

FULL OF STORIES & COMPETITIONS!

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



No. 15. (New Series).

FULL OF SCHOOL STORIES AND ARTICLES

Feb. 7, 1920.



- AN EXCITING FINISH IN THE GREAT RACE!

Our Photographic Supplement

Continued on Page 19.

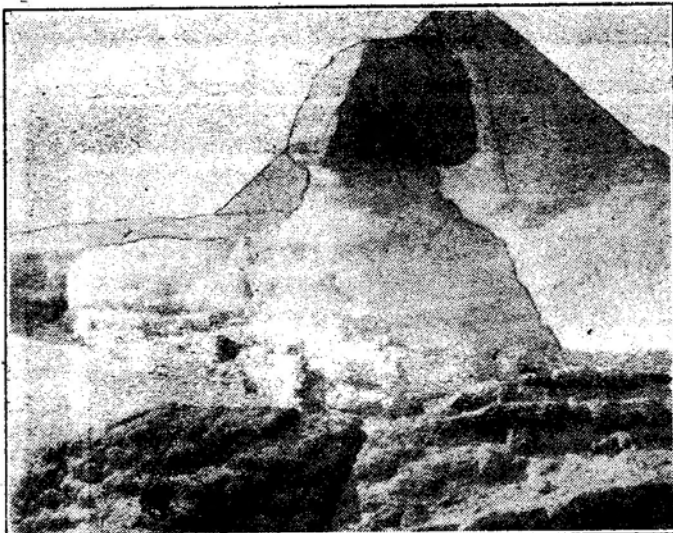
# THE BOYS' PICTORIAL



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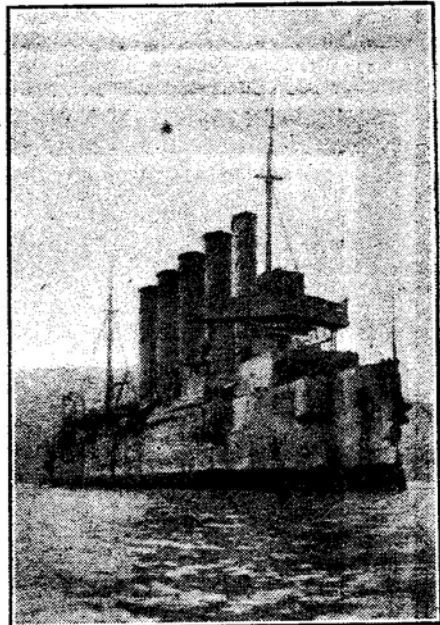
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A SENTINEL OF OLD EGYPT.



The Sphinx, which stands in majestic solitude hard by the Pyramids, is the abiding wonder of the world. It is hewn out of rock, the body and paws being those of a lion, and the face that of a woman. For countless ages it has defied Time and the drifting sands of the desert which surrounds it.—Taken by A. Brunning, Police Station, Bromley, Kent.

THE PACKET OF WOODBINES!



The five-funnelled Russian cruiser, Askold, took part in the Dardanelles campaign, and was dubbed "The Packet of Woodbines" by our quick-witted Tommies. Taken by Donald Campbell, 33, Gardner Street, Partick, Glasgow.

HERR VON STRIPES.



The zebra in the zoo at Cologne, Germany, reflects sadly on the food shortage and the general hardship of his lot.—Taken by W. H. Baker, 8, Exeter Road, Smethwick, Staffs.


SEND YOUR SNAPS!

IN MEMORY OF THE GREAT WHITE EMPRESS.




This beautiful memorial, in white marble, stands in the city of Lahore, India, and was erected to the lasting memory of Queen Victoria. The Great White Empress was beloved not only at home but by all her subjects in every part of her wide-flung Empire.—Taken by M. Nathan, 12, Upper Street North, Brighton.


**The Staff**




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*of the Greyfriars Herald*




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Occasional Contributors  
from  
GREYFRIARS

Occasional Contributors  
from  
Other Schools

# Editorial

By Harry Wharton.

### THE FIGHTING SPIRIT!

From one of my Portsmouth chums I have received a report of a pitched battle which took place on Southsea Common between eleven fellows representing THE MAGNET Library, and eleven representing THE GREYFRIARS HERALD.

The "pitched battle" was nothing more harmful than a football match, in which the HERALD readers were decisively beaten by three goals to one.

At first glance, this seems a sorry performance on the part of the HERALD-ites. But let me explain. Two of their best players were called away, just before the game, to take part in a match between two local schools. As a result, the HERALD skipper was obliged to include two reserves, whose knowledge of football was extremely limited.

In addition to this handicap, the HERALD-ites found that their opponents were bigger and stronger in all departments.

Worse still, the HERALD goalie was injured shortly after the start, and had to retire.

And yet, despite this sequence of ill luck, the HERALD-ites put up the pluckiest fight imaginable. They knew—and the little group of spectators knew—that the MAGNET side would win. But this knowledge did not daunt the fine fighting spirit of the HERALD players, who never gave up trying till the end.

### DEFEATED, BUT NOT DISGRACED.

I make no apology for commenting upon this game in my Chat this week, since I think the HERALD players are deserving of all praise. Although severely handicapped, they kept on keeping on, with the result that they were defeated, but by no means disgraced.

I am much obliged to my Portsmouth chum for favouring me with details of the match; and when next the plucky little HERALD-ites meet the MAGNET-ites on the field of play, I hope they will be successful in turning the tables.

HARRY WHARTON.



DICK PENFOLD



MURREE SINGH



BILLY BUNTER



TOM MERRY



JIMMY SILVER



ARTHUR A D'ARCY

### GOSSY'S PATENT FAG-FRUSTRATER! - - - By FRANK NUGENT.



1. The other day old Gosling placed a seat outside the gate at Greyfriars, and was about to take a snooze when he noticed some of the artful Third-form fags hanging about. "I'll stop their little game," he grunted. "Watch me!"

2. And, having adjusted his specially-constructed fag-flabbergaster, Gossy settled down to dream about gin at 2d. a gallon. "Now's our chance, you chaps!" tootled Bolsover minor to Tubb and Paget. "Go quietly, so's not to wake him!"

3. But what a shock those fags got when Gossy's patent motor-horn attachment got busy with a resounding "Honk!" "Aha, which as 'ow I've caught you, you young rips!" cried Gossy, waking up. "I'll report you, I will!"



## My Weekly Interview.

By the Special Representative of  
"The Greyfriars Herald"

This week:

### Herbert Skimpole

WHEN the Editor packed me off to St. Jim's to interview Skimpole, the genius of the Shell, I didn't know whether to be fearfully bucked, or fearfully disappointed.

"Skimmy" was more or less of an unknown quantity to me. I had heard him spoken of as a silly ass, a rabid Social reformer, and several other undesirable things. On the other hand, he had been described to me as a philanthropist—and that's precisely the sort of johnny I like to get hold of!

A philanthropist! What magic there was in the word!

Visions of a sumptuous repast in Skimpole's study floated before my mind.

It was a long and tiring journey to St. Jim's. The worst of it was that the day happened to be Saturday, and I had sacrificed an important footer match in order to do my duty to "The Greyfriars Herald."

When after three hours' travelling I reached the rival school, I nearly dropped from exhaustion.

On arriving at my destination I came face to face with a very handsome and well-set-up fellow—almost as handsome and attractive as myself.

I had heard Skimpole spoken of as an ugly freak; but there was nothing ugly about the fellow who now confronted me.

"Good-afternoon, Skimpole," I said cordially.

The good-looking youth smiled. "I'm not Skimpole," he said. "I'm Talbot."

"Oh, crumbs!" "I'm afraid Skimmy's not at home. He went out about five minutes ago. If you hurry along the Wayland road, you might catch him."

"I don't feel like hurrying," I said. "I've fagged all the way from Greyfriars!"

Talbot was sympathetic. He offered me the armchair, and bustled about and made me a cup of tea. He also produced a dish of assorted pastries from the cupboard.

"I should like to stay here and jaw all the afternoon," I said at length, "but I simply must see Skimmy."

"I'll lend you my bike," said Talbot. "You'll soon catch him up then. You can send the bike back by Skimmy."

"All serene." "I thanked Talbot profusely for his assistance, and a few moments later I was scorching along the Wayland road.

When I reached the outskirts of Wayland, I sighted a brainy-looking

merchant who wore the St. Jim's cap.

"Skimpole?" I jerked out. "That is my cognomen."

I dismounted, shook hands with Skimmy, and explained that I had come all the way from Greyfriars to interview him. He seemed to be quite impressed.

"Were you going anywhere in particular?" I inquired.

Skimpole nodded. "I am on my way to a barbarous scene of hooliganism," he explained. "In other words—a football match. There is a big match being played at Wayland, and I intend to remonstrate with the spectators for wasting their time in witnessing such a degrading and debasing exhibition."

"My hat!" "Will you accompany me?" asked Skimpole.

Knowing that the match was an important cup-tie, I agreed to do so.

There was a bike-shed just outside the ground, and I deposited Talbot's machine with the man in charge. Then, having paid our bobs, we passed in.

Wayland Warriors were playing against Burchester, and great was the excitement.

We took up our position close to a group of men who were bawling at the top of their lungs. "Warriors! Warriors! Play up, Warriors! Let 'em 'ave it 'ot!"

The home team obliged. Their forwards swept down the field in line, and the inside-right scored with a smashing drive.

"Goal!"

When the shouting had subsided, Skimpole made his voice heard.

"Men of Wayland! I am shocked—nay, disgusted! Your behaviour is little better than that of a crowd at a bull-fight! Instead of gloating over this repulsive and brutalising game, you will be well advised to return to your homes! Why squander your time in this senseless fashion? Why—"

Skimpole got no further.

It is the easiest thing in the world to rouse the anger of an excited group of spectators at a football match. And Skimpole shortly discovered this fact. So did I!

Before we could quite realise what was happening, we found ourselves rolling in the mud.

"Go 'ome!"

Slowly and dazedly we picked ourselves up and tottered away, feeling like a pair of limp rags.

Then I headed for the railway-station, and made my way mournfully back to Greyfriars.

I had requested Skimpole to return Talbot's bike to St. Jim's. But I don't doubt that it was much as he could do to return himself!

## THE CROSS-COUNTRY RACE!

(Continued from page 9.)

runner. It was Dick Rodney, and he had a set, purposeful look in his eyes.

Rodney had seen Drake stumble and fall over something, and now, for his chum's sake more than his own, he determined to drop in his tracks rather than let Daubeny have the race. He was feeling severely the effects of the gruelling run, but he quickened his stride and began to close the distance between himself and the Buck of the Shell. One hundred yards from the tape he was but five yards behind.

"Rodney! Oh, well run, Rodney!" Daubeny heard the fresh yells from the crowd and the pounding shoes behind him. He glanced round, and Rodney drew level!

"Come along, Daub!" "Stick it, Rodney!"

Fifty yards from the tape and the two were neck and neck!

"One more effort, Daub!"

Daubeny gave an agonised look at that magnetic strip of white tape stretched across the pathway that marked the winning-post. He tried to leap forward, but his tired legs refused to obey any further call. A sudden weakness came over him, and a red haze blotted out the white strip of tape, the faces of the cheering crowd and the outlines of the old Benbow beyond. He swerved in his course and toppled into the edge of the wood—run off his feet!

"Rodney wins!"

Two seconds later Rodney breasted the tape, the winner of the juniors' cross-country run!

A yelling crowd of his enthusiastic schoolfellows surged round him, and Tuckey Toodles made him a knee to sit on. Others rushed to assist Drake and Daubeny.

"Bravo, Dick, old chap!" said Toodles. "I'm jolly glad, as I was taken ill myself, the race still went to a giddy Fourth-former!"

Drake, who was limping slightly, pushed his way through the crush to congratulate his chum on his success. Afterwards, Rodney was carried shoulder high up the gangway to the Benbow.

When they had bathed and changed, Drake and Rodney adjourned to Study No. 8, and sank into chairs before the fire.

