

**BIG TUCK HAMPERS FOR READERS!**

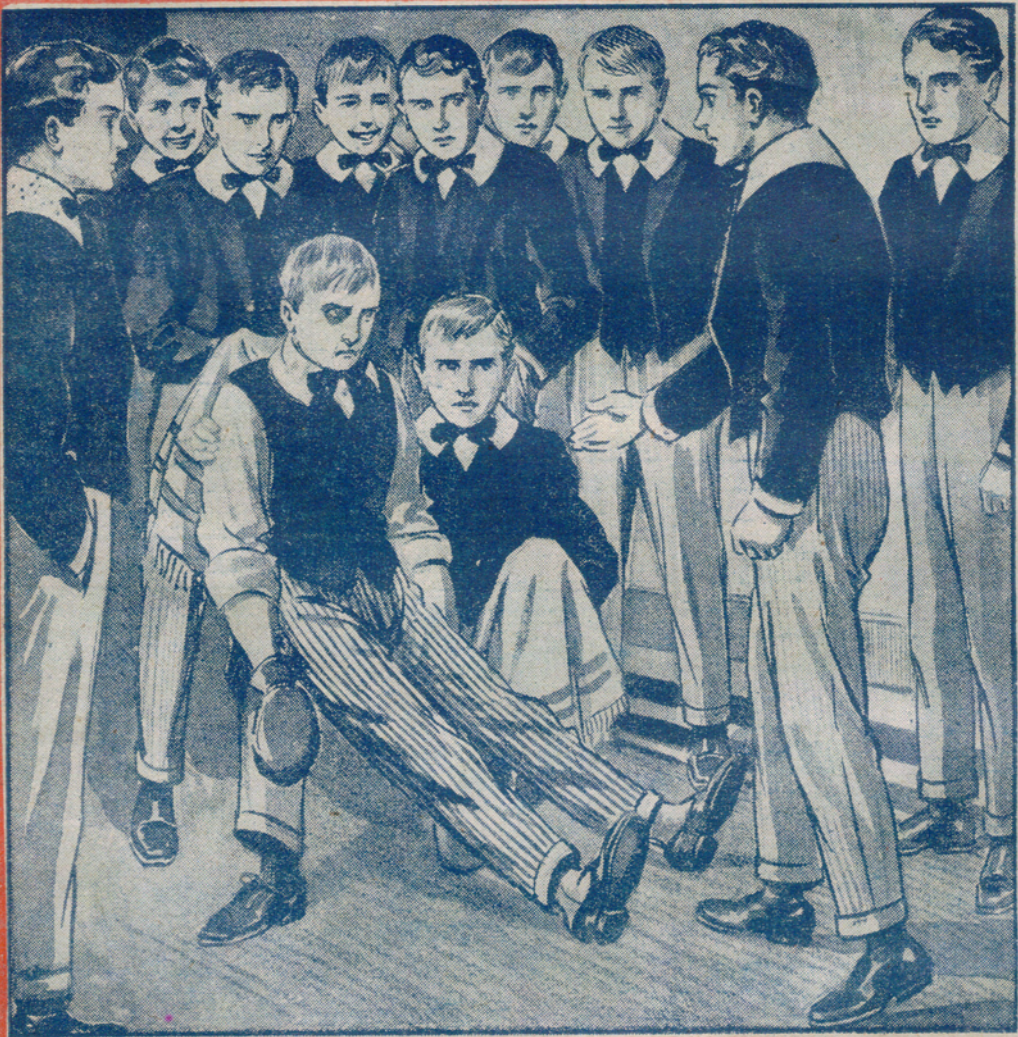
# The Greyfriars Herald <sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub><sup>d</sup>



No. 13, (New Series).

FULL OF SCHOOL STORIES AND ARTICLES

Jan. 24, 1920.



**JACK DRAKE AND DAUBENY SHAKE HANDS!**

Our Photographic Supplement

# THE BOYS' PICTORIAL

Continued on Page 9



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.

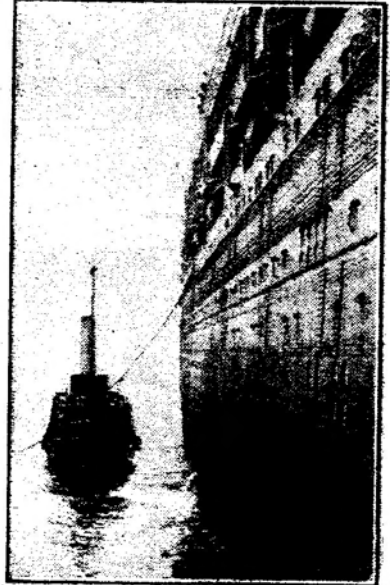


## WHERE FOAMING BREAKERS ROAR!



"Britannia rules the waves!"—and we, as Britishers, have been proud always that our fortunes have rested so much on the foaming deep, which has nurtured such seamen as Drake, Nelson and Beatty. This beautiful photograph, secured near Yarmouth, shows the North Sea, which was one of our greatest allies during the War, in an angry mood.—Taken by P. Laar, 43, Anerley Road, Upper Norwood, London, S.E.

## BRITAIN'S NEW LINER!



Compare the size of the tug against the huge side of the Imperator, the ex-German ship which England has now taken over for the Atlantic passenger trade.—Taken by R. Gould, 9, Mandel Terrace, Polygon, Southampton.

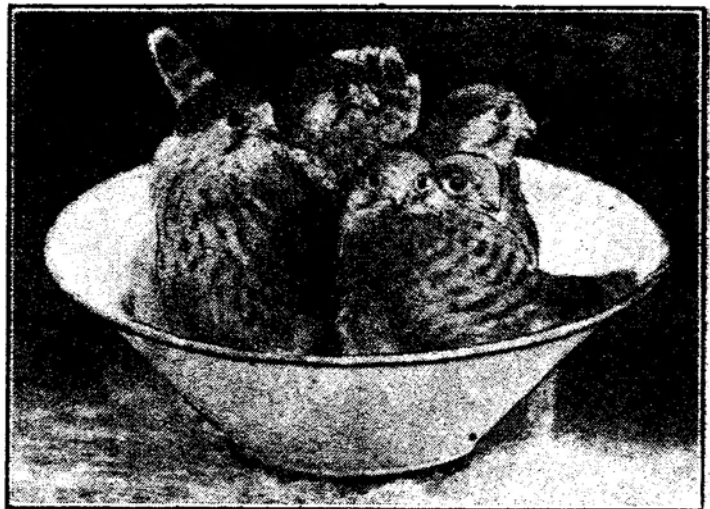
## IN SUNNY CAIRO!



An Egyptian taking a promenade with his favourite wife on a sunny winter afternoon. Note the purdah which conceals the lady's face from the gaze of strangers.—Taken by J. Young, jun., 76, Burn Road, Rutherglen, Glasgow.

## LET US SEE YOUR PHOTOGRAPHS

## A SNUG LITTLE FAMILY!



After some difficulty Mr. Hawkeye was induced to allow his feathered family to pose for "The Greyfriars Herald." The young hawks are eagerly looking forward to the time when they can emulate their astute parents by soaring high in the air and swooping down to attack their quarry with their sharp beaks and claws. Meanwhile, they have to be content with scrapping among themselves when Mr. and Mrs. Hawkeye bring them dainties from the chase.—Taken by Miss Vera Stephenson, Chestnut Cottage, The Strait, Southall, Middlesex.

The

Staff



HARRY WHARTON  
EDITOR  
of Greyfriars Herald



FRANK NUGENT  
Sub-Editor



TOM BROWN  
Special Representative



VERNON SMITH  
Sports Editor



LORD MAULEVERER  
Fashion Editor



MARK LINLEY,  
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BOB CHERRY  
Fighting Editor

Occasional Contributors from GREYFRIARS

Occasional Contributors from Other Schools

# Editorial

By Harry Wharton.

## A TUCK HAMPER QUERY.

Although we have left Christmas far behind, Tuck Hampers are still "all the rage." Every week I receive letters from delighted winners, stating that the Tuck Hampers awarded in our picture-puzzle contests are absolutely "IT."

And this brings me to a query from one of the lucky winners. "Can a reader who has already won a Tuck Hamper win another?" Most certainly! He can win one fifty times over, if he is clever enough. Let me emphasise the fact that a successful competitor is in no way debarred from taking part in future Tuck Hamper contests.

## WHO IS HE?

Several correspondents have written to inquire who Dennis Carr is. Dennis is a Greyfriars fellow, who figures exclusively in "The Penny Popular" week by week. He has passed through many exciting experiences, and his adventures are not yet over.

In case any of my chums are unacquainted with "The Penny Popular," I should like to mention that it contains three NEW, long, complete stories each week, dealing with Greyfriars, Rookwood, and St. Jim's. "The Penny Pop" is almost equivalent to the "Magnet Library," the "Gem Library," and "The Boy's Friend" rolled into one: and this being so, it is not altogether surprising that the newsagents frequently utter the forlorn message, "Sold out!" Moral: Have a copy reserved for you every week. Then there will be no weeping and gnashing of teeth!

## QUITE SATISFIED, THANKS!

Most of you are, I know. But there is one reader—a person signing himself "Critic," who is not at all satisfied, either with THE GREYFRIARS HERALD or its Editor. I intend to deal with "Critic's" grievances on this page next week. Look out for squalls and cataracts! as Bob Cherry says.

HARRY WHARTON.



DICK PENFOLD



MURREE SINGH



BILLY BUNTER



TOM MERRY



JIMMY SILVER



ARTHUR A DARCY

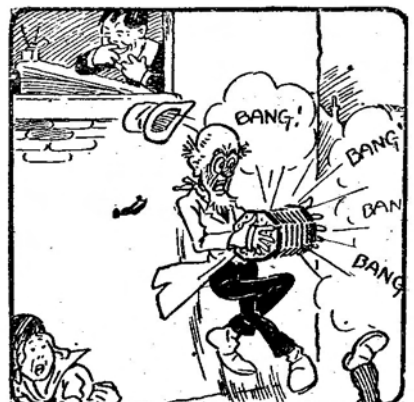
## PUT THE CAP ON IT!



1. The other day when Mortimer Muggins arrived from school with the home task of having to learn the names of all the wives of Henry VIII. in less than two hours, a street musician started business outside his window.



2. But Mortimer wasn't tenth from top in his class for nothing, and his agile brain quickly got to work. "I'll soon put the cap on that!" he murmured. "Watch this, everybody!" And he did—several caps, in fact!



3. Thus when Clarence, the concertina crusher, shut his instrument of torture again, those little gunpowder caps from Mortimer's toy pistol, obliged with a life-like imitation of the Jutland battle, and fairly put a stopper on the performance.

# My Weekly Interview.



By the Special Representative of  
"The Greyfriars Herald"

This week:

## Percy Bolsover

HAVING been instructed—or, rather, commanded—by the editor to interview Bolsover major, I made my way with faltering steps to the study occupied by that eminent prizefighter.

Biff! Thud! Biff! Thud!

These ominous sounds greeted my ear as I halted outside my destination. Cold shivers ran down my spine. What was Bolsover doing? Was he committing assault and battery upon some harmless fag? Or was he merely smashing up lumps of coal?

My curiosity getting the better of my nervousness, I opened the door of the study, and walked in.

An astonishing scene met my gaze. Bolsover major had fixed up a punching-ball in one corner of the study, and he stood in a fighting attitude, with his coat off, hammering away at the ball as if it had done him an injury.

The muscles of Bolsover's brawny arms stood out like those of the village blacksmith, and his brow was wet with perspiration.

Biff! Thud! Biff! Thud!

The grim work went on, and I expected to see that punching-ball reduced to a pulp. But before this could happen Bolsover turned, and became aware of my presence for the first time.

"What do you want?" he growled. And the whole room seemed to rumble as he spoke.

I promptly dropped on to one knee. "Most mighty one," I faltered, "I am the special representative of 'The Greyfriars Herald,' and I would fain hold converse with thee, thou hero of a hundred fights!"

Bolsover scowled fiercely.

"Drop that!" he said; and his tone was so menacing that I nearly fell through the floor. "Get up, and tell me what you want, in two words!"

"An interview!" I said, rising.

"You're going to write about me in your rag—what?"

I nodded.

"Well, be careful what you say, and how you say it. If you write anything to my discredit, whether it happens to be true or not, I'll scalp you, and your scalp will be exhibited in this study!"

I shuddered at such a prospect.

"You may rely on me," I said, "as a journalist of many weeks' standing, to say nothing calculated to give offence. I have a high regard for your qualities as a prizefighter. When

I see you standing there, with the perspiration on your brow, I feel that you will one day become the world's swelter-weight champion. But tell me—why are you looking so cross?"

"It's been stolen!" exclaimed Bolsover, in tones of fury.

"Eh? What's been stolen?"

"My cake! It was a plum-cake, too—hot from Mrs. Mible's oven! While I was out of the study just now somebody came in and raided it. What's more, I've got a jolly shrewd suspicion who that somebody is!"

