sparrer to look like a lovely Belgian canary, and then I'm busted if the fellow I sold it to didn't give me a bad 'alf-crown!—Sent in by W. Caven, 43 Stratton Road, Shirley, Southampton.

**Skinning Skinner!**

Stott: I say, Skinner, old man, how is it you always win money playing cards, but never make anything by backing horses?

Skinner: Why, because I can't shuffle horses, you chump!—Sent in by L. H. Bell, 86, Crowborough Road, Tooting, S.W.17.

**No F-ear of Hearing!**

"Whatever would your mother say, little boy," demanded the dear old lady, "if she could hear you using such very bad language?"

"She'd be jolly glad if she could hear it!" said the wicked little merchant.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the old lady, in a shocked voice. "What do you mean?"

"Why," said the boy, "she's stone deaf! See?"—Sent in by B. Anderson, 4, Cleveland Terrace, Blitter Lees, Silloth, Carlisle.

**A FRUITLESS WAIT!**



RUDOLPH: "Hi, Rufus! Why don't you eat some of these lovely apples?"  
RUFUS (wearily): "Why, none of 'em has fallen within reach of me hand yet."

**Not the Kitchen Variety!**

The young lieutenant rushed to the bridge and saluted.

"Captain!" he shouted. "The enemy have got our range!"

The captain frowned.

"What bad luck!" he murmured. "Now how on earth's the cook going to get dinner?"—Sent in by R. Turner, 18, Century Road, Great Yarmouth.

**Very Strange!**

First Visitor: How do you like the ancient Priory ruins near Greyfriars?

Second Visitor: All right; but oh, they're so dreadfully out of repair!—Sent in by A. Akers, 28, Bradford Road, Cleckheaton, Yorkshire.

**Fare-d Well!**

Manager: Here, didn't I tell you not to take anything out of the cash-box last night?

Clerk: Well, sir, I only took my fare home.

Manager: Fare home! Great Scott! Where do you come from—Australia?—Sent in by H. Gray, 24, Trafford Road, Hounslow.

**MADE HIM BILL-IOUS!**



DOCTOR: "You'll gradually improve now; but mind, you must have no cigars, wines, rich food, nor late nights."  
PATIENT (sadly): "I knew all that as soon as I got your bill."

**Was Below Pa-r!**

"When I was your age," said pa, "my father would never allow me out of doors after seven o'clock in the evening."

"Well, a funny sort of father you had!" retorted the cheeky son.

Pa went red with rage.

"I had a jolly sight better one than you have, you young scamp!" he cried.—Sent in by H. Hinde, 11, Marbury Street, Letchford, Warrington.

**The Opinion Formed!**

Street Corner Orator: Now I'll tell you what I want. I want reform! I want land reform; I want industrial reform; I want housing reform; I want—

Voice from the Crowd: Chloroform!—Sent in by H. Brooker, 33, Malvern Road, Bruce Grove, Tottenham, N.

**Of Course!**

Judge: How was it you managed to take this man's watch from his waistcoat when it was secured by a patent safety catch?

Percy the Pickpocket: My fee, your worship, is a quid for the full course of six lessons!—Sent in by A. Baines, 29, Park Mews, West Kilburn, London, N.W.6.

## OUR FOOTBALL COLUMN

Conducted by Our Sports Editor  
H. VERNON-SMITH

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Realising that the onlooker sees most of the game, I requested Tom Dutton to describe our recent match with St. Jim's. Dutton's account of the proceedings is enough to make a cat laugh. Bessie Bunter laughed at it, anyway!—H.W.

**GREYFRIARS REMOVE v. ST. JIM'S**  
By Tom Dutton.

VERNON-SMITH sent me a friendly note the other day asking if I would report the match with St. Jim's. Dashed if I know why Smithy sent a note. He could have made his request by word of mouth. I'm not deaf.

Being a very obliging sort of fellow, I agreed to record my impressions of the game. In order that I should see everything that was going on, I took a camp-stool on to the ground with me, and sat down in the centre of the pitch.

"Go away, you duffer!" said Wharton. "You'll muck up the match!"

I misunderstood Wharton's remark at the time.

"Ought to be sent up to Colney Hatch, did I?" I exclaimed. "My hat! I—I'll pulverise you!"

And I would have done, too, had not the rest of the players dragged me off the playing-pitch at that moment.

The first half of the game was tame and unexciting. Wharton got through for Greyfriars, and Merry netted for St. Jim's.

In the second half, however, things began to hum.

Smithy was on the wing, close to where I was seated, and Nugent looked across and shouted "Pass." I didn't say anything at the time, but I made a mental note of the incident.

Shortly afterwards Nugent again shouted "Pass!" And when he said it a third time I could contain myself no longer. I rushed on to the field and confronted him.

"That's three times you've called me an ass!" I shouted angrily. "Put up your hands!"

"My dear chap—"

"Yes, it will be a queer scrap, and you'll get the worst of it!"

The next moment we were fighting like tigers. And it wasn't until I had blacked one of Nugent's eyes, and he had put my nose out of joint, that I understood he had said "Pass!" and not "Ass!"

How the match finished I am not able to say. A section of the crowd swarmed on to the pitch, and I was frog-marched from the field.

"Hold on!" I panted. "Where are you taking me to?"

"You need a padded cell!" bellowed Bolsover major. "Unfortunately, there isn't one at Greyfriars, so we'll lock you up in your study, and prevent you from doing any more damage!"

In vain I struggled and protested. I was taken along to No. 7 Study, and locked in until the match was over.



# THE RED MAN'S TRAIL!

A stirring serial story dealing with adventures amongst Redskins

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

**N**OW was the moment when Fleetwing was to be tested for the one quality in which an Indian raised horse is most lacking—the quality of stay or courage.

But there was no need to urge Fleetwing along as the hundred howling savages came sweeping behind the two fugitives in a great cloud of dust.

Starlight slowly increased his speed as Buck, leaning low in his saddle, set the desired pace.

And to this pace Fleetwing always responded, the grey and the black racing neck and neck across the prairie.

The yells of the Navajoes died away as they realised that a stern chase is a long chase, and that these two travel-worn horses had still a good turn of speed left in them. They saved their breath for the chase, and came pounding along over the long prairie ridges in a silence that was perhaps more threatening than their war-whoops.

