

HARMSWORTH'S UNIVERSAL ENCYCLOPEDIA, Part I.—Just Out!

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



No. 16. (New Series).

FULL OF SCHOOL STORIES AND ARTICLES

Feb. 14, 1920.



THE STUDY RAGGERS AT THEIR WORK!

Our Photographic Supplement

Continued on Page 19

THE BOYS' PICTORIAL



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YE ANCIENT SPORT OF CURLING.



In Scotland, where the weather is more rigorous than in most parts of the British Isles, many fine winter sports can be indulged in. The above picture shows a curling match on the ice in progress.—Taken by L. F. Baguley, Fairholme, Newton Stewart, Scotland.

A MARINE TERROR!



A wonderful photograph of an explosion of a floating mine in the North Sea which was set off by a rifle-shot fired from a drifter.—Taken by D. Smith, 74, Villa Street, Watworth, S.E., 17.

A DOVER LANDMARK.



The statue at Dover of the Hon. Charles Rolls, the first airman to fly across the English Channel and back in a non-stop flight.—Taken by Miss Luey Reid, 181, London Road, Dover.

THE FUN OF THE FAIR!



An attendant of the giant swing adds his weight to help its flight, and gets lifted high into the air in the process.—Taken by Abel Johnson, 21, Humpage Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.

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(Canterbury).



J. Flowers
(West Hartlepool).



Miss H. Ayling
(Portsmouth).



H. Castle
(Holloway).



Sam Greenberg
(Liverpool).



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Editor
The Greyfriars Herald

The



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Fashion Editor



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Staff



BOB CHERRY
Fighting Editor

Occasional Contributors from GREYFRIARS

Editorial

Occasional Contributors from Other Schools

By Harry Wharton.

STILL SOARING!

The success of our little school story-paper is now assured; and the "Dismal Jimmies" who gloomily predicted that THE GREYFRIARS HERALD would die a premature death have been confounded.

Of course, we are not yet in the happy position of being able to number our supporters by the million, as is the case with certain leading newspapers. True, we have over a million readers; but a goodly number of them are content to borrow the paper, and not buy it. I heard of an instance the other day, where no less than thirty London schoolboys shared one copy of THE GREYFRIARS HERALD. They passed it round from one to the other, and it was in a sorry condition by the time it reached the last fellow. It was out of date, too.

Now, in certain cases, I do not condemn this practice. Some fellows find that by the time they have purchased the rest of the Companion Papers, they haven't sufficient pocket-money left to buy the HERALD. So they have to do the next best thing, and borrow it.

I have nothing to say against this; but there are certain fellows who, although in funds, elect to borrow rather than buy. Such fellows are readers, certainly, but they cannot by any stretch of the imagination be termed supporters. And it's the supporters we want, for by their aid alone can THE GREYFRIARS HERALD be lifted to the top of the tree. The boy who actually buys his copy every week, and who recommends the paper to his chums, is doing his editor a real good turn.

ALL TOGETHER, BOYS!

I want to see the circulation of THE GREYFRIARS HERALD make giant strides during the year 1920. There are scores of rival papers in the field, and many of them are not without merit. Not only do we want to keep our end up against these rivals, we want to outscar them. And this is where our readers—or rather, supporters—come in. By pulling together, shoulder to shoulder, they can secure pride of place for their favourite story-paper; so that, in due time, it will be a case of GREYFRIARS HERALD first—the rest nowhere!

HARRY WHARTON.



DICK PENFOLD



MURREE SINGH



BILLY BUNTER



TOM MERRY



JIMMY SILVER

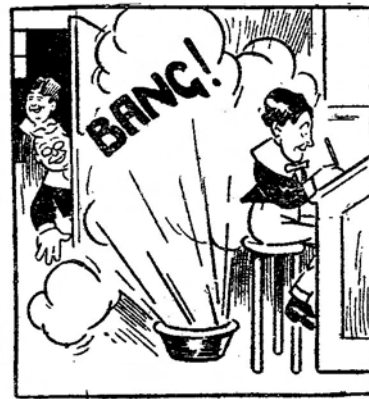


ARTHUR A'DARCY

A STUNNING LITTLE JOKE ON DUTTON - - - By FRANK NUGENT.



1. Tom Dutton, the deaf junior of Greyfriars, was doing his prep. in select seclusion lately, when Billy Bunter and Snoop crept in with about a hundred-weight of gunpowder they had got out of old fireworks for his benefit.



2. "Watch us make him jump into the middle of next week!" they chortled gleefully. And that porpoise, Bunter, set the gunpowder off with a roar like fifteen howitzers, ten earthquakes and a dozen volcanoes rolled into one!



3. "Come in!" called out Dutton. "Really, my hearing is getting ever so much better—I distinctly heard you two fellows knock at the door!" No wonder Bunter and Snoop threw several fits and then crept up to the dormitory!



My Weekly Interview.

By the Special Representative of
"The Greyfriars Herald"

This week:

Mr. Prout

"I WON'T!"

"You will!"

"I jolly well won't!"

"You jolly well will!"

This rather heated dialogue was in progress in the editor's sanctum.

"Look here," I said. "I value my life far too highly to think of tackling a dangerous lunatic like Prout!"

"What do you mean?"

"What I say. Prout possesses a Winchester repeater, and it repeats a jolly sight too often for a fellow's personal safety! If a fellow ever asked me to tell him a quick method of committing suicide, I should send him to Prout's study. He'd soon be in the never-never land!"

"You're talking absolute rot——"

"Rot or not, I'm sticking to my guns!" I said firmly.

The editor opened a drawer of his desk and produced the sum of half a crown, which he solemnly handed over.

"What's this for?" I asked in astonishment.

"It's one week's salary, in lieu of notice," was the curt reply. "As you refuse to obey orders, I shall appoint another special representative."

"Oh, crumbs!"

Naturally, I didn't want to lose my job. It's not a pleasant job, by any means, but it keeps me regularly supplied with pocket-money.

After a severe mental conflict I said to the editor:

"Put your half-dollar back in the drawer. I'll go and see Prout."

"Good!" said the editor, with a grin. "Thought you'd come to your senses sooner or later. Off you go, and the best of luck!"

Outside in the passage I stopped to think.

I was really terrified at the prospect of bearding Prout in his den. One of the first things he would do would be to show me his wonderful Winchester repeater, which would probably be loaded, and go off accidentally! Horror!

My hesitation lasted a long time. And then a brilliant idea struck me.

Hanging up in the hall was a rusty suit of armour. If I donned this it would be a safeguard against stray bullets. I should quit Prout's study, after the interview, safe and sound.

Accordingly I hurried to the hall, which was, happily, deserted, and after a terrific struggle I succeeded

in getting inside the suit of armour, complete with vizor.

Then, assured of my personal safety, I clanked away towards Prout's study.

After rapping on the door with my mailed fist, I was invited to enter.

Clank! Clank! Clank!

Straight into Prout's study I marched, and Prout staggered back as if I were Hamlet's ghost.

"Bless my soul, what is it?"

"Sir," I began, in muffled tones, "I am the special representative of 'The Greyfriars Herald.'"

"You—you——"

"Doubtless you imagined that I was Baron de Fitzbooters, or some other knut of the Middle Ages, sir," I said.

"But I'm merely an amateur journalist, who craves an interview."

I thought Prout would guffaw, or at least smile. But he spun towards me with a face like a boiled beetroot.

He was nearly choking, and I could only catch fragments of his conversation, such as:

"Impertinence—unparalleled insolence—playing practical jokes on Form-master—purloining armour——"

I began to feel alarmed.

"I assure you, sir," I said, "that I had no intention of playing a practical joke on you. I'd as soon joke with one of my maiden aunts!"

"Why, then, did you adopt this hideous guise?"

"To safeguard my life, sir."

"What?"

"I knew that you were very fond of exhibiting your Winchester repeater to visitors, and I knew that you sometimes fired it accidentally, sir. I didn't want to die just yet, and I tried to think of a way out. And then it struck me——"

"Something else will strike you, you utterly absurd boy!" rumbled Prout. "Remove that suit of mail at once!"

"But, sir——"

"At once!"

Very reluctantly I wrenched off the armour, piece by piece.

The next moment I wished more than ever that I had kept it on, for Prout was brandishing a cane!

"Er—if you're just going to cane somebody, sir," I said, "I'll clear out, and come in and interview you when you're ready for me."

"I am ready for you now," answered Prout grimly, "for you are the individual I propose to cane!"

I then received three stinging cuts on each hand.

I made no murmur, contenting myself with loud and piercing yells.

I crawled away, dragging the heavy pieces of mail after me, and resolved to give Prout's study a very wide berth in future!

TATTLE IN THE TUCK-SHOP!

By DICK PENFOLD

Skinner: Good-afternoon, dear Mrs. Mimble.

