

**MONEY PRIZES AND TUCK HAMPERS!**

**The Greyfriars Herald** 1½<sup>d</sup>



No. 14. (New Series).

FULL OF SCHOOL STORIES AND ARTICLES

Jan. 31, 1920.



**TUCKY TODDLES LOSES A BRADBURY!**



Our Photographic Supplement

# THE BOYS' PICTORIAL

Continued on Page 19



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



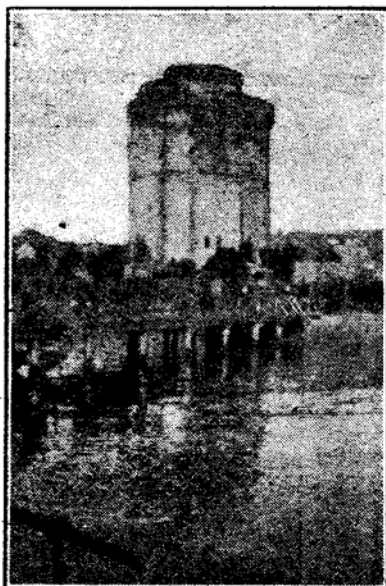
Address: The Greyfriars Herald, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

**A FAMOUS BRIDGE!**



Our picture shows the Hohenzollern Bridge over the River Rhine at Cologne, Germany, which is one of the principal features of the city. Every Tommy in the Army of Occupation who possessed a camera, made a point of snapping it.—Taken by C. W. Royston, 19, Stafford Road, Norfolk Park, Sheffield.

**THE WHITE TOWER.**



This ancient landmark, known as The White Tower, stands in Salonika, Greece. It has seen service in at least two wars—the Balkan War, when it was used as a fort, and in the last Great War, when the British used it as a wireless station.—Taken by F. J. Durbridge, Wesley House, Farringdon Street, Swindon.

**THE OLD MILL.**



Now that the wind is being mooted so seriously as a great latent source for obtaining motive power, it is interesting to call to mind the picturesque windmills of rural England, of which the above is a fine specimen.—Taken by F. O. Howitt, 98, Kingsland Road, Plaistow, E. 13.

**SEND YOUR HOLIDAY SNAPS.**

**GREAT CHUMS!**



Good photographs of cats are notoriously difficult to obtain, but Tabby and Tinker, after some discussion, agreed together to pose for our "Boys' Pictorial."—Taken by C. N. Jamson, 53, Highfield Road, Wheatley, Doncaster, Yorks.

The

Staff



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EDITOR  
of the Greyfriars Herald



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Occasional Contributors from GREYFRIARS

Occasional Contributors from Other Schools

# Editorial

By Harry Wharton.

## A CARPING CRITIC!

I have never been to Cheltenham, in the West Country, but I have heard that it's a jolly nice place, and that a quarter of its population reads THE GREYFRIARS HERALD. However, just as there are black sheep in every fold, so there are carping critics in every town; and I have received a precious communication from "Critic," of Cheltenham, who objects to THE GREYFRIARS HERALD, and also to the way in which it is edited.

## NOTHING DOING!

What has "Critic" got to grouse about? you will ask. The fact is, he has sent me such a long list of grievances that were I to publish his letter in full there would be no room for the Weekly Interview in this issue—or the Police Court News, either.

"Critic's" chief contention seems to be that THE GREYFRIARS HERALD should be edited, not by me, but by "Critic."

If my Cheltenham friend imagines that I am going to hand over the reins to him, he imagines a vain thing.

And what would "Critic" do if he were editor? To quote his own words, he would "cut out all the school stuff, and give 'Deadwood Dick' a good show." By so doing, "Critic" declares that he would reduce much of the prejudices that at present exists against the paper. And he would reduce the circulation, too!

THE GREYFRIARS HERALD is, first and foremost, a school story paper; and those who like a spice of adventure in their reading matter are catered for by "The Red Man's Trail."

To "cut out the school stuff," as "Critic" suggests, would be rank folly. Can you imagine a GREYFRIARS HERALD with nothing about Greyfriars in it? I can't. And I don't want to!

I do not claim to be a perfect editor. I have still a lot to learn in connection with the post; but I have no intention of learning it from "Critic"!

HARRY WHARTON.



DICK PENFOLD



MURREE SINGH



BILLY BUNTER



TOM MERRY



JIMMY SILVER



ARTHUR A DARCY

## THE BUNTERS BOOK A LITTLE FEED! - - - By FRANK NUGENT.



1. "Now, mark my words!" said Dr. Locke. "No more hampers will be allowed at Greyfriars!" "Please, sir," murmured the Bunters, "we never have any,"cept when we kindly offer to share in those of other fellows."



2. Next day a nice big hamper came for Billy Bunter and Sammy, his minor, to Friardale station. But here they are bringing in a fine new Algebra to "sap." Did they sell their tuck to buy it?



3. They did not! Oh, no, not at all! The two greedy porpoises took that Algebra to a secluded spot and opened it with loud and prolonged chuckles—and a clasp-knife. Now you spot the wheeze? What artfulness!



## My Weekly Interview

This week:  
**Mr. Quelch**

**L**AST Monday I interviewed Bolsover major, the well-known prizefighter, and it was necessary for me to go about on crutches for the remainder of the week.

As soon as I was able to hobble about again, I went in to see the editor.

"Look here, old fruit," I said. "I want a nice, soft interview this week. I want to call upon same tame person who wouldn't harm a fly. Last week's interview was jolly unlucky—it was for No. 13 of 'The Greyfriars Herald,' you see—and now, after having been in the firing-line, I require a soft job at the base."

The editor surveyed me grimly. "The next person to be interviewed happens to be at Greyfriars."

"Oh, good! Tell me the number of his study, and—"

"His study hasn't a number."

"Eh?"

"You see, he's a master."

"Oh, help!"

So far, I had not interviewed any of the Greyfriars masters; and I wasn't exactly sickening for the task.

"I want you to call on Quelch," said the editor.

My jaw dropped. Quelch was a very dangerous subject for a special representative to tackle.

"Cheer up!" said my chief.

"Quelch's a bit of a bear in the Form-room, but in private life he's a charming man. He'll fairly fawn on you when you tell him that you represent 'The Greyfriars Herald.'"

"But—but what shall I talk about?" I stammered.

"Have a good old jaw concerning things in general," was the reply.

"Tell Quelch that he can't play golf for toffee, and challenge him to a game of marbles. You might criticise his personal appearance, too. That's sure to tickle him!"

Leaving the editor to wade through Johnny Bull's latest pirate serial, I set off in the direction of Quelch's study.

As I rounded a bend in the passage, a couple of excited youths came tearing along, and almost collided with me. The youths in question were Skinner and Stott and they were cackling almost hysterically as they ran.

As a rule, the clicking of a typewriter could be heard within the

Form-master's study; but on this occasion all was quiet.

"Quelch's out!" I murmured.

And then I stealthily opened the door in order to make certain.

I had barely opened the door six inches when there was a fierce exclamation from within the study and I could hear some one striding towards me.

Before I had time either to advance or retreat, the door was thrown violently open, and Quelch's, heavy hand fell upon my shoulder.

"So I have caught you, you young rascal?" he exclaimed.

"Really, sir, I—"

"Not a word!" thundered Quelch.

Releasing me, he crossed over to the corner of the study, and produced a cane.

My brain was in a whirl.

"Hold out your hand!" rumbled the angry Form-master.

"M-m-my hand, sir?"

"Yes! At once!"

"But—but I haven't done anything, sir!"

"Opinions differ on that point. Do not bandy words with me, boy, but obey me at once!"

Greatly wondering, I held out my hand.

The next instant the cane bit into my flesh, and I executed a new sort of jazz on the study carpet.

Swish, swish, swish!

When the ordeal was over, I squeezed my hands together in anguish and blinked at Quelch.

"Please, sir," I faltered, "will you tell me why you've just licked me?"

"I have just 'licked' you, as you call it, for playing an unpardonable trick on your Form-master! On three occasions you have hurled lighted fireworks into this study, and when you ventured to do so a fourth time, you found me too quick for you!"

I fairly gasped.

"I assure you, sir, that I haven't handled a firework for months!"

"What!"

"Not for months, sir! I give you my word of honour!"

Quelch accepted my word, and he looked very remorseful.

"Dear me! I have been much too hasty!" he murmured. "Evidently the practical jokers decamped just before you arrived. I regret I have been responsible for a miscarriage of justice; but I will level matters up a little by excusing you from the imposition I gave you in class this morning."

"Thank you, sir!"

"Why did you come to see me?"

"To interview you, sir, on behalf of 'The Greyfriars Herald.' But—ahem!—I think the interview has lasted long enough! I won't wait, sir!"

And I didn't!

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

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

Frank Courtenay (Highcliffe).—In reply to your query as to who is the best all-round fellow at St. Jim's, the finest all-rounder is Grundy—in the opinion of George Alfred himself! But in the opinion of everybody who counts, M. Lowther takes pride of place. He is blessed with brains and muscle, and a keen sense of humour—(Likewise the ability to blow his own trumpet!—Ed.)

"Third-Former" writes: "I have been invited to tea in one of the Shell studdies, and I feel a bit nervous on the subject of etikett. Will you give me a few tips?"—With the greatest of agony! Here are six golden rules for a fag who is invited out to tea: (1) Do not wash your neck or change your collar beforehand. These preparations take time, and you may be late in keeping the appointment. (2) Always ask a dozen or so of your pals to accompany you. The more the merrier, you see! (3) Bring as much mud as possible into the study to which you have been invited. Mud improves the general appearance of the carpet. (4) Eat as much as you are able. Don't be beaten by the last chunk of currant-cake. (5) Ignore your host as much as possible. Should you have occasion to speak to him, always preface your remarks with "Now, you burbling chump!" (6) Do not omit to play some prank upon your host, such as putting pepper in his tea, or pelting him with rock-cakes. This will prevent the company from getting bored, and will probably lead to further invitations!

Gerald K. (Sixth Form).—Sorry you regard "The Greyfriars Herald" as "a trashy rag, packed with piffle from cover to cover." Do give it another chance before finally condemning it. You've heard that little couplet, haven't you?

"When you feel bad-tempered,  
Gerald,

Always read 'The Greyfriars  
Herald'!"

A. A. D'A.—Sowwy to heah, deah boy, that your twousahs have again been wumped and eweased by that beast Towsah. Howwible bwute, isn't he? You will weally have to administah a feahful thwashin' to Hewwies unless he keeps his hound undah contwol!

Lord M. (Greyfriars) writes: "I have just received from my tailor a fancy waistcoat which is so gaudy that it will get me arrested on sight. What do you advise me to do?"—Grin and wear it, of course!



# GREAT EXPECTATIONS!

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.

### Something for Toodles.

"OLD Brutus was a jolly good chap!"

Tuckey Toodles of the Fourth made that sapient remark, looking up from a scribbled and smudgy page as Jack Drake came into No. 8 Study with Rodney.

Drake and Rodney had just come on board the Benbow after football practice, and both of them were looking very ruddy and cheerful. But their fat study-mate looked anything but cheerful. Tuckey's face was deeply lugubrious.

"Hallo, what are you up to?" asked Rodney.

Tuckey groaned.

"Beastly Caesar; old Packe found no end of fault with me this morning. I've got to mug this up. I call it rot."

"You should explain that to Mr. Packe," suggested Rodney, laughing.

"No good; he wouldn't understand. Old Brutus was a good chap, though," said Tuckey.

"What did Brutus do?"

"Polished off Caesar!" answered Tuckey ferociously. "If the silly ass had only done it a little earlier we shouldn't have this rotten Gallic War planted on us. Why couldn't he carry on a war in Gaul without writing books about it afterwards? Haig did!"