"What actually happened, Jack?" asked Rodney. "Did you trip over the root of a tree or something?"

Drake carefully shut the door and turned to his study-mate. "It was a small branch," he said, "and it was thrown from the wood!"

Rodney gave a low whistle. "My hat!" he ejaculated. "Did you see who did it?"

"No; and as none of the other fellows saw anything, I'm going to keep mum about the affair. Some of 'em would only think I was trying to find an excuse for falling out."

"Anyway," murmured Rodney, "Daub didn't win!"

THE END.

Look out for the next ripping tale of Jack Drake, which appears in Next Tuesday's "Greyfriars Herald!"

# THE CROSS-COUNTRY RACE!

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.

### A Chance For Toodles!

"I SAY, you fellows! Have you

"Scat!"

Instead of "scatting," Tuckey Toodles came into Study No. 8 on board the old Benbow, and banged a plump fist on to the table. Jack Drake and Dick Rodney sprang to their feet as the ink spluttered out of the full inkpot between them.

"You beast, Toodles! Look what you've done to my prep!"

"Slaughter the fat ass!"

Rodney reached across the table, and Rupert de Vere Toodles staggered back in alarm.

"Look here, you half-pay rotter, Rodney," said Tuckey, "I'm not afraid of you, so don't think I am. Yow! Keep off, you beasts!"

Toodles made a valiant effort to place the door between himself and the infuriated occupants of Study No. 8, but Drake and Rodney were too quick for him. They darted round the tables and dragged their interrupter to the floor.

"Bump him, Rodney!"

"Ow! Lemme go, you chaps, I say!"

Bump! Bump!

"Yoop! Help!"

Bump! Bump!

"Yarough! You're hurting me! Yow!"

At last, breathless with their heavy exercise, the chums of the Fourth released the unfortunate Toodles, and stood aside.

"Now beat it!" said Drake. "We're busy in here. You don't want to do any prep. yourself, so stay out till we've finished."

Tuckey Toodles felt his plump person tenderly to see if any bones were broken.

"You ungrateful rotters!" he vociferated. "I've a jolly good mind not to tell you the news now!"

"If you've got anything to get off your chest, Toodles, trot along here again later. At present we're busy."

Tuckey regarded Jack Drake more in sorrow than in anger.

"You're getting as bad as the half-pay bounders like Rodney here, Jack," he said. "You've always got your beastly nose to the grindstone. You take my tip and take things more easy. You can always rely on me, your best pal, to give you a hand if you get behind."

"You burbling chump!"

"Let's throw the fathead outside, Jack, and get on with prep!"

Toodles turned to Rodney with a ferocious expression on his plump features.

"Don't you dare to lay hands on me again, Rodney!" he said warningly.

"I've been jolly lenient with you up to the present, I think."

Rodney smiled in spite of himself.



The length of rope which Daubeny and Co. used on these occasions was fastened ready for their use, and down it swarmed the three Bucks.

"You certainly have been, Toodles," he murmured, "so fire off what you've got to say and depart, there's a good chap."

Tuckey Toodles plumed himself under this unusual manner of address, and helped himself to a seat in the best chair. When Toodles had news to tell, he was a general nuisance until he had got it off his chest.

"You'll be pleased to hear, you fellows," he began, "that St. Winny's still has a chance of having a decent junior captain shortly."

"What, has Daub resigned?"

"No. Unfortunately, my friend Vernon Daubeny seems to have gathered more supporters since nearly licking dear old Drake here."

Jack Drake flushed a little. He was beginning to suspect, as Rodney had suggested, that Vernon Daubeny, the nut of the Shell, had been playing a deep game with him. After the Highcliffe footer match the school had been ready to "rag" Egan, Torrence, and the other favourites of the junior captain who had composed the team, but Daub had cleverly turned the "rag"

into a fight between himself and Jack Drake, which the latter had won.

Tuckey Toodles misinterpreted Drake's look.

"It's all right, Jack, old fellow," he said comfortingly, "although you're not good enough to be captain yourself, the fellows will soon discover one who is miles better than Daub."

"How?"

"Well, there's a notice up on the board about a juniors' cross-country run for Saturday afternoon, and when the fellows see the winner romping home miles in front of everybody else, they'll know who's fit to be captain."

"And the dark horse is?"

"Me!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You frabjous chump! You couldn't run ten yards without falling down!"

Toodles eyed the chums of the Fourth severely.

"I know you're jealous of me, you chaps," he cried, "but I don't beat any malice. I'm going in for strict training."

"What on—jam puffs?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tuckey treated the question with the scorn it deserved.

"It needn't prevent you fellows from entering unless you like," he said magnanimously, "but, of course, you won't have a chance against me. However, it will be a nice country outing for you."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Why, you fat ass!" howled Jack Drake. "Even if everyone else in the race had fits and you won in ten hours thirty minutes, the chaps wouldn't have you captain for anything except a pork-pie eating team in a gorging contest! I should have thought that the bumping you had the other week would have knocked that into your thick skull."

The reference to Toodles's unfortunate attempt to impose himself on the juniors of St. Winifred's as candidate for the junior captaincy, did not seem to shake Tuckey's faith in himself.

"The fellows don't know my true worth," he said, "but when I knock spots off 'em on Saturday afternoon, they'll jolly well have to sit up and notice me!"

Dick Rodney made for the door.

"Come along to the notice-board, Jack," he said. "We'll do the swotting afterwards."

As there was no tuck in the study, the two chums left Toodles lounging comfortably in the chair and went off to see the particulars of the forthcoming race.

A crowd of juniors were gathered round the notice-board as the chums of the Fourth arrived on the scene.

"Hello, Drake!" cried Sawyer major. "Are you going to enter?"

Drake and Rodney tried to catch a glimpse of the announcement over the heads of their schoolfellows, but could not make out the terms of the run.

"What's the distance?" asked Drake.

"Five miles," said Sawyer, "and there's some jolly good prizes offered. The Head's putting up a special silver cup for the winner."

By using their shoulders the two chums of the Fourth at last obtained a view of the notice. The cross-country run was to start near the Benbow and finish at the same point, and the course mapped out was a circular one leading across fields and over streams and hedges. The run was the Head's own idea for he knew that the junior footer match for Saturday had been scratched, and the race without long training would prove a good test of the natural stamina of the juniors.

"My name's going down, Dick," said Drake. "Are you entering?"

"Rather!"

"Hello, what's all this thumpin' row?"

It was Vernon Daubeny, who, with his cronies, Egan and Torrence, had come up, attracted by the scuffle round the notice-board.

"A cross-country run for Saturday, Daub," said Chetwynd of the Fourth. "Going in for it?"

The nut of the Shell elbowed his way into view of the notice and read the announcement.

"Who's enterin'?" he asked.

"A whole crowd of fellows," said Chilcot. "Shall I stick your name down, Daub?"

The great Daub was about to reply in the affirmative, when the junior in front of him turned round and he found himself face to face with Jack Drake. Drake was trying hard to think well of the junior captain after his recent fight, and he spoke pleasantly enough.

"Good evenin', Daubeny," he said, "you must have a shot at this. It'll be a great run, and the Head's put up a topping prize."

Vernon Daubeny drew himself up slightly.

"Indeed?" he said coldly.

And he turned to the two other Bucks of the Shell.

"Let's be gettin' back to the study, you fellows."

Drake flushed under this cut, for he had hoped, having shaken hands with Daub after the recent fight, that old scores would have been forgotten.

"Daub's wise, you fellows. He knows he hasn't a chance with my name down on the list!"

That remark came from Tuckey Toodles, who had ambled up in time to hear Vernon Daubeny's words to Egan and Torrence.

"You silly ass!"

The nut of the Shell gave Toodles a push which sent him bowling over on the deck.

"Yow! You beast, Daub! I'll burst you for that!"

"That's right, punch his head, Tuckey! I'll hold your coat."

But Toodles made no effort to rise from the sitting position he had adopted on the deck.

"You wait, Daub!" he hissed.

Vernon Daubeny waited. As Tuckey still made no effort to fulfil his threat, the Buck of the Shell stooped down and grasped the fat junior by the collar.

"Yarough! Let go, you coward! You can't hit a man when he's down!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The nut raised Toodles a little way and let go suddenly.

Bump!

"Yoooooop!"

And leaving Tuckey Toodles dazedly gazing after him, Vernon Daubeny strode away, followed by Torrence and Egan.

#### Daub and Co. Break Bounds!

**D**AUBENY, Egan, and Torrence were sprawled in easy chairs in their study in the Shell quarters of the old ship. The study was comfortably, almost luxuriously furnished as befitted the wealthiest juniors at St. Winifred's.

"You're an unforgivin' sort of bounder, Daub," said Torrence. "D'you mean to say you're not goin' in for the cross-country race just because Drake's stuck his name down?"

The great man of the Shell casually lighted a cigarette before replying.

"I'm goin' to lie low for a time," he said, puffing a cloud of tobacco smoke into the air. "I'm not givin' the rotter any more chances at present."

"Meanin' he may lick you again?" murmured Egan.

Daubeny turned on his follower with a scowl.

"What the thump d'you mean?" he demanded. "I'm not afraid of Drake, as I showed you when the

fellows wanted to 'rag' the footer team, and you were skulkin' here in the study. It's a question of policy with me."

"And jolly good policy, too, if I know anythin' about Drake's runnin'!" said Egan.

"Oh, dry up, you two!" cried Torrence. "What's the good of rowin' among ourselves? I dare say Drake won't win the beastly race, anyway. There are several chaps just as likely to pull the thing off, and one or two of the new fellows, like Rodney, may be dark horses over the distance, for all we know. I'm thinkin' of enterin' myself."

Daub's aristocratic lips curled contemptuously.

"Drake'll back out when he hears that, I expect," he said sarcastically.

"If Torrence enters, I shall, too," said Egan. "It's quite likely we'll be walkin' off with one of the prizes."

"You'll have to do some runnin', old man, if you want a prize," said Daub—"not walkin', like you did in the Highcliffe match!"

Egan bounced out of his chair, and stood with clenched fists facing the junior captain, who leaned back in his chair, calmly regarding him.

"Shut up about the Highcliffe match!" shouted Egan. "We agreed to forget it. Besides, you as captain were to blame for playin' such a rotten team. So give it a miss!"

"Like you did that open goal," murmured Daubeny sweetly. "But there; we won't quarrel. Sooth your poor, jaded nerves with one of these fags."

With ill grace Egan accepted the proffered cigarette, and sank into his seat again.

"But really, Daub, old man," said Torrence seriously, "you ought to have a shot at this race. You're a jolly good runner, and if you romp home first it will be another feather in your cap, and should go a long way to winnin' back to your side some of the chaps who've been influenced by those rotters, Drake and Rodney."

Vernon Daubeny puffed in silence for a few moments. He knew himself to be a good runner, and there was only one junior he did actually fear, and that was Jack Drake. But Daub did not want the race to evolve into another contest between himself and his one-time friend, with himself in second place again. He realised only too well that the number of cigarettes he had been smoking of late had not improved his wind, and tiptop stamina would be needed for the gruelling five miles run. Drake would have an advantage in that respect, for the junior of Study No. 8 had entirely given up the pernicious practice.

Egan, under the soothing influence of his wealthy chum's finest Virginia, began to take a more sociable part in the conversation.

"I'm beginnin' to agree with Torrence," he said. "If you don't enter, Daub, the fellows will think you've got cold feet—specially after the way you refrained from puttin' your name on the list when you spotted Drake there."

This caused Vernon Daubeny to regard the matter in a new light. He knew only too well there were not lacking fellows at St. Winny's only

too willing to accuse him of fudging the issue. Perhaps, after all, if he refrained from smoking for the few days till the time of the race, and took plenty of exercise, he could wear off any ill-effects of his recent indulgences. As Torrence had said, it would be indeed a feather in his cap if he could prove himself Drake's superior by breasting the tape first.