"Who?" I asked in alarm.

"Bunter!" was the reply.

And my alarm diminished.

"I've been getting into training," continued Bolsover, nodding in the direction of the punching-ball, "so that next time I meet Bunter I shall have no difficulty in felling him with one single blow. Just one—right on the solar plexus!"

"But—but you'll kill him!" I gasped.

"What of it? There's no law against killing a fat worm. And it's high time Bunter was exterminated. He pinched my cake—my priceless plum-cake! Hot from the oven!"

"Before you start slaughtering Bunter," I said, "would you mind describing to me, for the benefit of our loyal readers, the biggest fight you've ever taken part in?"

Bolsover reflected a moment.

"My biggest fight? Lemme see. I've figured in a good many fights, as you know, and some of them have been jolly stiff tussles, but I think I should award the palm to the scrap I had with a hefty giant named George Tubb. He's one of the fags, you know, and that's why, when I knocked him out, the spectators referred to it as the fag-end."

Bolsover's huge hands were tightly clenched, and there was such an expression of ferocity on his coarse face that I jumped back in alarm.

And as I did so something dislodged itself from beneath my coat, and fell to the floor with a thud.

It was Bolsover's priceless plum-cake, which I had looted half an hour previously!

Bolsover gave one glance at the cake, then he turned to me. His expression was more ferocious than ever.

"So it wasn't Bunter, after all, who boned my cake? It was you! Very well. You can have that blow in the solar plexus that I was talking about just now!"

And I had it!

When I came round I found myself in the "sanny." And I have written this article in bed, propped up on the pillows.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

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

"Fishy" (Greyfriars) writes as follows: "Say, Monty old son, would you hustle around and inform your readers that I have the following priceless articles for sale—(a) A motor-scooter, manufactured in New York City, guaranteed to go like lightning, and to clear hedges, brick walls, stray pigs, and all other obstructions. Price 50 dollars. (b) A grandfather clock, stamped in every link, jewelled in every movement, and guaranteed to keep correct time within twenty-four hours. Price 3 dollars. (c) A magnificent fishing-rod. This is the identical rod with which Mr. Prout, its previous owner, caught two sprats and a hundredweight of seaweed. Price 1 dollar. These articles are the real goods, and I guess you won't mind shouting the odds for me."—I kinder sorter guess and calculate, Fishy, that your letter has been passed on to the Society for the Distribution of Thick Ears!

"Sportsman."—The winner of the London to Brighton walk was a gentleman called Payne. Your inquiry should therefore have been inserted in the Agony Column.

G. A. G. writes: "Instedd of wasting yore time writing piffel in 'The Greyfriars Herald,' why don't you do sumthing that will be of bennyfit to the kcommunity?"—Right you are! I'll arrange to put George Alfred Grundy in a strait-jacket!

"Football Enthusiast": "Will you please explain the off-side rule in two words?"—Tommy rot!

Flip Derwent (Highcliffe) writes: "We have a master here named Mobbs, He's always causing rows, and He gives us most unpleasant jobs

And impots. by the thousand!"—In that case, there are three things needful: (a) A dark night; (b) A sandbag; and (c) Mobby!

Aubrey R.: Glad to hear you intend turning over a new leaf. But are you sure you don't mean a tobacco-leaf?

George F. (New House): "My face is covered with a beastly rash. Can you advise me what to do?"—Let your face remain in its present condition. It can't be worse than the original!

Harold S. (Greyfriars) sends me a tale of woe: "I have been licked sixteen times during the last week—eight times by the Head, six times by Quelch, and twice by the fellows. Isn't it awful?"—You ought to come to St. Jim's, old chap, where the fellows can't be beaten!

# CALLED TO ACCOUNT!

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.  
Facing the Music!

**D**AUBENY!"  
"Come out!"  
Bang!

Vernon Daubeny of the Shell listened to the uproar outside his study, with a troubled brow.

Outside No. 3 in the Shell there was almost a riot.

The door was locked, and the study table was jammed against it for additional security. Within the study, Daubeny and Co. listened, and looked at one another.

There were five fellows in the room—Daubeny, Egan, Torrence, Chilcot, and Chetwynd. They were all members of the junior eleven—the inglorious eleven that had been beaten that afternoon by six goals to nil. The other six members were scattered somewhere in the recesses of the old Benbow—keeping out of sight. Daubeny and Co. had fled from the wrath to come to No. 3 in the Shell, and locked themselves in. It was a terrible humiliation for the great Daub; but it was better than the ragging that was waiting for him outside.

"Come out!"  
"Let us in, Daub!" squeaked the voice of Tuckey Toodles through the keyhole. "Let us in, you worm! I'm going to scalp you, Daub!"

Daubeny gritted his teeth.  
So low was he fallen, that even the fat and grubby Toodles ventured to lift the heel against him. That was the unkindest cut of all. Tuckey Toodles, who had trembled at his frown, who had lurked round his doorway, many a time and oft, in the hope of being asked in to a feed—even Toodles dared to be down on him.

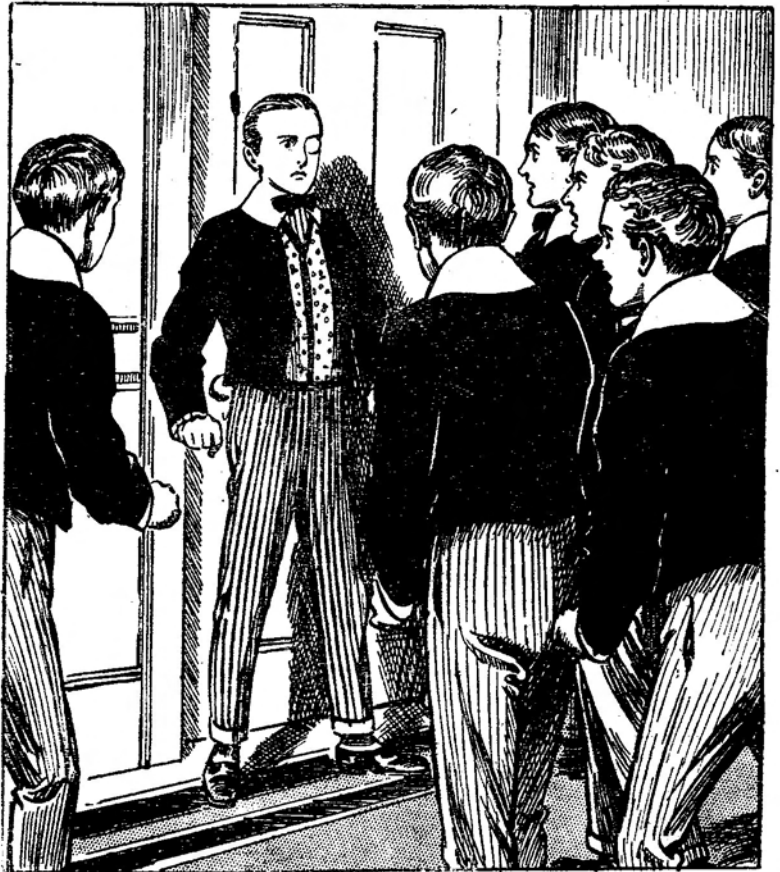
"Oh, gad!" muttered Daubeny.  
"Precious state of affairs!" growled Egan. "Look here, Daub, what's goin' to be done?"  
"Yell for the prefects!" suggested Torrence.

"That'll only put it off, even if they come!" said Chetwynd of the Fourth. "Look here, the fellows are right, in a way. Daub oughtn't to have got St. Winny's licked as he did. He chucked the match away. All the chaps know it—we know it—Daub knows it! Let them rag you, Daub! You've asked for it!"

"Why, you—you—" stuttered Daubeny.  
"Chet's right," said Chilcot. "They'll be bustin' in the door soon. Let them in, Daub."

Daubeny stared speechlessly at his comrades.

It was true that he had thrown away the Highcliffe match through his obstinate determination to play his nutty pals instead of fellows who could play football. But it was rather hard for his nutty pals to "round" on him like this, now that it was time to pay the piper.



Daubeny stood with his back to the locked door, facing the excited mob of juniors in the passage. "Here I am!" he said, contemptuously.

"Oh, draw it mild!" murmured Torrence. "We're bound to stand by old Daub. He stood by us."

"Oh, quite!" said Egan.  
Bang! Thump!

Jack Drake's voice came through the door.

"Are you going to let us in, Daub?"

"No, hang you!" said the junior captain of St. Winifred's between his teeth.

"We'll bust the door!"  
"Go and eat coke!"

Bang!  
Thump!

"They mean business," said Egan, who was rather pale. "Why, it's a regular riot! The fellows have never cut up rusty like this before!"

"It's all Drake's doing—and Rodney's!" muttered Daubeny. "Look here, this is a bit too rotten—hidin' in a study. After all, I'm junior skipper. You fellows back me up, and we'll rush them."

"Catch us!" said Chilcot.  
"No jolly fear!"

"Come out!" roared Tuckey Toodles.

"Come out and be scalped!" shouted Sawyer major. "You can't get out of it, Daub."

Bang!  
Vernon Daubeny drew a deep breath.

He could hear the sound of some in-

strument at work on the lock outside; the study door would not protect him long.

He looked round scornfully at his nutty company.

"Are you goin' to back me up?" he exclaimed. "We've got more of the fellows on our side than Drake's crowd; we've only got to call them together—"

"Rats!"

"It's you they want!" said Chetwynd sulkily. "You've called the tune, and now you've got to pay the piper. You've no right to drag us into it."

"I—I—"

"Look at the way you pitched away the game," said Chetwynd. "You dropped Drake from the team—the only good man we had, excepting myself, perhaps."

"You!" shouted Daub. "You played like a goat!"

"Well, who put me in the team, then?" said Chetwynd sulkily.

"I was a fool to play you, I know that."

"You always were a fool, Daub!" retorted Chetwynd.

"There's somethin' in what Chet says," remarked Egan. "Here's a chance for you to do the heroic, Daub—give yourself up as a giddy scapegoat, you know."

"It's up to you, in a way," remarked Chilcot.

Daubeny looked at his comrades, in silence, for a moment or two. The Bucks of St. Winifred's were badly scared; there was no mistake about that. They were quite prepared to sacrifice their leader.

"Besides, it's all Daub's fault!" said Chetwynd argumentatively. "This is all Drake's doing—and who made an enemy of Drake? He was one of us, and Daub turned his back on him because he lost his money. Naturally that makes him wild. We all did the same as Daub, though I was really against it. It was a bit too mean."

Daubeny did not answer.

Not only was his captaincy trembling in the balance; but he was in danger of losing his position as chief of his own select followers.

He turned to the door and began to drag away the table. His comrades watched him rather uneasily.

"What are you goin' to do?" muttered Torrence.

Without a word, Daubeny hurled the table aside, and turned the key in the lock.

He threw the study door wide open. "Come out!" the juniors in the passage were yelling. "Daubeny! Come out, you rotter!"

The sudden opening of the door took the besiegers by surprise. The yell died away suddenly.

Vernon Daubeny stepped out into the passage.

"Here I am!" he said.

The next moment the door slammed behind Daubeny, and Chetwynd turned the key in the lock again. Evidently the Bucks of St. Winifred's were not disposed to follow their leader. Daubeny stood with his back to the locked door, facing the excited mob of juniors in the passage.

#### Very Deep of Daub!

**JACK DRAKE** of the Fourth stepped forward. Daubeny met him with a steely look.

"So you've come out!" said Drake.

"Did you think I was afraid to?" said Daubeny contemptuously.

"Well, rather."

"It looked a bit like it, locking yourself up in the study," chuckled Tuckey Toodles. "Yah!"

Smack!

Daubeny smote suddenly, and Tuckey Toodles went spinning. He landed on his back with a bump and a roar.

"Yaroooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tuckey Toodles sat up quite dazedly. His companions roared with laughter. The sudden downfall of the warlike Tuckey struck them as funny.

"Yow-ow-ow!" howled Toodles. "Wow!—wow! Collar him! Rag him! Wow!"

"You collar him, Tuckey!" grinned Estcourt.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yow-ow-ow!" was Tuckey's reply.

"Now I want to know what this thumpin' row means!" said Daubeny, speaking quite coolly.

The chief of the Bucks had already recovered some of his old ascendancy. The St. Winifred's juniors admired pluck; and there was no doubt that Daubeny had shown plenty of pluck in

stepping alone from the shelter of the study to face the excited mob—while his worthy followers locked him out and left him to his fate.

The juniors held back.

"You know what it means," said Jack Drake quietly. "You were warned that if your dad team throw away the Highcliff match, you'd be put through it. Now the time's come!"

"And what are you goin' to do?"

"Rag you bald-headed," answered Drake at once. "You're going to have the frog's march, and run the gauntlet; and we're going to parade you on deck with a fool's cap on your head!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Collar him!" yelled Toodles.

There was a move forward.

Daubeny's heart beat hard.