Rodney glanced at Tuckey's paper. Tuckey had expended a great deal of time and trouble upon it; but it looked as if he had been upsetting the inkpot over it. Tuckey Toodles was not the most promising pupil in the Fourth Form at St. Winifred's. There was ink upon Tuckey's podgy fingers, to, and a smear upon his fat little nose.

"What's ditissimus?" groaned Tuckey. "You might tell a chap, Rodney! You're as good as a dic. in the study."

"Most wealthy, ass!"

Tuckey Toodles blinked at his Caesar.

"That can't be it," he objected. "Caesar wouldn't call Orgetorix an ass, would he? Apud Helvetios longe nobilissimus fuit et ditissimus Orgetorix. Orgetorix was the noblest and wealthiest ass among the Helvetians. That doesn't sound right."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Rodney.

"That wouldn't do for Mr. Packe."

"Well, you said—"

"I said ditissimus was most wealthy, fathead."

"You said most wealthy ass. Drake heard you, didn't you, Drake?"

Jack Drake only chuckled.

"Besides, it couldn't be fathead," said Tuckey Toodles. "Caesar wouldn't call him a fathead. I dare say he was a fathead—I know Caesar



"I shall transfer my custom to the shop at Chade, Capps," said Tuckey Toodles, after his twentieth attempt to soften the heart of Mr. Capps—in vain!

was!—but this isn't a humorous book—it's jolly solemn. Suppose I put chap—would chap do? Orgetorix was the noblest and most wealthy chap—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's all very well to cackle," said Tuckey Toodles. "You haven't got to take the dashed thing in to Packe after tea. I've been slogging here for an hour while you chaps have been punting a ball about. I call it sickening! As if I care twopence about Orgetorix and whether he was well-off! The only one of those classical johnnies that I've got any respect for is Brutus. Hallo, is that a letter, Drake?"

Jack Drake had brought a letter into the study with him, and he was reading it by the window. Tuckey eyed him inquisitively, forgetting for the moment all about Caesar and Orgetorix.

"Eh? Yes. Dry up while I read it," answered Drake.

"I didn't know the post was in. Any letters for me?"

"Blessed if I know!"

"Well, you might have looked," said Tuckey Toodles, in an injured tone. "I'm expecting a tip from my people."

"There was a postcard for you in the rack," said Rodney.

"Only a postcard?"

"That's all."

"Well, you might have brought it along, anyway."

"Raik took it to bring to you," said Rodney. "I'd have brought it if I'd known you were here, fathead. I supposed you were hanging about the canteen, as usual."

"Sure there wasn't a letter, too?" said Tuckey. "I'm awfully hard up just at present. If I had my tip I'd get Raik to do this thumping exercise for me; he'd do it for a bob."

"That wouldn't be much use, if you've got to show it up to Mr. Packe," said Dick Rodney. "He would know Raik's fist."

Tuckey grinned.

"You're a new chap here," he said. "You don't know the ropes. Raik does lots of lines for fellows—he does all Daubeny's. He can imitate anybody's fist. I'll tell you what, Rodney: you lend me a bob, and I'll get Raik to do this for me."

"Rats!" was Rodney's reply.

Tuckey Toodles rose to his feet.

"Well, I'll go and get the postcard—may be something about the tip on it. Blow Caesar! I think I'll tell Packe that I've had an awful headache; he can't do more than lick me, anyhow."

"You young spoofer!"

"Well, I should have a headache if I kept on with it," said Toodles, and he quitted the study.

There were several fellows gathered

round the letter rack on the lower deck of the Benbow. Tuckey Toodles joined them, and blinked at the rack.

"Where's my postcard?" he demanded.

"Raik took it to give to you," said Estcourt.

"I haven't seen Raik," grunted Tuckey. "I wish he'd leave my letters alone. Where is he?"

"Give it up."

Tuckey made his way to the canteen amidst ships, but he did not find Pierce Raik there. He looked for him next in his study, No. 7 in the Fourth, and there he found him.

Raik was seated at his table, and he started up as Tuckey Toodles came in. Tuckey gave him an accusing look.

"Where's my postcard?" he demanded. "You took it out of the rack. Rodney saw you and so did Estcourt."

Raik nodded.

"Just bringing it to you," he said.

"Here it is."

"I don't see what you wanted to bring it to your study for," said Toodles suspiciously. "You've been reading it."

"Not at all," answered Raik airily.

"I've been looking for you to give it to you, Toodles."

"Well, give it to me, then," grunted Tuckey.

Raik tossed the card across to him. Tuckey Toodles caught it, and took it to the window to read it; Pierce Raik watching him with rather a peculiar expression on his face. A less obtuse youth than Tuckey Toodles might have guessed that the cad of the Fourth had some motive for taking possession of his postcard for a time. What that motive might have been, however, was rather a puzzle, and Tuckey did not even think about it. His eyes were glued upon the card, and an expression of beatific satisfaction overspread his fat face.

"Hurrah!" he ejaculated.

"Hallo! Good news?" asked Raik carelessly.

"Hip-pip!" yelled Tuckey, and he fairly danced in his satisfaction.

"Fifty quids! Hurrah!"

"Fifty what?"

"Quids!" shouted Tuckey Toodles.

"Gorgeous! You never believed that my Uncle Toodles was rich, Raik."

"I don't believe it now," remarked Raik.

"You would if you read this card!" chuckled Tuckey. "It would be just like you to read a fellow's correspondence, too! I wonder you haven't!"

"I say, old chap—"

"Not so much of your old chap," said Tuckey Toodles loftily. "You needn't take the trouble to be civil to me now, Raik. You can go and eat coke! Yah!"

And, with that, Tuckey Toodles rolled out of No. 7 in a state of great glee, leaving Pierce Raik grinning.

#### In the Lap of Fortune!

"HALLO!"

"What's up?"

Drake and Rodney spoke simultaneously, as Tuckey Toodles came back into No. 8 Study.

They were surprised.

There was a change in Tuckey Toodles.

He seemed rather to sail than to walk into the study, and his fat little nose, with its smear of ink, was elevated to an unusual altitude—though Nature had already sufficiently elevated it.

Tuckey glanced loftily at his study-mates.

They regarded him with astonishment. Tuckey seemed to have grown several inches taller, and to be walking on air.

"I've had a postcard from my Uncle Toodles," said Tuckey, in a rather distant manner.

"Well?"

"He's rather decent," said Tuckey, in a negligent tone. "He's sending me fifty pounds on Saturday."

"Wha-a-at!"

"Fifty pounds!"

"Gammon!"

Tuckey's lip curled.

"I dare say it surprises you," he remarked. "I dare say you've never seen a fifty-pound note in your life, Rodney."

"Quite true; I haven't."

"And Drake's just as poor as you are now," said Tuckey scornfully.

"Just!" assented Jack Drake.

"I'll lend you some money when I get my remittance!" exclaimed Toodles, in a burst of generosity.

"Dash it all, I'm not mean! After all, you're my friends, though you're poor blighters without a quid to your name. It's jolly easy-going of me to pal with you—it's my good nature, you know."

"You silly ass!" said Rodney politely. "What bee have you got in your bonnet now?"

"Read that!" said Tuckey loftily, holding out the postcard.

The chums of the Fourth glanced at it.

Then they stared.

In a rather scrawling handwriting, the message on the card ran:

"Dear Rupert,—I have received your letter. I am afraid you have been extravagant. However, I am sending you a fifty-pound note on Saturday. You must make the most of it.

"Your affectionate uncle,  
"MONTAGUE TOODLES."

"Well, my only hat!" ejaculated Drake, in amazement.

"Phew!" murmured Rodney.

Tuckey's eyes danced.

"Isn't it ripping?" he exclaimed.

"Fifty quids! That's my rich uncle, you know!"

"You've got such a thumping lot of rich uncles and aunts and things," said Drake. "Their riches haven't travelled as far as the Benbow yet."

"That looks like it—what?" grunted Toodles. "Fifty pounds! Why, even Daub's pater doesn't send him fifty pounds at a time. There isn't another fellow at St. Winifred's who's ever had fifty quids in a lump—not even Lovelace of the Sixth."

"It's jolly queer," said Drake.

"Not at all," answered Tuckey airily. "You see, my uncle's simply rolling in money."

"He must be, to squeeze out fifty-pound notes," said Rodney. "I sup-

pose your uncle isn't a humorist, is he, pulling your leg?"

Tuckey Toodles sniffed.

"Well, I congratulate you, Tuckey," said Drake.

"Thanks, old chap!" said Tuckey loftily. "I'll remember you when my fifty pounds comes!"

"Fathead! I don't want any of it," said Drake testily. "Don't be an ass."

"Look here, Drake—"

"But if you're going to roll in money, you may as well stand your whack at tea for once," said Drake.

"Old Capps will give you tick, I dare say, if you show him that postcard."

Tuckey's eye roamed disparagingly over the rather frugal tea-table in No. 8 Study.

"This won't do for me," he said.

"I want something decent. Bless your mouldy old sardines. I'll stand you fellows a feed, anyhow, for once in your lives. Mind, I'm not going to have you sticking me for feeds all the time as soon as I get my money!"

"What?"

"That's got to be understood" said Tuckey Toodles, blinking seriously at his incensed study-mates. "I'm going to do the generous thing, but I'm not going to be looted. Just understand that to begin with."

Jack Drake rose to his feet and took Tuckey's fat ear in a finger and thumb and led him to the door.

"Leggo!" howled Tuckey.

"Wharrer you at, you silly ass?"

"Outside!"

"Leggo! Yaroooooh!"

Jack Drake jerked the grubby junior into the passage, and slammed the door on him. Tuckey stood rubbing his reddened ear for a minute or two, gasping with wrath. This certainly was not the way to treat a fellow with such great expectations. His study-mates did not seem to understand what an important fellow Tuckey Toodles had suddenly become.

"Ow!" gasped Tuckey. "Cheeky rotters! I'll show 'em!"

He tore open the door and glared into the study. Drake and Rodney had resumed their tea.

"Yah!" roared Tuckey.

"Buzz off!" snapped Drake, picking up the loaf.

"I won't taud you a feed now!" howled Tuckey Toodles. "I sha'n't lend you any money! Yah!"

Whiz!

Toodles closed the door just in time, and the loaf crashed on it. Then, with a snort of wrath, Tuckey went his way—and shook the dust of No. 8 Study from his feet.

#### Popular!

"FIFTY pounds!"

"Phew!"

"Lucky bargee!"

Tuckey Toodles purred with satisfaction.

It was the following day, and all the Lower School of St. Winifred's knew of Tuckey's amazing luck.

Tuckey Toodles had not been exactly popular before. Now he seemed to have jumped into something like popularity.

Fellows found that old Toodles wasn't such a bad chap after all—considering.



There were plenty of good points about old Tuckey.

Some doubting Thomases declined, at first, to believe in the fifty pounds. But Tuckey loftily displayed the postcard from Uncle Toodles, and they were silenced.

For there it was, in black and white. Raik certainly suggested that perhaps Uncle Toodles was pulling his nephew's leg. But that did not seem at all probable. A fellow's uncle wouldn't write to him that he was sending him a handsome tip unless he really was sending him a handsome tip; the juniors were agreed upon that.

Tuckey Toodles bore his blushing honours thick upon him—not with too much modesty.

It was undeniable that Tuckey swanked.

But, after all, as Newson remarked, a fellow was entitled to swank a little when he had relations who squeezed out fifty quids at a time in tips. Even Vernon Daubeny, of the Shell, never received tips anything like that, and Daub's people were no end wealthy.

Fellows Tuckey hardly knew by sight nodded to him most politely now, and even Fifth-formers condescended to take note of his existence.

Like the classic gentleman of ancient times, Tuckey Toodles bade fair to strike the stars with his sublime head.

There was one drawback to his great expectations; they weren't to materialise till Saturday, and it was still only Thursday. There were two days to wait for the "quids."

Mr. Capps, in the school canteen, declined to give Tuckey credit on the strength of his uncle's postcard, though Tuckey showed it to him, and assured him, almost with tears in his eyes, that it was all right.