I'm glad to see you spry and nimble. Mrs. Mimble: Now, Master Skinner, don't presume!

Bunter (impatiently): I say, I'm waiting to resume.

Please give me two more Sally Lunas. Mrs. Mimble: I've only got plain currant-buns.

Bunter: They'll do; and one small pot of honey.

Mrs. Mimble: I'll see the colour of your money!

Bunter: Cherry, old fellow, may I borrow——

Cherry: Mention the fact again tomorrow.

Bunter: But you'll be playing footer then.

Cherry: My shooting-boots are number ten!

Mrs. Mimble: I saw you, Master Skinner, winking!

Skinner: These buns of yours just set me thinking.

How do you manage in this weather To scrape so many flies together?

Mrs. Mimble: You're just as cheeky as they make 'em!

Skinner (paying): It really is most cruel to bake 'em!

Bunter: Harry as I can't afford a Cheese, and soon a postal-order——

Wharton: Christmas, too is coming soon!

Go and see the lovely moon! Nugent: Beat it quick, you beastly glutton!

Bunter: I will ask my dear friend Dutton.

Tommy, old chap, are you willing To advance me just one shilling?

Dutton (misunderstanding): Filling! You're a perfect stunter!

At the game, my dear old Bunter! Bunter: You misunderstood my question——

Dutton: I can't help your indigestion!

Bunter (to himself): What's the good of wasting breath,

As the silly idiot's deaf?

Fish (dashing in): Say, just get a move on me!

Guess I'll have some chewing-gum! Mrs. Mimble: It isn't kept here, as you know.

Fish: Then I will take this half-cooked dough.

Ow-yow! I've broke my gold-filled tooth!

Cherry: It saves me doing it, forsooth!

Bunter: Another tanner I've just found.

A dozen dough-nuts, large and round! Mrs. Mimble: But as the price is tuppence each,

Please take the three within your reach.

Bunter (grimacing): This dough-nut's like a leather sole

Built round a file'd-with-nothing hole!

Mrs. Mimble: Well, Master Bunter, don't you eat it.

Wharton: By Jove, you chaps, it's time to beat it!

THE STUDY RAGGERS!

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. Daub's Idea!

"QODSI me lyricis vatibus inseres, sublimi feriam sidera vertice."
"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was Jack Drake's voice that repeated the verses from Q. Horatius Flaccus, and Dick Rodney's merry laugh that followed.

The moon was up over the Chadway, gleaming on the river and the deep woods on the banks. Daubeny and Co., of the Shell, were lounging forward, with the intention of sitting out on the bowsprit of the old warship and enjoying a quiet smoke. But the sound of voices warned them that the bowsprit was already occupied.

Daubeny, Egan, and Torrence paused on the deck, and peered in the dimness forward. They could just make out the two Fourth-formers on the bowsprit, sitting with their legs dangling over the river. Drake and Rodney were evidently improving the shining hour by an extra "sap," which was the St. Winifred's word for studying.

"Those two swottin' cads!" murmured Daubeny.

"Let's shift 'em!" muttered Egan.

Vernon Daubeny shook his head.

The two sturdy Fourth-formers were not likely to be shifted easily by the dandies of the Shell; and Daub had not come along for a "scrap," with a good chance of tumbling into the Chadway thrown in.

Daubeny stood and listened, with a dark look on his face.

It was not so very long since Jack Drake had been the comrade of the Bucks of St. Winifred's, and at one with them in their risky escapades and somewhat shady adventures. They had been immensely tickled by his announcement that he was going to work for the Founder's Scholarship; but Drake was keeping his word, though after a good many failures. From one of the most thoughtless and idle fellows on the Benbow, he had become one of the steadiest and most industrious; and the change was as much due to Dick Rodney's influence as to anything else.

Daubeny had no grounds for complaint. He had "dropped" Drake, when he found that the latter had fallen from fortune. But Drake's cheerful relief at being "dropped" by the merry Bucks and his evident intention of keeping clear of their society in the future, annoyed the great Daub. Probably he had expected Jack Drake to turn into a needy hanger-on and flatterer, a humble follower like Pierce Raik, who was glad to pick up the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table. If so, he had been woefully disappointed.

Jack Drake went his own way cheerily, and contentedly finding much more satisfaction in keeping the promise he had made to his mother,



Drake made a rush at Vernon Daubeny. The dandy of the Shell sprang to his feet. "Hands off!"

than he had ever found in the escapades of the reckless Bucks.

"You're getting on, old chap," came Rodney's voice from the shadows, as the nuts of the Shell stood listening.

"Old Packer will be pleased with your copy of verses to-morrow. I can tell you that."

"I hope so," said Drake cheerfully. "I never used to worry much about old Packer's opinion. But now—well, he's not a bad sort, though he does expect a chap to grind when he gives him extra tuition for nothing."

"Let's hear your verses again."

"Like a bird," grinned Drake.

He held up a sheet of impot. paper, to catch a gleam from the moon, and read out his latest copy of verses, Rodney listening attentively. Daubeny and Co. listened, too, in wonder. They could not even follow the really decent Latin that Drake was reading; and they were astonished by the progress the one-time slacker had made since he had parted with their honourable company.

"Good—jolly good!" said Rodney when his chum had finished.

Drake laughed.

It was Rodney's praise of his classical efforts that had called forth the familiar quotation that opens this chapter.

"Well, you're a good judge, old top," he said. "At this rate, I shall

certainly strike the stars with my sublime head. By jove, I'm beginning to think that I shall bag the schol. after all!"

"You will, if you stick to it."

"I'm going to. I think I may get ahead of Estcourt; and you're the only fellow in the Fourth who could beat me, Rodney. And you're not going in for it, thank goodness."

"Fed yet?" inquired Rodney.

"Not at all. It's jolly here," said Drake, with a glance along the moon-lit river. "We've found a jolly quiet spot for a sap."

"Let's give old Horace a turn, then."

"I don't mind."

"Carmen one," said Rodney. "Maecenas, etcetera. Go ahead."

"For goodness' sake let's clear!" growled Egan. "I'm fed with this, Daub, if you're not. Let's get somewhere for a smoke."

Daubeny nodded, and the three nuts turned quietly away.

Drake and Rodney were left undisturbed on the bowsprit, giving Horace a "turn."

Vernon Daubeny's brow was dark as he lounged back to his study with his comrades.

Even in the days when they had been friendly he had never felt cordially towards Drake; they were too unlike. Now malice and all uncharitableness ran riot in his breast.

In No. 3 Study of the Shell, forward on the main deck of the old Benbow, Daubeny lighted a cigarette, and his eyes glinted through the curl of the smoke.

"Queer how Drake's stickin' to it," said Torrence, as he followed his leader's example. "I never thought he would."

"It's Rodney's doin'!" growled Daubeny. "Drake's an easy-going fool, and anybody can lead him like a lamb."

"All the better for him, now he's hard up. He won't be able to stay at St. Winny's unless he bags the schol."

"We don't want him to stay."

"I don't see that it makes any difference to us," yawned Torrence. "He's not in our set now, and we can keep him at a distance if we like. Though, by gad, he seems rather bent on keepin' our noble selves at a distance."

Daubeny scowled.

"It makes a lot of difference to us," he retorted. "Drake's up against me, for one thing. You haven't forgotten the Highelife match, I suppose? The way things are goin', Drake will be junior captain before the end of the term, and then where do I come in? I'd be jolly glad to see the last of him. Either he's got to go down, or we go down. St. Winifred's won't hold the two of us."

"My dear man, you're talkin' out of your hat. Drake won't clear out of St. Winny's to please us."

"He'll have to go, if he doesn't bag the schol.," said Daubeny, in a low voice. "And he's lost so much time playin' the goat, that he's got none left to lose. Estcourt will run him close, in any case. That swottin' cad only lives to work. I don't care if Estcourt bags it; but I do care a lot if Drake does. He's goin' to be stopped."

"Phew!"

"There's lots of ways of interferin' with a chap's sappin'," said Daubeny, "and that will do the trick. What about raggin' his quarters for a start?"

"Oh, quite!" grinned Egan.

Torrence looked doubtful.

"I—I say, that's rather thick," he muttered. "The poor beggar's got no tin, and if we damage his stuff—"

"St. Winifred's isn't the place for a poor beggar who's got no tin," said Daubeny coolly. "Let him travel to a more suitable place. There are plenty of Council schools for his sort. Those two cads are fixed out there for a bit now, and we've got a good chance of gettin' at their study."

"Toodles will be hanging about; he's their study-mate."

"Easy enough to clear Toodles off."

Torrence still hesitated.

"I don't quite like the idea," he muttered.

"Cold feet?" inquired Daubeny, with a sneer.

Torrence flushed.

"Oh, I'll come, if you're set on it," he said. "I only said I didn't like the idea. There'll be a row."