Now and then Kit would steal a glance over his shoulder at the widespread charge of Redskins. He saw that they were gaining no ground, and that Buck Dixie was keeping station with them just at a safe gunshot distance ahead of their leaders, so that to a casual observer it would have appeared that the two fugitives were rather leading the Redskins than being chased by them.

Now and then a Redskin gun would crack as one or another of the leading braves would take a pot-shot at the fugitives. But their bullets, badly propelled by their adulterated black powder, fell short or flew wide of their mark.

"How do you find it now, my boy? Isn't this enough excitement and Redskins for you?" demanded Buck Dixie exultantly, as they sped along side by side.

Kit smiled and nodded as the free prairie wind roared past his ears. With that mob of savages pounding along close at their heels he certainly could not say now that things were dull on the prairies!

A bullet "cheeped" through the air close over his head, striking a spurt of dust from the ground ahead.

For the life of him Kit could not help bobbing, though he knew very well that it is not much good bobbing for a bullet which has passed.

Buck Dixie looked back. The shot had come from the brave who was apparently in charge of the pursuing party, and who was better mounted and better armed than any of his companions, since he had gained many lengths on the main body of the pursuit, and had closed within range, hoping to bring down one of the fugitives with a chance shot.

"That rooster's getting up too close!" exclaimed Buck Dixie. "If we don't stop those gallery shots of his quick he'll be getting one home on us!"

Quick as lightning he swung round in his saddle, just as the brave, steadying himself, drew a careful bead on Kit.

The shot that was destined for Kit never sped, for Buck was the first to pull trigger.

It was a beautiful shot, and the Red Indian charge seemed to slacken as the brave, his gun exploding harmlessly in the air, reeled in his seat and dropped from his horse.

But the check was only momentary.

## READ THIS FIRST.

*Kit and Joe Desmond, two British boys whose father is a prisoner in the hands of the Redskins, are accompanying a convoy of emigrants across the prairies. Towards nightfall, none other than Buck Dixie, the famous scout, comes up with them and gives warning of a band of Indians. Then, promising help in forty-eight hours, Buck gallops away again. Near Deer Springs, the only water for many miles, the convoy is attacked by the Redskins, and a fierce fight ensues. Kit is captured, but is rescued by an old chief, who turns out to be none other than Buck Dixie, the scout, in disguise. Buck stampedes the Indians' ponies, and, with Kit, rides away, pursued by Chief Eagle of the Red Claw, and his posse of braves.*

The Redskins saw at once that the brave was dead, and his riderless horse joined in the chase as they came on again, being careful, however, to keep just beyond the range of that deadly rifle.

And this was just where Buck Dixie wanted them to keep. His quick eye had caught smoke signals ascending from various points on the prairie, and he knew that all the outlying war parties which Eagle of the Red Claw had detached to cut him off would be concentrating on his line of retreat.

And none knew better than Buck Dixie that the Redskins had very little to learn in the way of quartering and dividing up the prairie.

Their movements were almost identical with those by which De Wet and Botha baffled the British columns in the Boer War.

Soon Buck Dixie would have three or four hundred Redskins in close chase, and this was what he wanted.

It is not easy to convey any notion of the vast, rolling country over which Kit and his companion were being chased. There was no cover for them in this vast expanse of plain, dappled by the shadows of great clouds. The visibility of the day was almost perfect, and they could be seen by the telescopic eyes of the Redskin scouting parties for a good twenty miles. This meant that they were within an eye range of a forty-mile circle.

The cloud of dust raised by the crowd of sweating, whooping Redskins at their heels was enough to give them away in this radius, and any Redskin brave could tell by the speed at which the cloud was travelling that it was a pursuing party that was raising the dust.

So Buck Dixie was not surprised when to the right and left of them his eye caught two other dust-clouds which rolled on a converging course to that which he and Kit were following.

The Redskin scouting parties were closing on him!

He chuckled under his breath as he saw those two tawny pillars of dust travelling faster and faster, endeavouring to head him off.

And now it was that he gave a shout to Starlight which caused that gallant horse to lengthen his stride to a long, loping canter which covered the ground in a wonderful style.

And as he increased speed Buck Dixie carefully watched the grey which forged up alongside. Fleetwing was travelling in great style now, and his turn of speed and endurance was a surprise even to Buck Dixie, a judge of horses as good as any on the prairie.

"Upon my word, Kit," he cried, "you have drawn a prize there from the lucky-bag! Fleetwing is as great a surprise as Babieca, the black horse of the Cid, the warrior hero of Spain. Babieca means 'a fool,' and they called the Cid a fool when he selected Babieca for his charger in the wars against the Moors. They asked him if Babieca was a horse or a mule. But he turned out one of the famous horses of the world, and to this day in Spain Babieca is as famous as Dick Turpin's Black Bess!"

And, indeed, Fleetwing was now travelling in a style that astounded the chasing Indians, holding his own easily with Starlight, the best horse west of the Missouri, with the greatest ease. In short, Fleetwing was proving himself a dark horse, if ever there was one!

Firing up with the speed of their race, he drew out neck and neck with Starlight.

There was racing blood in Starlight, and he responded. And soon the two fugitives were simply romping away from the pursuing hundred braves.

But Buck Dixie was not concerned with these now. He wanted a mile of grace from those two converging columns of dust which were bustling over the prairie in a style that showed him that their mounts were fresh, and that they intended to cut him off if they could.

Soon, under the dust, he could make out the shapes of wildly galloping Indians, who were urging on their steeds for all they were worth.

There was not the slightest cover or chance of dodging these two bands, which amounted to nearly three hundred in number.

The prairie was just one vast, rolling expanse of dried buffalo-grass, dotted here and there with a few bushes. But the going was good, and springy as a carpet of coco-matting, and luckily there were no burrows of the prairie-dog to act as pitfalls, the ground not being suitable to these animals.

They could afford to race, and race they did, the grey and Starlight stretching out like a pair of Derby favourites.

It was not long before Buck gave a sigh of satisfaction. He saw that he had drawn safely ahead of the two converging columns, who would have to swing behind him and join up with the hundred or so of braves who were already in chase of them.