Somehow Mr. Capps did not believe that it was all right, and he persisted in carrying on business on a strictly cash basis—which barred off Tuckey from the canteen till Saturday.

Indeed, Mr. Capps most unjustly suspected Tuckey of having written the famous postcard himself, as a dodge for obtaining "tick" in the canteen.

"I shall transfer my custom to the shop at Chade, Capps!" said Tuckey Toodles, with dignity, after his twentieth attempt to soften the heart of Mr. Capps—in vain.

"Jest as you like, Master Toodles," answered Capps, quite unmoved. "Praps they'll let you run up a bill. What I knows is, that I won't!"

"I'm receiving fifty pounds on Saturday, Capps."

Mr. Capps closed one eye. "You're a suspicious beast, Capps," said Toodles.

"Thanky, Master Toodles."

"I was going to give you an order for a couple of pounds' worth of tuck," said Toodles; "now I won't!"

Mr. Capps did not look dismayed.

"I'll simply take a couple of tarts now," said Tuckey.

"Not unless you pay for 'em, Master Toodles," answered Capps.

Tuckey gave a snort.

Even for a couple of tarts he could not pay with his expectations, and he rolled disconsolately out of the canteen.

He was reduced to sidling into No. 8 Study for tea that day; but his manner to his study-mates was lofty in the extreme, not to say haughty. Drake and Rodney did not seem to mind. They stood Tuckey his tea, as usual, and Tuckey took the lion's share, also as usual. Over tea he spent his fifty pounds—in advance. He was thinking of a motor-bike, he told his study-mates, also of a canoe, a new footer rig, and several other things. Indeed, the things Tuckey thought of would probably have run away with a good many fifty-pound notes.

It seemed to Tuckey Toodles that Saturday would never come. He did not turn up to supper in No. 8 that evening. Chetwynd and Vane, of the Fourth, had him to supper, standing

But the great Daub's manner was now very friendly.

"Waitin' for you, old top," said Daub. "Comin' along to tea?"

"Oh!" ejaculated Tuckey.

"I've been goin' to ask you for ever so long," said Daubeny affably. "You've been rather neglectin' us of late, Toodles."

Tuckey swelled.

Deep down in his fat bosom he knew the reason for Daub's unaccustomed cordiality; but he would not admit the fact, even to himself. It was so much more agreeable to suppose that he was sought after for his own fascinating qualities.

"Well, I've got such a thumpin' lot of engagements, you see," said Tuckey.

"Yaas, I know you have; you



There was quite a hush as Tuckey Toodles received his letter—directed in the sprawling hand now well known to the juniors—the hand of Uncle Toodles.

him quite a handsome spread, that spread being intended as a sort of sprat to catch a whale when Tuckey came into his money.

And on Friday Tuckey put his great expectations to still further use, raising two or three little loans in the Fourth, to be repaid "when I get my fifty."

"When I get my fifty" was now the burden of most of Tuckey Toodles' remarks.

And there were more triumphs in store for Toodles. As the Fourth came out of their Form-room on Friday afternoon, three elegant figures loomed up in the passage. Daubeny, Egan, and Torrence, of the Shell, were waiting there for Tuckey Toodles.

Tuckey eyed them suspiciously as they came up to him, smiling.

His last interview with Daubeny had been a painful one. He had dropped into Daub's study for tea, and he had dropped out again in a heap, with Daub's elegant boot to help him. But that was before Uncle Toodles' postcard.

popular fellows never have much time to give to a pal," assented Daubeny.

"Oh, quite!" murmured Egan.

And Torrence grinned assent.

"Still you ought to spare us an evenin' every now and then," said Daubeny gravely. "Of course, I know your study-mates want you to stick to them, and lots of fellows are anxious to get you to their quarters, but I really think you might give us this evenin', Toodles. Be a pal."

Tuckey beamed.

"I will, old chap!" he said.

"That's a good sort. Six o'clock," said Daubeny.

"Right-ho!"

Tuckey Toodles' little fat nose was higher than ever when he rolled into No. 8 and found Drake and Rodney getting tea there. Tuckey stood before the glass hanging on the bulkhead, and adjusted his tie very carefully and brushed his hair. Drake glanced at him in surprise.

"Hallo, what's that game?" he inquired. "Trying to make yourself a little less grubby than usual?"

"I don't want any cheek, Drake,"

said Toodles distantly. "Kindly keep your dashed familiarity for your own friends."

"Oh, my hat!"

"I don't like it," said Toodles. "I'm not a snob, I hope? But there's a difference between us, and I'd like you fellows to understand it. If I'm civil to you in this study, it doesn't mean that I don't want you two bounders to keep your distance."

"You'll have to be rather more civil than that if you want any tea, Tuckey."

Tuckey gave a sniff of disdain.

"I'm having tea with my friends," he answered loftily. "My pal Daub's asked me."

"You young ass! Daub's heard of the fifty-pound note, I suppose, and he's going to teach you to play banker," grunted Drake.

"I decline to hear any insinuations against my friend Daub," answered Tuckey Toodles haughtily.

And, having adjusted his tie to his satisfaction, Tuckey left No. 8 and rolled along the deck to the Shell quarters. Pierce Raik was lounging in the passage, and Tuckey stopped to speak to him.

"I've got a job for you, Raik," he said. "Packe gave me fifty lines this afternoon. I can't be bothered with lines, of course."

Raik grinned.

"Fifty from Virgil," said Tuckey. "Get them done, Raik, and mind you do them in my fist. I'll stand you two bob, same as Daub does."

Raik held out his hand.

"To-morrow," said Tuckey. "I get my remittance to-morrow."

"Then I'll do your impot to-morrow," grinned Raik.

"It's got to be taken in this evening."

"Then you'd better do it, old top," said Raik. "I'm not doing lines on tick."

"Look here, Raik—"

"Bow-wow!"

Raik strolled away, and Tuckey Toodles, bestowing a sniff upon him, continued on his way to see his pal Daub.

#### The Remittance!

**V**ERNON DAUBENY and Co. greeted the grubby junior with great cordiality.

The "bucks" of the Shell had heard all about the expected fifty-pound note, and at first they had taken the story with a very large grain of salt. But they found that it was generally credited among the juniors, and when Daub had had a glimpse of the famous postcard, he had to admit that it looked all right. Amazing as it was, it seemed impossible that Uncle Toodles should have written such a message to his nephew, unless there was something in it.

Tuckey Toodles, the self-invited guest at tea, the greedy borrower, was one Tuckey, but Tuckey Toodles the expectant recipient of a fifty-pound note, was quite another Tuckey. The latter Tuckey was worth cultivating, from Daub's peculiar point of view. Daub's favourite horse had lately run away with a large slice of Daub's ample allowance, and he saw no reason why he should not make good

the deficit at Tuckey's expense. Hence the friendly smiles with which the fat fly was greeted in the spider's web.

Tuckey Toodles grinned expansively at the tea-table. Daub's lavish spread was very different from the frugal tea in No. 8, and Tuckey did it more than justice. After tea he accepted a cigarette from Daub's handsome case, and smoked it with quite a doggish air.

Tuckey was almost in the seventh heaven by this time. Long he had envied the Bucks of St. Winifred's, worshipping and envying from afar; and now he was admitted as one of that extremely select circle. He was quite one of themselves now; they assured him that he was.

Naturally Tuckey had no objection to a little game of nap after tea. Nap was quite in accordance with his new character of Buck. With the door locked, Egan produced the cards, and the four juniors sat down to a surreptitious game.

Tuckey Toodles was unprovided with cash, as usual, but that did not matter. He was to roll in money on the morrow; and Daub assured him that among pals a fellow's IOU was all right—right as rain.

So during the progress of the little game quite a considerable quantity of impot. paper was converted into IOU's, with, Tuckey's initials—"R. de V. T."—scrawled upon them. Tuckey's fat face was a little serious, however, when he rose from the game, indebted to the tune of ten pounds to his new friends.

"Not goin'?" said Daubeny affably. "Well, if you must—I suppose prep. must be done! Give your revenge any time, old chap."

"Oh, rather!" gasped Tuckey. And he escaped from the study.

Daubeny and Co. winked at one another when he was gone. Tuckey Toodles had paid well for his entertainment, if his IOU's were worth anything.

Tuckey was even sicker than usual over prep. that evening. He was feeling a little sick from his unaccustomed smoking; he brought a whiff of tobacco into No. 8 with him, which made Rodney sniff.

"You've been smoking, you young ass!" said Rodney.

Toodles gave him a disdainful glance.

"I've been goin' it a bit," he answered carelessly. "We rather keep it up in old Daub's study, you know."

"You young idiot!" growled Drake. "Have they been rooking you?"

"I may have lost ten quids or so," drawled Tuckey. "What's that to me? Nothin'!"

"Fathead!"

"You're slow, you fellows," said Tuckey Toodles contemptuously—"jolly slow! I'm rather goey myself!"

And he turned to his prep. His lines were not taken in to Mr. Packe that evening, and the impot. was doubled by his Form-master. But Tuckey did not mind. On the morrow Raik's services would be available—as soon as Tuckey had his cash. Tuckey rather fancied himself paying a fellow to do his lines, like the great Daub of the Shell.

It was rather curious that Raik was

not eager to offer his services. Raik was, of all the fellows at St. Winifred's, the most likely to "make up" to anyone with plenty of money; yet while quite a number of other fellows had made themselves very agreeable to Tuckey, Raik had made no move at all to ingratiate himself. It really looked as if the cad of the Fourth did not believe in the fifty pounds.

However, he would have to be convinced on the morrow, along with the other doubting Thomases, when the great remittance arrived.

Tuckey Toodles was one of the first out of the hammocks on Saturday morning. For once in his life, he showed his little fat nose first on deck in the morning, in the wintry wind of the river. Long before the morning postman could possibly be expected, Tuckey Toodles was on deck watching for him. The morning post came in before breakfast, but there was no letter for Tuckey.

"Next post!" said Tuckey airily, and he went cheerfully into the Form-room.

That morning Tuckey was in hot water several times. Mr. Packe did not know that Tuckey's fat mind was running upon his fifty-pound note, and he had an unreasonable desire that Tuckey should put his attention into his lessons; but that the grubby junior simply could not do. His thoughts were revelling in quids, and lessons seemed to him a bore, and, in fact, an impertinence at such a time.

He was greatly relieved when the Fourth Form was dismissed. At the dinner table Tuckey's round face shone like unto a full moon. He seemed already to hear the rustle of the fifty-pound note.

Immediately after dinner Tuckey rolled out on the main deck to watch the gangway for the postman. He was almost trembling with excitement when that gentleman appeared in sight on the path down the river from Clade.

"Here he comes, Tuckey!" grinned Raik.

"Now for the merry quidlets!" murmured Chetwynd.

Quite a crowd had gathered round Tuckey Toodles to see the fifty-pound note as soon as the letter was opened. Daubeny and Co. were in the crowd; they were keenly interested; they had a financial interest now in that great remittance. Drake and Rodney paused on their way to the gangway, to see their study-mate receive his good fortune. There was a shout as the postman came across the gangway.

"Anything for Toodles?"

There was!

And there was quite a hush as Tuckey Toodles received his letter—directed in the scrawling hand now well known to the juniors, the hand of Uncle Toodles!

"Let's see it, Tuckey!"

"Certainly, dear boys," said Tuckey negligently.

Daubeny lent him a little pearl-handled penknife, and Tuckey slit the envelope.

"Hallo, there's something in it!" said Raik.

"Of course there is—my fifty!" snapped Tuckey.

"It doesn't look like a fifty!"



"By gad, it doesn't!" remarked Daubeny.

And it didn't!

There was a note in the letter as Tuckey unfolded it, but it was not a crisp and rustling "fifty." It was only too plainly a currency note.

Tuckey took it out rather blankly.

"A—a—a pound!" he stammered.