"We can cover up our tracks easily enough. Come on."

Daubeny threw away the stump of his cigarette, and the three Shell fellows left the study and made their way aft, towards the Fourth-form quarters.

On the bowsprit of the old Benbow, Drake and Rodney were still giving Horace his turn, oblivious of what was happening below.

The Rag!

"HALLO, old chaps!"
Tuckey Toodles greeted the Shell fellows affably as they lounged down—the Fourth-form passage.

The fat junior was hanging about disconsolately.

He had missed his study-mates, who evidently were not yearning for his society. Their disappearance had baffled Tuckey's intention of "touching" Drake for a small loan; and he was very glad to see Daub and Co. Daub had plenty of that necessary article, cash; there was no doubt about that, though there was considerable doubt about whether he would part with any of it to Rupert de Vere Toodles.

But Tuckey was not thin-skinned; he did not mind a rebuff; he was, in fact, quite accustomed to rebuffs, and hardened to such trivial incidents. So he beamed upon the nuts of the Shell; and, to his surprise and relief, Daubeny honoured him with a genial nod.

"Just lookin' for you, Toodles," said Daubeny.

"Here I am, old boy," said Tuckey affectionately. "Jolly gad to see you, dear old fellow. I was going to ask you fellows to supper in my study—"

"Jolly good of you."

"Only as you don't pull with Drake and Rodney, I thought it wouldn't quite do," said Toodles. "So—so I was thinking I'd come to your study to supper instead. Same thing, really!"

"Quite!" agreed Daubeny. "But—"

"The fact is," said Toodles, with an air of imparting a great confidence, "I'm stony."

"Not really?"

"Yes," said Toodles. "My pound-note blew away, you know. Wasn't it rotten? It's all the fault of the Government johnnies, you know. What do they want to have pound-notes for? A quid wouldn't have blown away. Raik says I ought to write to the Chancellor of the Exchequer about it, but he wouldn't lend me a stamp. I'm a pound short. Of course, a pound isn't much to me, but it happened to be the only one I had."

"Hard cheese!" said Daubeny gravely. "I was thinkin' that you might be willin' to do some shoppin' for me, for supper—"

Toodles beamed.

"My dear old chap," he said, "I'm your man! Leave it to me!"

"Just get the stuff along to my study," said Daubeny, "and stay to supper, of course. We'll come in in about twenty minutes—what? That'll give you plenty of time."

"Heaps!" said Tuckey.

He held out a fat hand, and Daubeny placed a ten-shilling note in it.

With a face beaming like unto a moon at the full, Tuckey Toodles shot away in the direction of the canteen.

The Bucks of the Shell grinned as he vanished.

"The coast's clear now," said Daubeny.

"That grubby bounder will scoff most of the tuck," said Torrence.

"Let him!" said Daubeny. "Come on, before some dashed fag comes along and spots us."

The three Shell fellows stepped quickly into No. 8 Study in the Fourth, and Daubeny closed the door behind them.

They were safe for some time at least; and the rag was not likely to be interrupted, with the three owners of the study occupied at a distance.

"Turn on the light?" asked Egan.

"No; wait till I've closed the blind. Those cads on the bowsprit may see it reflected on the river."

"Good!"

Daubeny groped across the study and closed the blind carefully over the window.

Then the electric light was turned on.

Daubeny glanced round the study with a sneering grin.

The room was unusually tidy for a Fourth-form study, a circumstance probably due to Dick Rodney.

"Pile in!" murmured Daub.

He lost no time in beginning.

Books—principally school-books—were gathered up from the table, and Daub, drawing aside a corner of the blind, dropped them one by one from the open window into the river.

The light splashes they made in falling were hardly noticeable amid the murmur of the waters round the hull of the old warship.

Torrence stared at his leader.

"I—I say, draw it mild, Daub!" he exclaimed. "I say, those books are worth quids, and you're chuckin' them away!"

"What did we come here for?" grinned Daubeny.

"We came for a rag," said Torrence, rather hotly. "I don't call this a rag. This is dashed hooliganism!"

"You can slide out, if you're funky."

"Oh rot!"

Volume after volume slid from the window into the waters of the Chadway, to disappear for ever in the depths of the river.

Meanwhile, Egan was equally busy. He was gathering up the study crockery; and each article, as he gathered it, he gave a hard tap on the table. Cups and saucers, plates and jugs, fell in pieces from the taps, till the floor was littered with fragments.

Considering the amount of damage they were doing, the ragers were working very quietly, and there was little to draw attention to the study from without.

Books and crocks having been disposed of, Daubeny and Egan looked round, like Alexander of old, for fresh worlds to conquer. Torrence stood with his hands in his pockets, without offering to help.

Two or three pictures were on the walls, and they were taken down and ripped to pieces. There was a book-case in the corner, with a glass door, and the door was wrenched off, and the glass knocked out. This made rather a loud crash, and the Bucks listened a little nervously for some moments after it; but no one came to the study. The Fourth-formers were

mostly in the common-room, and out of hearing.

"Go ahead!" chuckled Daubeny. "There'll be a ghastly row about this," said Torrence.

Daubeny laughed. "That won't hurt us! Drake won't sneak to the Head, at any rate. Even if he finds out that we did it, he will have to stand it."

"Better not let him find out." "Lend a hand, then, and we'll be through the sooner."

"I'm not havin' a hand in dashed ruffianism like this," growled Torrence. "I tell you it's too thick." "Rot! Lend a hand with the table, Egan."

"Oh, quite!" The table was up-ended; a shower of paper and an inkstand going to the floor. Daubeny exerted his strength, and dragged off the legs of the table. It was not a massive article of furniture, and the captain of the Shell was quite equal to the task.

Table-legs lay beside the table-top on the floor. Then the two young rascals began work on the chairs.

Fragments of chairs, jerked in pieces, strewed the floor in a few minutes. Quite a heap was growing up in the centre of the study.

The study clock was added to it—with the leg of a chair driven into the middle of the works.

Even that did not satisfy Daubeny. Every article that was breakable was promptly broken, and articles that were not easily breakable were twisted or dropped from the window.

In ten or twelve minutes the study looked as if a hurricane had played havoc with it.

Daubeny glanced round at the scene of ruin with intense satisfaction, but perhaps with also a trace of apprehension in his face.

He had glutted his vengeance upon his old comrade; but the thought of the consequences was not pleasant; if he should be caught on the scene of the outrage!

"Better clear now," he muttered. "I should jolly well think so," said Torrence. "I'm sorry I came here."

"Bow-wow!" Daubeny turned off the light, and cracked the electric globe, so that it could not be turned on again. Then he opened the door cautiously.

The corridor without was clear. "Buck up!" he whispered.

The trio hurriedly stepped from the room, and Daub closed the door. Without losing a second, the three young rascals scuttled away to the upper deck.

"Safe as houses!" murmured Daubeny, as he strolled on the deck in the dim moonlight. "Of course, we shall have to prove a rather strong alibi about this. Let's get along to dear old Toodles."

"Ha, ha, ha!" And Daubeny and Co. proceeded to their study, two of them at least, in a state of complete and happy satisfaction.

scene—and upon the beaming visage of Tuckey Toodles.

Tuckey had not lost time. The table was spread; and the good things Tuckey had brought from the canteen amidsthips were arrayed there enticingly.

Tuckey Toodles had extracted full value for the ten-shilling note, from Mr. Capps in the school canteen.

Daubeny gave an approving nod. "Good man, Toodles!" he said.

"I thought you'd like it, old chap," said the gratified Tuckey. "Looks awfully rejerkly, don't it?"

"Ha, ha! Yes." "Kettle's just on the boil," said Tuckey. "Shall I make the cocoa, or will you have coffee?"

"Any old thing!" "That ham is ripping," said Toodles, "I've tasted it. And the cake is a corker—I've tasted that. And the toffee—I thought I'd better get some toffee—"

"Why, it's past nine——"

"No; look." Tuckey Toodles glanced at the clock, in surprise.