"All serene; I'll enter, old tops!" he decided. "Slip along, Torrence, and stick our names down on the list, and when you come back we'll have a quiet little game of banker to pass the rest of the evenin'."

In less than five minutes Torrence had fulfilled his mission, and was back again in the study.

"Were Drake and Rodney still hangin' round the notice-board when you were puttin' our names down?" asked Egan.

"No, the beastly outsiders had gone back to their study to sap, as usual, I suppose. But Sawyer and a good many of the other fellows were still there, discussin' the chances of the race."

"Did they say anythin' about me?" asked Daubeny, drawing up to the table, and shuffling a pack of cards. "Or about Drake?"

"Most of 'em," said Torrence, "seem to think Drake could beat you hobbled. They reckon you've had too many late nights to be much good over the distance."

Vernon Daubeny gritted his teeth. "Weren't any of our supporters around?"

"My hat, yes! Those asses Chitcot, Chetwynd, and some of the others started crowin' when I stuck your name down, but, of course, their opinions don't count for much with the rest of the fellows."

Daub savagely pushed a pack of cards to the centre of the table.

"Let's stow the cackle," he said, "and get on with the game. Cut for deal."

For some minutes the three Bucks devoted their entire attention to banker, and Vernon Daubeny soon regained his temper as a little pile of his study-mates' money began to accrue in front of him.

"By the way," he said, "what about goin' down to see Gentleman Smith at the Lobster Pot one night for a game of snooker? I can get a message down there to-morrow, and a boat can come up for us after lights out."

"Too risky now," grunted Egan. "I'd have thought after the scare you got when Smith tried to get on board to give Drake away you'd have given up that little game. Besides, another late night before that cross-country run won't improve your chances of winnin'."

"Blow the cross-country run! D'you think I'm goin' to give up every other bit of sport on that account? Anyway, one evenin' won't do me any harm. What do you say, Torrence?"

Vernon Daubeny confidently looked for support from Torrence, for the latter had been the keenest of the three Bucks at the variety of snooker-pool which Gentleman Smith had taught them. And Daub was not disappointed.

"I'll come," said Torrence. "The Head ain't suspicious of us, and it's not likely we'll be caught. I think Gentleman Smith was surprised how expert I was gettin' with the cue last time. It would just suit my book at present to go down and take a few quids off the bounder."

"That's the talk, old top!" said Daubeny, cutting the cards into three packs. "And Egan'll come, too. I'll fix it up with Gentleman Smith for Thursday night."

In spite of Vernon Daubeny's decision to enter for the cross-country run, the nut of the Shell took good care not to put himself to much inconvenience in preparation for the gruelling event. He did not finish his banker with Torrence and Egan until nearly midnight; but on the following day he took two walks into the country, the first after morning lessons and the second before prep. in the evening. The

race, Vernon Daubeny, Egan and Torrence waited in their study for the sound of the oars beneath their port, which would inform them of the arrival of the row-boat.

Presently the swish of water against the side of the old warship and the creak of oars working in the rowlocks told them that the hour of action had arrived.

"All serene!" whispered Vernon Daubeny, looking through the square port. "I'll slip out first, and you two chaps can follow."

The length of rope which Daub and Co. used on these occasions was fastened ready for their use, and down it swarmed the three Bucks. Then with muffled oars the old boatman who had come for them rowed quietly away from the dark, towering side of the Benbow.

The nuts of the Shell landed opposite the Lobster Pot, and made their



Just after entering the wood the Fourth-former shot by the Shell fellow and established a clear lead of ten yards.

latter, at any rate, afforded good exercise, for he walked as far as the Lobster Pot, which was well out of bounds, and left a note for Gentleman Smith, the rascally card-sharper, bookmaker, and billiard-sharper, who had already fleeced the Bucks of a good deal of money. In the note he requested Gentleman Smith to arrange for a row-boat to be outside the Shell study port, in the forward part of the Benbow, at eleven-thirty on Thursday night.

Daubeny knocked off entirely his habit of cigarette-smoking on the quiet in his study, and even in a day or two he began to feel the benefit of this abstinence. Rodney and Drake, he noticed, let up slightly from sweating, and took plenty of light exercise in the playing-fields and the countryside near the Benbow. The shortness of the time before the run forbade of any stringent system of training being carried out.

Late on the Thursday night before

way through the garden to the inn. At the threshold Gentleman Smith met them, with an expansive grin on his coarse face.

"Good-evenin', young gents," he greeted them. "I've been wonderin' when you was comin' down to see me again. You ain't got Master Drake with you this time, 'ave you?"

"My hat, no!" muttered Daubeny. "We don't have anythin' to do with the beastly outsider now. He's turned 'pi,' and spends all his time sappin'."

"'E ponied up the quids 'e owed me, all right," said Mr. Smith. "But it's a pity 'e don't 'ave a 'and at cards or a bit on a 'orse now and then, to get 'is money back."

The rascally card-sharper led the three Bucks into his private parlour, saw them settled in comfortable chairs, and pushed a box of cigarettes across the table. Torrence and Egan helped themselves, but Daubeny, sticking to his resolution, refused to

smoke, in spite of Mr. Smith's repeated invitations.

"I say, Smith, you made rather a mess of things when you called that time at the school," murmured Daub easily. "How was it you let Toodles send you spinnin' in the river?"

A savage expression suffused Gentleman Smith's face, and he gritted his teeth.

"I'll get even with 'im yet!" he growled. "And with Master Drake, too, for I reckon 'e put the other one up to it."

"I expect he did," murmured Daub languidly. "But what about a little game of somethin', old chap?"

"What's it to be to-night, young gents?" asked Mr. Smith. "A quiet li'l game of poker, or a frame of snooker?"

"Let's have some pool, old top," suggested Torrence, who fancied himself at the game. "I feel in form to-night."

"That's right, sir," said Mr. Smith. "But you was beginnin' to get too 'ot for me. Let's see, I only got 'ome by five points in the last game we played, if I remember right."

The three Bucks rose and followed Gentleman Smith to the billiard-room, where a fire was blazing cheerfully, and the coloured balls already racked up in anticipation of their visit. It was indeed an enticing web that had been spun by the rascally sharper!

Torrence had made a large hole in his last liberal allowance, and felt in fine fettle for getting back again some of the money he had left in the care of Mr. Smith on previous occasions.

"Let's have some decent stakes to-night, you fellows," he suggested. "No penny points for me!"

"A shillin' a point, if you like, sir," murmured Mr. Smith, "though I expects you young gents will clear my pockets out afore you've done with me."

Vernon Daubeny and Egan demurred, but finally agreed to play for threepence a point, which was high enough, indeed, for snooker.

For a while the three Bucks did well, and Torrence was encouraged by winning a game by a few points. But soon their luck seemed to diminish curiously, and time and again Mr. Smith potted the high coloured balls with easy dexterity.

"I'm 'avin' a run of luck now," he remarked genially. "But it's bound to change with the next frame, I'm thinkin'."

But Mr. Smith's "luck" did not change, strange to say, and when Daubeny and Co. finally put their cues back in the rack they were each out of pocket to the tune of two or three pounds. In the small hours of the morning they bade Gentleman Smith of the Lobster Pot adieu, and walked through the dark garden to the river, where the rowboat was waiting to take them back to the Benbow.

Suddenly Vernon Daubeny, with a muttered excuse that he had forgotten something, turned back and rejoined Mr. Smith, who had come out to see them off. For a few moments he spoke in low tones to the rascally bookmaker, and when he turned away to follow the other Bucks Mr. Smith

had an evil grin on his face and a crisp five-pound note in the palm of his hand.

Money was no object to the great Daub!

#### The Race!

IT was Saturday afternoon, and the boys of St. Winifred's were gathered in an eager crowd near the Benbow to see the start of the juniors cross-country run. Even masters and the great men of the Fifth and Sixth, with the exception of those posted at various points along the five-mile course, had condescended to honour the event with their presence at the starting-post.

The general consensus of opinion among the juniors was that the race would afford another test between Jack Drake and Vernon Daubeny, for they still regarded the former as a strong rival for the junior captaincy.

Loud cheers broke out as Drake, in white running shorts and singlet, appeared arm in arm with Rodney, and the outburst was renewed as Vernon Daubeny joined the group of competitors. The Buck of the Shell was looking cool and fit, and more nutty even in an exquisite pair of pale blue shorts.

Lovelace of the Sixth was acting as starter. He looked at his watch and turned to the runners.

"Now then, you fags," he said, "arrange yourselves at the starting-post and keep this side of the white line!"

A loud yell broke from the direction of the gangway of the Benbow.

"Oh, I say, hold on a minute, Lovelace! Wait for me!"

A great yell of laughter and some ironical cheers rose from the juniors. It was Tuckey Toodles, in white vest and bright red shorts, whose plump form was bounding down the gangway.

"Don't hurry, old sport! Let 'em go—you'll catch 'em up all right!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

In his wild haste Toodles tripped at the foot of the gangway. Seeing that Lovelace was patiently awaiting his arrival he made no violent effort to get up again, but remained sitting on the ground gasping and blowing. Tuckey's physical condition after his run down the thirty-foot gangway was not encouraging for his chance over a five miles course.

"I'm—phew!—I'm all right n-now, you chaps!" he puffed. "Fit to—phew!—run for my life! Phew! You can b-back me to pull the race off for the Fourth!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you grinning at, you silly asses?" demanded Toodles glaring round at the laughing juniors. "I'm a jolly good runner—better than those chumps Daub and Drake, anyway! It'll be my turn to laugh when I see your silly faces as I come home first!"

"I, for one, shouldn't be surprised if you do come home first, Toodles," said Estcourt seriously.

"You're the only sensible chap here, old top—besides me!" said Tuckey, rising and brushing himself.

"Bound to be," added Estcourt. "You'll come back after you've gone ten yards!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

With his head in the air, Tuckey Toodles walked through the crowd of laughing juniors and took his place in line with the other starters for the cross-country run. Even the Head, who was present, could not repress a smile as the fat boy of the Fourth rolled into his place; and as for the competitors, they were nearly doubled up with paroxysms of suppressed mirth. But Toodles was feeling in grand form after an excellent lunch, in which three helpings of plum pudding had played but a minor part, and regarded the antics of his school-fellows with lofty disdain.

Lovelace checked the names of the runners, and inserted a blank cartridge into his pistol.

"Ready, you fellows?"

Crack!

As though released by an invisible spring the two lines of runners leaped into motion on the first stage of that gruelling race. With lengthening strides, Vernon Daubeny, Conway, and Egan placed themselves at the head of the field. Drake, Rodney, and many others were quite content to allow them to set the pace, realising, as they did, that it would be the last mile which would furnish the real test.

Tuckey Toodles, plodding along with his knees well up, kept close beside the two chums of the Fourth, and this pace he kept for about three hundred yards along the pathway through the wood. Then his face assumed the tint of a boiled lobster and his breath came and went in hoarse pants like the noise of a locomotive pulling a heavy train out of a station.

"I think I must be ill, you chaps!" he gasped. "I've g-got such a p-pain in the side. Phew! Wh-wh-what rotten luck, eh?"

"Stick it, Toodles!" said Drake cheerfully. "And save some of your breath for the fifth mile, old top!"

"F-fifth m-mile!" stammered Tuckey. "I—I think I must have been p-poisoned with somethin' I had at lunch. Don't stop, you chaps. Leave m-me to die alone! G-good-bye!"

And with that agonising remark, Tuckey Toodles staggered off the path and flopped down on a fallen tree-trunk.

The field was well strung out as the runners reached the open country beyond the wood, and here the difficulties began. The first obstacle they had to encounter was a five-barred gate, and this Daubeny and some others of the leaders vaulted, but the majority were content to scramble over as best they could. A low hedge, with a stream behind it, appeared a couple of hundred yards farther along, and by the time the last of the runners were across into the ploughed field beyond, more than half the juniors were dripping wet.