Some of the juniors grinned. Raik gave a chuckle. Tuckey stared at the letter.

"He's put in a pound note by mistake," suggested Drake.

"He—he—he says here he—he encloses the pound note as promised," stammered Tuckey blankly. "Oh, dear, he—he said on the postcard—you fellows all saw it—a fifty-pound note—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Raik.

Tuckey dragged the famous postcard out of his pocket and glared at it. It was rather crumpled and grubby from much handling, but it was plainly decipherable. There it was—a fifty-pound note!—that was what was written; but now that Tuckey stared at it more attentively, he noticed what he had not specially observed before—that the figures

"50" were crowded in between the "a" and the "pound."

And the truth dawned upon him.

That was why Raik had taken the postcard from the rack! Raik, whose skill with the pen was well known!

Tuckey understood at last.

"You rotter, Raik!" he roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Raik. "I was only pulling your leg, Tuckey! I wanted to see what you'd be like with fifty quids coming!"

There was a howl of laughter from the juniors.

"What a rotten sell!" growled Daubeny, in great disgust, and he walked away—to light a cigarette in his study with Tuckey's IOU.

Tuckey Toodles stood rooted to the deck among the roaring juniors. He had a pound note in his fat fist, and at any other time a pound note would have been a joyful possession. But now a pound note could not comfort him.

"You—you—you spoofing rotter!" he gasped, and he made a sudden rush at Raik. Tuckey was not a fighting man, but his wrath was too much for him now. He clutched the cad of the Fourth, and Raik gave a howl—

not of mirth—as he rolled on the deck under Tuckey's weight.

"Look out, Tuckey!" shouted Drake. "Your note—"

"Oh, crumbs!"

It was too late!

As Tuckey Toodles clutched Raik, the pound note slipped from his fat fingers; and the strong wind from the river caught it. In an instant it was whirling away on the wind, far out on the river.

Tuckey jumped up leaving Raik gasping on the deck. He made a rush after his flying note, but it was far beyond the rail. With horrified eyes, Tuckey hung on to the rail and watched the pound note fluttering away on the wind, far over the waters, till it fluttered into the Chadway and vanished—for ever. Tuckey Toodles' remittance had come—and gone!

And for days afterwards there was a sad and lugubrious face on board the Benbow—the face of Tuckey Toodles, who mourned and could not be comforted.

THE END.

There will be another fine complete story of the School on the River in next week's "Greyfriars Herald!"

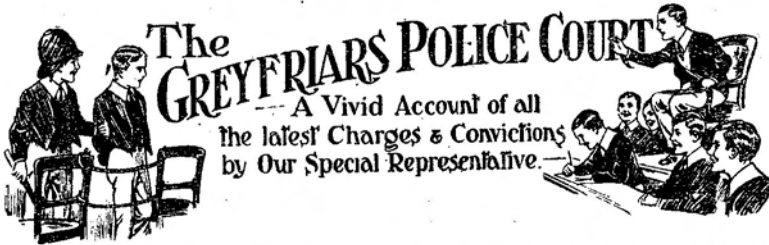
# MAGNIFICENT COLOURED PICTURE TO BE GIVEN FREE

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



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

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.



## The GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

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

The Box-room Petty Sessions were held on Wednesday before Mr. Justice Wharton and a packed court.

The principal offender—as usual—was William George Bunter, and his worship donned the black cap in anticipation.

**"YOU DESERVE TO BE FLAYED ALIVE!"**

**His Worship's Strong Comments From the Bench.**

Loudly protesting his innocence, William George Bunter was hoisted into the dock by means of a specially designed crane.

Mr. Robert Cherry, K.C., for the prosecution, said that prisoner was charged with (a) obtaining money by false pretences; (b) taking credit for the gallant conduct of another; and (c) telling falsehoods, and persisting in them.

Magistrate: Prisoner's face seems familiar to me. Where have I seen it before?

Court usher: This is prisoner's ninety-ninth appearance in the dock, your worship!

Magistrate: My hat! He seems to make a perfect orgy of crime! What's he been up to now?

Mr. Cherry: The facts, your worship, are as follows. On Saturday afternoon last a small boy named George Alfred Gatty was skating on Friardale Lake, when he got into difficulties—

Magistrate: Why don't you say he got into the water, and have done with it?

Mr. Cherry: At a critical moment, your worship, the ice gave way—

Magistrate: And so will that form you're standing on, in a minute!

The prosecuting counsel, having made the form secure, continued his speech.

"The ice gave way, and Master Gatty found himself floundering in six feet of icy water."

Magistrate: Serve him jolly well right!

Mr. Cherry: But for the prompt action of Mr. Richard Trumper, of Courtfield, in dashing to his assistance, Master Gatty would have met with a terrible fate. As it was, Mr. Trumper fished him out of the water, and modestly disappeared. It so happened that the prisoner Bunter happened to be standing a few yards from the scene of the calamity, and when the press reporters arrived, Bunter took full credit for Mr. Trumper's gallant deed. I will read you an extract from the local paper, your worship. "Wrenching off his jacket, waistcoat, shoes and socks with one deft movement, the gallant Bunter plunged to the rescue of the drowning youth—"

Magistrate: Cut it short!

Mr. Cherry: The infant Gatty, be-

lieving that Bunter had saved his life, handed him the sum of fourpence.

Magistrate: And prisoner accepted the money?

Mr. Cherry: Not only did he accept the money, but he insisted on Master Gatty paying him a tanner a week for the rest of the term!

Magistrate: Gee-whizz! Is Master Gatty present in court?

Shrill voice from the back: Here I am, please, your worship!

Magistrate: Come forward, you whining brat, and state your evidence!

Master Gatty (after being brought to the fore by a couple of stalwart constables): It was like this, your worship. I thought a skate would be first-rate—

Magistrate: Well, you needn't burst into poetry over it! (Laughter.)

Master Gatty: So I borrowed Tubb's skates, and went along to Friardale Lake. I happened to observe a post sticking up out of the ice, and there was a word chalked on a board. So I skated across to see what it was all about. On reaching the spot I saw that the word was "Danger!" and before I could get clear the ice gave way with a fearful crack, and I suffered a total excursion—"

Magistrate: A what?

Mr. Cherry: Ha, ha, ha! He means "immersion," your worship! (Laughter.)

Master Gatty: The icy waters closed round me, and then my mind became a blank.

Magistrate: Is it ever otherwise? (Laughter.)

Master Gatty: When I came to, I found myself lying on the bank, with the prisoner Bunter bending over me. "It's all right, my little man!" he was saying. "I fished you out of the water, and unless you hand over all your pocket-money I'll chuck you in again! (Loud laughter.) I handed over the sum of fourpence, which was all I possessed, and Bunter demanded a further tanner a week.

Magistrate: Is Mr. Richard Trumper here?

Mr. Trumper: At your service, your worship!

Magistrate: Are you prepared to solemnly swear—

Mr. Trumper: No; I don't do that sort of thing.

Magistrate: Ass! I mean are you prepared to swear that it was you who fished Master Gatty out of the water?

Mr. Trumper: Certainly, your worship!

Magistrate: Very good. Where's the counsel for the defence?

Court usher: He's gone to the tuck-shop, to get some light refreshment, your worship. And—my hat!—he looted the poor-box before he went!

Magistrate: We'll deal with him

later. Gentlemen of the jury, if you feel satisfied that it was Trumper, and not Bunter, who performed this gallant rescue, then it's up to you to bring in a verdict of guilty.

Foreman of the Jury: We are quite satisfied on that score, your worship, and I have great pleasure in pronouncing a verdict of guilty.

Magistrate: Bunter! I regard you as an utter reprobate! You deserve to be flayed alive! I shall not go to that extreme, however, but will sentence you to a dozen good hard strokes with a cricket-stump!

The sentence was duly carried out.

## OUR PERSONAL COLUMN

(With acknowledgments to the Daily Newspapers)

By BOB CHERRY

Mr. William Gosling, the gate-keeper, celebrates his 60th birthday tomorrow. It will be a very "rummy" occurrence.

Mr. Gerald Loder has at last written a sequel to his fascinating book, "When It Was Dark." The sequel is entitled "Tips that Pass in the Night."

Mr. Harold Skinner is contemplating a visit to Dartmoor.

Lord Herbert Plantagenet Maul-everer declares that, like Mr. Skinner, he is suffering from "too much fag."

We are informed by our St. Jim's correspondent that fifty silk toppers recently arrived for Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, Esq. We are glad to see that better facilities for football now exist at St. Jim's.

Mr. Paul Pontifex Prout, M.A., devoted the last half-holiday to rabbit-shooting. He returned looking like a spent cartridge, and explained that his Winchester repeater had failed to repeat. (The rabbits would have been safe, anyway!—Ed.)

Mr. Johnny Bull recently received a motor-scooter from his wealthy uncle. All communications for Mr. Bull should be addressed to the sanatorium.

Mr. W. G. Bunter, who has generously assisted the kitchen staff in shelling peas, is now suffering from shell-shock.

Mr. Tom Dutton, who is slightly deaf, has received a valuable piece of advice from the editor of "The Greyfriars Herald." The advice consists of two words: "Hear, hear!"

Mr. Richard Nugent has been appointed chairman of the Greyfriars Kipper, Sprat, and Fried Bloater Corporation. The trade-mark of the corporation consists of a penholder.

Mr. Robert Cherry has again been unwell. Chicken broth and other delicacies will be gratefully received during his convalescence.



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

**NOTE:** When more than one reader sends in the same acceptable storyette, the prize is awarded to the first read. Remember your joke should be written plainly on a postcard.—Editor.

**Made it Clear!**

Voyager: I say, skipper, why are you stopping?  
 Skipper: Fog.

Voyager: But there's no fog. Why, I can see the stars!

Skipper: Yes, but we ain't going that way—unless the boiler bursts!—Sent in by Lionel Wilkins, 35, Ashford Road, Swindon, Wilts.

**A Fit Answer!**

Teacher: Can anyone tell me what ten plus five is?  
 The kindergarten class was silent.

Teacher: Come, now, Willie. If your father gave your mother ten pounds and then five pounds, what would she have?  
 Willie: A fit, teacher!—Sent in by G. Fovargue, 1, St. Mark's, Peterborough.

**Sat on Him!**

Tom Merry: If anyone were to sit on your topper, Gussy, what would you say?  
 D'Arcy: I should call him a beastly clumsy boundah!

Tom: Then don't sit on it any longer, there's a good chap!—Sent in by S. Richardson, 55, Halliford Street, Essex Road, Islington, N.1.

**PANE-FUL!**



**NICE OLD MAN:** If I give your little brother a penny, will he sing or recite to me?

**LITTLE LIZA:** Gam! Wot d'yer tike 'im for? If yer wants a bit of sport, give 'im a tanner and 'e'll brike a winder for yer!

**Just Mentioned it!**

An airman had been greatly annoyed by passengers talking to him during joy-flights. So when two old ladies came along for a ride, he impressed on them that they must not speak to him while in the air. But after he had looped the loop, and had done several "spirals" and "tail

glides," a nervous voice piped up behind him:

"I—I know I oughtn't to speak," it said, "but I really think you ought to know that my sister Emily is not here."—Sent in from 51, St. Mary's Terrace, West Hill, Hastings.

**Breaking it Gently!**

Foreman of road gang (after some conversation on the doorstep): By the way, Mrs. O'Malley, did your husband have a new suit o' clothes on this mornin'?"

Mrs. O'Malley: He did thot.  
 Foreman: Thin they're ruined entirely.

Mrs. O'Malley: Ye don't say so! How did it happen?

Foreman: Shure, your husband was blowed up by a charge av dynamite!—Sent in by W. Birdsall, 24, Buller Street, Laisterdyke, Bradford.