They had now four hundred Redskin braves close behind them in full chase, and he counted these as practically all that were left of the mounted men who held the waggons of Silas Cobb and his party in siege.

And Buck Dixie had not revealed his plans even to Kit.

Kit had lost all sense of direction. He had not the slightest idea of their bearings, or in what direction lay the laager of his friends and the Redskin host that besieged them.

All he realised was that Buck Dixie was boldly collecting all the wandering bands of Redskin scouts on his trail, and was coaxing them across the prairie to some unknown destination.

He could tell by Buck's laugh of satisfaction that things were going as he wished, and that he was not put about by having four hundred howling savages close on his trail in full sight and in full chase!

And by this time he had learned to accept Buck Dixie's movements and doings in infinite faith.

If Buck had faced about, there and

this lonely depression in the prairie seemed to hold no secrets, and he could not help wondering what sort of magic the resourceful scout was about to perform.

They were soon breasting a ridge in the valley covered quite thickly with the low-growing willows, which were now interspersed by a thick underbrush of ground-bushes that were not unlike the wild sloe in growth and character.

"Look out for the gully on the top of this ridge," cried Buck; and he looked back to take a glance at their pursuers.

The Redskins had closed up now, and were coming on with the persistence of a pack of wolves. They were certain of their prey, for they had gained appreciably on the fugi-



In a second the Redskin had popped up again, and was astride his mount, swinging his tomahawk as he charged on the astonished Kit.

then, and had charged straight into the mob of whooping braves Kit would have turned with him, and would have followed him without question.

But Buck kept straight on, slightly slackening speed, and holding the oncoming mob just beyond gunshot. A fold of the prairie was narrowing in on them, and the character of the ground was altering slightly.

They were ascending a barely perceptible valley, but one which caught and held the water of the surrounding slopes, so that its surface was dotted with dwarf willow-bushes, all bent in one direction by the prevailing southeast wind.

"Now, Kit," cried Buck—"now you shall see the Navajo nation take its punishment!"

Kit's eyes were streaming as the free wind whistled past them. He was mystified by Buck's words, for

tives whilst breasting that long ridge.

And a whoop of threat and triumph went up from them as Buck, almost reining in Starlight, allowed them to close still further.

"Ride on as fast as you can, Kit!" he cried. "And take no notice of anything you see; and look out for the gully! Never mind about me!"

Kit clapped his heels to Fleetwing, and carried on through the low-growing scrub. He came on the gully with a rush, a huge scar in the red earth hidden by thick bush.

Down went the grey, sliding on his haunches, and Kit heard a laugh as he came near sliding over his mount's head.

"Bravo, youngster!" called a low, mocking voice. "On you go! But don't sit on his head, or ye'll break his neck!"

Kit just had a glimpse of horses

and men hidden in the gully—men who were dressed in slouch hats and grey-blue uniforms—the uniforms of the Dandy Fifth, the famous 5th United States Cavalry. He had nearly ridden over the man who had spoken—a huge, raw-boned Missourian.

Fleetwing scrambled up the far slope of the gully. Looking back, Kit saw that he was on the crest of the ridge. Starlight was limping like a trailing bird up the slope, shamming lameness. The Redskins, gathering together with a whoop of triumph, were closing on him and his rider.

And around him and ahead of him Kit saw horses lying prone on the earth, as though they were dead, and behind each horse lay a man in the grey-blue uniform, keeping low, so that his felt hat was not seen above the low bushes.

The ground was simply sown thick with these men, who gave stifled chuckles as the grey leaped in amongst them, taking a flying leap over each horse and man, and swerving rapidly to avoid another.

They could hear the yells of the triumphant Navajoes as they closed on Buck Dixie.

Kit glanced back.

Knee to knee, riding at full speed, a huge double line of feathered braves, nearly four hundred strong, were coming over the crest of the ridge, Buck close ahead of them.

Of a sudden Starlight seemed to forget his lameness. He gathered himself together, and cleared the gully at a narrow point in one magnificent bound as the Redskin host topped the ridge and thundered down into the gully like a vast, foaming sea bursting over a breakwater.

Then a single trumpet-call rang out, and whilst the Redskins were yet in the gully, from the earth in all directions across the valley men and horses seemed to spring to life.

There were a few straggling shots as with a yell the two lines of Indians struggled out of the gully, to find themselves face to face with a long, flexible line of their most dreaded enemy, the crack cavalry force of the United States.

A wild yell of anger and despair went up from them as they realised how Buck Dixie had led them into a deadly trap.

But they had no time to stop. They were met by a withering volley, fired almost at point-blank range. Warrior after warrior dropped from his steed, and the yells of anger deepened to yells of fear and execration as a sharp order rang out.

The Dandy Fifth were armed in a novel fashion for Redskin warfare; and perhaps for the first time in the warfare of Red Man and Paleface the Red Man found himself up against cold steel.

For at the sharp, hoarse order "Charge!" sabres clattered from their sheaths and hung in a mist of blue flashing steel above the troopers' heads.

And in another second that feathered line quivered and broke under the shock of the cavalry charge, pressed home at full speed.

Knives and tomahawks stood no chance against those terrible whirling sabres, which, like sickles, reaped

their harvest of death as the cavalry smashed through the Redskin ranks as the steel bow of a ship punces through a wave of foam.

But the Redskins were down in a few seconds.

The riderless ponies bunched, and stood snorting and frightened as with a yell the troopers turned and charged again on those braves who, turning, were attempting to fly back down the valley.

And Kit, seated spellbound on Fleetwing, watched the fight from the spot where he had drawn rein, feeling rather as though he were looking on at some realistic theatrical performance than a real and deadly fight, so unexpected was the appearance of these rescuers.

He was quickly brought to himself as a few Redskins, driven like wild ducks before the wind, came racing in his direction, fugitive from the fray.

The leader of these was a huge brave dressed in the feathers of an under war chief. His hideous copper face was barred with the stripes of black and vermilion war-paint, and was distorted by rage and fear.

But he was an ugly enough customer to meet, for there was plenty of fight still left in him, though he was on the run, and he soon showed that though he was in such a hurry to show the troopers of the Dandy Fifth his dust, he had some left to settle accounts with one or two of the hated Palefaces who had led him and his following into this disaster.