At the far corner of a twenty-acre field, two miles from home, where Mr. Packe, the master of the Fourth, was standing with a flag, Vernon Daubeny was still leading. Both Egan and Torrence were plodding along with the stragglers, by this time with "bellows to mend," as the consequence of their habitual indulgence in the fragrant weed. Other members of



Daub's ill-fated footer team, which had suffered so severely at the hands of Highcliffe, were also revealing their lack of proper condition by lagging in the rear of the field. Between Daubeny and the two chums of the Fourth, who were about two hundred yards behind, came Conway, Estcourt, and Rawlings, pluckily hanging on to the heels of the leader.

"My hat!" muttered Drake. "Old Daub's setting a rattling pace. I wonder if he can last?"

"It'll be an eye-opener to me if he can raise a turn of speed for the last quarter-mile," returned Rodney.

After those remarks the two chums ran in silence, knowing full well they would need every ounce of their breath later on.

The Buck of the Shell had made up his mind to set the running all the way if he could. Once, after leaping two stiles in swift succession, he was distressed for a short period, but still running steadily, he got his second wind, and began to feel fit for the supreme effort of his life.

After the third mile it became increasingly apparent that the cross-country run had evolved itself into a

contest between Daubeny, Conway, Estcourt, Rawlings, Drake, and Rodney. No one in the rest of the field appeared to have a dog's chance, so far behind the leaders had they dropped.

It was in an open field that Jack Drake decided to start his effort to wrest the leadership from Daubeny. Rodney did not respond to the same extent, for he intended to make his challenge in the last quarter-mile of the pathway through the wood leading to the Benbow.

There were no spectators to yell encouragement, but the Fourth-former steadily overhauled the Buck of the Shell without the latter becoming aware of the fact.

Three hundred yards from the winning-post the leading runners came into view of the waiting crowd near the school.

A loud roar rent the air.

"Drake leads!"

Just after entering the wood the Fourth-former had shot by the Shell fellow and established a clear lead of ten yards. The great Daub now came pounding along behind with a

fierce look disfiguring his aristocratic face, as he strove to overtake his rival.

Suddenly another shout arose—this time a cry of chagrin from the majority of the school.

"Drake's finished!"

From running strongly, Drake had stumbled and crashed full length on the ground!

Tuckey Toodles—now recovered from his indisposition—had seen something with his sharp eyes which had been indiscernable to most of those present.

"Poor old Drake caught his foot in a branch or somethin'!" he cried. "It sprang up from the ground and hit him!"

"Rot!" shouted one of Daub's supporters near by. "Drake's dead beat, I tell you! Good old Daub!"

Drake tried to carry on, but he had twisted his foot slightly and could not get up speed. With a smile on his face the Buck of the Shell sped past him.


But suddenly the cries of jubilation from the supporters of Daubeny changed to anxious exhortations. From fifteen yards in the rear of the junior captain, came speeding another

(Continued on col. 3, page 4.)

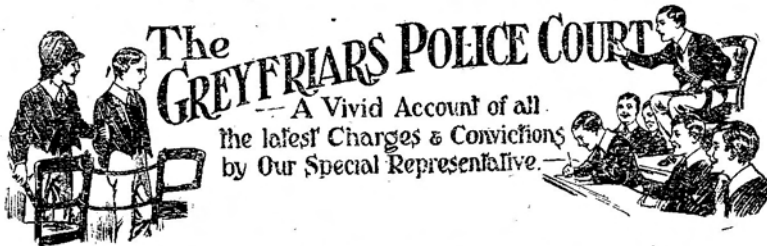
## MAGNIFICENT COLOURED PICTURE TO BE GIVEN FREE

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

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



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



## The GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

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

Quite a crop of cases came before Mr. Justice Wharton and a special jury this week.

The court was crowded, the windowsills being thronged with fashionable folk, whilst the jurymen took up their quarters in the fireplace.

### Skinner Eats His Words!

The first prisoner was Harold Skinner, who jauntily entered the dock smoking a cigarette.

Magistrate: Throw that weed away!

Prisoner: Rats!

Magistrate: P.-c. Bull! Kindly make prisoner disgorge that cigarette! P.-c. Bull promptly stood prisoner on his head, and the cigarette fell to the floor, where it was immediately reduced to a pulp by the constable's boot.

Mr. Peter Todd, K.C., for the prosecution, said that the charge against the prisoner was one of criminal libel. He had written some verses slandering that select and august body known as the Famous Five.

The learned counsel then proceeded to recite from a document in his hand, as follows:

"The Freakish Five, they always strive

To set a good example.

They seldom scrap; they don't play nap;

And 'smokes' they never sample!

"A champion fool is Johnny Bull,

And so's that beastly nigger.

And Wharton—why, he makes me cry,

He's such a sorry figure!"

Magistrate: That's quite enough, thanks! You needn't read the remaining fifty-eight stanzas. Prisoner says that I make him cry. He's quite right! I'll make him howl the roof off, in a jiffy! He will be sentenced

Foreman of the Jury: We haven't considered our verdict yet, your worship!

Magistrate: No, but I've already considered it for you! Prisoner will be sentenced to undergo a severe bumping forthwith, and he will afterwards be made to eat his words!

The bumping was duly administered by six stalwart constables, after which prisoner was made to devour his own manuscript.

### Forcing Fishy to Fight!

Fisher Tarleton Fish, an American subject, was summoned by Master Richard Nugent for breach of contract.

Magistrate: What was the contract?

Mr. Robert Cherry, K.C., explained the facts. "A quarrel arose between

the two parties, your worship, and Fish agreed to meet Master Nugent in fistic encounter. But he backed out, and has refused to meet his engagement.

Magistrate: Then he shall meet it here and now! Form a ring in the centre of the court!

Fish: Look hyer, you mugwump, I guess and calculate—

Magistrate: I kinder sorter guess and calculate that you're going to fight! (Laughter.)

A ring was duly formed, and the combat took place amid frenzied cheers.

In the first round Master Nugent administered a black eye to his opponent. In the second round he administered another. And in the third round he polished him off completely.

Magistrate: Usher! Where's the court usher? Oh, there you are! Kindly sweep up the fragments of Fish that are strewn about the court! (Loud laughter.)

### REPORTS IN BRIEF.

A number of defiant-looking youths—George Bulstrode, Michael Desmond, William Wibley, Oliver Kipps, and Peter Hazeldene—were charged with going to Cliff House self-invited, and having tea with the girls.

Magistrate: This sort of thing must be put down with a firm hand. The only people who are entitled to go over to Cliff House self-invited are the Famous Five.

Prisoners (in chorus): Rats!

The prisoner Hazeldene then produced a letter from his sister Marjorie, in which she stated that he could come to Cliff House as often as he liked, and could bring as many friends as he wished on each occasion.

Magistrate: A thousand apologies, gentlemen! I didn't know of the existence of that letter. You are discharged from this court without a stain on your characters—though I can't say the same about your collars!

The prisoners pelted his worship with ancient eggs on quitting the dock.

William George Bunter was charged with being of good behaviour for a whole week.

"I really can't understand it, your worship," said Mr. R. Cherry, K.C. "Bunter hasn't been listening at keyholes, he hasn't been over-feeding, and he hasn't told half as many whoppers as usual."

Magistrate: Then I think he deserves a putty medal!

The medal was duly awarded, and the recipient swelled visibly with pride on leaving the court.

## OUR PERSONAL COLUMN

(With acknowledgments to the Daily Newspapers)

By BOB CHERRY

Miss Phyllis Howell will open an exhibition of war relics at Cliff House on Monday. Billy Bunter will appear as a captive balloon. No disguise will be necessary.

Mr. Horace Coker, the celebrated comedian, will shortly render a new song, entitled "I Kan't Spel for Tof-y!"

Mr. Cecil Reginald Temple has just ordered a new Sunday topper, six yards in circumference, to accommodate his swelled head.

Mr. Robert Cherry celebrates his birthday to-morrow.

Mr. Robert Cherry is not too proud to accept invitations to study feeds.

Mr. Robert Cherry will be very grateful—(And so shall I, if Mr. Robert Cherry will shut up!—Ed.)

Mr. W. G. Bunter was yesterday defeated at the fifteenth round—of toast!

Mr. Alonzo Todd, the well-known philanthropist, again appeals for contributions to his fund for providing woollen vests for the South Sea Islanders. Blessed are they who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed!

We have it on good authority that Mr. Twigg, the master of the Lower School, has grown into an ashplant!

Mr. George Tubb's annual bath takes place to-morrow.

Mr. Harry Wharton informs us that the circulation of "The Greyfriars Herald" is going up by leaps and bounds. The rise is due, of course, to the Personal Column, the writer of which doesn't see why he shouldn't have a rise, too!

Mr. Robert Cherry will now—(Ring off!—Ed.)

**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.

**A Fly Answer!**

Teacher (during natural history lesson): And what creature requires the very least nourishment?

Bright Student: The common house moth, sir—it eats nothing but holes!  
 —Sent in by R. Bayliffe, 5, Lamb Street, Ardwick, Manchester.

**Fairly Caught!**

"I say, what a methodical fellow you are, Marky!" said Billy Bunter, as Mark Linley stepped into his study, which Billy had entered during his absence.

"What do you mean?" demanded Linley.

"Why, fancy locking all your drawers when you go out for five minutes! 'Tisn't likely anyone would meddle with your things."

"Of course not," remarked Mark Linley, rolling up his sleeve. "But how did you find the drawers were locked, porpoise?"—Sent in by A. C. Hawes, Littleworth, Downley, near High Wycombe, Bucks.

**THEIR NUMBER UP!**



**MOTORISTS:** "What are you doing, constable?"

**VILLAGE CONSTABLE:** "Sorry sir, the inspector just rang up, and told me to take your number."

**Tied Him in a Knot!**

Draper's Assistant: And what else can I get you, madam?

Dear Old Lady (who has just bought two yards of Government linen): Nothing more now, thank you. But could you tell me when the Government are going to start selling some of that red tape I've heard so much about?—Sent in by E. Baker, 89, Wellington Road, Portslade-by-Sea, Sussex.

**Moving!**

The Sub-editor: I say, Dick, old chap, how would you define the poetry of motion?

Dick Penfold: That's the kind that's always going from editor to editor!—Sent in by S. Paris, 1, William Street, Prestwick, Manchester.

**A Near Shave!**

The rising-bell had long sounded, and Bunter had summoned up sufficient courage to start gingerly to wash.

"Look out, Bunter!" suddenly came a roar from Bob Cherry.

Bunter dropped the soap and flannel, jumped back, and looked at Bob.

"Wh-what's the marrer?" he asked.

"Why," said Bob, as he walked away, "that flannel very nearly touched your neck!"—Sent in by Wm. Carter, 1, Namur Terrace, Alvey Street, Walworth, S.E.17.

**WHY THE CLASS LAUGHED!**



**TEACHER:** "Come and sit here, Willie Smith, you're not fit to sit with well-behaved people!"

**Then She Started!**

Mrs. Knagg: Did the doctor ask to see your tongue, Ebenezer?

Mr. Knagg: No: I told him about yours, and he ordered me away for a rest!—Sent in by F. Ryland, 37, Grafton Road, Holloway, N.7.

**A Dog's Life!**

Her Ladyship: Have you given Fido his soup?

Buttons: Yes, mum.

And his omelette?

Yes, mum.

And his outlet?

Yes, mum.

And his jelly?

Yes, mum.

Her Ladyship: Then you may have some bread-and-cheese and go to bed!

—Sent in by A. Tunner, 21, Stirrup Brook, Boothstown, near Manchester.

**A Tide-y Match!**

It had been raining hard, and the Highcliffe field was more like a lake than a footer ground. Nevertheless Wingate, the referee, decided that the match should not be postponed.

"What?" gasped Harry Wharton, captain of the visiting Greyfriars team. "Surely we're not going to play in this?"

"Certainly. Now, don't hang about—you've won the toss. Which side are you taking?"

"Well, if we've got to play," came the retort, "I guess we'll play with the tide!"—Sent in by M. E. Marley, 31, St. Paul's Road, Thornaby-on-Tees, Yorkshire.