**A "MATCH" FOR HIM!**



**PARK KEEPER:** Have you got a match, sir?

**OLD GENT:** I'm sorry, I haven't.

**PARK KEEPER (angrily):** Then, get orf the grass!

**Absorbing Topic!**

Editor of the "Herald": I found something very absorbing on my desk this morning.

Alonzo Todd: Ah, that poem called "Protoplasm"—I sent you, I suppose?

Editor: No, my dear ass—a piece of blotting-paper!—Sent in by C. Summerscales, 284, Barkerend Road, Bradford.

**Encouraging!**

Mike Murphy applied for the post of sparring-partner with the great prize-fighter, and after a chat his services were accepted.

"By the way," said Mike casually, "where is your last sparrin'-partner—Bill Bounce?"

The pugilist shuddered a little.

"There!" he cried, pointing to a splash on the wall.—Sent in by J. Semmer, 149, Moy Road, Cardiff.

**A Black Outlook!**

Judge (in astonishment): Do you mean to tell me, madam, that this physical wreck you call your husband gave you a black eye?

The Woman in the Case: Oh, he wasn't such a wreck until after I'd got the black eye!—Sent in by J. Meikle, 59, Burnaester Road, Lower Tooting, S.W.17.

**Plainly Stamped!**

Bob: Do you know how to tell by looking at a postage-stamp that we were never going to lose a war?

Harry: No. How's that?

Bob: 'Cause the King is always on the side that's never licked!—Sent in by E. J. Feinley, 16, Fairfax Road, Trammere, Birkenhead, Cheshire.

**EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY**

*This week:*

By **BILLY BUNTER**

**Monday.**—That beest Bob Cherry woke me up by skweezing a sponge over me. I punched his nose for him, and he's not likely to do it agane. Went down to brekker with a ravvenus appytite. Quelchy refused me a 10th helping of porrij. During mourning lessons I agane kopped out. Quelchy gave me an impott of 100 lines. He said I was the wurst skoller in the Remove. Good dinner, and good tea (raided from No. 1 Studdy).

**Tuesday.**—Quelchy dubbed my impott. Kaught me eating toffy in class. Made me hand over two slabs of toffy wich I hadn't started on. (Beest! I beleeve he ate them himself afterwards!) Kaught a bad cold in my ear later in the day, threw liseening at key-holes. Also suffered from lack of nurrishment.

**Wednesday.**—Quelchy agane dubbed my impott. This makkes 400 lines I've got to do. Quelchy will be unlucky! ¾-holliday this afternoon. Borrowed Johnny Bulls bike, and went to Cortfeeld. Left bike in village duck-pond. Badly bumped and biffed on reternig to skool.

**Thursday.**—Quelchy dubbed my impott wunce more. I shall reely have to employ a perfessional lineriter! Fownd ¾ a crown lying in the Close. Bought rabbitt-pie at tuck-shopp. Jolly good! Went to bed with severe eternal panes.

**Friday.**—Quelchy asked me if I had ritten my impott of 800 lines. I replide in the neggettive. Quelchy said: "If those lines aren't handed to me by to-morrow, look owt for skwalls!" Started on impott this evening. Did 4 lines, and then chucked it.

**Saturday.**—Quelchy came down on me like a 1,000 of brix. I told him I had only ritten 4 lines, and he neerly had a blew fitt. "I told you to look out for skwalls!" he said. "Hold out yore hand, Bunter!" And the skwalls lasted kwite a long time!



# The RED MAN'S TRAIL!

A stirring serial story dealing with adventures  
amongst Redskins

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

THE rout of the Navajoes was complete, and the prairie, in the blood-red sunset, presented the strange spectacle of troopers riding in their Indian disguises past the flying enemy who were running panting on foot.

They did not worry so much about these stragglers, for they knew they could round up many of them later on.

The Redskin runners of the Northern tribes, who use the woods and the rivers, are the finest runners in the world. But the horse Indians of the Southern tribes, who have lived on horseback, and who hated walking or running, are easily tired or winded if they have to traverse any distance on foot.

So Major Lincoln and Buck Dixie drove on and through the rout, racing after the mounted Indians, for a dismounted Indian is a demobilised Indian; once his horse is taken from him he is deprived of three-quarters of his fighting value.

It was amongst this running, scattered mob of fugitives that Uncle Baldy and Joe and Teekoopi found themselves when they started off in chase of the rout, and soon they found themselves with some brisk fighting on hand, for the Redskins, perhaps with the hope of getting their horses, turned on them and showed fight.

A bullet whizzed close by Joe's head, and Teekoopi, racing his horse at a low clump of bush, let fly an arrow at full speed at the Indian who had fired and who had thrust up his head to see the effect of his shot.

Teekoopi still stuck to the dying fashion of bows and arrows. But his shot was as fatal as any rifle, for the long, lean arrow quivered in the Redskin's chest, and he fell forward on his face in the bushes.

Then from two deep gullies in the prairie rose a hundred whooping warriors, who had dropped into these to hide and take shelter.

Inadvertently the three horsemen were separated from the rest of the convoy riders, and found themselves between these two bodies of the enemy, whilst a third group popped up ahead of them, cutting them off.

There is no better hand in the world at taking cover than the Redskin, and these fugitives had hidden themselves

in the shallow, dry gullies of the prairie from the pursuit.

And they meant having those three horses alive and their riders dead.

It was too late to turn and fly.

"Down, boys!" cried Uncle Baldy. "We'll have to hold these varmints off till help arrives. There'll be some more along here soon. We were fools to git separated from our crush!"

He slipped from his saddle, taking cover behind his horse, and his companions did likewise.

The horses, which were well-trained old nags from the United States cavalry, rolled over on their sides, laying low, and their riders took shelter behind their bodies.

The light was beginning to fail a bit now, as puffs of smoke came from the gullies on either hand, and bullets and slugs whined close over their heads.

It was lucky for them that Redskin powder and Redskin guns were not to be compared with their own rifles. The range was close, and the trajectory of those old smooth-bore muskets was high, and the Redskins made bad shooting.

## 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. They fall in with the Dandy Fifth, the famous 5th United States Cavalry. After defeating one party of Indians, the troop, in the guise of Redskins, ride to the camp of the emigrants and rout the besieging braves.*

Bullet after bullet flew close over them, all high, and they could tell the slugs from the home-made cast bullets by the queer droning, bobtailed whine that they made as they passed through the air.

Uncle Baldy chuckled as he lay behind his prostrate horse.

"Them thar Injuns are no good on fut!" said he. "If they was on horseback, our numbers would be booked. But to do the varmints justice, they're takin' cover well. Hold your fire, Joe, till ye see somethin' to shoot at. We've got to hold our little fort here maybe for a quarter-hour. Some o' the boys will be comin' back from the chase then, an' these rascals won't stick up to mounted men!"

Uncle Baldy's patience was soon rewarded.

A Redskin head was cautiously thrust up above the ground level, on Uncle Baldy's side of that little heap of men and horses.

Uncle Baldy was ready.

It was snap-shooting of the finest sort, and the light was uncertain. But Uncle Baldy pressed his trigger, and his bullet sped fair and true for that feathered head.

The Redskin half rose, and fell forward on his face, his fall being signalled by an angry whoop from his skulking companions.

"That's right, lads!" muttered Uncle Baldy coolly, as he blew through his rifle. "Whoop away! That will draw th' attention o' any friends we may happen to have in this part av th' stricken field."

The words were hardly out of his mouth when Joe fired.

A Navajo brave, more impetuous than the rest, had risen to his full height, urging a charge on the three Palefaces.

But Joe's shot was a good one. The brave threw up his arms, spun round, and dropped.

There was no more stomach for charging in that Redskin, and his sudden fall seemed to take the heart out of his companions.

A few of the more faint-hearted of the hidden braves crawled like snakes out of the trench, and wriggled themselves over the darkening prairie, intent only on getting away.

"Don't fire at they chaps, Joe!"



whispered Uncle Baldy. "A crawlin' Injun makes a bad target, an' them thar fellers have had enough of it. We'll keep our shots for them as has not!"

Then Teekoopi's bow twanged musically.

Teekoopi fired, lying on his back, and he fired into the air.

Joe watched the shaft disappear in the blue vault up above. His eye could not follow its flight.

And Uncle Baldy laughed again. Uncle Baldy was greatly amused by Teekoopi's bow and arrows.

"Who killed Cock Robin?" he asked. "I," said the sparrer, "with my bow an' arrer!"

And, sure enough, a yell from the gully told that Teekoopi's plunging shot had found its mark.

"Well done, young Robin Hood!" laughed Uncle Baldy. "Now give 'em a whang with yo' catapult!"

But Teekoopi's grave face did not move a muscle in the fading twilight.

"Me catchum heap plenty Injun along my bow!" said he. And over on his back he fitted another long, lean black shaft to the string, notching the shaft carefully.

He drew his bow this time by his feet, placing them on the grip and lifting his legs.

The arrow twanged, and flitted away in its silent flight towards the stars, which were just beginning to show.

Another yell showed that Teekoopi had found his mark.

"Me kill cock-sparrer, along o' my bow an' arrer!" he quoted gravely, in imitation of Uncle Baldy's mocking lines.

It was this last shot that stirred up the Redskins, whose courage had flagged.

Made bolder by the growing dusk, they rose from the gullies on both sides, and, with a whoop and a rush, started running towards the little group, with the intention of overwhelming them by numbers. Tomahawks were swung, and knives were flourished as they ran stiffly forward.

"Fire as fast as you like, boys!" cried Uncle Baldy. "If we don't stop this hyar rush, they'll get your scalps and my bald patch!"

The rifles cracked rapidly, and Teekoopi, squatting, notched arrow after arrow to his bowstring and sent it hurtling through the dusk.

Teekoopi's archery was a masterpiece. Whilst one arrow was yet in the air, another was notched in the string, and the twang-twang of his unerring bow brought gladness to the hearts of his companions.

Teekoopi's arrows flew low and fair to their mark, always arriving at the right moment.

Never had his friends seen such shooting.

A brave who had drawn a bead at Joe's head rolled over, transfixed by one of those terrible quivering shafts before he could pull trigger.

Another, who was hurling his tomahawk, got it literally "in the neck," for Teekoopi sent a shaft quivering through his throat in the nick of time, and the tomahawk bounced harmlessly on the prairie.

The charge wavered and faltered as its leaders were brought low, for there

is nothing that the Redskin hates more than open fighting on foot.

Again and again the two rifles spoke, their flashes lighting the growing gloom.

The Redskins broke on both sides, and ran back. Then, as though maddened by their repulse, they suddenly regained courage, and turned with a hideous whooping.

"Now it's nip and tuck, boys!" called Uncle Baldy, firing rapidly. "The varmints can get us if they want us. There's enough of 'em left!"

But the charge never got home.

Their enemies were near enough to them for the three to see the gleaming of their teeth and the hideous bars of war-paint across their snake-like faces. But along the prairie, from the direction of the camp, came the rapid thunder of hoofs, and a wild yell.

The Redskins paused and checked.

shadows, which had now parted into single horsemen.

He could hear the strangled yells of the braves, and the thump of their bodies on the hard, dry ground of the prairie as they were roped and jerked to the ground at the end of those deadly raw-hide lariats.

"Git up, boys!" said he. "It's all over now but the shoutin'. Those are the Circle Dot boys, from Buck Dixie's ranch, an' I don't wish any Redskin a worse neighbour or a rougher house. Hark to them! They are gettin' 'Tee, Columbia!"

The stampe of hoofs was dying away, and the yells were growing more distant and fewer. The Circle Dot cowboys, who took their name from Buck Dixie's brand, that was on all his horses and cattle, were taking toll for many a Redskin raid. They had ridden far and fast for two days to be in



To the straining ears of the three came the sound of soft, padding footsteps, and the deep sob of a man who was running and who was pretty well pumped.

Then they ran—ran like jackass rabbits—ran like coyotes!

For in an irregular but compact mob came a charge of horsemen, superbly mounted—horsemen held by these braves in greater fear and respect even than the dread Dandy Fifth.