Crouching low on the back of his horse, he gave a great swerve out of his line of flight, and made at Kit.

Kit was quick to bring his rifle to his shoulder and to draw his bead on his adversary.

Now, had Kit been more versed in Red Indian warfare, he would have fired at the horse and not at the man. But he had yet a great deal to learn.

His rifle cracked, and as it flashed the Redskin dropped from his saddle, the bullet passing over him, and leaving him unscathed as he hung on the lee side of the horse by the mane, only showing one foot on the back of his horse as he performed this circus trick.

In a second he had popped up again, and was astride his mount, swinging his tomahawk as he charged on the astonished Kit.

So swift was he that Kit would have been his victim but for Fleetwing.

And here Fleetwing proved himself again a true prize dip out of the lucky-bag, for as the square blade glittered in the air and whistled down, the grey gave a quick waltz-step that almost threw Kit as it carried him beyond the reach of the falling blade.

The boy heard it hiss through the air, and the force of the blow came near unseating the brave. He turned and wheeled his horse. But Fleetwing, who seemed to know this game of in and out fighting, turned as quickly, giving an angry scream, as he charged the Redskin and his steed broadside, sending them down with a crash to the earth, the horse rolling over the brave.

But before Kit could recover himself there was a charge and a rush behind him, and with a triumphant

whoop a second Redskin caught him about the neck, pulling him down from his horse and falling on top of him on the ground.

Nearly winded by the crash, Kit lay on his back, whilst his antagonist, a young and supple brave, whipped out his knife, and, kneeling on the boy's chest, flashed the blade in the air.

But there was a smacking sound on the haft of the knife, and the blade, with a shattered handle, glittered through the air, whilst the Redskin tumbled back with a howl, his arm numbed by the blow of Buck Dixie's bullet, which had saved Kit's life.

He was shot through the right hand, but before Kit could struggle to his feet he had snatched up his fallen tomahawk with his left hand and made at the boy again.

Then there was another crack from Buck's rifle.

Kit felt the wind of the bullet as it passed his ear, and he saw the decorated haft of the tomahawk shatter in the Redskin's hand as it swung aloft.

Such shooting was too much even for the nerves of his adversary, who, feeling his weapons shot out of his hands every time he used them, gave a yell of terror and leaped upon the back of his horse.

But he was not allowed to escape. He gained his seat but to fall from it, an inert bunch of feathers, as Buck Dixie's third bullet took him between the shoulders, and down he came to the ground.

Then the under war chief who had been bowled over by Fleetwing stumbled to his feet.

The Redskin hardly seemed to notice the Paleface boy, who was reloading his rifle, but his eyes were turned on Fleetwing, who stood trembling and panting, with his dark eyes turned watchfully on the savage.

The Redskin grabbed Fleetwing by the halter, covering himself against the boy. He was a true horse Indian, who knew the danger of fighting afoot, and he swung himself on Fleetwing's back, turning him, and snatching at his tomahawk which hung from his wrist.

Kit fired as the Redskin drove Fleetwing at him.

But he missed, for, with a sudden movement, Fleetwing gathered himself together, bunching his feet and leaping into the air, with his head down and his heels up.

The Redskin was a rider, and saved himself from the wild buck. But he was not prepared for the next move of Fleetwing, who seemed to have gone suddenly mad.

He shot into the air, stood on his forefeet, his agate hoofs widely outstretched, and his heels showing against the sky.

Then down he came on his hind legs, standing up and pawing the air, dancing round and round in a giddy whirl.

There was no thought of using a tomahawk in that Redskin's mind now. He tried to use it on Fleetwing's head, but Fleetwing ducked it between his forelegs, and the tomahawk flew from the miscreant's wrist, striking sparks from the stones where it fell.

There was a rush and a cheer behind Kit, who saw Buck Dixie and a group of the 5th Cavalry racing up to his assistance.

But his foe was fully engaged with Fleetwing.

Never was there such a show of buck-jumping. The instinct of the Redskin made him stick to the horse, and he did stick to Fleetwing where a hundred practised broncho-busters would have been grassed.

The troopers surrounded the struggling horse and man, cheering the tussle.

"Bully for you, Copperface!" yelled one huge trooper.

But Fleetwing was waiting on the Redskin with an old and wicked trick of the worst type of bronchos.

Down went his head, dragging the Redskin down on his neck. Then up it came, lightning quick, and with the force of a sledgehammer. His hard, bow nose, which showed a trace of Indian blood, barged full into the face of the brave with a knockout punch.

The Redskin was flung over his crupper by the blow, hurled backwards along the ground for some yards in a series of undignified somersaults.

His body twitched once. Then he lay quite still, for that punch from Fleetwing's heavy head was as heavy as the knockout blow of a heavy-weight prizefighter.

The troopers gave a cheer and a yell for Fleetwing as he turned and gazed with mild eyes at his fallen foe.

Then, sweating lightly, his red nostrils opening and closing, he paced daintily and lightly towards Kit, and nuzzled the boy's shoulder and cheek affectionately, as much as to say:

"There, master; that is what I do with any Redskin that dares to mount me! From this day forward I am a Paleface horse!"

The troopers sat their horses, astounded.

One moment Fleetwing had been behaving like a savage; the next his attitude was that of Mary's little lamb, as he nuzzled his young master's cheek with his velvet-soft nose.

"Look out, boy!" shouted one of the troopers, in real concern. "That thar hoss'll eat ye!"

But Kit only laughed as he took Fleetwing by the forelock and fussed with him.

And Buck Dixie laughed in concert. "No fear of that, Mariposa Bill!" he called to the trooper. "The magic has been put on that horse. He has tasted the blue powder of Laughing-Cloud, and he'll allow no man to ride him unless his master gives him permission."

"Rope that Redskin, boys," added Buck Dixie. "He's not dead, though his soul is away to the Happy Hunting-Grounds for a space. He shall have his life, and he's the last survivor of Buffalo Valley. Later on we'll let him go, so that he may carry the news of the Navajo nations—how they chased Buck Dixie to their death!"

Another stirring long instalment next week. Please hand your finished copy of "The Greyfriars Herald" to a non-reader chum and oblige your Editor.