He deserved the ragging—he was well aware of that. Jack Drake's followers had swelled in number since the woeful exhibition on Little Side that afternoon. Even without Drake and Rodney to take the lead, there would probably have been trouble for the Bucks. Now more than two-thirds of the Lower School had risen against Daubeny—his star was on the wane.

But he did not give up hope, by any means.

"Anythin' else?" he asked, with a coolness that made an impression on the juniors, in spite of their wrath.

"Yes, something more," said Drake. "After you've been through it, there's going to be a meeting and an election to settle whether you keep the captaincy. I don't think you'll keep it."

"Not likely—after this!" said Dick Rodney.

"And that's all?" asked Daubeny.

"That's all."

"Collar the cad!" howled Toodles, keeping behind Drake, however.

"Why don't you collar him?"

"Hold on a minute!" said Daubeny, with the same coolness. "Let a chap speak a word for himself."

"What have you got to say?" demanded Rodney.

"Nothin' to you," answered Daubeny, with a curl of the lip. "This is between Drake and I. Drake's got up this riot because I dropped him from the team."

"That's not true!" said Drake, at once.

"And because I've dropped his acquaintance," said Daubeny, with a sneer. "Because I don't choose to consort with shabby bounders."

Drake flushed.

"If that's all you've got to say—" he began.

"There's a little more. If there's an election for captain, I'm quite aware who's goin' to put up against me," sneered Daubeny. "You've got it all cut and dried, of course. And you want it at once, before the fellows have had time to think. You want the whole Lower School to take part in a personal quarrel between us two—because you're afraid to stand up for yourself!"

"What?"

Daubeny made a sudden stride forward and struck full at Drake's face.

"Now put up your hands!" he said,

between his teeth. "The other fellows can see fair play."

Drake staggered from the sudden drive. The next moment he was springing forward.

Rodney caught him by the arm.

"Hold on!"

"Let me go!" shouted Drake.

"Hold on, I tell you! Can't you see that the cad wants to turn this into a fight with you, instead of a school ragging!"

"I don't care! Let him have his way, then!" exclaimed Drake. "How long do you think that smoky cad will stand up to me, anyhow?"

"But—"

"I'm ready!" said Daubeny, with an evil smile. "How long are you going to hide behind Rodney, Drake?"

Drake shook off his chum's detaining hand.

"Come on!" he said, between his teeth.

"What about the ragging?" demanded Tuckey Toodles.

"Shut up, Toodles!"

"A ring!" exclaimed Sawyer major. "Stand back, you fellows! Give them room!"

"Go it, ye cripples!"

"A fight! A fight!"

Daubeny stepped from the study door, and threw off his jacket. His face was a trifle pale, but quite cool. He had gained his point—the ragging was off. He was booked for a fight with one of the best fighting-men in the Lower School of St. Winifred's, and the prospect was not agreeable, but it was a choice of two evils.

Daubeny was not a fighting-man, if he could help it; but there was too much at stake for him to "funk" a contest now. And he was bitterly determined to do his best.

A victory over his rival would do much to reinstate him in his old position; and Daubeny, dandy and slacker as he was, was not a coward.

A ring was formed, and Rawlings ran for a set of gloves. Outside the windows in the passage the winter night was setting over the river; but there was a blaze of electric light within. The rivals of St. Winifred's faced each other, in the space left for them by the throng. From far and near, fellows were arriving as the news of the fight spread. Friends of Daubeny—who had been keeping off the scene—turned up now. Even some of the "dud" eleven showed themselves in the crowd. The door of No. 3 was opened, and Egan and the rest crowded the doorway—not yet venturing out. They were not even looked at. All interest centred in the two combatants.

"Old Daub's jolly clever," Chilcot murmured to Egan. "The chaps seem to have forgotten the raggin' already."

Egan nodded.

"But I wouldn't care to be in Daub's shoes, all the same," he said. "Drake's a hard hitter, and he's wild now."

Sawyer major took out a big silver watch.

"Ready?" he asked. "Time!"

The rivals of St. Winifred's closed in combat; and there was a hush of breathless interest.

**Man to Man!**

**G**OOD old Daub!"  
 "Go it, Drake!"  
 Vernon Daubeny was putting up an unexpectedly good show.

His courage was screwed to the sticking-point; and it was evident that he knew a good deal about boxing; as much as his opponent, probably. He was a dangerous antagonist; which was rather a surprise to the onlookers. It was rather a surprise to Jack Drake, too. But Daubeny was in a savage mood, and there was much at stake.

The first round was hard and fast, and there was a good deal of punishment given and taken. In the second, Daubeny was severely punished, but in the third fortune smiled upon him, and a lucky upper-cut laid the Fourth-former on the planks.

"Bravo!" yelled No. 3 Study, in great delight.

"Well hit!"

"Good old Daub!"

"Not so much thumpin' row!" exclaimed Sawyer. "Time! Keep your silly heads shut! Do you want old Packe or a dashed prefect to come down?"

Rodney helped Drake up.

Drake was looking rather dazed, but he smiled faintly at his chum, as the latter made a knee for him.

"Hard luck," said Rodney. "It was only a fluke, though. You won't let him do that again."

"Not if I can help it."

"Time!"

Jack Drake put his "beef" into the fourth round. Daubeny had little chance this time, and he was driven round the ring under a shower of blows. He fought on, however, till the call of time came to give him relief.

Then he almost sank on Seeley's shoulder, and his second sat him down.

"There's one more round in Daub!" remarked Raik of the Fourth, with the air of a connoisseur of the ring.

But Raik was mistaken.

Daubeny held his own in the fifth round, and came up steadily for the sixth.

He was getting the worst of it, plainly; and the punishment he had received would have justified him in throwing up the combat. But he was evidently determined to keep on till his powers failed him.

"Seventh round!" said Tuckey Toodles, in wonder. "Who'd have thought that ass Daub had so much beef in him!"

"Sticking it out, and no mistake!" said Raik. "Daub's got plenty of pluck, anyhow!"

Crash!

Daubeny was down, gasping for breath.

Sawyer major began to count.

But before the tenth second was reached, Daubeny was on his feet again. He tottered as he stood, but he faced his adversary. It needed only a drive to knock him spinning; but Jack Drake did not deliver that drive. He stepped back to give his enemy a chance.

"Come on, hang you!" muttered Daubeny thickly.

"Good old Daub!" murmured Egan. "I'd never have thought it of

him! This will make a difference at the election, if it comes off."

"That's why Daub's sticking it out," said Chilcot.

"Time!"

Daubeny sank on his second's knee, panting.

"Keeping on?" muttered Seeley.

Daubeny gave him a savage look.

"Yes, confound you!"

"Oh, all right!"

Seeley sponged his principal's blazing face. At the call of time, the chief of the Bucks stepped up for the eighth round. Jack Drake came on more slowly.

"Dash it all, you've had enough, Daub," he said. "Let it go at that. You know you're done for—chuck it!"

Daubeny's reply was a savage blow at his face.

"I'll fight you while I can stand!" gasped Daubeny.

"Well, you can't stand, you ass!"

"Chuck it, Daub!" called several voices.

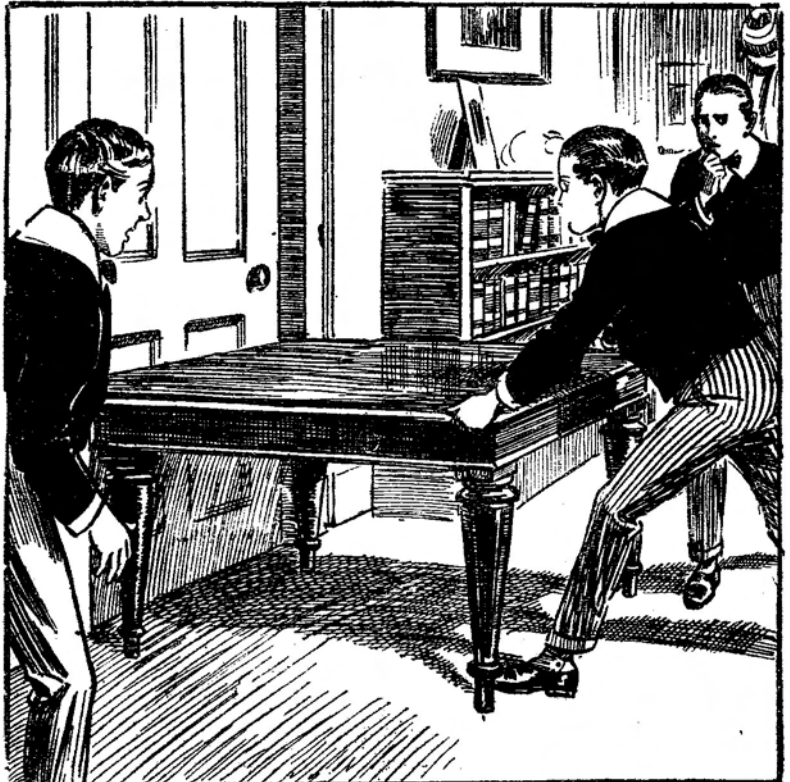
Daubeny made a last effort, and lurched towards his adversary. Drake stalled him off without hitting out. Somehow, Daubeny kept his feet till time was called.

Then he collapsed on Seeley's knee.

Sawyer major, with almost an awed look, called time. But Vernon Daubeny could not get on his feet again.

Seeley tossed the sponge into the air.

Daubeny blinked at Drake through his half-closed eyes. He had put up a fight that astonished the St. Winny's juniors, and rather astonished himself. And the looks of the juniors showed



Daubeny turned to the door, and began to drag away the table. His comrades watched him rather uneasily. "What are you going to do?" muttered Torrence.

"Well, if you will have it!" said Drake.

And he attacked hotly.

Again Daubeny was driven round the ring, his exhausted defence availing him little.

That Daubeny was "done" was apparent to all; but there were murmurs of encouragement for him; he was showing plenty of pluck, and pluck is always popular.

He finished the round on his back, gasping.

Sawyer major called time for the ninth round, and Daubeny made an effort to stagger into the ring.

He lurched helplessly, and Seeley caught him in time to save him from falling.

Drake dropped his hands.

"Chuck it!" he said. "What's the good of goin' on, Daub! Look here, the ragging's off—now chuck it!"

that Daub had recovered much of the ground he had lost with them.

Drake put on his jacket slowly. He was feeling the effects of the hard tussle, though not to the same extent as Daubeny.

After a moment or two of hesitation, he stepped towards Daub.

The Shell fellow's eyes glittered at him.

"You've put up a jolly good fight, Daub," said Drake. "If you'd been in better condition, it would have been even chances. Look here! I'm sorry we've come to this; we used to be pals, old chap. There's my fist, if you like to take it."

Daubeny's hand clenched hard.

For a second it looked as if he would have struck the proffered hand savagely aside.

But second thoughts were wiser.

He took Drake's hand.

"All serene!" he muttered thickly. "I—I don't mind! There you are!"  
 "Good man!" said Sawyer major, putting away his watch. "Blessed if I thought you had it in you, Daub! You ain't such a fluffy ass as you've always made out, old top!"

Jack Drake walked away with his chum; he had damages that needed seeing to, and for some time afterwards he was seeing to them, with Rodney's assistance. And when he went to his study, he sank down in the armchair in fatigue—the tough "scrap" had told upon him.

"You'll feel all right to-morrow," said Rodney.

"Oh, yes! I don't feel so bad as I did after my scrap with you," said Drake, with a smile. "That was rather a twister. Who would ever have thought of Daubeny standing up like that to slogging!"

"The ragging's off," said Rodney.

"Yes, rather! Couldn't very well rag a fellow in Daub's state. Besides, after he's showed so much pluck—and he shook hands with me at the finish, too!" said Drake. "Daub isn't such a rotter, after all. I suppose he can't help being rather a snob; but he's got his good points. Anyhow, he took my fist."

Rodney looked rather curiously at his chum.

"The fellows would have been down on him if he'd shown malice," he remarked. "Daub's rather too deep to do anything unpopular—especially just now, Drake."

"Oh!"

He's stalled off the ragging, and given the fellows something else to think about instead of the football match," said Rodney. "He's practically been pulling our leg in all this."

"I—I hardly think so—" Drake hesitated. "Dash it all, Rodney, I can't quite agree with you! Fellows ain't so deep as all that!"

"Daub is. What about an election for a new skipper?"

Drake shook his head.

"Well, we were thinking of that; but I've shaken hands with him. Of course, we shall never be friends again—but— Look here, after the lesson he's had to-day, Daub won't play the goat with the footer any more, I should think. If he bucks up and puts a good eleven into the field, that's all we want. Give him a rest."

"And if he doesn't?"

"Then we'll down him, if we can. Don't you agree?"

Rodney smiled.

"Oh, I agree," he said. "I don't think Daub is feeling quite so jolly forgiving at the present moment—but never mind. Let's have tea. Toodles, you bounder, come and cook the sosses."

And the subject of Daubeny of the Shell was dropped in No. 8 Study.

#### Declined with Thanks!

**T**UCKEY TOODLES were a thoughtful expression during tea in No. 8.

The grubby junior was deep in the throes of reflection.