For this wild group of horsemen, whirling through the dusk like centaurs, were cowboys—riders who rode as though horse and man were of one piece; riders who counted themselves safe behind their deadly long-barrelled revolvers at fifty yards, and who, above all, were masters of the deadly whirling loop of the lariat, or lasso.

With a despairing yell, the Redskins broke and ran. And the three, crouched behind their horses, crouched lower still as this wild, racing mob of men and horses bore down on them like a thunderbolt.

But within a few yards of them the compact mass divided, the two squadrons sweeping past them like an express train. And away they went into the gloom amongst the running Redskins, their shots rattling through the gathering darkness.

Uncle Baldy rose stiffly, and dusted himself as he peered after the flying

at this great punishment of the Navajoes, and though they arrived late they meant to let their enemy know that they had come!

There was no ceremony in their handling of their Redskin foes, for the true cowboy is half a Redskin himself. It was war to the death, and not one of those lurking Red Men who had taken refuge in those gullies ever lived to tell the tale of the great disaster.

Their horses staggered to their feet, shaking themselves, and apparently very glad that the fight was all over.

And Uncle Baldy looked round their little battlefield with great gratification, for fifteen Redskins lay prone, killed by the bullets of the deadly rifles, and by those long, lean black shafts from Teekoopi's bow.

And in the gully lay four more Redskins, all pinned to the ground by those terrible plunging arrows which had shot down upon them from the skies like the bolts of an angry deity.

"Bravo, Teekoopi!" exclaimed Uncle Baldy, patting the boy brave on the shoulder. "You and your little bow an' arrow are worth a good rifle and a good man behind it."

Teekoopi's solemn face did not light up at this compliment. It called for more than a compliment to shake Teekoopi from his stoic calm.

He merely granted.

"Ugh!" he remarked. "Bow an' arrow him plenty good. Me kill heap plenty Navajo brave along my bow an' arrow!"

Then suddenly his figure stiffened, and he listened intently.

"T'ree men—dey come dis way!" said he.

The boys could hear nothing. There was no sound on the prairie now, for the chase had died away, and only the dull and distant report of a shot broke the silence now and again.

Teekoopi had dropped on his knees, and had laid his ear against the ground.

"T'ree men running!" said he. "Two men dey run after one man, and dey braves!"

"Git out wid ye, young Frozen Face!" muttered Uncle Baldy unbelievably. "Ye've seen so many braves running to-day that they've given ye nightmares."

But, sure enough, the horses soon showed that they could hear something, for they stiffened, and their legs quivered as they sniffed the air. They could scent Redskins.

Then to the straining ears of the three came the sound of soft, padding footsteps, and the deep sob of a man who was running and was pretty well pumped.

And out of the darkness bounded the shadowy shape of an Indian chief.

He was an old, old man, and his breath came in great sobs, for he was nearly deadbeat.

And close behind him came running two Redskins, who were evidently intent on killing him, for as he ran one hurled a tomahawk at his head.

The old man ducked like a snipe, and the heavy axe went flying close over his head, shearing some feathers from his headdress, which was pulled well over his eyes.

The second brave had lifted a knife to stab the runner when Uncle Baldy, putting his rifle to his shoulder with lightning swiftness, fired and bowled him over like a rabbit.

At the same time Teekoopi, bending his bow, sent an arrow flying through the man who had hurled the tomahawk.

As both the braves rolled headlong to the ground, the old fugitive pulled up, reeling and staggering, and advanced to the three with a gesture of surrender.

He was a very ancient war chief, and his ribs, which stuck up through his skinny body like the ribs of an old horse, heaved up and down as he breathed.

"Hold up, McClosky!" exclaimed Uncle Baldy in encouraging tones. "What are those two varmints after, chasing a respectable old gent like yourself round the prairie after dark? An', my word, you are a war chief, too!"

Another long instalment of this magnificent tale of the Far West in next Tuesday's issue of your favourite paper. Give your newsagent your order now!

## BLUNDELL'S LITTLE BLUNDER!



Specially written for  
"The Greyfriars  
Herald," by  
**S. Q. I. FIELD**

Mr. Tuggett shot through the air, and alighted with a mighty splash in the deep wide bowl of the fountain. The water flew in all directions, and the Fifth-formers jumped back out of range.

### I.

**B**ILLY BUNTER had just informed Quelchy that Henry the Eighth possessed ninety-nine wives, when Wingate of the Sixth stepped into the Remove Form-room. He stepped in just in time to save Billy Bunter from a first-rate licking.

There was a list in Wingate's hand, and a perplexed frown on his rugged face.

"Well, Wingate?" snapped Quelchy, who was not best pleased at the interruption. "What is it?"

"I want the following boys, sir," said Wingate.

And he sang out a long list of names, commencing with Wharton's and finishing with mine.

The class gave a gasp. So did Quelchy.

"Are you sure you are quite sane, Wingate?" he exclaimed. "How dare you come into my Form-room and request me to deliver up about fifteen boys?"

Wingate flushed.

"I came to you, sir, because the Head happens to be away," he said.

"Yes, but why do you want these boys?"

"I don't want them, sir. It is Mr. MacWrench who wants them."

"And who, pray, is Mr. MacWrench?"

"He is a dentist—"

"A dentist!"

"Yes, sir. He has a practice at Wapshot. He tells me he has been instructed to call here and overhaul the teeth of the Remove boys. He has brought a bag of implements, and has

rigged up a room in the sanatorium, ready to start his butchery."

There was another gasp from the class.

Even the bravest of us shivered a little. The prospect of having our teeth tampered with by an enemy alien like MacWrench was anything but pleasant. Billy Bunter, whose name was included on the list, was already groaning in anticipation.

A puzzled expression came over Quelchy's face.

"I cannot understand this!" he said. "Did Mr. MacWrench give you that list of names, Wingate?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then he has lost no time in getting to work! I must go and see him, and obtain his credentials. It is monstrous that a thing like dentistry should be allowed to interfere with Form-work. You may leave the list on my desk, Wingate."

"Very well, sir."

Quelchy left the Form-room with the captain of Greyfriars.

There was a buzz when they had gone.

"Dashed if I can make this out!" said Bob Cherry. "Fancy a giddy dentist coming here to maul us about!"

"And he's brought his chopper and pickaxe!" groaned Nugent. "Strikes me we're booked for a thin time!"

"I say, you fellows," said Billy Bunter, "this is the absolute limit! I vote we have a revolution!"

The unexpected arrival of a dentist had quite taken the wind out of our sails.

It was bad enough to have to spend the morning in the Form-room, under Quelchy's gimlet eyes; but the pro-



spect of spending it in a torture-chamber was far more appalling!

"Hope Quelchy sends the fellow about his business!" growled Johnny Bull.

But this hope did not materialise.

Quelchy returned to the Form-room a few moments later. He was evidently satisfied with the dentist's credentials, for the fellows whose names appeared on the list were called out.

Fifteen of us—including the Famous Five—lined up in a row in front of the class.

"You boys will proceed to the sanatorium," said Quelchy, "and will line up outside the room which Mr. MacWrench is using. He will doubtless call you in one at a time."

"Groo!"

"I am afraid it will be rather an ordeal for you, my boys," said Quelchy, "but the care and maintenance of the teeth is of the first importance. Each boy will return to the Form-room immediately after the dentist has finished with him. There must be no loitering—no hanging about."

We filed out of the Form-room in a dismal procession.

"This is rotten!" groaned Wharton.

"Absolutely!"

"I'm sure I shall collapse if I have a tooth drawn!" said Billy Bunter, who was quivering like a jelly.

We trooped up to the "sunny," and halted outside a door where a temporary inscription had been displayed, as follows:

"MR. J. MACWRENCH,  
Surgeon Dentist."

The door opened the next moment, and a repulsive-looking man, with a face like a hatchet, looked out with a frown.

"Line up, there!" he commanded sharply. "And take your hands out of your pockets! Which of you happens to be Wharton?"

The captain of the Remove stepped forward.

"Come inside!" said the dentist.

He retreated into his room, and Wharton followed him in.

The rest of us waited outside, in a state of growing suspense.

Whose turn would it be next?

Would the ordeal be very terrible?

These and a dozen other questions flashed through our minds.

Billy Bunter held up his hand.

"Listen!" he muttered. "You'll hear Wharton give a fearful yell in a minute!"

"Rats!" growled Bob Cherry. "Wharton's not a funk and a coward, like you!"

No sound came from within the room.

After an interval of perhaps three minutes Wharton came out. He was immediately bombarded with questions.

"What happened, Wharton?"

"Did you have gas?"

"Or cocaine?"

"How many did he pull out?"

Wharton smiled ruefully.

"None," he said. "But the fellow kept tapping and scraping my teeth until I could have dotted him one! He's a beastly Prussian!"

At that moment Mr. MacWrench again appeared.

"Nugent!" he rapped out.

And Frank Nugent passed in to meet his fate.

Then followed another interval of suspense.

When Nugent came out, his verdict was the same as Wharton's.

"The beast didn't pull any out," he said, "but he kept on being sarcastic at my expense! He's a rank outsider!"

And Nugent passed on down the stairs.

Johnny Bull was the next victim to be summoned into the torture-chamber. He was in there a long time, and we waited with sullen faces for him to rejoin us.

Presently Billy Bunter could stand it no longer.

"I say, you fellows," he said, "I'm off! I—I've got an appointment!"

The fat junior disappeared down the stairs, and we didn't call him back. We could quite understand his desire to get out of range. For two pins we should have followed him.

Shortly afterwards Johnny Bull came out of the dentist's room, muttering something under his breath, and Bob Cherry was called in to take his place.

"I'm getting fed-up with this business!" growled Bolsover major.

"Getting?" I exclaimed. "Why, I've been fed-up ever since it started!"

We were still cooling our heels outside the dentist's room, waiting for Bob Cherry to reappear, when a fat and breathless figure puffed his way up the stairs. It was Billy Bunter, and he was positively bursting with excitement.

"Look here, you fellows—"

There was no need for Bunter to ask us to look. We were staring at him open-mouthed.

"This dentist affair is a jape!" shouted Bunter.

"What!"

"It's a stunt—a spoof—on the part of the Fifth!"

"Great pip!"

"That fellow ain't a qualified dentist at all! He's a broken-down actor who's been hired for the part!"

We blinked at Billy Bunter in blank amazement.

"If you're romancing, you fat fraud—" began Bolsover major threateningly.

"I'm not! It's a fact! I happened to hear Blundell and Coker jawing together, and they were saying that they had made things warm for the Remove. Holding their sides with laughter they were, the beasts!"

"My hat!"

"But—but how did this fellow MacWrench manage to satisfy Quelchy?" I gasped.

"I expect he had a faked letter from the Head," said Bunter. "Anyway, he managed to pull the wool over Quelchy's eyes."

We were convinced by this time that Bunter was telling the truth.

This was a jape—an unusually daring jape—on the part of the Fifth.

MacWrench was merely playing a part. He was an impostor!

"Let's lynch the rotter!" I exclaimed.

"Hear, hear!"

"Paste him!"

"Pulverise him!"

"Mob him!"

We promptly rushed into the dentist's room, intending to exact vengeance.

Mr. MacWrench, however, seemed to be prepared for an emergency, for he snatched up his bag of implements and dashed through the opposite door and out on to the fire-escape.

We promptly gave chase, Bob Cherry joining in. But the bogus dentist was a remarkably active fellow, and he managed to give us the slip. We pursued him to the foot of the fire-escape, and across the Close, but he forged ahead in great style, and was over the school wall in a twinkling.

The chase was abandoned at length, and we halted, pumping in breath.

We could have kicked ourselves for not having tumbled to the deception sooner.

"Jolly lucky I made the discovery," said Billy Bunter, "or you fellows would have gone through the mill!"

"What's to be done now?" said Bulstrode.