# A FALSE ALARM!

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

By PETER TODD



Without pausing to knock at the door, Billy Bunter plunged into the sacred apartment. Mr. Quelch nearly collapsed when that human cyclone swept into the study.

"I SHALL have to kill him, somehow!"

Billy Bunter gave a violent start as that ominous exclamation came to his ears via the keyhole of No. 1 Study.

"Yes, there's nothing else for it. I shall simply have to kill him!"

Bunter gave another start, no less violent than before.

It was Johnny Bull who had uttered those vindictive words.

Whom did Johnny desire to kill?

A shiver ran through the fat junior's frame.

Supposing it were Billy Bunter!

Johnny Bull has often been regarded as a heavy-handed and rather dangerous individual. He's the sort of fellow who gives you a playful tap on the nose, without meaning to hurt you, and you immediately see stars and comets and things. In fact, Johnny often throws his weight about.

But Bunter thought that he would at least stop short at murder!

It wasn't as if Johnny were joking! Sometimes, just for fun, we threaten to pulverise, spifflicate, and make mincemeat of a fellow. But there was nothing funny about Johnny Bull's recent declaration. He had spoken quite seriously.

Billy Bunter trembled like a jelly. He badly wanted to turn and flee, but a dreadful curiosity held him rooted to the spot.

"Yes, he'll have to be killed." It was Harry Wharton's voice this time. "The question is, Johnny, how are you going to kill him?"

"I suggest," said Bob Cherry, in tones which seemed to Billy Bunter to be positively bloodcurdling, "that you make him fall over the cliff—"

"On a dark night," added Nugent.

"Or, better still," said Wharton, "why not feed him to the sharks? That will make rather a lively end to

his innings! Picture the monster's teeth closing with a sickening snap! Picture the blue water being stained with the fellow's blood—"

Billy Bunter was shaking and shivering as if he had become afflicted with the ague.

How terrible it all was! How ghastly!

The Famous Five had made up their minds to kill somebody. Or, rather, Johnny Bull was going to do the deed, and the others would all be accessories before the fact.

It was amazing—incredible; yet Billy Bunter could not doubt the evidence of his ears.

It wasn't as if the proposed victim of the crime was a dog, or a cat, or anything of that sort. Wharton had referred to a fellow—to a fellow's blood!

"Ugh!"

Billy Bunter shivered so much that he made the door rattle.

Inside the study the conversation continued.

"I proposefully suggest," said Hurree Singh, "that you chopfully hack off his esteemed head!"

"Stale!" growled Johnny Bull. "That's far too quick a death for a scoundrel of that sort. Don't you think he'd better have something lingering?"

"I agree with you, Johnny," said Bob Cherry, "that the execution stunt is stale. Quite played out, in fact. Besides, as you say, it puts the fellow out of his misery too quickly."

"Then what do you say to putting him in a cauldron of boiling tar?"

"Ow!" gasped Billy Bunter. "This is too awful for words!"

The fat junior badly wanted to turn tail, and yet he could not tear himself away from the keyhole. The conversation of the Famous Five was very

terrible, but it was fascinating as well.

"Look here, you fellows," said Frank Nugent, "what about building a big bonfire—hundreds and hundreds of sticks of brushwood—and showing the fellow on top, and then setting fire to the lot?"

"Well, that would be rather spectacular," admitted Johnny Bull grudgingly; "but I'm rather sweet on the boiling tar idea. I think it's top-hole. You see, the fellow wouldn't die for quite a long time, and that's just what we want."

"I don't think he'll last very long, whichever wheeze we adopt," said Wharton, with what Bunter afterwards described as "a hollow, mocking laugh."

Then up spake Hurree Singh once more.

"Could he not be devoutly torn limb from limb by wild beasts?" he suggested.

Billy Bunter turned sick and dizzy. He tried to pull himself together—tried to convince himself that this conversation was a "spoof" on the part of the Famous Five. But it was no good. He knew only too well that Harry Wharton and Co. were not spoofing; they were in sober earnest.

"I think," said Wharton, after a dreadful pause, "that the shark idea's the best. It may not be a lingering end exactly, but it will be nice and gruesome—"

"Yaroooooh!"

Billy Bunter had come to the end of his tether. He could stand it no longer.

With a wild yell of terror he scuttled away down the passage, his fat little legs going like clockwork.

In a state of acute distraction, the Owl of the Remove rushed towards Quelchy's study.

Without pausing to knock at the door, he plunged into the sacred apartment.

Quelchy had been typing his "History of Greyfriars." But table, typewriter and Quelchy nearly collapsed when that human cyclone swept into the study.

"Bunter! Why, bless my soul! Whatever is the matter, boy?"

Billy Bunter paused, pumping in breath. Then, as soon as he was able to articulate, he uttered one shrill cry.

"Murder!"

Quelchy was on his feet in an instant.

"Bunter! How dare you act in this melodramatic manner? Am I to conclude that your brain—such as it is—has given way?"

In his wild excitement Billy Bunter clutched the Form-master by the arm.

"I'm perfectly sane, sir, and I'm quite cool and collected! But I consider it my duty to tell you that a murder has been plotted and planned in No. 1 Study!"

"Nonsense, Bunter!" snapped Quelchy, shaking himself free. "You must be mentally deranged, to say such absurd things!"

"I'm not, sir! I'm telling the truth! Wharton and the others have conspired to murder a fellow! They're going to—ugh!—feed him to the sharks, sir!"

"What!" gasped Quelchy.

"They discussed all sort of ways

and means of polishing him off, sir, and they finally decided that the shark stunt was the best! Oh, it's awful, sir—terrible!"

Of course, Quelchy didn't for one moment believe that the Famous Five had planned a murder. Schoolboy murderers are the exception rather than the rule—in England, at any rate.

At the same time, Quelchy could not afford to ignore Bunter's statements, wild though they were. The fat junior was evidently greatly agitated, or he would never have dreamed of rushing into a master's study without knocking.

After debating the matter in his mind for a moment, Quelchy decided to investigate.

"You will come with me, Bunter," he said.

"Yessir! But—but hadn't we better take a gang of big fellows with us, sir, for protection?"