His thoughtfulness did not prevent him from annexing the lion's share of the meal, as usual. But while his jaws were busy, his brain was also working.

After tea, which was rather late, the table was cleared for prep. But Rupert de Vere Toodles had not been thinking about prep.

He coughed.

"You fellows—" he began.

"Anything wrong?" asked Rodney.

"Eh? No—why?"

"You haven't been talking for ten minutes or more."

"Rats! You fellows, we'd better have this out plain," said Toodles.

"We were talking about a new election for junior captain, with a candidate from this study."

"Oh, that's off!" said Drake.

"That's where you make a mistake," said Toodles firmly. "It's not off."

"Eh?"

"Rodney suggested your putting up as captain. Now, I didn't like to say so, Drake, but I thought that was rather rot."

"Thanks."

"You're all right in your way, of course," said Toodles magnanimously. "But hardly up to the mark as junior captain—hardly, you know."

"Fathead!"

"Still, there's a fellow in this study who would fill the bill to a T!" announced Toodles.

"You flatter me, Tuckey!" said Dick Rodney gravely.

Toodles stared at him.

"I wasn't mentioning you, Rodney. You wouldn't be any good. Besides, you're only a half-pay chap—not much account, you know. You don't mind my mentioning it, I'm sure."

"Not at all," said Rodney placidly.

"Of course, I don't mind being chummy with you," explained Toodles. "I rather like you—in a way. But facts are facts, ain't they?"

"I believe so."

"And the fact is, that you're a bit of an outsider—compared with a fellow like me, for instance. You see that?"

Rodney glanced at the fat, grubby junior, and laughed.

"Quite so," he said. "It's really kind of you, Toodles, to take any notice of my existence at all."

"Well, really, you know, I'm a kind-hearted chap," said Toodles fatuously. "I'm always kind to my inferiors—always."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't see anything to cackle at, Rodney. But to come back to the subject of the election—"

"Would you mind ringing off?" asked Rodney politely. "Prep now—and it's difficult to work with a goose cackling all the time."

"Look here—" roared Tuckey.

"Cheese it!"

"To come back to the election!" howled Tuckey Toodles. "I think it ought to come off, with a candidate from this study. Drake isn't really suitable, and you're an outsider, Rodney—but there's me."

"Oh, my hat!"

"I've often thought I should make a jolly good junior skipper," said Toodles modestly. "Often and often, I don't see anything to grin at, Drake—nothing at all. Think of the footer record, and what it would be like if I were skipper."

"Only think!" chuckled Rodney. "Daub would have to hide his diminished head. He only gathers up

six goals to nil—nothing to what you could do."

"I should give you a place in the team, Drake—"

"Go hon!"

"And you perhaps, Rodney—"

"Only perhaps?"

"Well, I'd do the best I could for you as you're in my study," said Toodles generously. "In fact, I think I could promise you a place on condition that you vote for me in the election. I ought to get eleven votes, sure; the chaps I should put into the team, you know—and myself. I can vote for myself if I like. Then I'd put down about twenty as reserves, and get their votes. That seems rather a good idea. What do you fellows think?"

"I think it's time we did prep," said Rodney, laughing.

"Look here! Are you going to back me up?" demanded Toodles warmly. "I suppose you're going to support a fellow in your own study? And I suppose you can see that I'm just the skipper St. Winny's wants. The right man in the right place, you know—that's me."

Toodles's study-mates chuckled.

Vaulting ambition had seized upon Rupert de Vere Toodles. Daubeny's position had evidently been shaken; and Toodles did not see why he should not rush into the breach, as it were, and dawn upon an astonished and delightful St. Winifred's as the man who was needed. Tuckey had no doubts whatever that he was that very man.

"You see, now's the chance," said Tuckey. "Daub's on the down grade—you can see that. Some cheeky cat may get setting up as a candidate—some silly ass who's no good!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And that would be rotten for the school. It's a case of the hour and the man," explained Toodles eagerly. "This is the hour, and I'm the man. See? If you fellows are only going to cackle—"

The chums of No. 8 yelled. The idea of Tuckey Toodles as junior captain of St. Winifred's was too much for them. Toodles rose from his chair, wrathfully.

"Are you going to vote for me?" he demanded.

"Ha, ha! Not quite."

"I shall leave you out of my football eleven, then, if I'm elected."

"If!" gasped Drake. "Oh, my hat! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I ever heard such a pair of cackling asses! I'm jolly well going to call a meeting—"

"Better do your prep."

"Blow prep."

"You can't blow Mr. Packe in the morning."

"Bother Packe!"

Tuckey Toodles strode loftily out of No. 8 Study, and slammed the door after him.

"Oh, dear!" murmured Drake. "Poor old Tuckey!"

The chums of the Fourth chuckled, and then, dismissing Tuckey Toodles from their minds, settled down to work. Jack Drake worked as steadily as his new chum. Rodney's example had its effect upon the wayward junior, and his work was no longer done in the desultory fashion of old.



The previous term, Drake had often done his prep. with Daub or Egan sitting on the corner of the table, smoking and talking, which was not conducive to good work. He was finding the difference now; and Mr. Packe, the master of the Fourth, found a great difference in the results. For some weeks now Jack had not found himself in his Form-master's black books—which was rather an agreeable change.

But the fatuous Tuckey was not quite to be dismissed from mind as it happened. Soon after his departure from the study there came a sound of loud laughter from the direction of the common-room.

Apparently Tuckey was propounding his new scheme to the juniors there; and to judge by the hilarity, he was not being received with the due respect as a candidate for the junior captaincy.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Tuckey's going it, I think," Drake remarked, looking up from his work.

Rodney grinned.

"Sounds like it," he said. "Poor old Tuckey!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a fresh roar.

There was a sound of trampling feet on the planks outside. Above the howls of laughter came the squeaky tones of Tuckey Toodles.

"Yaroooh! Lemme down!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yoop! You'll drop me! Ow! Help!"

The door flew open.

Outside there was a crowd of the Fourth, headed by Sawyer major, Conway, Furly and Raik.

They bore Tuckey Toodles shoulder high.

Drake and Rodney stared at the scene.

"What the thump—" began Rodney.

"Yaroooh! Rescue!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Here's your candidate!" howled Sawyer major. "We've brought him home. This is a triumphal march! Now land him!"

"Yoooooop!"

Apparently Tuckey Toodles's had not found favour with the juniors of St. Winny's as a candidate for Daub's position.

"There's your candidate!" gasped Sawyer. "Declined with thanks!"

"He's not our candidate, you silly ass!" roared Drake. "Why, you—you—"

"Yoop! Help!"

Tuckey Toodles sprawled wildly on the table. Papers and pens and ink-pot went flying. The Fourth-formers, yelling with merriment, crowded out of the study, leaving the unhappy candidate howling wildly.

"You—you—you silly ass!" gasped Drake. "Look what you've done—"

"I haven't—I didn't—I—I—Leg-go!" roared Toodles.

But his study-mates did not let go. They grasped him, and rolled him off the table and bumped him on the floor. Tuckey Toodles sat there and spluttered.

"Ow!—ow! Wow! Yah! Ow! Rotters! Wow! I—I jolly well won't be junior captain of St. Winny's now! Yow—ow! Not if you ask me on your—wow!—bended knees! Groogh! Never! Yoop!"

And he never was!

THE END.

Another rattling complete story of Jack Drake and the other boys of the Benbow next week. Look out for it!

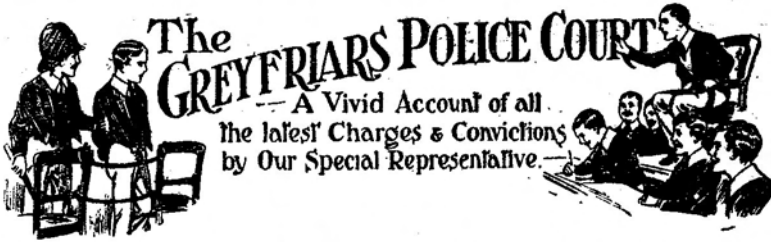
# MAGNIFICENT COLOURED PICTURE TO BE GIVEN FREE

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

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



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



## The GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

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

There was some delay in the opening of the police-court proceedings this week, owing to the collapse of the platform on which Mr. Justice Wharton and the Grand Jury were seated.

His worship, after sorting himself out, bellowed for the first prisoner to be dumped into the dock.

### Serious Charge Against Coker:

Horace James Coker, 17, late of Colney Hatch, was brought up on a charge of high treason.

Magistrate: At it again, are you? What's it all about this time?

Mr. R. Penfold, K.C., for the prosecution, described the prisoner as being "too cheeky for words."

Magistrate: 'This high treason is a very low thing. (Laughter.) What has prisoner been saying?

Mr. Penfold: On the thirty-second instant, your worship, I was playing hopscotch in the Fifth-form passage, when the prisoner's voice became audible. He said that the Remove were a set of cheeky fags, that your worship had a kink in your learned brain, and that "The Greyfriars Herald" was a trashy rag. I cautioned him, and told him he would be tried for high treason.

Magistrate: What did he say to that?

Mr. Penfold: He dotted me on the boko, your worship. (Laughter.)

Mr. Potty Potter, K.C., for the defence, said that his client was quite justified in using the expressions referred to. Everyone knew that the Remove were a set of cheeky fags, and that his worship had bats in his belfry. (Loud cries of "Shame!" and "Order!")

Mr. Potter: My client was also correct in describing "The Greyfriars Herald" as a trashy rag. Only a silly ass would read it. I've read it myself once or twice— (Loud laughter.)

Magistrate: Usher! Where are you, usher? Kindly remove that nuisance from the court!

At this juncture Mr. Potter was dragged from the room by his wig.

Prisoner was then remanded, in order that his mental condition might be inquired into.

### Bunter and the Bananas!

A whimpering youth named Samuel Tuckless Bunter was rolled into the dock, charged with stealing six unripe bananas, valued at tuppence-halfpenny, the property of an Indian gentleman named Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Mr. Singh personally conducted the prosecution.

"Last Friday weekfulness, your worship, I left a bag of rare and refreshing fruit on the table in the studyfulness. Whilst I was deparfully absent the fruit did the esteemed vanishing trick. I pursuefully fol-

lowed a trail of banana-skins, and ran the prisoner to the esteemed earth in the Close. I caught him in the act of eatfully devouring my bananas."

At this point prisoner collapsed in the dock, and P.-c. Johnny Bull's boot was applied as a restorative.

Mr. William Stott, K.C., for the defence, said that his client was guilty, but there were extenuating circumstances.

Magistrate: Name them.

Mr. Stott: My client was advised, through the medium of a popular song, to have a banana. Accordingly, he took one.

Mr. Singh: But he took six!

Magistrate: And he shall take six now—with a cricket-stump!

Mr. George Bulstrode performed the office of public executioner, and when his duty was done he helped himself liberally from the poor-box.

### An Amazing Outrage!

Percy Bolcover, a desperate-looking character, was ushered into the dock by fifteen policemen.

Magistrate: That's the way! Push his face in if he offers any resistance! (Laughter.)

Mr. R. Cherry, K.C., rising for the prosecution, described the case as a very serious one.

"Prisoner is charged," said Mr. Cherry, "with attempted robbery with violence. The facts are as follows. Mr. Frank Nugent, treasurer of the Remove Football, Marbles, and Kiss-in-the-Ring Club, was walking along the Remove passage, carrying the box containing the funds, when prisoner sprang out of a doorway, and, covering Mr. Nugent with a revolver, commanded him to hand over the loot. Fortunately, Mr. Nugent was not intimidated by this cowardly threat. He is a person who knows how to keep his head in an emergency—"

At this stage Mr. Nugent rose and bowed gracefully.

"Instead of yielding to the impudent demands of the ruffian in the dock," continued Mr. Cherry, "Mr. Nugent knocked him out with a neat upper-cut, and then delivered him into custody. I might mention that there is a further charge against prisoner of obstructing the police."

Magistrate: Seems a bit of a lad, doesn't he?

Mr. Cherry: I should prefer to call him a desperate hooligan and a dastardly assassin, your worship!

Magistrate: How much money was in the box which Mr. Nugent carried?

Mr. Cherry: Fourpence-halfpenny, your worship.

Magistrate: Bless my soul! Then the club would have gone bankrupt had the hold-up proved successful?

Mr. Cherry: Undoubtedly!

Mr. Harold Skinner, K.C., C.A.D., for the defence, said that the affair

was nothing more or less than a harmless practical joke on the part of the prisoner.

"In the first place," said Mr. Skinner, "prisoner had no intention of pinching the funds. He has sixpence of his own in the Post-office Savings Bank, so he would have no use for the mouldy fourpence-halfpenny in the box. In the second place, prisoner did not cover Mr. Nugent with a revolver, as stated. It was a pipe-case. (Laughter.)

"As there is no law that prohibits practical joking," continued Mr. Skinner, "I submit that prisoner be discharged forthwith." (Cries of "Rats!" "Hang him!" "Lynch him!" "Flay him alive!" etc.)