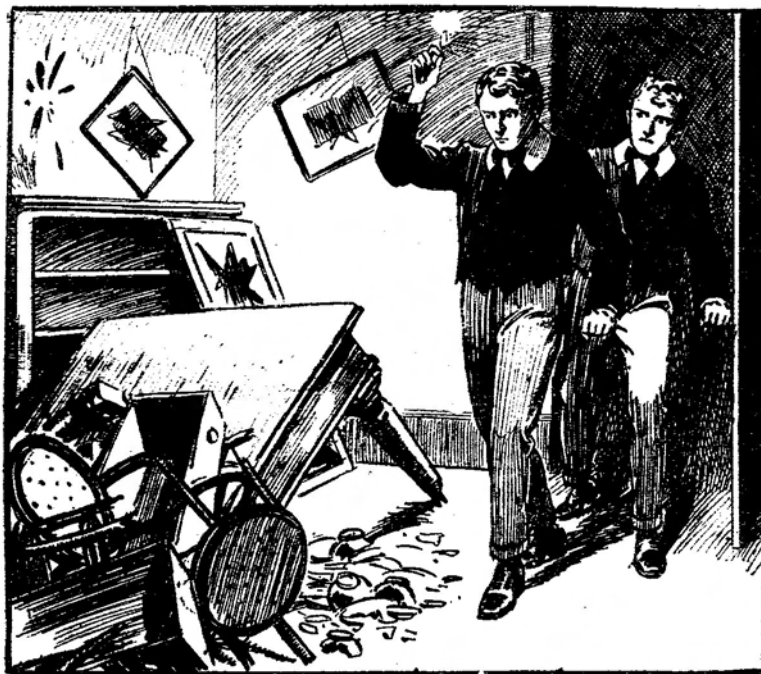
"Blessed if I didn't think it was later," he said. "Only just turned nine. Lots of time, then. Now——"

"You sit down, kid," said Daubeny, placing a chair for Tuckey, with the back towards the clock. "We're going to look after you, as you're our guest. We can't have a guest waitin' on himself!"

"My dear old fellow, don't mind——"

"I insist!" said Daubeny. "Sit down! Begin on the ham, what?" "Well, as you're so pressing, I will," said Tuckey beaming.

And he did. Daubeny gave his chums a significant look, which they understood. Egan and Torrence devoted their attention to Toodles, and kept that fat and grubby youth busily occupied.



Rodney held up the match. "What the thunder!" yelled Drake, as the flickering match-light glimmered into the wrecked study. "Who's done this?"

"Right as rain!"

Daubeny had moved across to the clock, which stood on a little shelf. With his back to Toodles, and his actions concealed from that fat and inattentive individual, he calmly moved the hands of the clock. It indicated a quarter past nine when Daub came in; and he made it indicate exactly nine o'clock before he closed the glass again. Tuckey, with all his thoughts on the tuck, which he had so liberally tasted, had not the faintest idea of Daub's peculiar occupation.

Daubeny turned round with a smiling face.

"Lots of time for supper!" he remarked. "You've been jolly quick about this, Toodles!"

"Well, I haven't lost any time, you may be sure, old chap. But we shall have to buck up with supper—bedtime soon, you know!"

"Oh, half an hour yet!" said Daub.

Meanwhile, Daubeny calmly restored the clock-hand to its proper place; a proceeding of which Tuckey did not dream, as his back was towards the dandy of the Shell.

Then Daub sat down at the table. It was not difficult to deceive Rupert de Vere Toodles; especially when there was tuck about to engage his attention.

In case of inquiry into the rag in No. 8, Daubeny had a witness now that he had been in his study from nine o'clock onwards; that is to say, all the time that the rag had been taking place.

Tuckey Toodles could not fail to remember that it was nine—by the clock—when the Bucks came into supper.

At half-past nine, which was bedtime for the St. Winifred's juniors, the supper-party would break up; and doubtless it would seem to Tuckey that the half-hour had passed unusually

The Quest of Honour!

WAITING for you, dear old boys!

The electric light was on in Daubeny's handsomely-furnished study, and it shone upon a festive

quickly; but time always did pass quickly with Tuckey Toodles when he was "spreading" himself at a festive board. Certainly, he was not likely to suspect Daubeny's trick with the clock.

The Bucks quite enjoyed their supper—in spite of the company of Tuckey Toodles, which perhaps they did not wholly enjoy. But they were very kind and polite to Tuckey; he was a valuable witness in their behalf, and was to be placated. As for the grubby junior, he was in the seventh heaven; never had he so enjoyed himself. A handsome supper, and this condescending graciousness from the great Daubeny, made Tuckey Toodles feel amazingly pleased with himself and with the universe generally. Just then Tuckey was of the same opinion as Pangloss of old, that everything was for the best, in the best of all possible worlds.

Being given his head, as it were, Tuckey Toodles did not fail to bag the lion's share of the spread. In No. 8 Study, Tuckey's predilection for bagging the lion's share sometimes caused trouble; but with Daubeny and Co. on this occasion at least, hospitality was boundless. For once in his fat and grubby career, Tuckey Toodles was a fellow whom the Bucks of St. Winifred's delighted to honour.

Tuckey was in the full tide of shiny happiness, when there were footsteps outside the study.

Daubeny and Co. exchanged glances. The door opened, and Chilcot of the Shell looked in, with a rather curious expression on his face.

"Trot in, chappy," said Daubeny, "there's some cake left—"

"I looked in to give you warnin'," said Chilcot.

"Not quite bedtime—"

"No, scrappin' time. Drake and Rodney are comin' along—"

"We haven't asked them to supper!"

"They're on the war-path!"

"What on earth about?"

"Don't you know?" asked Chilcot, with a grin.

Daubeny stared at him.

"How should I know? I suppose they're not objectin' to their study-mate comin' to supper with us?"

"Like their cheek, if they do!" exclaimed Tuckey Toodles warmly.

"They never stand a chap a decent supper in No. 8. I shall jolly well have supper where I like, I know that!"

"Well, here they come!" said Chilcot.

There was a tramp of feet in the passage.

Not Guilty!

LIGHTS off!"

"That ass Toodles again!"

Drake and Rodney had come down to their study; Q. Horatius Flaccus having been given his turn on the bowsprit of the Benbow. It was getting near to bedtime, and the chuns of the Fourth were ready for a hasty and frugal supper, their appetites whetted by the keen air on the river.

Jack Drake put his hand to the switch, as he stepped into the study; but the light did not come on.

"Got a match, Rodney?"

Dick Rodney fumbled in his pocket.

"I think so."

Scratch!

A match gleamed out in the darkness of the study. It was not the first time that "something" had happened to the electric light; indeed, such happenings were not at all infrequent in junior studies. A hurtling book or cushion was enough to "douse the glim," and as the juniors had to replace broken lamps at their own expense, it was not uncommon for darkness to reign in a study for two or three evenings on end.

"There's a candle somewhere," said Drake. "I kept it after the last time that idiot Toodles busted the light with a ruler. I think I can find it—show the match."

Rodney held up the match.

"Why—what—what—" yelled Drake, as the flickering match-light glimmered into the wrecked study.

"Great Scott!"

"What the thunder—who's done this?"

The match went out.

"The place is wrecked!" exclaimed Drake breathlessly. "Why, I'll—I'll—I'll—" words failed him.

"Let's get a light," said Rodney quietly.

He stepped to the next study and found Raik and Newson there. They looked up inquiringly.

"Lend us a candle, will you?" said Rodney. "Somebody's been ragging our study."

"Pshaw! We haven't heard anything."

Newson found a candle, and it was lighted; and the two juniors followed Drake and Rodney into No. 8. Rodney held up the candle, and the light fell upon a scene of havoc and desolation. The bread and cheese, intended for supper, lay trampled on the floor, amid spill ink, broken crocks, torn papers, and dislocated furniture.

Drake and his chum stared at the ruin with feelings that deprived them of speech, for a moment.

Rags were not at all uncommon at St. Winifred's; but nothing of this kind had been seen before on board the Benbow. A gang of Hun invaders could scarcely have done more damage than Daubeny had done.

"My only hat!" ejaculated Pierce Raik. "Looks as if there's been a cyclone. Who did it?"

Drake's eyes blazed.

"I don't know; but we'll find out," he said, between his teeth. "Some rotten cad has done this—by gad, we'll make him sit up for it. Didn't you fellows hear anything? You're in the next study!"

"We've been in the common-room," answered Newson. "We haven't heard anything since we came back to our study."

"It was done before that," remarked Raik. "There must have been a bit of a row, I should think."

Two or three fellows coming along the passage, and stared in. And then more of the Fourth arrived, as the news began to spread. In a few minutes, the doorway and the passage were crowded with juniors—some looking serious, and some grinning.

"Had an earthquake here, Drake?" chuckled Rawlings.

"Some rotten cad has been here! Any of you fellows know who it was?" exclaimed Rodney.

There was a general shaking of heads.

Drake glanced over the crowd, sharply. He did not believe that the ragger was in the Fourth Form at all; and certainly there were no guilty looks in the crowd round No. 8 Study.

"Somebody from another Form, I should think," said Estcourt. "You ought to go to Mr. Packe about it, Drake."

"No sneaking in the Fourth!" said Vane. "It's only a rag."

"It's more than a rag; I'd go to the Form-master!" said Estcourt.

Jack Drake shook his head.

Certainly he would have been justified in laying a complaint before the master of the Fourth; but he shrank from the idea. It was the unwritten law of St. Winifred's that disputes were settled without masters or prefects being called in.

"Where's Toodles?" asked Rawlings suddenly. "Toodles ought to know who it was—Toodles sees and hears everything."