"We'll go back to the Form-room," I said. "But we won't give the Fifth away. If this idiotic jape of theirs came to light, there would be the very dickens to pay!"

A few moments later we trooped into the Form-room.

Quelchy looked up in great surprise.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed. "Has the dentist finished with all you boys?"

"The dentist has gone, sir," I said. "Gone?"

"Yes, sir. He left rather hurriedly a few minutes ago."

"Dear me! That is extraordinary! Go to your places, all of you."

For the remainder of the morning lessons we sat and writhed.

The jape organised by Blundell and Co. of the Fifth had only partially succeeded, but that was quite sufficient to make us feel small—particularly the fellows who had actually come in to contact with "Mr. MacWrench."

When morning lessons were over we held an emergency meeting in the Rag, and passed one resolution—namely, that we would turn the tables on the Fifth.

## II.

NEXT morning Gwynne of the Sixth entered the Fifth Form-room with a list in his hand.

Prout was steering the Fifth through a course of English poetry, and he did not relish the interruption.

"Well, Gwynne?" he said testily. "What is it?"

"Can you spare the following boys, sir?" asked the prefect.

And then he rattled off a string of names, including those of Coker, Blundell, Potter, Greene, Hilton, and Tomlinson.

Prout glared at the Sixth-former.

"No, Gwynne; I cannot spare them!" he snapped. "Moreover, I regard your request as most insolent!"

"My instructions are," said Gwynne, "that the boys whose names I have mentioned are to go to the sanatorium at once."

"The sanatorium?" echoed Prout,

in tones of alarm. "I trust no infection has broken out in the school? Anything in the nature of German measles or scarlet fever would be—er—most distressing!"

Gwynne smiled.

"It's nothing like that, sir," he said. "A dentist has called—"

"A dentist?"

"Yes, sir. A gentleman called Tuggett. He has come over from Wayland, by the Head's instructions, to attend to the teeth of the fellows, starting with the Fifth Form."

There was a murmur of indignation from the Fifth.

Why should they be singled out as special victims? Why couldn't Mr. Tuggett commence his excavation work on the fags?

Prout rubbed his nose thoughtfully.

"You surprise me, Gwynne!" he said. "I had no idea that a dentist was coming here. Would you be good enough to ask Mr. Tuggett to come along and see me?"

"Certainly, sir."

Gwynne quitted the Form-room, and a few moments later a repulsive-looking man entered. His face was hard and cruel, his lips were thin and compressed, and in his hand he carried a bag of implements, as Mr. MacWrench had done.

"Mr. Tuggett?" said Prout.

The dentist nodded.

"That, sir, is my name. I received a communication this morning from Dr. Locke, instructing me to visit Greyfriars and examine the boys' teeth, extracting and stopping them where necessary."

A shiver ran round the class. Mr. Tuggett's tone was fierce and forbidding.

"I am to commence operations," continued the dentist, "on the Fifth Form. I have obtained a list of the boys from the matron, and I requested one of the prefects to bring them up to the sanatorium. Doubtless you will be good enough, sir, to allow them to come at once? My time is precious, and I am eager to get to work!"

"Groo!" muttered Coker.

Prout hesitated a moment. Then he said:

"I do not question your bona fides, Mr. Tuggett, but I should like to see the letter you received from Dr. Locke."

"Very well, sir."

The dentist drew a letter from his pocket, and held it under Prout's nose.

Prout could see that the document was genuine. He recognised the familiar handwriting of the Head at once.

"I am quite satisfied, Mr. Tuggett," he said.

Then, turning to the class, he added:

"The boys whose names were called just now will accompany this gentleman to the sanatorium."

The Fifth-formers looked very resentful, but there was no help for it.

It was far from pleasant to have to yield themselves to the tender mercies of Mr. Tuggett, but they simply had to go through with it.

In a dismal procession they followed the dentist from the Form-room.

Presently they arrived outside the room in which Mr. MacWrench had made merry the previous day.

Mr. Tuggett scowled at his victims.

"Which is Coker?" he asked.

Coker stepped forward.

"Here I am," he said sullenly.

The dentist beckoned the Fifth-former into the room, and the door closed behind them both.

A minute passed; then the most unearthly yells rang out.

"My hat! Poor old Coker's going through the mill!" said Potter, turning quite pale.

Mr. Tuggett evidently believed in a long, long pull and a strong, strong pull at Coker's expense. And the fellows outside trembled with apprehension as they wondered whose turn it would be next.

Presently Blundell uttered a startled exclamation.

"My only aunt!"

"What's up?" asked Hilton.

The captain of the Fifth turned excitedly to his schoolfellows.

"Don't you see?" he shouted. "This is a spoof—a trick on the part of the Remove, to get even with us for yesterday's affair!"

"Great Scott!"

Had Blundell suddenly exploded a bombshell the effect could not have been more staggering.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" gasped Potter dazedly. "We might have known this would happen! Wharton set a trap for us, and we've walked blindly into it!"

"What shall we do?" asked Tomlinson.

"Do!" Blundell's tone vibrated with rage and chagrin. "Why, we'll mob this fellow Tuggett, of course!"

"Hear, hear!"

The Fifth-formers were wildly excited, and they were out for scalps.

At that moment the door of the dentist's room opened, and Coker emerged, caressing his jaw.

"The brute's pulled out one of my pet molars!" he groaned. "He's a beastly Bolshevik!"

Blundell rapped out a sharp command.

"Pile in!"

Instantly the Fifth-formers swarmed into the room. Their fists were clenched, and there were homicidal expressions on their faces.

Mr. Tuggett had sufficient perception to see that if he remained in the room a moment longer he would stand a very good chance of being punctured with his own implements. The situation was, to say the least of it, a menacing one.

The dentist lowered his head, charged like a bull through the group of would-be avengers, and fled down the stairs as if a pack of wolves were in hot pursuit.

As a matter of fact, Blundell and Co. closely resembled a pack of wolves just then.

Mr. Tuggett, they reflected, was an agent of the Remove, and they meant to have his blood.

"Buck up!" panted Blundell.

The dentist fled into the Close. His legs were going like clockwork.

But he was not so fleet-footed as Mr. MacWrench had proved himself to be, and his pursuers caught up with him at length. They surrounded him, seized him, and swung him off his feet.

"Help!" gasped Mr. Tuggett.

"Bump him!"

"He's a spoofer!"

"And he's helped himself to one of my molars!" hooted Coker.

The Fifth-formers were furious. They bumped Mr. Tuggett on the hard flagstones until scarcely a breath remained in his body. Then they frog-marched him away towards the fountain.

"Heave-ho!" shouted Blundell.

Mr. Tuggett shot through the air, and alighted with a mighty splash in the deep wide bowl of the fountain. The water flew in all directions, and the Fifth-formers jumped back out of range.

As they did so a familiar figure in a gown and mortar-board loomed up. It was Dr. Locke, who had just returned from London.

The Head's face was working convulsively.

"Boys!" he rumbled. "What is the meaning of this outrage? How dare you treat Mr. Tuggett in this brutal manner?"

The Fifth-formers gasped. Blundell was the first to find his voice.

"He's got no right to be here, sir! He's an impostor!"

"Blundell!"

"He tried to pretend that he was a qualified dentist, and that you sent him here, sir!"

"There is no pretence on Mr. Tuggett's part," said the Head. "It is true that he is a qualified dentist, and it is equally true that he came here at my direction!"

Blundell jumped back as if he had been stung.

"Great jumping crackers!" he gasped. "I—I—I thought—"

"I am surprised to learn that you are capable of thought, Blundell!" said the Head, with crushing sarcasm. "What did you think?"

"I thought that this was a jape, sir. I thought it was a trick to make the Fifth look small."

The Head frowned.

"I shall punish you most severely for this outrage, all of you!" he thundered.

"Oh, crumbs!"

Meanwhile, the unfortunate Mr. Tuggett had managed to extricate himself from the bowl of the fountain. He shook himself like a drenched terrier, and his boots were squelching with water.

"I deeply regret, Mr. Tuggett," said the Head, "that this display of hooliganism should have occurred. If you will accompany me, I will endeavour to fix you up, for the time being, with a dry suit of clothes."

The Head vanished into the building with his drenched companion, and Blundell and Co. went back to their Form-room.

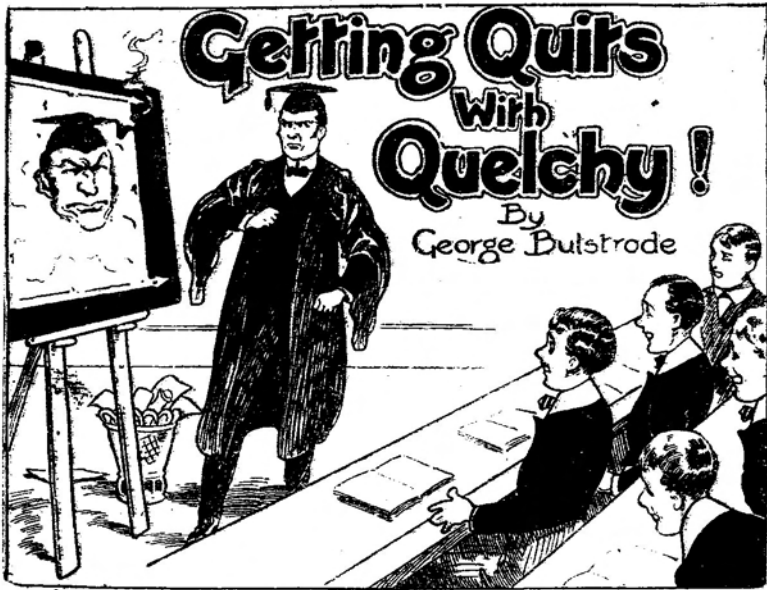
Half an hour later a message came for them, requesting their immediate attendance in the Head's study.

When, twenty minutes later, the Fifth-formers crawled out of the Head's study, they felt that life was not worth living.

And so far as the affair of the two dentists—the false and the true—was concerned, I rather fancy the Remove had emerged top-dogs. But then, you see, we always do!

THE END.





I. **W**HAT'S the little game?" I asked the question of Skinner, who had just emerged from the Remove Form-room, grinning expansively.

It puzzled me to understand what Skinner had been up to in the Form-room at eight o'clock in the evening. Apart from lesson-time, when our attendance was compulsory, we usually gave the Form-room a wide berth. It revived unhappy memories of lines and lickings, and of Quelchy's grim frown.

Skinner halted in the passage with a chuckle. I noticed that he carried a rolled-up map under his arm. "I mean to get my own back on Quelchy," he said. "He gave me three cuts on each hands this afternoon, you remember, for telling him that Julius Caesar landed at Courtfield."

I snorted. "Can't you think of a better way of getting your own back than by pinching a mouldy map?" I exclaimed. Skinner chuckled again. "I'm not pinching it," he said. "Merely borrowing it. I shall replace it early in the morning."

"But—but what the thump—" I stammered. "Follow me," said Skinner, "and I'll let you into the secret."

Greatly wondering, I followed the cad of the Remove to his study.

When we were inside, Skinner locked the door. Then he unrolled the map, spreading it out flat on the table. It was a map of England and Wales.

Skinner's next action was to produce a paper bag from his pocket.

Peeping into the bag, I saw that it contained a lumpy substance.

"Sweets?" I inquired. "Sweets be blowed! This is salt-petre!"

"My hat!"

My curiosity was roused to its highest pitch by this time. Still wondering what was in the wind, I watched Skinner dissolve the lumps of nitre in water. Then he borrowed Vernon-Smith's paint-brush from the cup-

board, and, seating himself in front of the map, he started to paint something on it.

"Poor old chap!" I murmured. "I've had my suspicions all along, and now they're confirmed."

"Suspicious?"

"Yes—concerning your sanity. Shall I look up the next train to Colney Hatch?"