His worship, after hearing the evidence of certain eye-witnesses, turned to the jury.

"Gentlemen," he exclaimed, "I have no desire to influence you in the slightest way, but I might mention that if your verdict is one of not guilty you will be soundly, severely, and severally bumped!" (Groans from the jurymen.) "Now go ahead, gentlemen, and consider your verdict."

The jury retired, and after an absence of two minutes, the foreman said: "We find him guilty, old thing!"

Magistrate: You are to be commended for your tact and discretion! (Laughter.)

The prisoner, on being sentenced to a Form-licking, wept bitterly.

Magistrate: Bring hither the fire-buckets! (Loud laughter.)

### REPORTS IN BRIEF.

Claude Hoskins, a wandering musician, was charged with inflicting violent internal pains on his school-fellows by playing a violin in the Shell passage.

Mr. R. Cherry, K.C., for the prosecution, pointed out that this was not prisoner's first offence, and it probably wouldn't be his last.

Prisoner pleaded guilty, but he added that music had charms.

Magistrate: As you seem to be so fond of music, you can face it! Six strokes with the map-pole!

There was more music whilst the sentence was administered!

William George Bunter was charged with doing serious damage to the ceiling of the Remove dormitory by snoring.

Magistrate: More music! (Laughter.)

Several witnesses testified to the guilt of the prisoner. One said that the room fairly shook as the result of Bunter's vocal efforts, and another declared that he thought an earthquake was in progress.

Prisoner was discharged with a caution, the magistrate remarking that the next time he snored his sleeping-quarters would be transferred to the coal-cellar.

A hulking lout named Gerald Loder was charged with writing threatening letters to the editor of "The Greyfriars Herald." Prisoner was committed for trial at the Box-room Assizes.

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

**A Lam-entable Request!**

Brisk Waiter: What can I get you, sir?

Old Gent (from the country): Oh, a little lamb and some potatoes.

Brisk Waiter (shouting up the restaurant): One lamb and one potato!

Old Gent: Waiter! Waiter! A little less lamb, please, and—a little more potatoes!—Sent in by F. Riding, Prospect Villa, Ribbleton Avenue, Preston, Lancs.

**A Watery Jape!**

Dick Penfold: I say, Harry, do you want a good story for the "Herald"?

Wharton: Yes, trot it out!

Penfold: Ah, then have you heard of the Third-form fag who filled Mauly's topper with water?

Wharton: No.

Penfold (edging away): I thought not. It hasn't leaked out yet!—Sent in by S. Taylor, 78, Ripponden Avenue, Oldham.

**Fall-acious Reasoning!**

Ethel: Mammy, do let me give a ha'penny to that funny man!

Mother: Which funny man, dear?

Ethel: That funny man over there, sitting in a puddle talking to a banana skin!—Sent in by B. E. Cole. Boy, E. Cole, R. A. Band, Kneller Hall.

**EARL-Y ENGLISH!**



STAGE MANAGER: "Look 'ere, Miss Diall, try and imagine you're a lady, and, for 'Eavin's sake, speak proper English. When the Dook comes on, don't say, 'Dook, what are you a-doin'?' but, 'Dook, what are you a-doin' of?'"

**An Inking of Humour!**

Uncle Hayseed: This pig we call Inky.

Jackie (on a visit to the farm): Why? Because of the black blots on his back?

Uncle Hayseed: No; because he's always running from the pen!—Sent in by Rodney Griffith, Windsor Villas, Liverpool Road, Penwortham, near Preston.

**Then They Got "Wind Up!"**

The class had been studying the wind—its power, effect, and so forth. To stimulate interest the pretty teacher said, enthusiastically:

"Children, as I came to school this morning in the car, the door opened, and something came softly in and kissed me on the cheek. What do you think it was?"

Joyfully the children responded in unison:

"The conductor!"—Sent in by E. Simmonds, 318, City Road, London, E.C. 1.

**Too True!**

Mr. Lowther: Mr. Lathom gives a bad report of your work this term, Monty. Do you know, when George Washington was your age, he was head of his school.

Monty: And when he was your age, he was President of the United States!—Sent in by Miss Sadie McLeod, Bank House, Penryn, Cornwall.

**Then He Saw Stars!**

Pa (building a hen-house): Here, Tommy, take this new saw back to the shop and tell the man to return my money. The saw is absolutely blunt!

Tommy: You must be mistaken, surely, pa! Why, I sawed a big brick in halves this morning, and it cut fine!—Sent in by C. Shore, Bank View, Morton, near Alfreton, Derbyshire.

**Floored!**

Algy: Did your watch stop when you dropped it on the floor?

Percy: Of course! Did you think it would go through?—Sent in by J. L. Webb, 135, Marlborough Road, Cheet-ham, Manchester.

**A Near Shave!**

Passenger: I suppose you had some hairbreadth escapes during your sea-faring career?

Old Salt: Yes, indeed! I was within an ace of being drowned once!

Passenger: You don't say so! How did it occur?

Old Salt: I went to sleep in the bath and forgot to turn off the water!—Sent in by F. Berrington, 102, Olive Cottages, Hermitage Road, Coalville, Leicestershire.

**Never "Dry" Though!**

"For my part," said the temperance man, "I strongly object to the custom of christening ships with champagne."

"I don't," replied his friend. "I think there is a temperance lesson to be gained from it."

"Why, how d'you mean?"

"Well, immediately after the first bottle of wine, the ship takes to water and sticks to it afterwards!"—Sent in by G. E. Thurston, 255, Aston Church Road, Washwood Heath, Birmingham.

**A "Bit" On!**

Teacher (endeavouring to explain the word "harness"): Now, Freddie, what does your father put on the horse?

Freddie (brightening): Please, sir, all his wages if he thinks it's going to win!—Sent in by Tom Watson, 34, Penhill Road, Cardiff.

**Nearly Had "Time"!**

Manager: Well, my man, have you ever been on Government work before?

Applicant for job: Nearly, sir.

Manager: What the dickens do you mean by "nearly"?

Applicant: Well, sir, you see, the last time there wasn't enough evidence to convict me!—Sent in by J. R. Reekie, 549, Caledonian Road, Holloway, N.7.

**HE GOT IT!**



MANAGER: "So you've come for the job of office boy, have you? Well, do you know the motto of this firm?"

THE LAD: "Yes, sir!—'Push!'—I saw it on the door as I came in."

**A Biting Question!**

A Frenchman who was visiting England put up at a country inn. Going outside one day, he found his way barred by a dog, which started barking loudly, and the Frenchman retreated a pace or so.

"It's all right," said the landlord, who witnessed the incident. "Haven't you heard the proverb, 'Barking dogs don't bite'?"

"Ah, but yes," replied the visitor. "You know ze proverb; I know ze proverb; but do ze dog know ze proverb?"—T. H. Badnadge, 14, Johnson Street, Nechells, Birmingham.

**The Key to the Trouble!**

Old Salt (during the course of a fishy narrative): Then one day, as our ship was coming up the river, we could not get into the harbour, 'cause all the locks were closed.

Visitor: Well, why didn't you open the locks?

Old Salt: 'Cause there was a man standing on the quay! See?—Sent in by Eric Stuart, c.o. Galbraith, 13, Partickhill Road, Glasgow.

**A Warm Perch!**

Visitor: Hallo, Johnny, how are you getting on?

Johnny: Fine! I'm in the best position in my class now.

Visitor: Splendid! Top, I suppose?

Johnny: No, right at the foot, near the hot-water pipes!—Sent in by James Barbour, 108, Forth Street, Pollokshields, Glasgow, Scotland.



# The RED MAN'S TRAIL!

A stirring serial story dealing with adventures  
amongst Redskins

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

**T**HE Navajo nation was indeed punished.

The battle-ground which was afterwards to be known as the scene of the great Buffalo Valley fight was littered with the bodies of dead Redskins, whose riderless horses, bunching together in the fashion of Redskin steeds, were now being rounded up by troopers.

These little groups of half-wild horses went thundering over the battlefield, neighing loudly, as though they knew the extent of the disaster which had fallen on their masters.

And after these raced the troopers of the Dandy Fifth, expert horsemen for the most part, mounted on powerful Kentucky troop horses from the blue-grass country.

And these entered into the spirit of the chase, shepherding the frightened Indians nags into one great fold of the ground, where they were caught and picketed in long, regular lines. And soon they were quietly feeding on a few handfuls of parched corn.

There was only one prisoner out of the four hundred Redskins, and not one Red Man had been allowed to get away from the battle of Buffalo Valley to tell the tale of the disaster to that grim force which, thirty miles away, were beleaguering Silas Cobb and his waggons.

Kit looked on in wonderment at the swift, orderly fashion in which the troopers went to work, and he saw enough in the half-hour that followed the fight to tell him that the Red Man was doomed. These wild, go-as-you-please, savage fighters, desperate though they were, could never stand a chance against the disciplined, orderly methods of these trained soldiers, the vanguard of the mighty Paleface hosts which in a few years would come to break this virgin prairie with the plough, and sow and reap where now only the last of the great bison herds of North America ranged and grazed.

Buck Dixie seemed to read what was passing in the boy's mind, as he gazed over the battlefield with a sigh.

He clapped him on the shoulder.

"I won't give you a penny for your thoughts, Kit," said he, "for I know what they are. You are witnessing the passing of one nation and the

making of another. It can't be helped, my boy," added Buck. "The savage must go and the white man must come all over the world. Here are thousands and thousands of miles of rich country which must grow the corn for the Old World. It can't be left to a few wild savages as a hunting-preserve. It is the struggle of the fittest, my boy—the struggle of the worker against the wild man!"

Kit nodded rather sadly.

"Must they all be killed?" he asked.

"Well," replied Buck grimly, "if we don't kill them they will kill us. That gang who chased us up this valley an hour ago were not exactly wanting to shake hands with us. And they won't all be killed, my boy. In thirty or forty years' time the young braves will be having college educations, and will be doctors and lawyers and maybe law-givers to their nations. But they have got to learn to sit down with the Paleface and smoke the pipe of peace, and bury the hatchet. And they are going to take a lot of teaching before they learn their lesson."

There was only one prisoner in the terrible warfare they pursued. The

Redskins gave no quarter, nor asked for it.

And this solitary prisoner was the brave who had been knocked out by Fleetwing.

He was now sitting up on the ground, his hands tied behind him, gazing sulkily at Fleetwing, who was cropping the grass close by, daintily picking out the tender shoots that grew under the rough, sword-like blades of the buffalo-grass, a herbage which a buffalo could tackle, but which was rather too rough for a horse.

The troopers were rapidly collecting the scattered bodies of the Redskins, from which the feathered headdresses and leathern jumpers of deerskin were stripped before they were laid, reverently enough, in one long, narrow grave in the gully.

Then the troopers set to work filling in this gully with a great red scar of turned-up earth.

Had they killed a single Redskin they would have buried him Indian fashion, which was indeed no burial at all, for the body, wrapped in bandages, would have been placed on a sort of litter, raised on long poles, and there left to the sunshine and the rains and the birds.

But there were too many Redskins thus to be buried in Indian fashion. So one long grave held them, and on top of this was erected a single litter of poles, so that in later days the squaws might come and wail their dead who had gone to the Happy Hunting-Grounds beneath the deadly fire and steel of the Paleface troopers.

And somehow when the dead were put out of sight, and the stray Indian horses were rounded up, the spirits of the troopers rose.

They cut the resinous brush and started fires, and soon the camp-kettles were boiling in orderly rows for coffee, and long strips of charqui or dried buffalo meat were hanging from rods dangling over the fires.

Then each camp-cook started to make bread, mixing his dough in a billy-can, and placing it in a frying-pan, which was tipped up against the fire, where it soon rose into thick, round cakes of bread.

Kit stood and looked on, absorbed in these preparations. He had never

## 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 the braves. By a ruse Buck leads the Redskins into an ambush, and they are almost annihilated by the Dandy Fifth, the famous 5th United States Cavalry.*

seen soldiers at work before, and these rough frontier troops were a miracle of swiftness and precision in everything they did.

Each little squad had its camp-fire; each had their own stores and platters, and each had his duties.

The fires were an exact distance apart, and at each fire the cooking was going on at exactly the same stage, and when the bugle rang for tucker the whole meal was ready.

Buck Dixie had gone off to the officers, who were sitting apart, and Kit suddenly discovered that he was much alone, and exceedingly hungry and thirsty.

But the Dandy Fifth were not without their reputation as the most hospitable force in the United States Army.

"Come you hyar, boy!" called the trooper whom Buck had addressed as Mariposa Bill, making place for him in the little group about the camp-fire. "Come you hyar and sit with the Death's Head troop o' the Dandy Fifth. There's meat, an' there's bread, an' there's coffee."

He gave Kit a huge slab of bread and a tough-looking steak of dried meat, and he filled him, out of a horn-cup, a good measure of strong black coffee sweetened with molasses.

The buffalo meat, which looked as tough as a strip of sole leather, was delicious to the hungry boy, and the fresh-baked camp bread tasted to his healthy, boyish appetite more delightful than any bread he had ever eaten.