"Tuckey!" shouted Drake.

But Tuckey Toodles, for once, was not on the scene. He was busy elsewhere. Drake gritted his teeth.

"We don't need Toodles to tell us who it was, or anybody else," he said. "I can guess easily enough—it was Daubeny, of course."

"Any proof of that?" asked Chilcot of the Shell, who had joined the crowd in the passage.

"I don't want any—I know it!"

Chilcot quietly left the crowd, and disappeared in the direction of the Shell quarters.

"We shall have to have some proof, Drake," said Rodney, in his quiet way.

"Look here, we were in the study at half-past eight, and it's been done since then. It must have taken some time, too; the fellow couldn't have done all this damage in a few minutes. Any of you fellows been near the study since half-past eight?"

"Yes, rather," said Sawyer major, "I was talking here with Furdy—"

"So you were," said Furdy.

"We went along to common-room at ten to nine," said Sawyer major. "I noticed the clock when we went in. Nobody went into your study at that time."

"I came along after that," remarked Estcourt. "I left the common-room a few minutes after Sawyer came in, to go to my study."

"Then it was nine, or nearly, when the ragger got here," said Drake. "Any fellow about after that?"

There was no answer.

"Come on, Rodney," said Drake, "we'll go and ask Daubeny of the Shell where he was at nine o'clock, and what he was doing. If he wasn't in our study raggin' the place, he can tell us where he was."

"It was Daub right enough," said Rodney. "But we'll give him a chance."

"And we'll come and see fair play," exclaimed Sawyer major.

"Hear, hear!"

Quite a little crowd of the Fourth followed Drake and Rodney to the Shell quarters. The door of No. 3 in the Shell was open, and Chilcot was standing in the doorway. He stepped aside as the Fourth-formers arrived.

Drake strode into the study with

Rodney, and the Fourth-formers crowded round the doorway behind them.

Drake paused, somewhat surprised to see Daubeny and Co. seated peacefully at the supper-table, and Tuckey Toodles with them.

Toodles gave his study-mates a lofty look.

"Look here, you fellows," he exclaimed, "what do you want bothering here? I suppose I can have supper with my pal Daub if I like."

"You fat idiot!" snapped Drake. "Our study's been ragged, and smashed up from end to end."

"Oh, crumbs!" ejaculated Toodles.

"Have you come to tell us about it?" yawned Vernon Daubeny, turning his eyeglass nonchalantly upon Drake, "May I mention, dear boy, that I'm not interested?"

Drake's eyes flashed.

"You cad!" he shouted.

"Oh, gad! What are you calling me names for?"

"You did it!" shouted Drake. "And I'm going——" He made a rush at Vernon Daubeny.

The dandy of the Shell sprang to his feet.

"Hands off! I——"

"Hold on, Drake!" Dick Rodney caught his excited chum by the arm. "If it were Daubeny, there's plenty of time to hammer him when it's proved."

"I know it was——"

"Let him speak!" Rodney turned quickly to the captain of the Shell:

"Daubeny, was it you?"

"Not guilty, my lord," said Daubeny, shrugging his shoulders.

"Where were you at nine o'clock, then?"

"I don't see why I should answer your questions, Rodney."

"You'll answer them, or you'll take the consequences!" exclaimed Jack Drake, his voice trembling with rage. Daubeny smiled sneeringly.

"Where was I at nine o'clock, you fellows?" he drawled. "Do you happen to remember?"

"Why, here," said Egan.

"Yes, rather!" exclaimed Tuckey Toodles warmly. "You came in to supper just at nine, Daub; I noticed the clock."

Drake started.

"Are you sure about the time, you fat idiot?"

"Yes, I am. I thought it was later, but when I looked at the clock it was only nine. I mentioned it," said Toodles.

Drake gave him a sharp look. It was evident that Tuckey was telling the truth, so far as he knew, at all events. He could not suppose that Tuckey was a party to the ragging of his own study.

"Satisfied?" sneered Vernon Daubeny.

Drake did not reply.

"It's clear enough, Drake," said Dick Rodney. "We shall have to look somewhere else. Come on!" He drew his chum to the door.

Drake followed him, but he turned back in the doorway.

"It seems clear enough," he said; "but—I'm not satisfied. I'm going to find out the truth about this, Daubeny, somehow."

"Would you mind shuttin' the door after you, old top?" inquired Daubeny politely.

The door closed with a slam.

THE END.

Another ripping long, complete yarn of the School on the River next week. Order your "Herald" early!

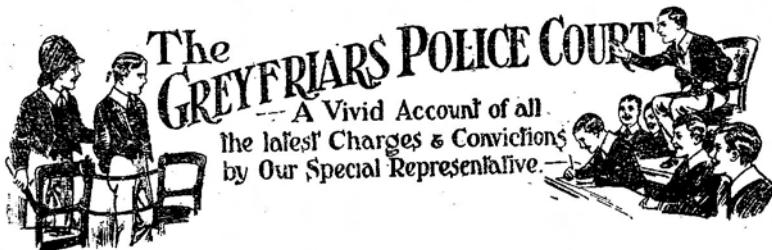


This is a small line drawing of the Plate to be Given Free. Actual size of Plate with engraving is 7½ inches by 10 inches. The title of the picture is "Boy, 1st Class, JOHN TRAVERS CORNWELL, V.C. The Battle of Jutland, May 31st—June 1st, 1916. From the Picture by F. O. Salisbury, painted for the Admiralty 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.

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.



The GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

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

Owing to their being no Anti-Profitteering Committee in the district, a complaint of profiteering was brought this week before Mr. Justice Wharton and a half-suffocated jury in the Greyfriars Police-court.

SCOTCHING A PROFITEER. A Fishy Deal in Sardines.

Considerable interest was manifested when Mr. Fisher Tarleton Fish, an American citizen hailing from New York City, appeared at the Greyfriars Police-court to answer two separate charges brought to the notice of the public prosecutor by Mr. William George Bunter. Inside the court the public were packed like sardines, and many were unable to gain admittance, thanks to the persuasion of P.-c. Bull and Mr. R. Cherry, K.C., with their boots.

Accused: Now, see here, you galoots—cut this tomfoolery right out!

Magistrate: Silence! Prisoner, are you guilty or not guilty?

Accused: Aw, I'm going to beat it, Yow!

P.-c. Bull (rising from the floor and brushing himself): The prisoner has decided to change his mind, your worship.

Accused: (also rising, and fondling his nose): You beastly spiteful galoot, Bull!

Mr. R. Cherry, K.C. (prosecuting counsel): I shall place my first witness, Lord Bunter de Grunter, in the box.

A voice: Better have it enlarged, old man! (Laughter.)

Magistrate: Order, or I shall clear the court! Now then, porpoise, speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, or I shall personally perform some painful pummeling upon your ponderous person! (Laughter, in which his worship condescended to join.)

Witness: Well, it's like this, your honour. I tried to get some sardines and a bottle of tomato sauce at Uncle Clegg's—

Magistrate: On tick?

Witness: No, with a postal-order I was expecting from my aunt.

Magistrate: Same thing! Go on.

Witness: Uncle Clegg hadn't any sardines or sauce, and I couldn't get any anywhere. Then I found that Fish had bought up the last few tins of sardines and bottles of sauce, and when I wanted to borrow some from him he wouldn't let me have them.

Magistrate: How strange!

Witness: Yes, but the thieving rotter wanted to charge me a tanner more than Uncle Clegg does for the sardines, and fourpence extra on a bottle of sauce.

Magistrate: Did you pay him?

Witness: Yes; you see, it was the only way to—

A jurymen: What, did the postal-order arrive?

Magistrate: Dry up! Where did you get the brass, Billy?

Mr. Cherry: I protest! That question is irrelevant!

Magistrate: Same to you, old top, and many of 'em! (Laughter.)

Witness (generously): Really, you know, Wharton—I mean your worship—I don't mind if you let Fish go, so long as he gives me back my money first.

Magistrate: What a nice, forgiving little fellow! (More laughter.)

Accused: I guess I'll give him a thick ear!

Magistrate: You always were a rotten guesser, Fish; most likely you'll leave with a couple yourself.

A voice: 'Ear, 'ear! (Laughter.)

Magistrate: Order! Let the witness proceed.

Witness: Well, I bought two tins of sardines, and one bottle of sauce, and

Magistrate (interrupting): One thing at a time, now. Stick to the sardines.

Witness (promptly): I did, your worship! (Laughter.)

Magistrate: How came there to be such a disgraceful shortage? I wonder.

Mr. Cherry: Why, because old iron has been so scarce this year, there wasn't enough to make fish-hooks to catch 'em with, ass! (Loud laughter.)

Magistrate: Oh, shut up! Have you any more witnesses?

Mr. Cherry: One. I will call P.-c. Bull to give evidence.