**RUCTIONS FOR RACKE!**

(Continued from page 16.)

idiot! Hark at all the Greyfriars fellows cacklin'! Makes merry music, doesn't it? I've a jolly good mind to bump you, here an' now!

"Hear, hear!" growled Crooke.

Happily the whistle blew at this juncture for the game to be resumed.

Greyfriars continued to go great guns. Shot after shot was rained in upon Mellish, who was both helpless and hopeless.

When the final whistle sounded, Harry Wharton and Co. had scored no less than twenty-two goals without reply.

Racke was almost weeping with rage and chagrin.

"Will you stay to tea?" asked Bob Cherry pleasantly.

"I'll see you hanged first!" growled Racke.

And he strode off the field, only too glad to get away from the grinning Greyfriars crowd; and the discomfited members of his team slunk after him.

The Terrible Three were waiting in the gateway of St. Jim's when the team returned.

"How went the day?" asked Monty Lowther.

Racke moistened his dry lips.

"We won by—lemme see—by three goals to one!"

The Terrible Three blinked at Racke in amazement.

"Licked 'em hollow!"

"That," interjected a quiet voice, "is a lie!"

Racke spun round with a start.

Dick Brooke, the day-boy, had suddenly appeared on the scene.

"I've been over to Greyfriars myself, you fellows," said Brooke. "The match was a farce. Greyfriars won by twenty-two to nil!"

"Oh, ye gods!" gasped Monty Lowther. "What a whacking!"

Racke turned almost green.

His deception had fallen about his ears, and his experiences during the rest of the evening were not enviable. He had hoped to deal a crushing blow at Tom Merry and Co., and his hopes had not been realised.

And if anyone wished to rouse Racke of the Shell to a state of ungovernable fury during the next few days, it was only necessary to whisper softly in his ear the ominous words:

"Twenty-two to nil!"

THE END.

# THE RED MAN'S TRAIL



A stirring serial story dealing with adventures  
amongst Redskins

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

UNCLE BALDY lowered the venerable old gentleman to the ground, where he squatted, panting heavily.

Presently he caught his breath.

"Me surrender!" said he, in quite good English. "You take me 'long Buk Diksee!"

"Right, grandpa!" replied Uncle Baldy cheerfully, as he struck a light to a piece of tinder with flint and steel. "But what were those two bucks doing?" he added curiously. "Chasing a war-chief of their own nation! Does dog eat dog amongst the Navajos?" he asked, dropping into the Navajo dialect.

"Wah!" grunted the old warrior grimly. "That is the truth. Dog eats dog, and Navajo eats Navajo. I am no more of the Navajos. I go to Buk Diksee, who is my enemy. But there are enemies who are truer than friends. I wash off the war-paint of the Navajo nations—I who am called by men Prairie Wolf. I leave the pack, and become Lone Wolf, for my brothers of the Great Council Lodge have risen against me, and have plotted to take my life. Wherefore I go to Buk Diksee, who has many faces but has yet one heart. He speaks not with a forked tongue. I, Prairie Wolf, have spoken, and I leave my tribe, even as the great chief Laughing Cloud left it!"

Uncle Baldy looked at their prisoner with wonderment.

Prairie Wolf was an old warrior, but he had been a great warrior in his day, and was well respected by the frontiersmen whom he had fought all his life.

There was a strange white strain somewhere in Prairie Wolf's blood, which showed in queer actions which had a touch of chivalry in them that was not known to other Redskin warriors.

He was always ready to fight till the cows came home. He would meet any Paleface in single combat, and he had worsted many who had come up against him. But there was one thing in the record of Prairie Wolf which shone as clear as the light of a good deed in a naughty world. There were

no scalps of women or children on his lodge, and he had always spared these innocent victims of war.

And this was why Uncle Baldy held out his hand to this famous old warrior.

"How d'yc do, Prairie Wolf?" said he. "I'm proud to meet you. Heard a lot about you. I'm Uncle Baldy, the great medicine-man who winds up the thunder and works the wim-wom that makes the world go round. If you want a pill for your liver, I'll roll you one. If your horse is lame, I will cure him. If you've got spots in your eyes, or that nasty hard cough on your chest, I'll cure it for you. And this is my friend Master Joe, a great Paleface warrior who comes from the land over the Black Waters which is called England. He's looking for his dad, who has gone a-missing in these parts of the world, and, being a Johnny Bull, an' resolute by natur', he means to find him. Now," concluded Uncle Baldy, after his oration, "sit down, grandpa, and we'll smoke the pipe o' peace together. I suppose you

don't mind those two dead gents lying there? If so, I'll have them moved."

And he jerked his thumb in the direction of the two fallen bucks who had been after Prairie Wolf's scalp. Prairie Wolf took Uncle Baldy's pipe from him eagerly, and puffed at it as they squatted down together, facing each other, looking more like two old comrades than two deadly enemies.

"Heap good tobacco!" remarked Prairie Wolf, after a long silence, indicating that he liked Uncle Baldy's cut plug tobacco far better than the Indian mixture of tobacco adulterated with willow-bark.

Then Prairie Wolf nodded in the direction of his fallen pursuers.

"Buck—heap dead!" he remarked. "Couldn't be deader!" assured Uncle Baldy.

There was a long and characteristic Redskin pause after this. Then Prairie Wolf glanced at Joe from under his showy headdress.

"Me help you find father," said he. And Joe started violently at the words, which were spoken in clear English.

"Me help you find father!" repeated Prairie Wolf.

Joe looked at the old Redskin, whose grim face was faintly outlined against the dusk. He could hardly believe his ears.

"But you are a Navajo," said he, "and my father was handed over by the Navajos to the Apaches. How can you track in the Apache country, when there is already a sort of warfare on between your nations?"

Old Redskin Wolf grinned. He, like Teekoopi, smiled as though a smile hurt him, and Uncle Baldy surveyed him in wonderment, for a Redskin smiles as seldom as a dog.

"My mama Apache woman," he explained in his painful English. Then he dropped into the Navajo tongue, which Uncle Baldy understood.

"Lo, brother!" said he. "Tell this young Paleface that I, Prairie Wolf, third war chief of the fifth Navajo nation, am in mine old age suspect by my people. New wolves have risen in the Navajo pack who know not the old grey wolves who have fought for them. Dog eats not dog, but Navajo eats Navajo. And I, Prairie Wolf, am cast out from my tribe because I spoke white words and true counsel. They

## 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, and the troop, disguised as Redskins, rout the braves who have been besieging the emigrants. After the fight an ancient war chief staggers up to Uncle Baldy for protection.

suspect me because I tell them that it is better for the Navajo nation to make peace with the Paleface, and to sit down in that part of their lands which is left to them. For the white flood is coming—first the waggons, then the horses of iron that fly on wheels, then the builded houses and the roads, and the corn which grows where the phlox and the buffalo-grass grew before the coming of the Palefaces. Who can fight fate? The day of the Red Man is passing and his lands must pass to the Palefaces, who make a hundred ears of corn to grow where none grew before!"

Uncle Baldy nodded.

"You are speaking the truth, Prairie Wolf," said he.

"I have always spoken with one tongue," replied old Prairie Wolf boldly. "For that I am Lone Wolf amongst my people, so that mine enemies the Palefaces, who have dealt me many scars, and with whom I have fought all the days of my strength, are truer friends to me than mine own people. Now bind me; make me as a prisoner, for I hear these wild men the cowboys returning, and these have but scant mercy for the Redskin!"

Prairie Wolf's quick ears had caught the soft thudding of the hoofs of the returning cowboys. And he knew what cowboys were when they were raising a rough house.

He stood quite still as Uncle Baldy bound his hands to the shovel-shaped Mexican stirrup of his quiet old steed.

Then Uncle Baldy swung himself up in the saddle, and Joe and Teekoopi enclosed old Prairie Wolf as though with a bodyguard, lest some sportive cowboy should take a fancy to a pot-shot at the old man.

They rode slowly, in order not to distress the old man, who had already run far and fast from the two braves who had been told off to despatch him. And soon the riotous troop of cowboys came riding along. They brought no Redskin prisoners with them, for the Circle Dot cowboys had too long an account standing with the Navajoes to take prisoners or to expect quarter if they themselves were taken.

They rode up close to the little group, eyeing Baldy and his companions curiously but politely in the gathering gloom.

"Say, boss," asked their leader, "where did you rope this hyar rooster?"

And he pointed to old Prairie Wolf.

"'Twas two of his friends were trying to tomahawk him," answered Baldy, "but we spoiled their sport. 'Tis Prairie Wolf, war chief!"

The leader of the troop of cowboys leaned down from his high-peaked saddle to identify the old chief.

"Prairie Wolf it is!" he exclaimed. "And you've made a big catch! We've hunted him these five years, and had no change off him. And many's the fat bunch of steers he's roped in off'n our ranges!"

Then he addressed the prisoner.

"Caught at last, old Wolf!" he remarked, in almost friendly tones. "Got your foot in the trap this time, old grey muzzle! Wal, it's fortune of war, chief! Your turn to-day, an' mine to-morrow! You know me?"

Prairie Wolf peered up at the dash-

ing cavalier, and grinned as he recognised the shadowy, reckless face that was silhouetted against the starlight under the wide-brimmed Stetson hat.

"Me know you," he replied, quite amiably. "Me shot you along Thunder River. You shot me in leg on Lone Pine Ridge. You call um Inyo Bill."

Inyo Bill, the cowboy, chuckled to find himself recognised by his old enemy.

"Kerrect, old hoes!" he answered. "Thar's a hole in my shoulder now where your bullet drilled me. 'Twas a long shot, an' good shootin' fer a Redskin."

Prairie Wolf chuckled.

"Not so fair a shot as thine, O Inyo Bill!" he rejoined, dropping into the Navajo dialect. "And still I carry thy bullet in my leg, in memory of thee. So I walk and run but

"I got a hunch that he dies after supper," he answered.

Inyo Bill was silent and depressed at this reply.

He ran his hand down the double line of Mexican silver dollars which decorated the seam of his trousers like the pearls of a London coater. The cowboy loved to adorn himself thus with dollars, which set off his clothes when he was rich, and came in useful when he was broke.

"There's a hundred and fifty pieces decoratin' me coat an' pants," said he. "But I'm thinkin' that I'd sooner buy myself a Redskin with 'em than wear 'em."

Uncle Baldy laughed again.

"A hundred an' fifty dollars won't buy this hyar Redskin, Inyo Bill," he answered, looking down at his prisoner almost affectionately. "He's for the Happy Hunting Grounds to-



The young mounted brave smiled behind his war-paint. "Don't you know me, Uncle Baldy?" he asked. "Kit!" gasped Uncle Baldy and Joe in chorus.

stiffly, which came near costing me my life to-night!"

Inyo Bill grew thoughtful. Here was a delicate business for him to transact.

True it was that the Circle Dot outfit took no prisoners, and killed every Redskin they caught. This was their tradition and their pride.

And it was against all tradition and good breeding to ask for another man's prisoner.

There was no doubt in the mind of Inyo Bill that Uncle Baldy was going to hang Prairie Wolf when he got him to camp.

But there was a sudden and chivalrous desire in Inyo Bill's heart to save his old enemy from this fate.

"Say, mister," he began politely, smoothing the rough, hairy face of his chaparejos or "shap" apron almost nervously, "you'll be hangin' that Redskin to-night?"

Uncle Baldy laughed.

But the wormint's gwine to have his supper first," added Uncle Baldy. "It shall never be said that Uncle Baldy sent a warrior to th' Happy Hunting Grounds without his supper!"

Inyo Bill sighed.

"Here's a pair of silver Mexican spurs that'd look well on you, Uncle Baldy," he suggested, artfully jangling the rowels of the huge silver spurs so that they should make tempting music in Uncle Baldy's ears.

But Uncle Baldy pretended to be adamant, even when tempted by the magnificent silver spurs of Inyo Bill.