"If you say another word, Bunter, I shall box your ears!"

Billy Bunter subsided, and he accompanied Quelchy to No. 1 Study.

The Form-master opened the door without any misgivings.

There were the Famous Five, seated demurely at tea, and looking anything but a gang of murderers.

They rose to their feet respectfully as Quelchy entered.

"I regret to disturb you, my boys," said Quelchy, "but Bunter has come to me with a most extraordinary narrative. He emphatically states that between you you have planned a murder! I do not for one moment attach any credence to Bunter's story. At the same time, I should like to know if any conversation has taken place in this study calculated to give Bunter the impression that murder was about to be committed."

The Famous Five exchanged glances—then a peal of laughter rang out.

"Really, my boys—" protested Quelchy.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, it's too funny for words!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Do excuse us, sir!" gurgled Harry Wharton. "But it really is a scream. If Bunter was listening to our conversation just now, he certainly heard us planning a murder—"

"Wharton!"

"But it wasn't the murder of an actual living person, sir!"

"Then who—what—"

"Johnny Bull's writing a pirate story, sir, called 'The Red Rover,' and he wants to kill the chief pirate in the last chapter. We suggested all sorts of ways, and eventually decided to throw the villain to the sharks!"

"And I suppose Bunter thought we were talking about a real person—himself, for instance!" said Johnny Bull.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Quelchy tried hard not to smile, but he simply couldn't help it.

"Really, this is most ludicrous!" he said. "And I can understand your merriment, my boys. At the same time, Bunter must be made to understand that listening at keyholes is a pernicious and degrading habit. You will return with me to my study, Bunter!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

Billy Bunter rolled dismally away to his fate, which consisted of a couple of stinging cuts on each hand.

And his yells of anguish would have done credit to the poor wretch of a pirate whom the Famous Five had unanimously decided to throw to the sharks!

THE END.

## THE HIGHCLIFFE MATCH

(Continued from page 9.)

missiles, and a clod or two from the bank.

Egan broke into a run, and the rest of the woeful footballers followed his example. They raced for the Benbow.

It was rather an imprudent move; for the great and lofty captain of the school could not deign to run after them to keep them company. By running they lost Lovelace's protection.

"Now's the time!" exclaimed Drake.

"Hurray! Give them socks!"

"Now then, quiet, I tell you!" roared Lovelace, from the rear.

But Jack Drake and Co. turned a deaf ear, for once, to the captain of St. Winifred's.

They rushed to close quarters, and as they rushed, Daubeny and Co. fairly fled.

Old Coote, the porter, was standing by the gate at the end of the gangway; and his eyes bulged as he watched the remarkable scene. Old Coote was hastily shoved aside as Daubeny and Co. came with a breathless rush up to the gangway, with the enraged juniors whooping behind.

"Put it on!" gasped Daubeny.

"Oh, crumbs!"

With a wild trampling of feet, the nutty footballers swept along the gangway to the lower deck of the Benbow. Fear is said to lend wings; and certainly that seemed to be the case now. Jack Drake and Co. were only entering on the gangway when Daubeny and Co. swarmed off it to the deck of the old warship.

"After them!" roared Sawyer major.

On the ship the hapless Bucks were scattering wildly for shelter. The avengers came on with a yell. But the rush stopped, and the yell died, as an awful figure in cap and gown rose before the mob.

"Boys—What—what—"

It was the Head!

Suddenly transformed from lions into lambs, the juniors of St. Winny's melted meekly away under the glance of the Head. It was a respite for Daubeny and Co.

But it was only a respite, as Vernon Daubeny well knew as he turned the key in the door of his study, and waited, palpitating, for what was to happen next.

Read "Called To Account!" the next magnificent complete story of Jack Drake and the other boys of the Benbow!



# THE CLIFF HOUSE BALL

A graphic description of a Fancy Dress Ball given by the Girls of Cliff House

By FRANK NUGENT



## I.

"Oh, crumbs!" ejaculated Harry Wharton suddenly. "It's the giddy limit!"

Harry Wharton and I had just returned to our study after a glorious spread in No. 13. Tea in that apartment had followed a really brilliant footer match against the Upper Fourth, Temple and Co. being beaten to a frazzle by five clear goals.

On arriving at No. 1 Harry had discovered a letter awaiting him on the table, in Marjorie Hazeldene's fist, and whilst he perused its contents I had busied myself in dusting round the study to make it look presentable.

"What's the matter?" I asked with concern, ceasing with my labours. "Hazel in trouble again?"

"No, ass!" answered Harry with a grin, and at the same time holding up several tickets, which I thought to be visiting-cards.

"Well, explain, you idiot! We haven't too much time to spare, for the rehearsal of Wib's hair-raising comedy, 'Should a Form-master Tell?' is due to kick off at seven."

"We're going to no rehearsal to-night, Franky, my son," said Harry Wharton. "We have another engagement to fulfil."

"But Wib will be—"

"Blow Wib, and blow his blessed comedy. The Cliff House girls are holding a masked ball to-night at seven-thirty, and we're invited. I have all the invites here; each girl is allowed to invite a friend. Miss Primrose is giving several prizes for best waltzing and fancy dress, and so on."

Harry Wharton paused for a few

seconds to recover his breath, and then continued:

"In her letter Marjorie asks me to get permission for the fellows to have a late pass, and to hand the invites round."

"Good!" I exclaimed, with satisfaction. "That alters the case."

Being fairly familiar with the art of dancing, I was already imagining myself jazzing round with Marjorie Hazeldene, fox-trotting with Phyllis Howell, and so forth.

"Marjorie has invited her brother, and hopes we don't mind," remarked Harry.

"Of course not. Why should we?" I asked.

"She must guess that we are all getting fed-up with Hazel; but anyhow, that passes."

"Who has asked Bob?" I then asked innocently, although I guessed the reply.

"Phyllis, of course," replied Harry, with a smile. "Clara sends me hers, and Flap Derwent yours. Now I'd better hand round the invites and see the Head about the passes, for we haven't too much time, and we have to fix up costumes with Wib. Thank goodness he's invited!"

Harry Wharton left the study, and I continued my dusting until he returned.

He was back within ten minutes, carrying a bundle under his arm which I guessed to be our costumes, and his face wreathed with smiles.