Magistrate (graciously): All right; let him get it off his chest.

P.-c. Bull: I arrested the accused at the instigation of the last witness, who brought a charge of profiteering, and showed me two empty sardine-tins and one empty sauce-bottle in support of his assertion.

Magistrate: It strikes me that is merely evidence that Bunter scoffed the lot, like the greedy pig he is. You can stand down, officer.

P.-c. Bull: But I haven't begun yet!

Magistrate: I tell you you've finished. Accused, what have you to say to these charges? Did you corner the market and stick the prices up on sardines and tomato sauce?

Accused: This galoot Bunter only brought the case because I sued him for payment for that fine knife I sold him the other week. Anyway, I guess it was just a little business proposition between me and him. The sardines and tomayto sauce belonged to me.

Magistrate: The language of this court is English. I presume you mean tomato?

Accused: What do you call potatoes—po-tah-toes?

Magistrate: No, spuds! (Loud laughter, which his worship made no effort to suppress.)

Accused: Say, when you've done trying to be funny, you might remember that time is money with me.

Magistrate: Silence! I shall award you "time" in a minute. Your guilt is proved on both charges.

Foreman of the Jury (Mr. H. Vernon-Smith): Hold hard, your worship! We haven't found the accused guilty yet!

Magistrate: Well, buck up and do so; I've got an impot. to do tonight. What's your verdict?

Foreman of Jury: Guilty, your worship.

Magistrate: Then why didn't you say so before? The accused is sentenced to place five bob in the Waifs and Strays collection-box at his elbow, the box then to be taken to Study No. 1 for greater security.

Accused: Say, cut that out! I'll tell you what I'll do, Wharton—I'll give you a bottle of tomayto sauce, and we'll say no more about it!

Magistrate: A fine of an extra bob for offering "sauce" to the court!

First Witness: Really, I say, your worship, old fellow, where do I come in?

Magistrate: You don't—you go out! Kindly assist him, usher.

As the condemned profiteer left the court he was heard to forcibly express his intention of getting the President of the United States to write to the Head about it!

OUR PERSONAL COLUMN

(With acknowledgments to the Daily Newspapers)

By BOB CHERRY

Mr. Harry Wharton, our genial editor, will provide a handsome spread in No. 1 Study on Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Mimble has made rock-cakes for the occasion, and guests are therefore requested to bring their pickaxes.

Mr Horace Coker will shave his upper lip to-morrow morning. Mr. Coker informs us that he has had many a "close shave" in the past!

Mr. Mark Linley's new play, "The Age of Miracles," will be performed next week. The play deals with the arrival of Billy Bunter's postal-order!

Mr. Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh, having crockfully sprained his esteemed and ludicrous ankle, will be retiredly absent from the Remove team for a weekfulness.

Mr. H. H. Quelch, M.A., will read select passages from his History of Greyfriars in the junior common-room on Friday evening. No one will be present.

Mr. Paul Pontifex Prout, M.A., lectured last week on "My Exploits in the Rocky Mountains." The lecturer's memory seemed a bit "rocky."

The Viscount Alonzo Todd will shortly receive a visit from his Uncle Benjamin—better known to the social world as Baron Hatch, of Colney.

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 story, the prize is awarded to the first read. Remember your joke should be written plainly on a postcard.—Editor.

A Bright Prospect!

One day Sambo, the coloured gardener, was burning the college green, to get rid of the old withered grass. A student came along, and, thinking to have some fun at the darkie's expense, shouted:

"Here, Sambo, you ought not to burn that stuff, you know"

"Why not, sah?" inquired Sambo.

"Because," replied the student, "it'll make the grass as black as you are!"

"Well, sah," retorted Sambo, "neber you fear! Dat here grass'll come up and be as green as you are!"

—Sent in by A. L. Partington, 91, Clifton Road, Southampton, Lancs.

The Third!

Mr. Quelch (to new junior): Now tell me the names of three great scholars.

New Boy: Bacon, Newton, and—I beg your pardon, sir, but I didn't quite catch your name!—Sent in by H. W. Goodall, 78, Humber Avenue, Coventry.

BLOW IT!



CAPTAIN OF THE CATSCALL CLOD-HOPPERS: "Please, sir, would yer mind lendin' us yer whistle; the ref.'s bin an' swallowed ours!"

Lent Colour to it!

"Pa," said little Willie, "I bought a pencil to-day that will write green, purple, crimson, or any colour you like."

Pa smiled indulgently. "Not the same pencil, my son," he corrected.

"Bet me sixpence, pa!" "I shall do nothing of the kind," said his father. "But I will give you sixpence if it will!"

The young rascal dived into his pockets and produced an ordinary lead pencil, and wrote down the words "green," "purple," and "crimson."

"Hand over that sixpence, pa!" he said.—Sent in by R. Pearce, 158, Wanstead Park Avenue, Manor Park, E.12.

Daren't Risk It!

Visitor: Could I speak with the parson for a moment?

Servant: Oh, if I disturbed him now he'd snap my head off. He's writing a sermon on "Self-control"!—Sent in by Miss Ruby Prior, 37, Stockmar Road, Hackney.

Slightly Altered!

A certain general in the Army who had a very strong objection to the use of bad language came along one day as the sergeant-major was about to correct a bugler with his usual flow of elegance.

"You—you—" stuttered the sergeant-major, when he caught sight of the general's eye upon him. So he hastily added: "Naughty, naughty bugler!"—Sent in by Chas. J. Sampson, 48, Windsor Road, Torquay, Devon.

IN THE STONE-Y AGE!



STONE-Y: "I—ah—want—ah—Mr. Boney, to—to ask you if I may—ah—marry your daughtah?"

BONEY (greatly relieved): "Oh, is that all? Certainly, my boy! I thought you wanted to borrow some arrow-heads or somethin'."

Aye! Aye!

Little Mike Murphy was looking out of the railway-carriage window when he got some ashes in his eye, and promptly flopped back on the seat to have a good cry.

"There, there; shtop that, me bhoy!" cried his father. "And always remember in future to shut your eyes when ye look out o' a train window!"—Sent in by J. Matthew, 20, Hollybank Terrace, Edinburgh.

His Only Thought!

Mr. Twigg: Now, boys, it is quite common to associate two things with each other. We speak of health and happiness, gold and silver, for examples. Which of you can give me another instance?

Sammy Bunter: Tripe and onions, sir!—Sent in by J. Thomas, 88, Holly Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.

A Pane-ful Surprise!

"Ma," said little Johnny, "there were only two other boys beside me who could answer a question that teacher asked to-day."

"I'm so proud that my little boy was one of them," said his fond mother. "What question was it?"

"Oh," said Johnny, "she asked who broke the school-room window!" —Sent in by Miss Margaret Spence, 22, Hill Street, Edinburgh.

A "Bag" of Mystery.

Sportsman: Got any pheasants for sale?

Shopkeeper: Not one, sir; sold out this morning. But we've some fine sausages.

Sportsman: Sausages! How the dickens can I tell 'em I shot sausages? —Sent in by A. H. Wadham, 2, Fairview Terrace, Middle Deal Road, Deal, Kent.

Cutting!

P.-c. 49 (who has just stopped a motor-car): What's your number?

Motorist: BC746.

P.-c. 49: I didn't ask you when your car was made; I asked for your number!—Sent in by P. Eccleston, 35, Cambridge Street, Bilston, Staffs.

Very Fly!

"Waiter," cried the diner, "there's a fly in this ice-pudding!"

"Serve him right, sir," replied the waiter. "Let him stay there and freeze. He was in another gentleman's soup yesterday. I'll be downright glad to get rid of him!"—Sent in by A. Tunner, 21, Stirrup Brook, Boothstown, near Manchester.

Moving!

Officer: So, Murphy, I understand that you and Private Perkins were calm and collected when the explosion occurred at the powder-magazine?

Pat: Well, sor, I was calm; poor Perkins was collected!—Sent in by J. Archibald, 12, Hill Street, Dysart, Fife.

"Grounds" For Complaint!

New Boarder: What thick, heavy coffee-cups, to be sure!

Old Boarder: Yes, it's a great wheeze! Your arm gets so tired lifting one cup that you don't want another!—Sent in from 49, Laudguard Road, Southampton.

That Didn't Wash!

Mr. Quelch: Bunter, your face is dirty again this morning. What would you say if I came into the Form-room with a dirty face?

Billy Bunter: Please, sir, I'd be too polite to say anything!—Sent in by C. F. Tooby, 5, Hans Place, London, S.W.1.

Lucid!

Skinner (seeking information): What's your rule of business, Fish—your maxim, you know?

Fisher T. Fish: Waal, it's very simple. I pay for something I can't get with the greenbacks I haven't got, and then I sell what I never had for more than it ever cost. Got me?—Sent in by A. Thwaites, 35, Nelson Street, South Bank, Yorkshire.