"It's no good talkin', Inyo Bill," he answered. "This hyar Redskin is my pris'ner, an' he's got to go off on the long, lone trail to-night!"

"I'll throw in a buffler robe an' two Navajo blankets of the best!" urged Inyo Bill, who was now wild to save his old enemy, at any cost.

But Uncle Baldy shook his head.

"Why, Inyo Bill," said he, "I thought you was the Injun killer! I thought you was the chap who couldn't eat his breakfast until he'd killed a Redskin every morning!"

"So I am!" answered Inyo Bill, not understanding that Uncle Baldy was playing with him. "But this hyar old coyote is different from any other Redskin. He's fought us sixty year, an' he's covered with scars till you could strike lucifers on him. But he's always fought white, and there's never a scalp of Paleface woman or child on his wigwam. Are you fond of gold, Baldy?" he added.

"Moderate," replied Uncle Baldy cautiously.

Inyo Bill thrust his hand into the alforja, or Mexican saddle-bags, that hung at his high-peaked saddle-bow, and brought forth three heavy specimens of gold-bearing quartz.

"I've a fancy to buy a Redskin," said he, handing the specimens to Uncle Baldy. "An' hyar's the specimens of pay quartz of a little mine I know of in the Thirsty Lands. Thar's a million dollars thar for a man as likes diggin'. Sell me your Injun, an' I'll tell ye where to locate the gold!"

Uncle Baldy was quite affected by the generosity of the cowboy.

He had really no more intention of hanging Prairie Wolf after supper than he had of hanging himself. But he could not resist playing with the generous Inyo Bill, more especially as this worthy enjoyed the reputation of having slain more Redskins in battle and stalking than any Paleface east of the Great Divide.

He meant to send Prairie Wolf to Inyo Bill immediately after supper, with his compliments, as a free gift.

But, all the same, he kept up the pretence of a stony heart, and handed back the specimens of gold-bearing quartz.

"Keep your gold-mine, Inyo Bill," said he briefly, "and I'll keep my Injun!"

Inyo Bill was too polite to press his point further. Prairie Wolf was only a Redskin, after all, and he was Uncle Baldy's own prisoner. And the rules of the frontier etiquette made it bad manners to interfere too much with another man's prisoner.

"It's only the man who kin ride Maud the mule that takes this Injun!" added Uncle Baldy impressively.

When Uncle Baldy made this remark he meant to indicate an utter impossibility. To ride Maud the mule meant, in the convoy world, to make water run uphill, or to achieve the impossible.

Maud the mule was a famous character in Silas Cobb's convoy and on the frontier. She was a famous gun-mule of the Confederate army, and she had been captured by the Northern forces during the North and South war. Maud would haul anything, but she would never allow herself to be ridden, and had broken the neck of every man who had tried.

She had been turned out of the United States army for kicking the muzzle off a cannon and biting a colonel. Then she had come west, like many another rough character, having made the east too hot to hold her, and

finally she had drifted into hauling the light cart attached to the convoy.

But at Uncle Baldy's suggestion that only the man who could ride Maud the mule should have his prisoner, Inyo Bill fired up. Inyo Bill counted that there was nothing in the world that he could not ride. He was ready to ride anything, from a mad camel to a lightning-flash.

"Done!" said he promptly, turning Uncle Baldy's expression of impossibility into a challenge. "I stake my spurs, my dollars, my blankets, an' my Mexican hat with the golden band that I ride this hyar mule three times round your camp, an' make her dance on the head of a barrel at th' end of it! I lose, an' you hang old Leather Face hyar, an' take my gear. I win, an' the Injun is mine!"

Baldy grinned. "Be warned, stranger," he answered. "'Tis your neck that will be broke before the Injun's! But here we are at the camp!"

The little party had skirted the camp of the Navajoes, which was now deserted, save by a few wailing squaws. Now they rode into the circle of waggons, to be received by the cheers of the men and the blessings of the women, who had brought their children out of the little dug-out fort, and who were now busy lighting fires and preparing supper for their rescuers.

Very different was the aspect of the camp now that the fear of death and torture had been removed from it. The convoy riders gathered about the fires in laughing groups. The air was filled with the smell of cooking, for some raided cattle had been recovered from the Navajo camp, and there was fresh meat for all.

And, above all, there was water in plenty, for parties had been despatched to the springs, which were now wrested from the Redskin enemy. All was a scene of bustling cheerfulness and merriment where, but a few hours since, the grim shadow of a cruel death at the hands of a remorseless enemy had clouded all faces.

A challenge was shouted by the sentries, which was followed by a tremendous cheer, and Joe jumped up from the camp-fire, where he, with Baldy and Teekoopi, and their prisoner, Prairie Wolf, were amicably cooking a large joint of fresh beef.

"It's the cavalry!" cried Joe. "And Kit and Buck Dixie will be with them!"

Uncle Baldy swiftly handed a ladle and a tin to Prairie Wolf.

"Keep on basting this hyar lump of beef, chief," said he. "And don't you 'low it to burn, or I'll hang ye after supper, sure as sudden death! An' th' potatoes are in the bucket, ready for roastin' in th' embers."

Prairie Wolf grunted, and took the ladle and pan.

"Me cookum meat heap good!" he replied, as Baldy and Joe ran off to greet the newcomers, who were filing into camp.

Though he was supposed to be hanged after supper, Prairie Wolf made no move to escape when Joe and Baldy had left him. Teekoopi was sitting by him, alert and watchful, and probably at any suspicious move on the part of the prisoner would have

buried the long knife he had been using for scraping potatoes in Prairie Wolf's back.

The two Redskins exchanged no words as they squatted by the fire. They took it in turns to baste the joint of beef, and passed a pipe of tobacco from mouth to mouth in friendly fashion.

Joe and Baldy ran forward to the gap in the circle of waggons where the Fifth United States Cavalry were filing into camp.

And magnificent these warriors looked in the red glare of the camp-fires, as, two by two, they rode in at the gate of the camp, still attired in the Navajo war costumes by which they had surprised the Redskin host.

Each of the horsemen led three or four sullen Redskin prisoners, secured by raw-hide bonds to stirrup and saddle-bow. These were the stragglers of the Navajo host. The rest were scattered for miles over the face of the prairie.

At the head of the column as it defiled into the camp rode Buck Dixie, side by side with the officer commanding the Dandy Fifth, and it would have been difficult to recognise under their imposing array of war-paint and feathered headdress the smartest cavalry commander and the most fearless scout of the frontier.

But Uncle Baldy gave a start as these rode past him.

He had recognised Starlight, the horse, before the rider, so admirably had Buck Dixie assumed the seat of a Redskin warrior.

"Yonder rides Buck Dixie, Joe!" he exclaimed. "An' where Buck rides your brother won't be far off."

And, sure enough, as Joe scanned the files eagerly, hoping to see his brother amongst them, a young brave, superbly mounted on a grey horse, to the saddle of which half a dozen Redskin prisoners were secured by long wrist-bonds of raw hide, wheeled out of the procession and approached them, reining his horse in at a few paces distant from them.

"Hallo, brave!" said Uncle Baldy, supposing this youth to be one of the disguised troopers. "Have you seen a boy called Kit amongst your outfit? Him that was a pris'ner of the Navajoes, and that Buck Dixie got away with."

The young brave smiled behind his war-paint.

"Don't you know me, Uncle Baldy?" he asked.

"Kit!" gasped Uncle Baldy and Joe in chorus.

Kit laughed at their astonishment. "It's me, right enough!" said he. "But I must get rid of these prisoners to the prison-guard. Then I will tell you all about it."

"But where did ye raise that hoss?" demanded Uncle Baldy, gazing with admiration at the grey.

"I'll tell you all about him, too!" laughed Kit.

And away he rode, to hand his bunch of sulky, astonished Redskin prisoners to the prison-guard.

Another long exciting instalment of this fine serial next week. Ask your news-agent to reserve your copy of the "Herald" to save you possible disappointment.—  
Editor.

# RUCTIONS FOR RACKE!

A capital, complete yarn

By HARRY NOBLE



Skimpole in footer garb was the last word. In his case the jersey was several sizes too large for him, and hung upon his lean frame like a sack.

"MAY I come with you to play football, my dear fellows?" It was Skimpole, the brainy merchant in the Shell, who ask that innocent question.

Skimmy intruded his learned face into the doorway of No. 10 Study, where the Terrible Three were finishing tea.

Tom Merry and Co. made no immediate reply to Skimpole. To put it mildly, they were astonished.

Skimmy had scarcely ever been known to touch a football. As a general rule, he fought shy of games, and preferred to swot up the wise counsels of Professor Balmcrumpet. He was not built to stand the rough and tumble of football. A gentler and less energetic pastime, such as marbles, was more suited to his weedy constitution.

Yet here he was, coolly requesting that he might join the Terrible Three!

"Ye gods!" gasped Monty Lowther at length. "Has the age of miracles come back, or what? Skimmy, old man, you shouldn't spring these sudden shocks on us!"

"Skimmy a footballer!" murmured Tom Merry.

"Skimmy a champion goal-getter!" exclaimed Manners.

Skimpole looked reproachful.

"Really," he said, "it isn't fair to shower sarcasm upon me until you have seen me perform!"

Tom Merry laughed.

"Your footer, my dear ass, will be a sight for gods and men and little fishes!" he said. "Still, we're quite willing to give you a fair trial."

"Hear, hear!" said Manners. "There isn't time to go down to the

ground. We'll have just a scratch game in the quad."

And the Terrible Three, accompanied by Skimpole and a brand-new football, quitted the study.

When they reached the quad, Monty Lowther planted himself close to the wall.

"Imagine I'm the goal, Skimmy," he said; "and shoot hard!"

"Very well, my dear Lowther."

The ball was trickled towards Skimmy, and he made a desperate rush at it.

His foot shot blindly into space, missing the ball by inches, and causing him to topple over and measure his length on the flagstones.

"Not bad for a maiden effort," said Lowther. "Now have another try, old chap, always bearing in mind that the main object is to kick the ball!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Skimmy tenderly brushed himself down, and essayed another kick at the ball.

On this occasion, more by accident than design, his foot met the leather fairly and squarely, and it sailed merrily away—not in Monty Lowther's direction, but, straight as a die, for the Head's study window.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Tom Merry. "Now you've done it!"

Skimmy had!

There was a terrible splintering of glass, followed by a startled and angry exclamation from within the study; and the next moment the stern face of Dr. Holmes appeared at what was left of the window.

Skimmy shivered, and backed away. But the keen, penetrating eyes of the Head had singled him out.

"Boy!" roared Dr. Holmes, in

tones of thunder. "How dare you play such a dastardly trick upon your headmaster?"

"I—I—" faltered Skimmy.

"Do not deny it!" rumbled the Head. "You smashed my window with malice aforethought!"

"No, sir; with a football," said Skimmy meekly.

"You will come into my study at once!" rapped out the Head. "The rest of you will cease that game of ball immediately!"

Reluctantly, Skimmy trotted off to the place of torment. And in a few moments the sound of steady swishing came to the ears of the Terrible Three.

The swishing was accompanied by yells of dire anguish. Obviously, Skimmy was going through the mill.

When he rejoined the others, he was squeezing his hands tightly together. But his desire to do great things in the football world was in no wise diminished.

"Now that I have given you a taste of my quality," said Skimmy, "may I accompany your team to Greyfriars on Saturday, Merry?"

There was a general laugh.

The idea of Skimmy performing weird and fantastic tricks for the benefit of the Greyfriars spectators was distinctly amusing.

"Look here, old man," said Tom Merry, "this isn't a kindergarten, or we might give you a show. You've got about as much idea of playing footer as the man in the moon!"

"Do I understand," said Skimmy, blinking through his big spectacles, "that you will not allot me a place in the eleven?"

"I should be stark, staring mad if I did!"

"Then my course is clear!" said Skimpole. "You have compelled me to take a step I should otherwise have shrunk from. I must offer my services to Racke."

"Racke!" ejaculated Manners.

"What's Racke got to do with it?"