There was little talk about the camp-fire as the troopers sat in the sunshine and discussed their meal.

They were all too hungry for talking, for they had ridden fast to this rendezvous in the early dawn, and since then had been lying in this cover with their horses, unable to light a camp-fire for fear of giving their position away to the keen-eyed scouting parties of the Redskins.

And they gazed admiringly at Kit as he stowed away meat and bread.

"Sakes, young man!" said a large, raw-boned Kentuckian, who was as bony as his great, lanky horse.

"Sakes, but you've got a twist on ye! Thar's nothin' like fightin' to give a feller a good appetite. It's as good as a tonic to kill an Injun afore breakfast!"

Kit smiled as the cook handed him out a huge flap of bread, with another generous slice of meat.

"Faix!" exclaimed the cook, who was an Irishman. "It's the growin' boys that wants th' grub, and this young Redskin Paleface gentleman, he's had a iligant ride wid Buck Dixie to make him hungry!"

Kit started as he heard himself addressed as a Redskin. He had almost forgotten that he was attired as a young Navajo brave, war-paint and all!

The huge Missourian, over whom he and Fleetwing had nearly stumbled when they had come flying into the gully before the chasing Indians, chuckled grimly.

"Hully smoke!" said he. "I came near shootin' ye for a real Redskin when you came down atop o' me, you was so near real Redskin, kid! But when I seed you ride on your hoss's

neck I knowed you was no Redskin, but a Johnny Bull. But ye rode in great company, babe," he added.

"Buck Dixie is the greatest all-fired Redskin-killer in this section, an' he's put paid to many a long account this mornin'!"

The troopers looked curiously at the boy as they heard the Missourian refer to him as a "Johnny Bull," or English boy. It is always said in the United States that the Missourian folk are the most curious people in the Union. They always want to know, and they always want to be shown how. And this Missourian was no exception to the rule. He had managed to learn most of Kit's history since the ending of the battle.

He lit up his corncob pipe, and took a pull at his pannikin of sweetened coffee.

"'Tis a real Johnny Bull, boys,"

chuckle. "They allus start by sawin' air, and they end by sawin' wood!"

"Goot!" replied Hans, his eyes lighting with a friendly smile. "I shall have to take goot care dot boy don't start sawin' my head some days, ain't it?"

And he hit his square, rugged head, which was all corners, hard with the frying-pan he had just cleaned with a wisp of buffalo-grass.

"How many Redskins did ye kill this mornin', Hans?" asked Missouri.

Hans looked puzzled.

"I do not know," he answered.

"You did see me hit one of dey Red rats over mit my sabre. And you did see me knock der next a kick in der face mit der hilt. Den I went Berserk. I saw red! Und after dat I don't remember how many of der vermins dat I kill. I come over all hot inside, and I feel bad all over, and



Away they went racing round the prairie in a huge circle, whilst the major looked on in approval.

said he. "The kid what's lookin' for his father, that was handed over by the Navajoes to th' Apaches, six months ago, and carried away into the Never-Never Country."

"My goot word!" exclaimed a raw-boned Swedish trooper who sat next the Missourian. "I t'ink dat kid he cut himself out some job, don't it?"

"Don't you fuss, old Timberhead!" replied Missouri, a twinkle in his grey eyes. "English is slow, but English is sure. If the boy's set out to find his dad, he'll find him, if he has to pull the Rockies up by their roots from Mount Hooker to Laramie Peak!"

"How vhas der boy goin' to pull up de mountains?" demanded the Swede, Hans Jorgensen, who was not very bright, and who took everything that was spoken very literally.

"Why, my blue-eyed turnip-top," responded Missouri, "don't faith shift mountains? And if th' boy think's he's goin' to find his dad, he'll find his dad. That's the way o' the English," added Missouri, with a

I slash, slash, slash at all der feather-heads, ain't it?"

Missouri laughed.

"That's the way that old Hans fights, kid," said he to Kit, showing off Hans Jorgensen with evident pride. "He's one o' th' old-fashioned Timberheads, same as came and invaded your country in their long ships years an' years ago, before these hyar United States were discovered. When Hans warms up fightin' he jus' sees red. Then he turns inter a sort of Kansas zephyr—sort o' whirlwind—an' he don't come to himself till th' fight is over, and there's nothin' more to be done but the funerals. That's the way along o' all these Swedes an' Norwegians an' Danes. They are cold men, but they boil over like kettles when they're roused. They're different from Buck Dixie yonder, who gets cooler an' cooler when he's fightin', and kills his Redskin ice-cold! He's iceberg with a volcano inside!" added Missouri appreciatively.

"And who is that officer he is talking with?" asked Kit, looking across the camping-ground to where

Buck sat deep in conversation with a tall, square-shouldered man, whose face was burned almost black by the sun, and whose uniform only differed from that of his followers by a small cord of gold that was tied about his wide-brimmed Stetson hat.

"Why, boy," replied Missouri, with pride, "you is, next to Buck Dixie, the biggest man on the frontier. He is Major Lincoln, commanding this hyar detachment of the Fifth U.S. Cavalry, a cousin of the great Abraham Lincoln himself, an' the finest soldier that ever came out o' West Point."

Kit gazed with interest at this officer. He had not crossed the plains without hearing of the fame of Major Lincoln, a young officer who had risen to high distinction in the war between the North and the South.

And all America had rung with the story of the great ride of Lincoln's Tigers in that war, when, by a swift and tremendous forced march, Lincoln had surprised the Confederates, and had turned their flank in one of the decisive engagements of the war.

"That's the man that's going to give the Navajoes red-hot pepper before this night, kid!" said Missouri proudly. "And old Timberhead here will have a chance of going Berserk again when we come up against their main crowd to-night, to relieve them waggons. Your brother is thar with Silas Cobb, ain't he, boy?" added Missouri.

"Yes, sir," replied Kit rather sadly, as he thought of his brother in that closely beleaguered camp.

"Wal, don't ye git a-worryin' about him," responded Missouri promptly. "His case is in good hands, and to-night ye'll see the Navajoes running fill ye can't see them for dust! But thar goes the bugle."

The little bugler who was the only other boy beside Kit in the camp, and who was stationed close by the major, put his bugle to his lips and blew a subdued call for the "fall-in."

The troopers, who had packed up their kettles and camp-gear, and had packed them on their mounts, formed hollow square, and something like a cheer went up from them as Major Lincoln addressed them and explained his plan for surprising the main body of Redskins—the force encamped by the Deer Springs.

Kit was standing too far away to hear the major's plan. But when he had finished speaking the men broke ranks and ran like schoolboys towards the great heap of feathered head-dresses and deerskin garments which had been taken from the defeated Redskins.

Soon they were stripping off their clothes and trying on the feathers and bead work. Some of the troopers were mixing the red earth of the prairie with the grease that was left in their cooking-pots, and with this they made a sort of grease-paint.

It was a fine, dark red ochreous earth, which mixed well into a sort of grease-paint, and with this the troopers rubbed their faces and hands and arms, matching almost to a shade the dark, copper complexion of a true Navajo Indian.

And Kit was wonderstruck to see how swiftly and how completely these

two hundred men took on the guise of Redskins. Long residence in the climate of the prairies and the western sierras had already given them a sort of family resemblance to the Red Man, for the dry winds had wrinkled their faces and tightened the muscles, giving their eyes that peculiar long-distance alert expression which is the hallmark of the Redskin.

At another little subdued half-call of the bugle the saddles were removed from the horses, only the ordinary Redskin blanket being carried.

The captured Redskin brave looked on this sudden transformation of the cavalry into Redskins without the slightest change in the stolid expression of his face.

"Huh!" he grunted. "Heap too plenty big Injun!"

That was his only criticism as the laughing "braves" of the Dandy Fifth gathered round him, dancing a sort of war-dance.

"What do you think of this hyar gang of Navajoes, Red Bear?" asked Missouri, addressing the prisoner by name, which he had discovered in some mysterious fashion of his own.

But the captured Redskin would only grunt.

His criticism was correct. The only apparent difference between the disguised troopers and the real Navajoes, who were buried under that scar of red earth in the valley, was that they were all picked men, of a pretty level six feet in height, and far exceeding in stature the average Red Indian.

But when they swung themselves on to their horses and started riding round Major Lincoln in a wide circle, so that he could have a good opportunity of inspecting their disguise, and of correcting any faults in it, the difference in height was lost.

Their riding was a wonderful take-off of the seat of the true Redskin, and even Buck Dixie, at the distance of a few hundred yards, could not have distinguished these mock braves from real ones, so naturally did they bunch themselves in their saddles, with the huddled seat of the Red Man, and drop their toes, with the big toes slightly turned inwards, which is the Redskin fashion of riding.

Away they went, racing round the prairie in a huge circle, whilst the major looked on with approval, correcting them now and then for a fault, which was rather that of the horses than that of the men, for these trained troop-horses would insist on joining in orderly two-and-two ranks, instead of straggling out in the proper disorder of a Redskin mob.

Indeed, the horses were thoroughly puzzled by their riders. They had all been taught to hate a Redskin, and to scent a Redskin, and they could scent the clothing that their masters were wearing, though they knew that these self-same masters were bestriding them.

One horse resented this so much that, splaying out his forefeet, he suddenly stopped, and pitched his master over his head, close by Kit.

The Redskin who had thus been so unceremoniously thrown was attired as a splendid war chief.

He sat up and rubbed his head, and stared at the horse which had thrown him.

"I t'ink you vhas der vorst hoss in der whole United States!" remarked the "brave," after a long pause. "I t'ink you vhas best cut up into der slices und put on der liddle stick und sold for der cat's-meats, didn't it, you vicked, vicked hoss!"

Kit and Missouri roared with laughter. They could see now that this splendid "chief" was none other than Hans Jorgensen, whose horse Thor was the trickiest beast in the whole force.

"Cheer up, Hans!" cried Missouri. "Good for you you've got a good thick block head!" And he caught Thor and helped the grumbling Hans on to his back again.

The inspection was complete. Then the major spent a quarter of an hour drilling his mob of spurious Redskins, showing them how to change like magic from a straggling, trailing crush of Redskins into two squadrons of real cavalry, fit to ride through any troops in the world.

Kit watched their drill spellbound.

The huddled mob of "Redskins" would come trotting down the valley. Then at a sharp whistle their confused groups would form into two ranks of horses, their riders knee to knee. Then out would flash the sabres that were hidden in the rolls of Navajo blankets that were laid across their horses' necks, and on would come the whole squadron at breakneck speed, with the cold steel glittering in the sunshine over their heads, a little group of perfect cavalry that would punch through any force of Redskins like steel through tissue-paper.

A quarter of an hour of training was enough, and the kites that were wheeling in the air, watching the few dead horses that lay on the battlefield, and waiting till they could come down to feed on these in safety, could have told a pretty story to the Navajoes, thirty miles away.

Horses and men were given a breathing space and a smoking space, for this was the last pipe till the Navajo main body was attacked and defeated.

Then "boot and saddle" was sounded, and off the whole force rode, looking their part to the life—a party of returning Indians scouts who had joined together after a fruitless search.

The deadly sabres and the new-fangled repeating-pistols were hidden under the rolls of blankets that were piled on the horses.

Buck Dixie and Major Lincoln rode at the head of the column, in the dress and war markings of war chiefs.

Kit rode alongside Missouri, listening to that warrior's vivid tales of frontier fighting in the West, which lost nothing in the telling.

Missouri comforted Kit against his fears that the laager of waggons might have fallen to the Redskin host, and that his brother might even now be killed, or, worse still, prisoner of the Navajoes.

"Doan't you be gwine to meet trouble ha'af-way," said Missouri impressively. "There's quite 'nuff trouble always movin' on the frontier, without gwine trouble-huntin'. You'll larn that when you've been out on th' war-path a few years, kid. And you can take it from me," added Missouri, "them Injuns won't move till they've

got their horses back, an' Buck's took care of that when he stampeded 'em. An' they won't move till their scouting parties come in."

Then Missouri drew himself up, and waved his ochre-reddened hand magnificently.

"An' this is ther scoutin' party they are waitin' for, kid," said he. "Jerushy, and when we get amongst them thar Redskins you'll see dust an' th' fur an' th' feathers fly! When the Fifth meets th' Redskin it's the Redskin that's got to quit!"

#### The Eve of Action.

**M**ISSOURI was right. All through that long day there was not a sign of movement or fighting in the vast semi-circle of the Redskin camp that was gathered in a great half-moon on the ridge above the circle of waggons.

Not a rifle spoke, nor did any Redskin show in front of the tents.

The watchers in the camp could see a few squaws moving amongst the tents, and some of the convoy riders, almost deceived by the stillness, were for making a rush and attacking the camp.

They had heard the stampede of the horses in the night, and they knew that a large number of the braves must be chasing over the prairie in search of the runaways.

And they knew also that the horses had not stampeded for nothing.

In the night a black arrow had come whizzing over the waggon-tilts, burying itself, quivering, in the ground. And when it had been pulled up and examined the flight feathers of goose-quill were found to be marked with the famous circle dot of Buck Dixie.