"Chump!" growled Skinner. "Haven't you tumbled to the wheeze yet? It's the biggest stunt of the term!"

"When a fellow starts dabbing salt-petre on the map of England," I said, "it's a sure sign that he's got bats in his belfry!"

"Look!" said Skinner. Then, glancing over his shoulder, I saw what he was up to. He was executing a portrait of Quelchy!

It wasn't a portrait, really. It was a cartoon.

Quelchy's features were horribly exaggerated, and Skinner made him look a terrible monster.

The work of art occupied quite a long time, but it was finished at last, and Skinner inscribed something beneath it with the paint-brush.

"What happens now?" I asked.

"Why, this will sort of fade away, and when Quelchy takes the geography lesson to-morrow he won't know it's there, until I set it alight! Then the portrait will gradually reveal itself."

"Sounds all right," I said. "But how are you going to set it alight?"

"I shall wait till Quelchy's back's turned, and then bring my tinder-lighter into action."

"Oh!"

"Quelchy will have several sorts of a fit when he sees this cartoon!" chuckled Skinner.

"I reckon he will!" I said.

"Serves him right for being such a giddy tyrant!"

"Of course."

Skinner locked the map in the cupboard, and first thing next morning he took it back to the Form-room.

Apart from Skinner himself, I was the only fellow who knew of the impending jape; and I confess that when

I went in to morning lessons, my heart was beating faster than usual.

Would the wheeze work? Or would it fail?

It so happened that Quelchy was in a bad temper that morning. He had been burning the midnight oil, hammering out his silly old History of Greyfriars; and lack of sleep had made him grumpy.

Billy Bunter was the first victim. He volunteered the surprising information that there were two hundred counties in England; that the most important town was Courtfield, and that the longest river was the Sark.

Bunter hoped he would get a word of praise for his knowledge; but he got five hundred lines instead.

The map had been placed on the easel, facing the class, and Quelchy was in blissful ignorance of the fact that it had been tampered with.

For the next hour or so, it was like a nightmare.

Lines and lickings were the order of the day.

Even scholarly fellows like Dick Penfold were caught napping on minor details; and everybody was beginning to feel fed-up.

Skinner had had no chance as yet to put his little plan into execution.

But presently the Head's voice called to Quelchy from the passage, and Quelchy stepped to the door to see what was wanted. His back was turned, and I nudged Skinner in the ribs.

"Now's your chance!" I muttered. Skinner nodded.

Quick as thought, he advanced towards the map, and brought his tinder-lighter into action.

The class watched him in blank amazement.

"What are you up to, Skinny?"

"Sit down, you silly ass, before Quelchy spots you!"

Skinner set the salt-petre alight, and hurriedly returned to his place.

He was not a second too soon.

With a frowning brow, Quelchy swept back into the room. I suppose the Head had been ticking him off for something.

"Now," said Quelchy, in his nutmeg-grater tones, "we will deal with the industries of Lancashire. Why—bless my soul!"

Quelchy's eyes nearly started out of their sockets as he beheld the map, on which the portrait was slowly becoming visible.

"It's working like a charm!" chuckled Skinner.

Quelchy stood petrified, unable to move or speak. His eyes were glued to the map, and so were the eyes of the class.

It was as if an unseen hand was at work on a cartoon of Quelchy.

Gradually the various features appeared and the class sat spellbound.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Wharton.

"Talk about the writing on the wall!" murmured Bob Cherry. "That was nothing to this!"

It was a long time before the fellows realised how Skinner had produced his effect. At first they really thought that some mysterious agency was at work.

Slowly—very slowly—the salt-petre

burnt into the map until the cartoon was complete.

Quelchy stood goggling at it, and I thought he was going to have an apoplectic fit.

But there was more to come. Underneath the cartoon, the following words slowly took shape:

### "QUELCHY THE TYRANT!"

There was an ominous hush, broken only by an exclamation from Fisher T. Fish.

"Oh, Jerusalem crickets!"

Quelchy's face was a study. He stared at the cartoon, and at the writing beneath, as if he could scarcely believe his eyes.

That map of England and Wales was utterly and completely ruined. The saltpetre had done its work only too well.

A long interval followed, during which Quelchy spluttered and gurgled and choked.

Then, recovering at last the power of speech and action, he spun round upon the class.

"What boy has had the audacity—the brazen effrontery—to play this trick upon his Form-master?"

Silence!

Quelchy's eyes seemed to flash with fury, and his arms were like the branches of the elms during a storm.

"I am determined to get to the bottom of this disgraceful affair!" he rumbled. "It appears that some wanton practical joker obtained some saltpetre, dissolved it in water, and with the aid of a brush executed this impertinent caricature. In order to complete his base designs, it would be necessary for him to apply a light to the saltpetre whilst my back was turned. Obviously, the light was applied whilst I was conversing with Dr. Locke just now. I call upon the culprit to stand forward!"

No one stirred. No one intended to stir. Quelchy's expression at that moment was as terrifying as that of a hungry alligator.

Quelchy waited for some moments, but there were no developments.

"Very well," he said. "I will proceed to question the class in turn. Wharton, do you know anything of this affair?"

"Nothing, sir," said Wharton.

"Cherry?"

"No, sir."

"Nugent?"

"No, sir."

And so it went on. The fellows knew, of course, that Skinner was the guilty party; but they were bound by a code of honour not to give him away.

Presently, however, Quelchy came to Bunter.

The fat junior, in his anxiety to avoid suspicion, made answer as follows:

"Me, sir? No, sir! I didn't do it, sir! And what's more, I didn't see Skinner set fire to the saltpetre with his tinder-lighter just now."

"So it was Skinner?"

"Nunno, sir—that is to say, I don't know! I only know that it wasn't me, sir!" stammered Bunter.

"Skinner!" rapped out Quelchy. "Come here!"

Reluctantly the cad of the Remove obeyed.

"Turn out your pockets!"

Skinner raised a feeble protest.

"Really, sir, I don't see why—"

"Turn out your pockets!" repeated Quelchy.

And Skinner was compelled to obey. He produced a miscellaneous collection of articles and laid them on Quelchy's desk.

There were two things which he tried to conceal, but Quelchy made him disgorge them. One was a tinder-lighter, the other a bag containing the remains of the saltpetre.

"Ah! This affords ample proof of your guilt, Skinner! You will accompany me to Dr. Locke's study!"

Skinner turned pale.

"Oh, crumbs!" he gasped. "I—"

"Follow me!" said Quelchy, in rasping tones.

And he flounced out of the Form-room, followed more slowly by Skinner.

The scene in the Head's study was a very painful one, from Skinner's point of view.

The practical joker received six on each hand, and he proved that he was not of the stuff of which heroes are made, for his yells awoke the echoes.

When Skinner returned to the Form-room he noticed that his face was contorted with spasms, and that he was squeezing his hands together like an old miser.

"In addition to the punishment you have already received, Skinner," said Quelchy, "you will be required to contribute five shillings towards the cost of a new map!"

"Oh, help!"

And if ever we want to rouse Skinner to a state of ungovernable fury, it will only be necessary to whisper softly in his ear the one word:

"Saltpetre!"

THE END.

### RESULT OF TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION.—No. 9.

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

LESLIE COPE,  
86, Caroline Street,  
Irlam, near Manchester.

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

F. Glanfield, 82, Camden Rd., Ipswich; A. Rose, 59, Beeches Rd., Blackheath, Staffs; Ernest Bow, 5, Milner Rd., Horfield, Bristol; A. E. Hurst, 69, Burritt St., Rochester, Kent; Reggie Hill, 12, Belle Vue Terr., Odd Down, Bath, Som.; H. Morgan, Royal Queen, New Dock St., Llanely; Maurice Hales, 45, Artillery St., Colchester; F. Sydney Ward, Victoria Rd., Bamford, nr. Sheffield; J. Pavey, Grove Villa, York Grove, Brighton; Mrs. Riddell, West Maryston, by Baillieston, Lanarkshire.

### CORRECT SOLUTION:

Here is an extract from a letter sent to me by a reader.

"Congratulations on the astounding success of the 'Greyfriars Herald.' The stories are grand, and the serial is thrilling in every line. I have obtained numerous new readers lately and they are all delighted with the book."

How's that for praise?

Yours sincerely,  
HARRY WHARTON.

## ENGLISH HISTORY

By DICK PENFOLD

Scene: The Remove Form-room.

Mr. Quelch: Bunter! You are slack this morning!

Let me give you timely warning. Several times to you I've beckoned. Who killed William the Second?

Bunter (in an undertone to Skinner): Skinny! Who killed William Rufus?

Is old Quelchy trying to spoof us?

Skinner (sotto voce): Sweeny Todd, the Fleet Street barber, Drowned the King in Portsmouth harbour!

Mr. Quelch: Bunter, I shall make you dance, sir!

I am waiting for your answer! Do not let me waste my breath. Pray, who caused King William's death?

Bunter: Sir, it may sound rather odd,

But it was Alonzo Todd!

The Class: Ha, ha, ha!

Mr. Quelch: Silence, boys! Your mirth will keep.

This is where you ought to weep!

Bunter: 'Lonzy Todd, the Fleet Street barber, Drowned old Rufus in the harbour!

Mr. Quelch (sternly): Bunter! Have you lost your sense,

Thus to jest at my expense?

Bunter: Why, sir, do you carry on so?

The assassin was Alonzo!

Alonzo Todd: Bunter, you are wandering!

I have never slain a king!

Bunter: Rats! You've murdered half a dozen!

Either you, or else your cousin.

Mr. Quelch: Bunter, stand out here at once!

I regard you as a dunce.

William Rufus was not drowned;

In a forest he was found,

With an arrow through his breast.

Cherry, please explain the rest!

Cherry: He was taken for a squirrel

By that chump, Sir Walter Tyrrell.

Mr. Quelch: You are slightly wrong, I fear.

He was taken for a deer.

Bunter, why did you suggest

Todd despatched him to his rest?

Bunter: Skinner muttered in my ear:

"'Lonzy did the deed, old dear!"

Mr. Quelch: Ah! At last I understand!

Skinner, pray hold out your hand!

Bunter, hold out yours as well!

I will warm you for a spell!

Skinner: Ow! Oh, help! Oh, crumbs! Yah! Groo!

Bunter: Yow-ow-ow-ow! Yar-oooooh!

CURTAIN!



Our Photographic Supplement

# THE BOYS' PICTORIAL



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

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

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**THE LANDSHIP COMES TO PORT!**



One of the famous tanks, which were the terror of the Bosche on the Somme and elsewhere, arrives in Deal where it will remain as a permanent War Memorial.—Taken by J. Hughes, Linden Croft, London Road, Deal, Kent.



H. Wheeler (West Hampstead).



John R. Woods (Haslingden).



Ben Jagger (Lancashire).



A. G. Foreman (Southampton).



H. Longstaff (Lewisham).



Miss E. Mills (Leicester).



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Henry Walker (London).



G. Croft (Plymouth).



F. L. Burton (Streatham).



Harry Stone (Fulham).



Wm. F. Gothard (Barnsley).



# 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. 14, TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION, "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4, so as to reach that address not later than Tuesday, February 3rd.

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

WRITE CAREFULLY

Signed.....

Address.....

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

**D** **F** **R** **I** **FINIS** **CONCLUSION** **A** **r** **R** **O** **T** **J** **7** **DAYS** **SAY** **G** **H** **E**

**D** **and we are delivering your goods next week** **of** **nut** **nut** **FINE APPLES JUST PICKED** **H**

**X** **ma** **OF** **course** **WE** **H** **L** **E** **4** **WA** **2** **a** **we had a GAY holiday** **J**

**60** **min** **utes** **T** **T** **T** **U** **U** **imag** **60** **minutes** **H** **The explosion filled her with BEWILDERMENT**

**W** **e** **r** **C** **d** **A** **O** **f** **the** **S** **J** **O** **K** **E** **S** **T** **J** **O** **K** **E**

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