A stirring serial story dealing with adventures amongst Redskins

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

KIT was standing at their camp-fire, gazing with astonished eyes at Prairie Wolf, whom he recognised as the old war-chief who had been made prisoner by Buck Dixie in his own lodge.

Prairie Wolf was not slow to recognise Kit, but with all the grave dignity of the Red Man he took no notice of the young brave, but went on gravely basting the joint of beef which was dangling before the flames of the fire from a ramrod.

"Meat him heap ready!" he announced at last, indicating that the beef was cooked to a turn.

"That's the talk, grandpa!" exclaimed Uncle Baldy, who was busy mixing a large cup of mustard. "Now fall to an' make a good supper, 'cause I'm gwine to hang you after th' pudding's been served!"

Uncle Baldy gave a jocular wink, to show that his words were merely uttered as a joke.

But the Red Indian does not understand jokes.

Prairie Wolf grunted, but his seamed, copper-coloured face did not move a muscle at the news that he was going to be hanged, which he took quite in earnest. He decided that if he were going to be hanged he would make an excellent supper, so that he should not depart to the Happy Hunting Grounds empty and sorrowful.

Baldy cut him a generous lump of meat, and enclosed it between two huge slabs of fresh-baked bread.

Prairie Wolf liked the white flour bread of the Palefaces much better than the bread of the Redskins, which was miserable stuff, made in biscuits from the ground seeds of prairie flowers.

His black, beady eyes were turned on the large cup of mustard which Uncle Baldy had mixed with the help of a tablespoon.

Prairie Wolf had never tasted mustard in his life; but he saw that it was good, since the Palefaces were spreading it on their meat, and it seemed to give them a relish for their food.

"Mustard, Prairie Wolf?" asked Joe politely, as he passed the ancient warrior the cup and spoon.

"Wah!" grunted Prairie Wolf, in assent. He took the cup and spoon. It was good, strong, thick mustard, and, scraping round the cup, Prairie Wolf secured a piled tablespoonful, which he clapped into his mouth and swallowed at one gulp, before his companions could prevent him.

"My word!" exclaimed Joe, in awed tones. "He's swallowed the lot! He'll burn his throat out!"

Old Prairie Wolf had had a good many pulls at the firewater of the Palefaces. But never had he met with such a fiery mouthful as this, for Uncle Baldy, to save cruet space, had mixed mustard and red pepper together.

A white man would have been convulsed by the dose. But old Prairie Wolf's face did not betray by a wince or the twitch of a muscle the torture he was undergoing.

But even the stoicism of a Redskin warrior could not prevent the tears gathering in his eyes and rolling down his mahogany cheeks.

"You shouldn't eat mustard like

that, grandpa!" said Uncle Baldy reproachfully. "Does it burn you?" Look—the tears are running down your face!"

A Redskin seldom weeps. So Prairie Wolf felt bound to make some excuse for the unmanly tears which poured down his withered cheeks.

"Me cry along o' my grandma," he explained. "She dead!"

"Oh, your grandmother's dead, is she?" exclaimed Uncle Baldy sympathetically. "How long ago?"

"Nine 'undred moon," responded Prairie Wolf solemnly, with a gasp.

The whole group about the fire burst into a roar of laughter, for "nine hundred moons" is nearly eighty years, according to the Redskin fashion of reckoning by the lunar month.

"Me die after supper," added the unmoved Prairie Wolf. "S'posum you give me more meat an' bread!"

Uncle Baldy gave the old war chief another huge helping, warning him to leave a corner for the plum-duff that was dancing in the camp cooking-pots.

And Prairie Wolf gave a grunt of satisfaction when he heard that there was plum-duff to follow. The fact that he was supposed to die after supper did not spoil his appetite for plum-duff.

Uncle Baldy served the duff with his hunting-knife, and Prairie Wolf was awarded a helping that was, as Uncle Baldy suggested, big enough to prevent him from getting hungry for the whole of his first week in the Happy Hunting Grounds.

The old warrior was solemnly tucking into this strange delicacy when a deep-throated roar from the corner of the camp where the Circle Dot cowboys had taken up their quarters brought everyone to their feet.

The convoy riders grabbed for their rifles. Women screamed, and, catching up their children, started to run for the little dug-out fort in the centre of the camp, under the impression that the defeated Navajoes had gathered together again, and were attacking the circle of fire-lit waggons.

But the buzz of consternation turned to a shout of laughter and wonderment, for between the camp-fires the cowboy, Luyo Bill, was leading an

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 a youth in the garb of an Indian rides up, and Uncle Baldy and Joe recognise Kit.

evil-looking mule, blind of one eye and lop-eared.

This was none other than Maud, the famous man-killing mule, and the roar of laughter deepened to a roar of admiration when a hogshead was rolled out from one of the waggons and up-ended in the firelit centre of the camp, and it was announced that Inyo Bill had engaged to ride the redoubtable Maud three times round the camp, and to make her dance a double shuffle on the head of the hogshead, to save the life of one Prairie Wolf, war chief of the Navajos, now condemned to be hanged when he had finished his helping of plum-duff!

Recruits for the Dandy Fifth!

SHOUTS of laughter resounded through the camp as Inyo Bill, the cowboy, led out Maud the mule, to ride her, as he supposed, thrice round the great ring of waggons, and to eventually perch her on the head of the upturned hogshead in the middle of the camp, as a sort of statue to his horseman—or mulemanship.

Inyo Bill presented a brave figure as he led the lop-eared mule, the dollars that trimmed his pants and jacket shining bright in the camp-fires, whilst his great Spanish silver spurs, with their enormous rowels, tinkled like musical bells.

"Rings on 'is fingers, and rings on 'is toes; He shall have music wherever he goes!" grunted Uncle Baldy.

Some of the cowboys were looking askance at Uncle Baldy. They did not show much mercy to Redskins themselves, but they thought that if Inyo Bill had a fancy to the life of one Redskin, like Prairie Wolf, it was very hard that he should have to risk his dollars and his Navajo robes, and the rest of his property, not to mention his neck, to secure this favour.

But Uncle Baldy took no notice of their scowls.

"I ain't gwine to hang old Prairie Wolf," he whispered to the boys. "Never was gwine to hang him. He's as white a Redskin as a Redskin can be, for all his dirty copper hide. An' he's taken a special likin' to you boys. An' when a Redskin takes a likin' to a Paleface—which ain't often—he's as good as a good watch-dog. But these hyar cowboys fellows are too fond o' shootin' their mouths, and that thar Inyo Bill gives me the gall, a-playin' the rooster in his spurs an' chaparejos an' what-not, givin' hisself the airs o' an Indian fightin'-cock! Thinks he kin ride a thunderbolt!" added Uncle Baldy. "Wal, let him try Maud!"

Maud the mule was very quiet and docile as she was led out of camp.

That was Maud's way. She was as quiet as an old cab-horse till a rider tried to mount her. Then she was an electric discharge!

Inyo Bill had been warned of this. When he had led Maud without the camp he gave a sudden leap, and landed on her back before she was quite ready. But a moment later Maud gathered up her hind legs and launched out with a mighty kick at the stars.

The kick would have unseated any ordinary rider. But Inyo Bill was no ordinary rider. He was not far out

when he boasted that he could ride anything from a mad dromedary to a camel suffering from delirium tremens!

Inyo Bill kept his seat, much to Maud's surprise.

She stood quite still, looking round, with one ear up and the other down, to see if he were still there on her back.

And, finding that she had not got quit of her cavalier, she dropped both her ears and leaped violently, not once, but half a dozen times, into the air, her head between her heels.

Inyo Bill's teeth rattled like castanets. This was worse than any broncho he had ever bestridden. But he stuck manfully to his seat.

Then Maud came to earth again and stood still, looking round to see if Bill were still there.

sticks. She had been beaten enough to harden her. But she was ticklish, and had never felt a spur, for the simple reason that she had never been ridden in her life.

She ran backwards half a dozen paces, under the surprise of this rib-tickling, like an engine that is getting ready for a long pull and a strong pull.

Then away she went, a wild mixture of hoofs, ears, and dust, travelling like a whirlwind, attempting to run away from this human centaur, who yelled and waved his lariat about her ears.

How the cowboys and the troopers of the Dandy Fifth yelled as Inyo Bill raced round the camp in a whirl of dust and stamping hoofs! Maud was cutting records in her attempt to escape from her rider by leaving him



There was a mighty crash as the hogshead collapsed, and Maud fell into it. And there was a yell of horror from the crowd as Inyo Bill was hurled through the air.

Bill's cowboy friends had climbed to the top of the wagon-tilts, and were waving their hats and cheering at the top of their voices.

Skiddoo Mick, a famous cowboy, laughed so much that he came near swallowing his false teeth, and Arizona Alec, Inyo Bill's greatest rival in equestrianism, had to cheer till he lost his voice.