And tied to the shaft of the arrow was a scrap of paper which bore two words which brought great comfort to Uncle Baldy and Joe.

"Kit safe."

That was all. But it was all that they wanted to know.

Uncle Baldy sighed when the news spread through the camp, and he wiped the perspiration from his forehead with his red handkerchief.

"If he's with Buck Dixie he's safer than he'd be in this hyar camp, even though he be in the enemy's country," said he. "What are you laughin' at, old Weary Eye?" he added, turning suddenly to the young Indian brave who was so utterly misnamed Teekoopi, or Laughing Shadow.

Sure enough the grave face of the young Soshone had lighted in an unaccustomed smile. He was distorting his face as though it hurt him.

"Here, don't you try and laugh if it gives you neuralgia, young Frozen Face!" said Uncle Baldy.

But Teekoopi insisted on doing his best to smile.

"Me glad!" said he. "Me heap glad!"

Silas Cobb would not listen to the plan of an attack. He was content to pin his faith on Buck Dixie, who would, he doubted not, arrive to his relief at sunset that night. And Kit's heroic action had provided enough

water to last them through the day. There had even been enough of the precious fluid gained from the spring to water the oxen and to save their lives.

And through the day he waited, knowing well that there were yet a host of braves lurking behind those lines of painted lodges. The Navajoes did not like fighting on foot.

Towards sunset mounted Indians came riding into camp, driving back those mounts which they had recovered.

Then Eagle of the Red Claw showed in front of the camp, surveying his certain prey, as he thought.

And as the sun dropped red over the prairie a cloud of dust away to the eastward raised the hopes of the watchers.

Uncle Baldy, reckless of a stray shot from the enemy, climbed to the tilt of a waggon and looked out over the prairie.

Presently he gave a groan.

"Not yet, boys!" he called to Teekoopi and Joe. "It's a matter o' two hundred Injuns—their big scoutin' party coming back to camp. But Buck—he'll come! The sun ain't set yet!"

And little did Uncle Baldy dream what manner of Redskins were those who, slovenly and slouching, came riding towards the Navajo camp.

On they came, slouching like a pack of gipsies, and the Navajo braves came out from their tents and watched them approach with unsuspecting eyes. Little did these dream that the two hundred braves they represented were now dead and buried in the red earth beneath the battlefield of Buffalo Valley, and that this slouching mob were none other than the dreaded Dandy Fifth!

#### RESULT OF TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION.—No. 8.

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

LESLIE J. FARLEY,

Andover House,  
The Broadway,  
Plaistow, E. 13.

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

Percy Woodford, 52, Married Quarters, Brookhill, Woolwich; Norman Baker, 2, Allington Cotts, Lilliput, Parkstone, Dorset; W. F. Miles, 2, Sydney Villas, Cross Lane, Gravesend, Kent; J. Miles, 2, Sydney Villas, Cross Lane, Gravesend, Kent; G. Grantham, 68, Kitchener St., Haxby Rd., York; C. J. Bishop, 125, Murdock Rd., Handsworth, Birmingham; O. J. Watt, c/o Ferguson, 2, Dean Bank Terr., Edinburgh; John Baron, 66, Vernon St., Darwen; F. Taylor, 3/1, Chapel St., Attercliffe, Sheffield; J. Bottomley, 120, London Rd., Manchester.

#### CORRECT SOLUTION:

Dear Chums,—Here is a profitable pastime for the holidays. If those of you who possess cameras will take some photographs and forward them to me, I will endeavour to publish them. For all those used you will receive silver payments. Get your chum to do the same, and make your prints as large as you can.

Yours always,  
H. WHARTON.

#### The Pursuit!

**J**OE and Teekoopi and Uncle Baldy, squatting under the shelter of their waggon, watched that long straggling line of Redskins as they rode along the ridge against the red sunset like a lot of silhouettes in a gallant show.

"Don't you get downhearted, boys!" said Uncle Baldy. "Buck Dixie said that he would be here to roust us out of this little corner by sunset to-night. An' though thar's not a hair o' Buck Dixie showin' in th' landscape, I'm not losin' faith in him. When Buck Dixie says he'll be thar, he's thar with the goods all the time, and the sun is yet above the prairie."

"That's two hundred more Redskins up against us!" said Joe, who had been counting the tiny figures of the Redskin braves, whose long trailing line rode forward under a cloud of dust that turned blood-red against the sky.

"Thar! Ain't that a pretty effect!" said Uncle Baldy, admiring the picturesque scene. "You might go to a lot o' theayters, Joe, and you wouldn't see anything finer than that!"

Joe laughed.

"I wish we hadn't got such a front seat at this show!" said he. "And I wish that Kit—"

He broke off short. The head of the Redskin column was now about three hundred yards from the camp.

Of a sudden there was a quick movement amongst the groups of Navajoes who had come out from the tents to greet the group they supposed to be returning warriors, and the cries of the squaws were taken up by these in a sort of whoop of welcome.

But this froze on their lips as, from the Redskin band, there sounded the clear call of a cavalry trumpet.

Uncle Baldy gave a leap from the ground as though he had been shot, and bumped his head violently against the floor of the waggon above him.

"'Tis the 'Rally!' 'Tis the 'Rally,' boys!" he cried. "Am I mad or—"

He stood on his knees, put his fingers to his mouth and gnawed his nails as he gazed on the wondrous sight that followed.

At the trumpet call the returning Redskin band suddenly drew together in such shape as never a Redskin war party had taken since the first brave had taken the warpath.

They shaped into the compact squadrons as they advanced. Then, with a sudden yell, they whipped out sabres which glittered black-red like flames in the sunset as they whirled above their heads.

A wild yell of warning and fear went up from the camp of the Navajoes as they saw two squadrons, close and compact, of men who rode like Redskins, but who flourished swords and were gathered together in fighting array as they charged—a terrible machine of horses and men.

It was white man's magic! It was more of the work of the dread Buk Diksee!

The braves rushed to their horse lines. But it was too late. The dread troopers were amongst them, cutting and slashing right and left, riding down the flying Redskins with rudi-

less swiftness like a flight of hawks amongst a covey of pigeons.

The surprise was complete. The dreaded steel, to which the Indians were strangers, played amongst them like lightning flashes, and at every slash a Redskin went down.

The besieged in the camp of the Palefaces were at first quite taken aback by this marvellous sight? They could only come to the conclusion that the Redskins had started fighting amongst themselves. But again and again the trumpet ringing out told them that the Redskins were their promised relief in disguise.

And this was confirmed when flying Redskins, running afoot from between the tents, were chased by "Redskins" who cheered in the Paleface tongue, and who wielded swords that glittered red in the last of the sunset.

The siege of the camp was raised.

Silas Cobb called his convoy riders hastily together. Half of these he left to guard the camp against any rush of the escaping Redskins.

With the other half, amongst whom were Joe and Uncle Baldy and Teekoopee, he ran to the horses. The waggon which formed the gate of the laager was wheeled round to let the horsemen pass, and with a rush and a cheer they dashed across the space intervening between their camp and the lodges of the enemy on the ridge.

And when they reached the crown of the ridge they saw such a sight as all the history of prairie fighting had never shown before. Panic, utter and entire, had seized the whole of the Navajo force, and the plain was dotted for miles with Redskins running and riding for their lives, the troopers of the Dandy Fifth chasing them into the sunset like so many sheep.

A horse Indian is no runner, and the sabres were rising and falling like flails amongst the running figures that dotted the prairie.

And where the Dandy Fifth had passed, many a Redskin body lay stark, a tribute to this red reckoning for many a ruthless murder and many a cowardly surprise.

Uncle Baldy called to his horse, setting it at its best speed, and the convoy riders drove their nags at their hardest to get up to the tail of the pursuit.

But their horses were stiff with their confinement in their hobbles, and weak from starvation of those few days in leaguer.

They could see the vanguard of the Redskin fugitives racing out over the prairie into the eye of the sunset to meet a few straggling parties who were coming back towards the camp with little droves of the stampeded horses which they had recovered during the day.

And to these the gasping fugitives conveyed their panic as they leaped upon these spare mounts, and, turning them, fled towards the sunset.

There was no thought of making a stand. Sometimes two fugitives would mount one horse, and away they went, travelling as though those two hundred troopers on their trail were two hundred destroying angels!

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

# Not Nice For Loder!

By Johnny Bull



"HERE they come!" Bob Cherry was standing at the window as he spoke. We promptly joined him there, and saw three girlish forms crossing the Close.

Marjorie Hazeldene, Clara Trevlyn, and Phyllis Howell were on their way to No. 1 Study, where we—the Famous Five—had been working like niggers.

Being in funds, and feeling rather bored with our own society, we had invited the Cliff House girls to tea. And a jolly fine spread it was!

A cheerful fire cracked and spurted in the grate, in which stood a couple of plates piled up with toast and muffins. And on the table there were all sorts of appetising delicacies, too numerous to mention.

"Everything ought to go with a swing," said Wharton.

"Yes, rather!"

Foot-steps sounded in the passage. Frank Nugent darted to the door and opened it wide, and the three guests entered, wreathed in smiles.

After exchanging greetings, we placed chairs for the girls, and hustled about to make them comfortable.

"It's awfully cosy in here!" observed Phyllis Howell.

"Quite a change from the beastly snow," said Marjorie Hazeldene.

"What an awfully ripping spread!" exclaimed Clara Trevlyn, her eyes sparkling as she surveyed the good things.

"We did our best," said Wharton modestly. "By the way, does the company prefer tea or coffee?"

This was an unusual question for Wharton to ask. At study feeds the usual beverage was tea. In the summer there was ginger-pop for those who preferred it. But coffee had seldom been mentioned before. Perhaps Wharton was trying to make an impression.

The three girls exchanged glances. "I suggest coffee," said Phyllis Howell.

Marjorie and Clara nodded.

"Coffee will certainly make a change," said the latter.

Wharton flushed.

"Now you've done it, you chump!" muttered Bob Cherry. "You know jolly well we haven't a scrap of coffee in the place!"

Wharton went to the cupboard, and made a pretence of ransacking the various shelves.

"My hat!" he exclaimed, in tones of well-feigned surprise. "We haven't any coffee left!"

"It doesn't matter," said Marjorie Hazeldene.

"Not a jot!" said Phyllis Howell.

"We'll all have tea," added Clara.

But Wharton naturally didn't want to disappoint the girls. He came over and whispered in my ear:

"Johnny, old chap, would you mind cutting across to the tuck-shop and getting some coffee from Mrs. Mimble?"

"Delighted!" I said—though had the girls not been present I should have said something vastly different!

I quitted the study and went on my errand. The snowflakes were blown into my face by the gusty wind as I crossed the Close.

Mrs. Mimble was in the act of putting up the shutters.

"One moment, Mrs. Mimble!" I said, sprinting up. "Would you oblige us with some coffee?"

"Certainly, Master Bull!"

And the good dame went into the shop.

The light had been extinguished, as it was closing-time, but Mrs. Mimble had often boasted that she knew where every single item was kept, and could find it without difficulty in the darkness.

After a brief interval she emerged with a tin, which she handed over.

"Good!" I said. "Shall I settle now?"

"To-morrow will do, Master Bull."

I hurried away to No. 1 Study with the coffee. It was in a plain tin, but it looked jolly good stuff!

"Well played, Johnny!" said Bob Cherry. "As you've been good enough to fetch the coffee, p'raps you'll go one better, and make it?"

"All serene," I said.



And I bustled about and made the coffee.

Eight cups stood in a row on the edge of the table, and I filled them from the coffee-pot.

"That stuff looks rather thick and dark," said Nugent.

"Well, you didn't expect it to look like lemonade, did you?" I asked sarcastically.

The cups were handed round, and most of us started on the coffee at once, for we were thirsty.

"Gerooooogh!"

Bob Cherry set down his cup with a clatter. He was spluttering wildly. "Yah—gug!" gasped Wharton. "I—I'm poisoned!"

"Why, you silly asses!" I exclaimed wrathfully. "This coffee is top-hole!"

But I didn't think so the next moment, when I took a sip of it. The stuff tasted like brine.

"Ooooooch!" I spluttered.

As for the Cliff House girls, they were looking at each other very queerly.

"Thank goodness I didn't taste any!" said Phyllis Howell. "The smell was quite enough for me!"

"I'm surprised at Bull!" said Miss Clara. "He's usually an expert in the art of making things. But the only thing he seems to have made this time is a mistake!"

By this time everybody in the study was affected.

Wharton was glaring at me as if he would eat me, and Bob Cherry was uttering sepulchral groans.

Frank Nugent was poisoning his cup of coffee in his hand, and imploring somebody to take it away. And Inky was muttering to himself in Hindu-stani.

It was only too obvious that there was something very much the matter with that coffee!

Wharton and the others bombarded me with a sort of chorus.

"Johnny, you ass—"

"Johnny, you prize duffer—"

"Have you been trying to poison us?"

I stirred uneasily in my chair.