"He is raising an eleven to take over to Greyfriars on Saturday."

"What?"

"It is a fact," said Skimpole.

"Racke and two others have banded themselves together to forestall you, and to defeat Greyfriars with a team of their own."

The Terrible Three were astonished, and not without cause.

Aubrey Racke had always professed to despise football—he professed to despise everything that was manly, in fact; and the news that he was getting up a rival team came as a tremendous surprise to Tom Merry and Co.

"This is interesting," said the captain of the Shell. "Who are the other two bright beauties in question?"

"Crooke and Mellish," said Skimpole. "Gore has signified his intention of playing, and so has Trimble. I shall join them now that I know you have no use for my services."

"Silly ass!" snorted Manners. "You know jolly well you won't be able to turn out against Greyfriars. And if you did—why, they'd make rings round you!"

"Absolutely!" said Monty Lowther.

Skimpole said nothing further. He

blinked scornfully at the Terrible Three, and walked away.

It was to Racke's study that he betook himself.

A council of war was in progress when he entered.

Aubrey Racke sat at one end of the table; and clustered around him were Crokee, Gore, Mellish, and the egregious Baggy Trimble.

Racke was holding forth at some length to his followers.

"Merry's had his own way far too long," he was saying. "He never consults us about the footer; he never consults us about anythin'. We don't even exist, for all the notice he takes of us. An' it's not fair!"

"Hear, hear!" came in a chorus from the others.

"Therefore," pursued Racke, "we have met together for the purpose of raisin' a footer team an' puttin' Greyfriars through the mill. I'll write to Harry Wharton, their skipper, an' tell him that Tom Merry and Co. can't turn out, an' that the team's been altered. So far"—Racke's eye roved round the room—"there are five of us."

"Six, my dear fellow," interjected Skimpole. "Six good men and true. Pray count me in, Racke."

Racke looked at Skimmy a little doubtfully.

The cad of the Shell was very keen on raising a team, but the inclusion of Skimpole would scarcely be a good stroke of business.

However, Racke realised that he would be hard put to it to scrape together an eleven at all; and he reflected that Skimmy would at least fill one of the gaps. The same remark applied to Baggy Trimble.

"All serene!" said Racke, at length. "Sit down, Skimmy, an' let's carry on with our jaw."

And so the six juniors, outlawed from all the decent fellows in the Fourth and the Shell, sat for over an hour discussing the mighty sensation they hoped to make in the football world.

If, when the eleven was complete, they went to Greyfriars and defeated Harry Wharton and Co. on their native heath, Tom Merry would not be able to ignore their existence any longer. It would be more than Tom dared do to leave Racke out of the team after that.

When the six juniors at length dispersed, they did so with the firm resolve that on the following Saturday afternoon they would make history.

## II.

**TOM MERRY** was standing in the old gateway of St. Jim's on the eve of the Greyfriars match, when the tinkle of a bicycle-bell came to his ears, and the next moment a dusty and dishevelled cyclist dismounted in the roadway.

"Wharton!" exclaimed Tom Merry, in amazement, as he went forward to shake hands. "My only aunt! Have you biked from Greyfriars?"

"Not exactly," said the captain of the Greyfriars Remove. "I did a dozen miles by train, and biked the rest. I could have written, but you might not have got my letter in time.

And I wanted to discuss something of importance."

"Go ahead!" said Tom Merry.

"This morning," said Wharton, "I got a letter from one of your fellows—a chap named Racke. He tells me that your regular eleven isn't coming over to Greyfriars to-morrow, and that he is bringing a team over instead."

"My hat!" gasped Tom Merry.

"Reading between the lines," went on Wharton, "it struck me that the letter wasn't exactly straightforward. I thought Racke might be playing a low-down trick of some sort, so I came to tell you about it."

"That was jolly good of you," said Tom Merry cordially. "Come along to the study and we'll see what we can do in the way of light refreshments."

"Thanks!"

Manners and Monty Lowther, who were playing chess in the study, extended a cheery greeting to Harry Wharton.

"Make yourself at home, old sport!" said Monty Lowther. "There's some cake in the cupboard, and two sardines which are still in the prime of life."

Harry Wharton laughed, and sat down to late tea. Whilst he partook of refreshments, Tom Merry explained the situation to his chums.

"What do you think we ought to do about it?" he asked at length.

"Do?" echoed Manners. "Why, go and slaughter Racke and Co. on the spot, of course!"

But Monty Lowther had a happier idea.

"I know!" he said. "Let Racke take his freak team over to Greyfriars to-morrow. They'll get a fearful licking, and come back with their tails between their legs."

"But what about the match with your real eleven?" exclaimed Harry Wharton, looking up.

"That," said Lowther, "can be postponed until next Wednesday. What you've got to do to-morrow is to give Racke and Co. such a drubbing that they won't be able to look anybody in the face again."

"I see," said Wharton, laughing. "We're to simply make shavings of them—what?"

"That's the idea!" said Tom Merry.

Harry Wharton rose. "Leave it to me," he said. "I'll see that your charming young friends go properly through the mill."

And the Terrible Three knew that Harry Wharton would keep his word.

They saw him down to the school gates, keeping him screened from the view of Racke and Co., and they chuckled as they turned back towards the building.

"This is where Racke gets it in the neck!" chuckled Manners.

"Yes, rather!"

"I should think he'd get enough footer to last him for the whole season to-morrow!" said Monty Lowther.

Meanwhile, the cad of the Shell was mustering his men for the fray.

He had succeeded, after putting forth all his powers of persuasion, in raising an eleven, which in his bumptious conceit he considered would be quite up to the weight of the Greyfriars Remove.

Racke knew, of course, that there would be weak spots in his team; but

he imagined that the brilliant play of Crokee, Gore, and himself would amply atone for all defects.

Not for the first time in his school career, however, Aubrey Racke was counting his chickens before they were hatched.

Early next morning—for there were no lessons that day—the team took train for Greyfriars.

Racke and Co. got off the mark quickly, in order, as they supposed, to forestall Tom Merry's eleven. Little did they dream of the private arrangement which existed between Tom Merry and Harry Wharton.

The Greyfriars fellows laughed a good deal when their visitors turned up. They could scarcely help it.

The sight of Baggy Trimble, who rivalled the renowned Billy Bunter for plumpness, and who wore a tight-fitting jersey of divers colours, caused the onlookers to be seized with convulsions.

Skimpole in football garb was the last word. In his case the jersey was several sizes too large for him, and hung upon his lean frame like a sack. His shorts, too, were extremely baggy. On the whole, he looked anything but a footballer.

The Greyfriars team was at full strength, and there was a certain grimness in the way they lined up. They were determined to make things warm for Racke and his team of freaks.

The opening was sensational.

Bob Cherry raced through and scored in the first minute, and shortly afterwards Harry Wharton added to the score.

On each occasion the St. Jim's goalie was powerless to save.

It was obvious from the outset that Racke and Co. hadn't an earthly.

Racke himself showed up surprisingly well, in the circumstances; but his individual efforts came to grief. There was no one to back him up. Indeed, the over-zealous Skimpole charged him off the ball on more than one occasion.

As the game went on, the St. Jim's players were driven back towards their own goal, where they met with a terrific and sustained bombardment from Harry Wharton and Co.

Had Mellish been a good goalkeeper, the score might have been kept down. But Mellish wasn't. A good goalkeeper needs agility, brain, and nerve. Mellish was lacking in all these essentials. Indeed, when a particularly hot drive came in from the foot of Harry Wharton or Bob Cherry, Mellish bolted out of the danger-zone.

At half-time the Friars were leading by ten goals to nil.

Even the most optimistic member of Racke's team saw that the game was irretrievably lost. And the second half bade fair to be worst than the first.

Racke turned upon Skimpole with a snarl.

"You clumsy duffer!" he snorted. "I should have scored at least three times if you hadn't got in my way!"

"Really, my dear Racke—"

"You're not only a snare an' a delusion," said Racke—"you're a dashed

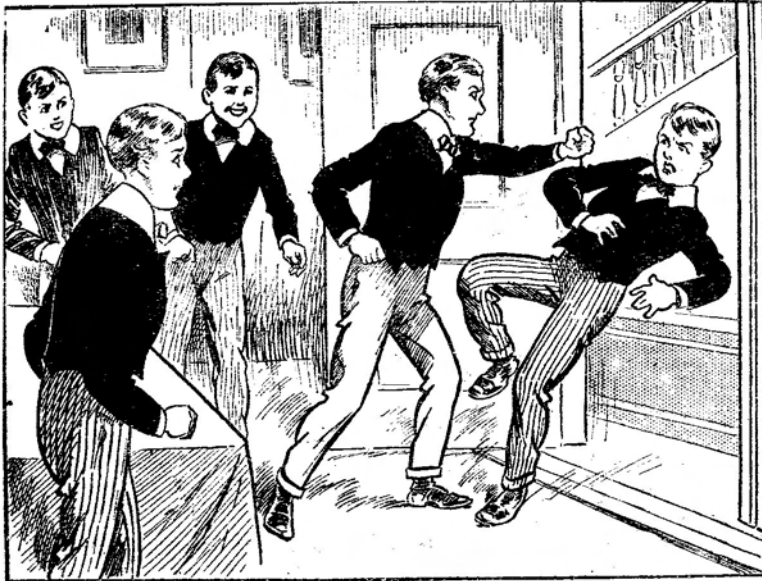
(Continued on Col. 3, page 11.)



# FOR ONE DAY ONLY!

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

By CLIFTON DANE, of St. Jim's



Grundy finished his remarks on his back in the passage, with Johnny Carfax standing over him.

## I.

**W**HO are you, kid?" Tom Merry asked the question of a slim, good-looking youth, with an angelic sort of chivvy, who was strolling in the quad. at St. Jim's.

The stranger turned to the captain of the Shell with a cheery grin.

"I?" he said. "I'm Johnny Carfax."

"New kid—what?"

"No."

Tom Merry gave a start.

"You're not a new kid! Then what are you doing here?"

"Taking the air," answered the other cheerfully. "I say, isn't this a jolly old place?"

"Look here," said Tom Merry, completely thrown off his balance, "if you're not a new kid, why are you wandering about here?"

"I want to settle down here for a bit."

"Settle down?" echoed Tom Merry.

"Do you mean you want to come to St. Jim's as a pupil?"

"That's it."

"But—but have you the Head's permission, or your people's?"

Johnny Carfax shook his head.

"Then you'll be kicked out inside five minutes!"

"That sounds cheerful," said Johnny. "I say, I rather like you, don't you know. What's your name?"

"Tom Merry. I'm skipper of the Shell here, and these fellows coming along are Manners and Monty Lowther, my chums."

"And proud of the fact!" said Monty Lowther heartily, as he came up. "Who's the stranger within the gates?"

"Johnny Carfax, at your service," said the intruder.

"New kid, of course?"

"No. I've just come to St. Jim's to have a look round."

"My hat! Got any relations here?"

"No."

"Then I should advise you to make yourself scarce."

"The silly duffer's got no right here at all, from what I can make out," said Tom Merry. "It's a rummy business altogether; I've never known anything like it. But he seems determined to stay, so we'd better take him in tow until the Head gets to know he's here, and has him kicked out. What do you say?"

"He looks a decent sort," said Manners, sizing up the stranger.

"Can you play footer, Carfax?"

"Can a duck swim? At the tender age of five I was champion of our village."

"We play footer here," said Manners drily. "The real thing—not hopscotch."

"All serene. I expect I shall be able to keep my end up."

"You've got cheek enough for anything," said Tom Merry. "I've never heard of a fellow drifting into a school in this way. Never mind. We'll back you up till you get the push. Come along to the study, and we'll stand you a feed."

Johnny Carfax strutted along the corridor as if he had been at St. Jim's a dozen terms. He nodded cheerfully to Knox of the Sixth, who nearly fell down from sheer amazement.

The Terrible Three discovered, after a brief acquaintance with the stranger, that he possessed three things—a wonderful nerve, a marvellous appetite, and a powerful straight left.