"All serene, Franky!" he exclaimed, flinging the costumes on to the table and handing me my late pass. "Everything is O.K., and we're to be ready in twenty minutes, so put a hustle on!"

"Right-ho, old scout!" I returned,

picking up the costumes from the table. "Which do I have?"

"Hamlet will suit you best. The other's a Chinese costume, and I think that I'd make the better Chink."

"Absolutely!" I agreed.

Harry and I then proceeded to the dormitory to change, and there we found some of the others busily engaged in getting into various costumes. Wibley was master of ceremonies, and he was assisting with the make-ups in a very masterly way.

All was ready at last, and after Wibley had handed round domino masks we proceeded on our way to Cliff House School, a crowd numbering a dozen.

## II.

WE arrived at Cliff House just before the dance commenced, and were met by Miss Primrose, who, after giving us a hearty welcome, and dance-cards all round, bade us proceed to one of the classrooms to deposit our hats and coats.

"Seems a posh affair," remarked Harry Wharton, as we unrobed ourselves.

"Rather!" I exclaimed.

"Wonder where the girls are?" said Bob Cherry, evidently anxious to meet our fair companions.

"They're in the hall, no doubt," answered Harry. "Let's proceed there."

Harry led the way to the hall, and we followed in his wake.

On arriving we were greeted by a heavy bombardment of confetti from a crowd of the girls, but as they were wearing masks also we could not tell who was who.

The hall was brilliantly illuminated, and, as Harry had remarked, it seemed to be a very "posh" turnout. In one corner was a jazz-band, evidently hired for the occasion, and as we entered the hall it struck up a well-known waltz tune.

Miss Primrose, who was acting as M.C., stood up on her platform.

"Take your partners for the first waltz, please," she called out in a pleasant voice. Then the fun commenced!

Among our little crowd were only seven who could really dance, and they included Harry Wharton, Johnny Bull, Vernon-Smith, Mark Linley, Tom Brown, Hazeldene, and myself, and we all immediately took partners and glided round the hall.

The others, not to be beaten, followed, and I had to smile when I noticed Bob Cherry trying his utmost to make headway. He could not, and no wonder, when you take into consideration his big feet. It was a sight for men and little fishes.

Two very plump figures wearing check costumes passed me, waltzing in very fine style, and I guessed one to be Bessie Bunter, but her partner I could not fathom, although I had my suspicions.

"Who is my partner?" I thought, and, determined to know, I trod on her best Sunday corn.

"Sorry!" I exclaimed immediately.

"Don't mench!" came a sweet voice in return.

It was Phyllis Howell, and I had to

smile when the thought flashed in my mind that Bob would be very jealous if he only knew.

When the jazz-band stopped I made my way towards Bessie Bunter's partner, who was strutting round the hall as if the place belonged to him. Taking a pin from my coat, I stuck it into a plump leg.

"Yow-ow-ow! Stoppit, you beast!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" I roared.

It was Billy Bunter, and I was very much surprised at the discovery.

Bunter in a new role! It was indeed funny. But, to give him his due, he could dance, and no mistake!

I had often heard that fat people were very light on their pins, and consequently made good dancers, and it was true. Here were Bessie and Billie Bunter dancing as if professionals at the game, and I thought that those two would need a lot of beating in the waltzing competition. I resolved to make a fight for it, and try and prove it otherwise.

I joined our fellows and informed them of my discovery of Billy Bunter, but could not convince them until Bunter himself rolled on the scene.

"I say, you fellow—" he began.

"Ha, ha, ha!" I roared, as I noticed the expressions on my chums' faces.

"Bunter!" gasped Harry Wharton, in amazement.

"Don't be silly, Wharton. I'm a dancer of no mean order, and it's no good you fellows being jealous. You just watch me with the girls; they've all gone potty on me."

"Why, you silly ass!" roared Bob Cherry in disgust.

"Oh, really Cherry, I'm a lady-killer, I am. Just you wait. None of you stand an earthly in the waltzing competition," continued Bunter in lordly tones. "The prize is as good as in my hands already."

"Don't stand an earthly!" murmured Harry Wharton in astonishment; and the others stared at our prize porpoise as if he were Hamlet's Ghost.

"No!" granted Billy Bunter; and with that he rolled away.

The dancing continued, and we began to discover who was who among the girls, and, needless to say, they did likewise amongst us.

During the interval refreshments were served, and the delicacies put before us were absolutely top-hole.

The two Bunters did full justice, as was to be expected, and instead of light refreshment turned it into a feed for themselves.

"Take your partners for the waltzing competition!" called out Miss Primrose, after the interval had lasted about a quarter of an hour.

I looked at my dance-card, and, noticing that I was booked with Phyllis Howell, made my way across to her, and, bowing, we commenced waltzing round.

The Bunters had already started.

"Whom do you think will win?" I asked of my partner.

"Bessie and her brother, I imagine," answered Phyllis ruefully; and I groaned at the thought.

When the music stopped, all sat down and waited for the verdict.

Miss Primrose rose from her chair on the platform.

"I have much pleasure in presenting these two prizes to the best couple in my estimation at waltzing. Bessie Bunter and her brother, kindly come forward," she said with a smile.

"What did I tell you?" smirked Billy Bunter, blinking at us through his big glasses, and, of course, his mask.

"My only hat!" muttered Harry Wharton. "Fancy the porpoise waltzing away with the giddy prize! It beats me!"

"And me!" agreed Hurree Singh. "The dancefulness of the ludicrous Bunter resembled the esteemed elephant of my native land, I thought!"

Bessie and Billy then stalked arm-in-arm up to Miss Primrose, their little fat noses held high in the air, to receive their prizes, and the applause was "terrific," as Inky afterwards remarked.

Bessie received a handsome hand-bag, and Billy a real gold tie-pin; but, as I heard Billy say later, they both thought those prizes ridiculous to give people with appetites such as their own. Why hadn't Miss Primrose made it a tuck hamper apiece?

The prizes for fancy dress went to Phyllis Howell and Harry Wharton. Phyllis received a hand-mirror and Harry a fountain-pen.