"There—there must have been a blunder somewhere," I said. "But not on my part, I can assure you."

"Perhaps there's something wrong with the milk?" suggested Marjorie Hazeldene.

"Or the sugar?" said Miss Clara.

"Let's investigate," said Phyllis Howell.

And we did—or, rather, Wharton did. He tasted the milk and the sugar separately, and declared that there was nothing wrong with either.

"Then it must be the coffee!" said Bob Cherry. "Hand over the tin, Johnny."

I did so, and Bob gingerly sampled a little of the brown-coloured stuff that was inside.

"Ugh!" he exclaimed, in disgust. "If this is coffee I'll eat my hat!"

"Great pip!" I gasped. "You mean to say it isn't coffee?"

"Of course not! Tastes more like a giddy salt-mine to me."

"In that case," I said, rising from the table, "I'll go and ask Mrs. Mimble what she means by it. It's quite taken the edge off our feed."

I hurried out of the study with the tin of alleged coffee.

But my luck was out—and so was Mrs. Mimble. Gosling informed me that she had gone to the Courtfield cinema.

Nothing daunted, however, I went down to the domestic regions, and consulted Mrs. Kebble, the House dame.

"I know you're not a public analyst, Mrs. Kebble," I began, "but I should be awfully grateful if you'd tell me what this is."

And I handed over the tin.

Mrs. Kebble glanced inside, sniffed, and then smiled.

"It is gravy salt, Master Bull."

"What?"

"I frequently use it myself for making gravy."

"My hat! Then Mrs. Mimble must have made a mistake! It was dark when she served me, and I suppose she took hold of the wrong tin. I thought it was coffee!"

"Oh, lor!" gasped Mrs. Kebble.

And she nearly went into hysterics when I described what had happened in No. 1 Study.

Thanking the House dame for having given me the required information, I returned to the study.

"Well?" said everybody at once.

"Mrs. Mimble made a bloomer, and served me with gravy salt instead of coffee!" I explained.

"Great Scott!"

"No wonder the stuff tasted so queer!" said Phyllis Howell. "I've sampled a good many brands of coffee, but never such an overpowering one as that!"

"We'll chuck this stuff away, and make some tea," said Wharton. "1—"

At that moment the door of the study burst open, and Loder the prefect strode in.

We all knew why Loder had come. Earlier in the day Bob Cherry had peked the unpopular prefect with snowballs, and Loder had given him a hundred lines. Bob had been ordered

to deliver the lines to Loder by six o'clock, but he had not written them, and Loder had come along with an ashplant to collect them.

"You young rascal—" began the prefect.

Then he caught sight of the Cliff House girls, and stopped short.

"I—I—I'll come and see you another time, Cherry," he said, rather awkwardly.

Bob beamed happily at the tyrant of the Sixth.

"Don't go!" he said. "Surely you'll stay and have a cup of coffee!"

Loder hesitated. In the ordinary way he would have declined Bob Cherry's kind offer without thanks. It so happened, however, that he felt extremely thirsty. For the past hour or so he had been playing cards in a stuffy study. Perhaps he had been smoking as well, in which case his acute thirst was not surprising.

"No, don't go, Loder!" echoed Nugent. "Stay and drink a cup of coffee, just to show that there's no ill-feeling!"

Phyllis Howell picked up one of the brimming cups, and handed it to Loder.

"Drink it while it's hot!" she urged.

Loder laid down his ashplant, and accepted the cup.

"Thanks!" he said ungraciously.

It was Loder's custom when drinking coffee—or any other beverage, for that matter—to make short work of it. He didn't believe in taking graceful sips, like a member of the aristocracy. The coffee was not there to be trifled with, but to be disposed of forthwith. And Loder promptly disposed of it. He took two or three great gulps; then the cup and saucer went clattering to the floor, and the prefect backed away towards the door, choking and spluttering.

"Gerooooogh!"

"Really, Loder," protested Bob Cherry, "I must say your manners leave a good deal to be desired!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Wasn't the coffee to your liking?" inquired Phyllis Howell sympathetically. "Let me help you to a stronger dose!"

"Gug-gug-gug!"

I don't know whether Loder imagined we had been giving him poison. Anyway, his face was very white, and he was trembling from head to foot.

His initial spluttering changed into violent spasms, and finally, with a sickly glare at all of us, he turned and fled—either back to his study or in search of the doctor. We were unable to tell which.

When the prefect had gone, No. 1 Study rang with laughter.

The male section of the occupants kicked up its heels in a paroxysm of merriment, and the feminine element was no less amused.

"Exit Loder!" gurgled Bob Cherry. "Pity we couldn't press him to an extra cup!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

We felt very chirpy for the remainder of the evening.

Mrs. Mimble's little blunder had proved a blessing in disguise, after all!

**We gratefully acknowledge the kindness of the following firms for supplying extra dainties and novelties for inclusion in our Prize Tuck Hampers:—**

**Messrs.**

**BRYANT & MAY, Ltd.**

**CADBURY BROS., Ltd.**

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**BOVRIL, Ltd.**

**OXO, Ltd.**

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**A. and F. PEARS, Ltd.**

## EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY

\* This week:

By Mr. QUELCH

Monday.—Worked till midnight this evening on my History of Greyfriars. Resolved to get ten chapters written this week. Went to bed exhausted.

Tuesday.—Goaded to fury by the un-governable young rascals in my Form, I had occasion to administer punishments as follows:

Bolsover major.—For discharging pea-shooter in class, 6 cuts with cane.

Bunter, W. G.—For practising the pernicious habit of ventriloquism, and causing me to think there was a rabid dog in the Form-room, 6 cuts with cane.

Cherry, R.—For muttering in class, after being cautioned six times, 200 lines.

Nugent, F.—For drawing a caricature of his Form-master on a sheet of blotting-paper, Detention on next half-holiday.

Mauleverer, H.—For slumbering in class, 500 lines.

After a most trying day, I found it impossible to continue my History of Greyfriars, and went early to bed.

Wednesday.—Another exceptionally trying day. I was aroused shortly before midnight by Prout, who informed me that there were burglars in the building. I conducted Prout back to his own room, and told him he was suffering from hallucinations. Prout is really a most exasperating colleague!

Thursday.—On sitting down this evening to type a further instalment of my History of Greyfriars, I found that some interfering young rascal had tampered with my typewriter. In spite of the fact that I took the machine to pieces and put it together again, it refused to work.

Friday.—My machine still refused to work—and so did my class! I was compelled to award no less than 200 impositions to-day. I anticipate that my mind will become unhungry before the end of the term!

Saturday.—Conveyed my typewriter to Courtfield, and had it overhauled by a mechanic. On my asking him what was wrong with it, he said the only thing I required was a new machine. I curtly ordered him to patch up the old one. He has promised to do so, but cannot guarantee to complete the repairs inside a month. This means that the History of Greyfriars will be hung up for a considerable period.

I cannot write more. I am not merely on the verge of distraction, but fairly over the brink!

## OUR PERSONAL COLUMN

(With acknowledgments to the Daily Newspapers)

By BOB CHERRY

Mr. W. G. Bunter has received a tempting offer of employment for next cricket season. He will be used for rolling the pitch!

Thomas, the kitchen cat, sent an urgent S.O.S. call whilst he was having dinner yesterday. Doubtless he was eating Stale Old Sardines!

Mr. Peter Todd has opened a fund for the purchase of a megaphone, in order that conversation with Mr. Tom Dutton may be made possible. All contributions should be sent to Mr. Robert Cherry, the treasurer of the fund. No amount is too small; no sum is too large.

Mr. Horace Coker states his intention of playing for the Fifth in their next match with the Remove. The presence of Mr. Coker in the ranks of the opposition is a gift of six goals to the Remove!

Mr. Samuel Tuckless Bunter, who was recently poisoned by a fried bloater, is now sitting up and taking lots of nourishment.

Mr. George Wingate is fiercely inquiring to know the name of the youth who kicked a football through his study window. Don't all speak at once!

Mr. Richard Nugent recently received a prize for economy. He made one collar last a whole term!

Mr. Hurree Jamest Ram Singh has issued a bulletin about himself. He says: "A few weeks ago I crockfully sprained my esteemed ankle, but thanks to early treatment I am now soundfully fit again. A stitch in time breeds contempt, as your English proverb has it."

A bag of jam-puffs has disappeared from No. 1 Study. This is said to be the work of Mr. Oliver Kipps, the celebrated conjuror.

Mr. Robert Cherry is still bright and merry. Mr. Gerald Loder is still in bad odour. Mr. William Bunter is hungry as a hunter. Mr. Horace Coker is still a funny joker.

## FISHY'S AUCTION SALE!

Scene: The junior common-room. Fisher T. Fish, of the Remove, is standing at the big desk, on which a number of articles are displayed

Fish: Messrs. Fishy Fish & Co. Are instructed, as you know, To dispose of ends and odds Which till now were Peter Todd's.

Bolsover: Yah! We want no swindlers here!

Skinner: Silence for the auctioneer!

Fish: Gentlemen, Lot number one Is a jolly useful gun.

True, it's nothing but a toy,

But I guess that any boy

Would be very pleased to try it.

Now then, gents, speak up and buy it!

Bunter (eagerly): I will bid you two-and-six,

But I'm in a trifling fix.

Owing to a slight delay

My cheque has not arrived to-day!

Fish: Why, you pudding-faced galoot,

I won't sell on those lines! Scoot!

Wharton: Five bob, Fishy! Are you on?

Fish: Going—going—going—goae!

(The gun is handed to Wharton, and the auction-sale proceeds.)

Fish: Gentlemen, Lot number two Is a football, tried and true.

It has been in many wars;

It has rolled on many floors.

True, it's punctured just a trifle,

But it's better than the rifle.

Now then, you slabsided scoffers,

Here's the merry ball—what offers?

Nugent: Tuppence—ha'penny on the nail!

Bull: Half a pint of ginger-ale!

Others: Fourpence—sixpence—eighteen-pence!

Fish: Rippling! Now you're showing sense!

Hurree Singh: I hereby make the bidfulness

Of half a worthy quidfulness!

Fish: Going—going—gone to Inky!

Wun Lung: Splendid business—what you tinkee?

Fish: Now we come to number three. It's a fancy waistcoat—see?

It was made in Bond Street, gents,

And it has no stains or rents.

Twenty dollars was the figure

That it cost—who'll make it bigger?

(Enter Peter Todd, in a royal rage. He hurls himself at the auctioneer.)

Fish: Dragimoff! He's mad! My hat!

Todd: Fish, you burglar, just take that!

Fish: Yow! Keep off! I guess it stings!

Todd: You have raided all my things!

Fish (clasping a damaged nose):

Stow it! You shall have 'em back!

Todd's Fists: Biff! Thud! Biff!

Thud! Whack, whack, whack!

(The curtain drops—and so does Fish!)

Our Photographic Supplement

# THE BOYS' PICTORIAL

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

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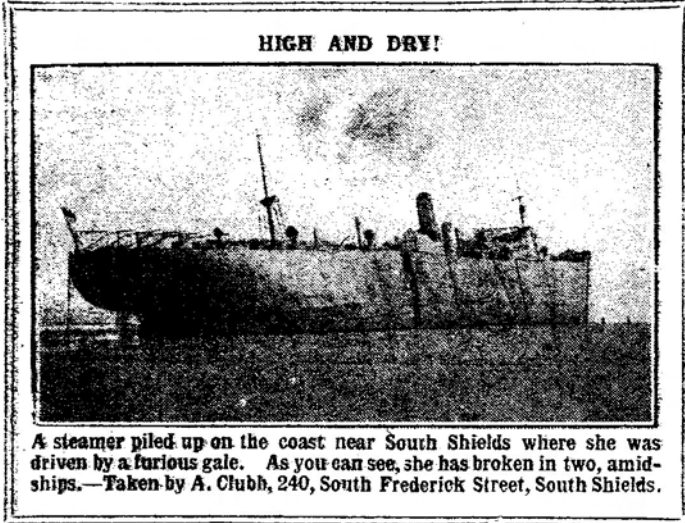
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A Staunch Reader of the "Herald."

# TUCK HAMPERS AS PRIZES!

## GREAT NEW COMPETITION.



### 1st PRIZE 50/- And 5 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 5 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. 13, 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 27th.

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

Signed.....

Address.....

WRITE CAREFULLY.

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

**D** **Chum**, **G** **Still** **S** **A**

**U** **G**, **i** **S** **of** **the** **OF**

**GO min. utes** **PU** **BL** **F** **ed** **IN** **4** **IT** **10** **by**

**My teacher had SUNDRY complaints to make** **M.P. MAKES FOOLISH STATEMENTS** **B** **D** **3** **R** **THIS GORGEOUS DIAMOND £1000** **THIS HOUSE SOLD £750**

**St AfriRR** **Remove** **more** **TH** **AN** **G** **IT** **ON** **A** **ST** **A**

**The Two ADVERSARIES for the cup shook hands** **CH** **L** **Your** **Your**, **Harry** **WHAR**