They recognised his nerve at once, and his appetite shortly afterwards. The straight left came into play when

Grundy poked his head into the study to inquire if the Terrible Three had been round collecting waifs and strays.

Grundy finished his remarks on his back in the passage, with Johnny Carfax standing over him, asking him, in the tones of a polite waiter at the Ritz, if he would like some more.

The reply being a yelp in the negative, Johnny Carfax closed the door, and resumed his seat at the table, the Terrible Three watching him in open-mouthed astonishment. They wondered how long it would be before he was bowled out.

"There's an empty bed in the Shell dorm," said Tom Merry. "We can fix you up for to-night—that is, if Kildare doesn't spot you when he comes to see lights out. Afraid you'll run up against it to-morrow, though. Hadn't you better clear out, while you've got the chance?"

"I'm staying," said Carfax obstinately.

"All right. Only don't blame me when the crash comes."

The crash didn't come that evening. Johnny Carfax remained in the Terrible Three's study until bedtime, and although his subsequent appearance in the Shell dormitory excited a good deal of comment, he was unnoticed by Kildare of the Sixth.

But this state of affairs could not continue for long. Even Carfax realised that.

At the breakfast-table next morning Mr. Railton regarded him very curiously.

"What is your name?" he inquired.

"Carfax, sir. And yours?"

Mr. Railton flushed.

"You are insolent, boy," he said sternly. "However, as you appear to be a new boy, I must attribute it to your ignorance. When did you arrive?"

"Last night, sir."

Mr. Railton looked bewildered.

"I cannot understand why Dr. Holmes did not let me know," he said.

"Probably because he didn't know himself, sir."

Mr. Railton gasped.

"There appears to be a mystery here," he said. "Do you mean to tell me, Carfax, that Dr. Holmes knows nothing of your arrival?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Bless my soul! I will trouble you to come with me."

Johnny Carfax accompanied the Housemaster to the Head's study.

He knew that the game was up. But he had at least accomplished his object—that of coming to St. Jim's to have a look round.

Dr. Holmes was thunderstruck when he heard Mr. Railton's report.

"I have received no notification of any sort, Carfax, that you are to be a scholar here," he said. "You appear to have entered this school on your own authority. Such conduct is amazing—incredible, almost! I can only conclude that you have either run away from home, or from your own school. Pray furnish me with your father's address, so that I may communicate with him at once."

Johnny Carfax gave the required information.

"Doubtless your father will come

here at once and remove you from these premises," said the Head.

"Meanwhile, sir—"

"Meanwhile you may remain here. You are an extraordinary boy, Carfax, and you have committed an even more extraordinary action. I really cannot understand—"

"Is it possible, sir," interposed Mr. Railton, "that the boy is suffering from loss of memory? I remember to have heard of a case, some time ago—"

"My memory's quite all right, sir," said Carfax. "You see, I Spelman-ise."

"If it transpires that you have run away from home," said the Head, "I shall recommend that your father gives you a sound thrashing! But for the fact that I have no jurisdiction over you I should do so myself. Take him away, Railton. He is at liberty to remain here until his father arrives."

A few moments later Johnny Carfax reappeared in hall, and resumed his attack on the eggs-and-bacon, looking as unconcerned as if nothing had happened.

## II.

"**W**ERE going to pull it off, you fellows, or perish in the attempt!"

Figgins of the New House spoke with red-hot enthusiasm.

And Kerr and Fatty Wynn, his two chums, said "Hear, hear!" very definitely and distinctly.

The New House had recently played two footer matches against the School House, and they had lost both. They were desperately anxious to make amends in the third game. And they were very determined about it, too.

Johnny Carfax, who had devoted the morning to a tour of St. Jim's, approached Tom Merry before dinner, and asked if he might play for the School House.

Tom Merry shook his head at first. But later on, when he saw Carfax performing on the field, he changed his mind like a lightning-flash.

Johnny's football form was excellent. He might have been champion of his village at the tender age of five; he could have been champion of a hundred villages now, if he chose.

It so happened that Gussy had sprained his ankle. (Gussy's always doing something idiotic!) There was a vacant place in the School House eleven, and Carfax was elected to fill it.

Tom Merry explained to Figgins that Carfax was not a genuine member of the School House, but Figgins raised no objection to Johnny's inclusion.

At two o'clock all roads led to the footer ground.

The game started in spirited fashion.

Redfern of the New House gained possession, and, sprinting the whole length of the field practically unchallenged, he whipped the ball across in front of the goal-mouth, where Figgins snapped it up and sent it whizzing in like a pip from an orange.

"Goal!"

The New House had got off the mark well, and naturally there was great jubilation on the part of their supporters.

When, a few minutes later, Lawrence raced through and scored, the jubilation waxed greater still.

But the School House were in no sense abashed. They had not yet got into their stride; but presently Johnny Carfax gave a taste of his quality. He broke through the ranks of the opposition, and flashed the ball across to Lowther.

Lowther was no mean performer. On this occasion he judged the distance finely, and Fatty Wynn was beaten all the way with his shot.

It was the turn of the School House to cheer now.

"Johnny," said Monty Lowther solemnly, "you're worth your weight in whipped cream walnuts! Keep it up, old chap!"

But the New House kept their lines intact until half-time, and were well pleased with their two goals to one.

If Johnny Carfax had been brilliant in the first half, he was a wizard in the second. No matter what was going on, he was ever to be found in the thickest of the fray, and even when the New House added another goal to their score he continued to play up with great dash and spirit.

With fifteen minutes to go, Johnny Carfax passed the ball to Talbot, who scored.

With ten minutes to go, Talbot went through on his own, and scored again.

Three to three!

The School House rallied gamely.

Tom Merry struck the cross-bar; Jack Blake had hard luck with a shot that just skimmed the top of the bar; and then Johnny Carfax came into the picture once more.

Johnny gained possession of the

ball, and passed to Talbot. Then he worked his way into a good shooting position, and Talbot passed the ball back to him. The next instant it reposed in the net, with Fatty Wynn sprawling on top of it.

The School House had won!

A moment later the final whistle rang out.

During the demonstration that followed, Johnny Carfax was nearly torn limb from limb by the enthusiastic School House players. They wrung his hand; they thumped his back, and they might have reduced him to a pulp had not a dramatic interruption occurred at that moment.

A portly-looking gentleman strode on to the playing-pitch, and confronted Johnny Carfax with an angry gleam in his eyes.

"So I have found you at last, you young rascal!" he exclaimed. "For this latest exploit of yours you shall be punished severely! Get out of that ridiculous garb, and as soon as you are clothed and in your right mind, wait upon me in the headmaster's study!"

So saying, the speaker turned, and stamped away in a towering rage.

"Oh, crumbs!" groaned Johnny. "The crash has come earlier than I thought!"

"Who is the stout merchant?" asked Tom Merry.

"My pater, of course! Dr. Holmes told him I was here—though he would have soon tracked me down, without the Head's help. He knows I've always had a craving to look round some of the big schools, like St. Jim's, and he would have made inquiries here sooner or later."

"Did you run away from home?" inquired Jack Blake.

"Not exactly. I was going away to the seaside with my tutor—I've got a beastly private tutor, you know—and I gave him the slip in London, and came down here. And I'm bowled out already! The prodigal son will be led back to London on a chain to-night, and there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth. I was getting quite fond of St. Jim's, too!" added Johnny Carfax ruefully.

"Well, you're a queer card, and no mistake!" said Talbot. "Why doesn't your pater send you away to school?"

"He daren't. He knows jolly well that my roving disposition would soon send me trotting round the globe again. Well, good-bye, you fellows. It's possible we may meet again. You never know."

Johnny Carfax shook hands all round, and then he went along to the Head's study.

Half an hour later, a taxi-cab throbbed down to the school gates, with Carfax senior and junior on board.

Johnny was under the paternal wing once more. He was a queer fellow—a bird of passage, fitting in search of adventure from one school to another.

He had probably passed out of our lives; but it will be a long, long time before we forget how he shared our existence at St. Jim's for one day only!

### RESULT OF TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION.—No. 10.

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

RALPH PAGE,

16, Alfred Road,  
Gravesend.

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

L. B. Jones, 10, Lake View Rd., Whitehall, Bristol; Wm. Taylor, 368, Dumbarton Rd., Dalmuir, N.B.; Miss Iris Jones, c/o Biggs, Roller, Flour Mills, Faversham, Kent; Jack Harvey, 187, Pelham St. Buildings, M.E.N.T., London, E. 1; William Close, 3, Easton's Houses, Dipton, Co. Durham; Robt. Scott, c/o Murray, 49, Cadogan St., Glasgow; Edward Willis, 43, Staffordshire St., Cambridge; Sylvia Wilson, 186, Albert Rd., Sth Norwood, S.E. 25; John Alford, 13, Kingsley Rd., Green Street Green, Orpington, Kent; David McPhie, 14, Chapel Place, Bonnybridge, Stirlingshire.

### CORRECT SOLUTION:

A Happy New Year to my large numbers of readers. This is the season of good resolutions, and mine is to make our little journal brighter and better than ever. Let us pull together, and each of you endeavour to obtain one fresh reader weekly during this year.

Yours ever,  
HARRY WHARTON.

THE END.

Our Photographic Supplement

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An Aldershot Reader of the "Herald"



A. L. Heath (Reading).



Douglas Brooks (Watford).



S. Flaner (Peckham).



An Enthusiastic Reader of the "Herald"



A Brighton Reader of the "Herald"

**TO THE ROLL OF THE DRUMS!**

After the sight of khaki for five years it is pleasant to glimpse through the medium of this photograph, taken before the War, the old peace-time uniforms of one of our crack Guards' regiments.—Taken by J. Cherry, 1, Molyneux Road, Liverpool.



A. L. Sharpe (Fulham).



H. Willis (Brighton).



H. C. Brooks (Manchester).



Miss Evelyn Bonner (Dunston-on-Tyne).



C. Short (Brixton Hill).



Tom Smith (Burnley).



A. Gill (Bradford).



Miss Ellen Smith (Burnley).



A Keen Reader of the "Herald."



W. O. Williams (Abercorn).



A Wimbledon Reader of the "Herald."



M. A. Moss (Bayswater).



A Staunch Reader of the "Herald"

# TUCK HAMPERS AS PRIZES!

## GREAT NEW COMPETITION.



### 1st PRIZE 50/-.. And 5 Other Prizes of Tuck Hampers.

This week I am giving the above splendid prizes, which will be awarded for the best efforts in the following simple task. Below you will find an attractive picture-puzzle, and I want you to try to make it out for yourselves. I myself wrote the original paragraph, and my artist drew up the puzzle. The original paragraph is locked up in my safe, and the First Prize of 50s. will be awarded to the reader whose solution is exactly the same as my "par." The other prizes, which consist of hampers crammed full of most delicious "tuck," will be awarded to the readers whose solutions are next in order of merit. If there are ties for the money prize, this will be divided, but no reader will be awarded more than one share.

Should more than 5 readers qualify for the tuck hamper prizes, these will be added to.  
You may send as many solutions as you please, but each must be accompanied by the signed coupon you will find on this page.

Write your solutions IN INK on a clean sheet of paper, fill up coupon below, and pin to this, and address to: No. 15, 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 10th.

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

Signed.....

Address.....

WRITE CAREFULLY.

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

**D** **R** **E** **D** **C** **H** **U** **M** **O** **F** **C** **H** **U** **M** **O** **F**

563,000  
732,000

The Editor of the Herald has been asked to award a prize of 50s. to the reader who can read the above letter in 60 minutes.

**H** **A** **V** **E** **R** **E** **C** **H** **M** **E** **C** **P** **R** **A**

60 minutes

Father is a BRILLIANT speaker

**R** **O** **B** **I** **N** **S** **O** **N** **C** **R** **O** **S** **O** **E**

**G** **E** **N** **E** **R** **A** **L** **L** **E** **D** **T** **H** **O**

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