When at last the dance was over, and we had bidden our hosts good-night, and were making for Greyfriars, Billy Bunter had much to say about his dancing, and, although as usual he bragged and rolled out lies by the dozen, we had to agree that he had indeed showed up as a great dancer at the Cliff House Ball.

THE END.

#### RESULT OF TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION.—No. 7.

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

G. W. MIDDLETON,  
Lound Road,

Blundeston, Suffolk,

whose solution contained one error.

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

Lewis Shrap, Children's Homes, Aldersbrook Road, Leytonstone, E.11; Herbert Farmer, 57, Adams Street, Birmingham; Douglas Lawn, 33, Allen Road, Beckenham; W. H. Cordess, P.M. Dept., St. Thomas' Hospital, Westminster, S.W.; James Lynch, 8, Greenbough Street, Ancoats, Manchester; John Clough, 20, East Topping Street, Blackpool; John H. Brigden, 4, Queen's Square, Battersea, S.W.5; Norman Brinkman, 296, Whitehorse Road, West Croydon; B. Ashworth, 756, Oldham Road, Failsforth, Manchester; Bernard J. Gorst, 69, Springfield Terrace, Lancaster; Walter Brierley, Waingroves, Codnor, Derby; Tom Taylor, 27, Spa Road, Preston, Lancs.

#### CORRECT SOLUTION:

My Dear Bunter,—I am very grieved to have to disappoint you, but it is impossible for me to forward a sample prize Tuck Hamper for your approval. You will stand as good a chance as anyone if you go in for the picture puzzle, and I am confident that, should you obtain a prize, your delight will know no bounds.

YOUR EDITOR.

## PRESS DAY!

By DICK PENFOLD

Scene: No. 1 Study.

Wharton: Flooded out with contributions;

Feeling ripe for revolutions;

Too fed-up to raise a laugh—

We're the editorial staff!

Hurree Singh: Pray cheer up, my worthy chief!

Into it we'll put our beef.

We will burn the midnight oil,

Slogging at our workful toil!

Wharton: Frank, you wooden-headed clown,

Take these merry letters down!

(Wharton proceeds to dictate):

"Dear Tom Merry,—I acknowledge your fine yarn, 'The Haunted College,'

And your work on dynamite,

Which is interesting—quite!

I will use when space permits.—

Yours—till we are blown to bits!"

Nugent: Not so fast! My short-hand's weak,

And my pen has sprung a leak.

Wharton: "Dear Alonzo Todd,—I guess

You have caused a fearful mess

With your articles galore,

Which are strewn upon the floor.

Kindly come and take them back

(Better bring a hefty sack!).

Sorry that I haven't room

for your 'Sonnet on a Broom.'

Neither can I use your 'Ode

On a Broken-hearted Toad.'

'Ramblings of a Railway-porter'

I could use if they were shorter,

But they ramble on, by stages,

Till they reach six hundred pages!

Move your lumber from this place;

Give the staff more breathing-space!"

Bull: That's the way to talk to

Toddy!

He's too much for anybody!

Wharton: "Dear old Coker,—I enclose

Your last yarn, 'The Pirate's Foes.'

Though you'll doubtless cut up rough,

I've no room for comic stuff.

All the staff is simply yelling

At your novel style of spelling.

'Blud was streaming from the dekkis;

Pirates rung each other's nekkis.'

Can't you think of something nicer?

Take my tip, and have a try, sir!

Meanwhile, this bright yarn will do

For the 'Colney Hatch Review'!"

Cherry: That's the stuff to give to Coker!

Nugent: Serve him right, the silly joker!

Wharton: "Dear Dick Penfold,—

Kindly write

Twelve more poems by to-night.

Boys and girls of every station

View your work with admiration.

Though you're just a modest strip-

ping,

You're as good as Burns or Kipling.

Send along those poems, kid,

And I'll pay you twenty quid!"

(I have no knowledge of dictating

this last letter. It was probably dictated

by Dick Penfold's imagination!

—Ed.)

Our Photographic Supplement

# THE BOYS' PICTORIAL



Readers of The GREYFRIARS HERALD are invited to send up their Amateur Photographs and Snapshots Full prices will be paid for all Photos used  
Address: The Greyfriars Herald, The Fleetway House, Farningdon Street, London, E.C.4.

IS YOUR PORTRAIT HERE? — MORE OF OUR KEEN READERS!



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C. J. Wright (E. Dulwich).



D. Hind (N. Queensferry).



W. Walford (Romford).



Ivan Pritchard (Gloucester).



A Highbury Reader of the "Herald."



E. Landen (Westminster).



S. Mastin (Oldham).



H. McPake (Dundee).



W. Warren (Newport).



F. James (Forest Gate).

**DOWN FOR REPAIRS!**



An aeroplane which had to land on account of damage sustained. This type of machine was used greatly for artillery observation purposes during the War.—Taken by J. McLachlan, 5, Havelock Street, Downhill, Glasgow.



James McCall (Glasgow).



J. F. Grace (Gillingham).



H. Garlick (Sheffield).



Fred Ash (Nottingham).



E. Rose (E. Greenwich).



S. Harlow (London).



Reecie Evars A Keen Reader.



W. France (Bolton).



J. Delahune (Hastings).



J. Ball (Birmingham).



C. Genese (London).



A. E. Ashley (Watford).



D. Thomas (South Wales).



# TUCK HAMPERS AS PRIZES!



## GREAT NEW COMPETITION.

### 1st PRIZE 50/- . 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 50s. 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. 12, TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION, "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4., so as to reach that address not later than Tuesday, January 20th.

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

WRITE CAREFULLY.

Signed.....

Address.....

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

*er, January* **S** **3** **4** weeks of **P**

**in** **&** **tho** **the** **W**

**Billy Bunter** **IS** **CONSTANTLY** **borrowing** **DIAP** **UU**, **we** **look** **60** **minutes** **H**

**A** **IC** **8** **a** **The boys** **had** **an** **ENJOYABLE** **vacation** **U**

**I** **AM** **POSITIVE** **JACK** **IS** **COMING** **WE** **shant** **BUN** **U** **S** **1920** **until** **the**

**iii** **LET** **ONE** **YARD** **THI** **CK** **.yours** **MAR** **E** **T** **WHAR.**

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