"By gum!" croaked Alec. "Ther feller that kin ride that thar mule can ride an earthquake!"

Maud stood very still now. This was no sign that she was beaten, but merely indicated that she was meditating fresh treacheries.

These came quickly. She lifted her off hind leg, and tried to kick Inyo Bill in the ear.

Then Bill, having dodged this dastardly attempt, responded with a double dig with his enormous Spanish spurs, which Maud felt for the first time. Maud the mule was well enough accustomed to whips and goads and

behind. Not three times, but twelve times did she race round the wide circle of white-tilted waggons, and even the sullen Redskin prisoners, in their enclosure, craned their necks forward to see the sight by the uncertain glimmer of the camp-fires, as Bill and the mule raced past like a whirlwind.

At last Maud came to a full stop. She could run no farther. Her ears and her head went down. She was beaten. Amidst the plaudits of his companions, Inyo Bill rode her into camp, panting and blowing, her sides heaving and closing like the bellows of a concertina. Then, reining her in tight, he brought her to the foot of the plank which led up to the head of the great hogshead.

A mule is a sure-footed beast, and Maud stepped steadily up the plank beneath her proud rider, who made a fine show in the light of the great central camp-fire, upon which fresh

armfuls of fuel had been placed to light the proceedings.

But there was still a kick left in the artful Maud. No sooner had she placed her feet on the great hogshead, and Inyo Bill, reining her up like a bronze horse, sat statuesque and splendid in the firelight, taking off his wide-brimmed hat in a magnificent sweep in answer to the wild plaudits of the mob, than Maud got in her last shot.

Standing on her forefeet, she shot her heels up in a final protest to the heavens.

This last dance was too much for Bill, and too much for the head of the great hogshead.

There was a mighty crash as the head of the hogshead collapsed, and Maud fell into it. And there was a yell of horror from the crowd as Inyo Bill was hurled through the air, like a projectile from a catapult, descending with a thump, and an enormous pillar of sparks, right in the centre of the large camp-fire of brush.

The pepper-box revolvers in Bill's belt exploded with a rattling volley, blowing the fire right and left, before he staggered to his feet and crawled out of the burning brush, his woolly chaparejos smelling like a burned flock bed, and filling the air around him with the scent of singeing wool.

Luckily, the fire was a light one, and the brush which had been piled on had no great power of burning. So Inyo Bill, covered with sparks and flakes of fire, so that he looked like a burned-out firework, was unhurt.

Maud the mule, jammed in the hogshead, rolled over and over in desperate efforts to extricate herself, the crowd running wildly, dodging the rolling hogshead.

At last she rolled out of it, and, regaining her feet, measured the distance between the hogshead and her heels with a calculating eye.

Bang! Bang!

Out flew her heels at the offending hogshead, which in a few seconds was kicked into splintered staves. Then Maud the mule, with a defiant squeal, marched slowly off to the horse-lines, leaving Inyo Bill to claim his prisoner.

Uncle Baldy laughed as Inyo Bill, smelling like a burned feather pillow, marched up to him and demanded the body of Prairie Wolf.

"You rode Maud right enough, Bill," said he. "But I wuz never goin' to hang old Prairie Wolf. He's your Redskin now, and the best you can do with him is to give him as a present to these hyar boys. He's taken to them, an' he'll serve none but them."

Inyo Bill was satisfied. His only desire was to save his old enemy from the supposedly bloodthirsty Baldy, and to show that he could ride anything in the world. And this he had accomplished.

He had no use for a Redskin himself. But he felt that he ought to give Prairie Wolf the choice of masters.

"Say, Wolf," said he, "I've won you in the raffle. But this old coyote Baldy says that you want to run with the boys. Is that true words?"

Prairie Wolf was very happy now. He had had a very good supper, and he was not going to be hanged.

"Heap good boy!" said he, pointing to Kit and Joe. "Me stop along boy!"

"Right!" said Inyo Bill. "But none of your Navajo tricks! Gimme the sign that you'll play fair and honest Injun, blood for blood, heart for heart, tooth for tooth, eye for eye, scalp for scalp!"

Prairie Wolf grunted assent. From the worked deerskin pouch at his belt he produced a small Indian knife, keen as a lancet, painfully hammered and wrought from an old horsehoe.

He calmly and without flinching cut an incision across his wrist, so that the blood started, and then motioned to Kit to bare his arm.

With the point of the knife he made a tiny cut in Kit's white skin, and held the boy's arm across his own, so that the drops of blood mingled. Then, still holding Kit's and his own arm together with his left hand, Prairie Wolf solemnly chanted the ritual of the blood brother of the Navajo nation, whilst the cowboys and convoy riders crowded round to witness this wild scene in respectful silence.

They knew what Prairie Wolf was doing. He was abjuring the Navajo nation, for which he had toiled and fought and bled all through his long life, and he was making blood brotherhood with a Paleface. No longer was he Prairie Wolf, war chief of the Navajo nation, but Lone Wolf, cast forth from his pack.

And the cowboys knew enough of Indian warfare to know the importance of this new alliance.

Prairie Wolf, in his chanting, recited the downfall of his nation, and the wrongs they had done him, and by the brotherhood of blood he swore to protect Kit's life with his own life, to make his quarrels his own, to watch him by day and night against his enemies, and to die with him when the last call came.

The wild chant died away in dead silence, and Prairie Wolf repeated the same ceremony with Joe, to Inyo Bill's intense satisfaction.

"Thar, boys!" said he. "Though you are Johnny Bulls, an' fresh from England, you've got more out o' the Redskins than if you'd lived on the frontier all your lives. The old Wolf will never go back on that oath, an' he'll teach you the secrets of the Navajo nation, and of the Apaches as well. You are as good as a couple of real Redskin war chiefs, for he'll teach you the secrets o' the war-ldges, an' the sun-dance, an' the ways of the prairie an' the mountains that only the Redskins know. An' if you'll abide by him, an' learn them, you'll be a couple o' scouts whose names will grow amongst Palefaces and Injuns till they are great or greater than th' name of Buck Dixie himself. It's only once in fifty years that a Redskin mixes blood with Paleface, an' there's some secret in this business!"

Old Prairie Wolf had gone back to the fire, and, with his blankets over his shoulders, was gazing stolidly in the flames, smoking his calumet of stone.

Then a sergeant of the Dandy Fifth came, bidding the boys to attend Major Lincoln, the commanding officer, at the headquarters tent of the relieving force.

The two followed the sergeant, and found the major seated in the great painted lodge of deerskins, which had been the council lodge of their defeated enemies.

Perched on a pile of buffalo-ropes at the major's side was Buck Dixie, and on the ground before the two were laid out great sheets of maps, carefully and skilfully drawn by hand, which were the beginnings, though the boys knew it not, of the United States National Survey.

It was the major who had made these maps of the almost unknown country, and they were maps designed purely for the purposes of warfare. But later on on these great sheets would be marked the roads and the railroads and the boundary fences of the new civilisation that was sweeping across the great continent in an irresistible wave.

"So these are the two boys who are looking for their father?" asked Major Lincoln, his bronzed face lighting with a pleasant smile.

"They are the two boys, sir," replied Buck Dixie. "And you have already heard how this boy Kit has distinguished himself. Had it not been for his prompt action in clearing the tube that was laid to the springs, this camp could not have held out till the relief, and all would have been massacred."

The major nodded, and made a note in his pocket-book.

"The facts shall be reported to the President of the United States government, for his recognition," said he. "The President has a great regard for the English, and is anxious to encourage the best type of emigrant from the old country to settle in these great lands of the West."

Kit glowed all over at this appreciation.

"Now, boys," said the major, "your search for your father is going to be a long one, for he was handed over by the Navajoes to the Apaches, who are holding him prisoner in a tract of savage, mountainous country to the south, into which we have never as yet penetrated. But you have made a great step in gaining the friendship of that old ruffian Prairie Wolf, and in making blood brotherhood with him, for Prairie Wolf's mother was an Apache woman, who never loved the Navajoes, and she influenced her son always against his Navajo blood. But there is more in this than meets the eye," added the major. "I have a notion that at some time or other your father did Prairie Wolf some great and signal service which the old rascal has never forgotten. A Redskin does not make blood brotherhood with a Paleface lightly, and in all my experience of the border it has only happened four times to my knowledge."

The major looked keenly at the boys. "It is for this reason," said he, "that I want to enlist you both in the Fifth United States Cavalry."

The boys' hearts almost stood still at these words. To become a member of the famous Dandy Fifth in the humblest capacity had been an honour above all their dreams. Yet at the same time they both hesitated and coloured under the major's eye.

"I know what you are thinking of,"

said Major Lincoln kindly. "You are thinking that military service may hinder your search for your father. You will ride ahead of the Dandy Fifth, and you may be sure that the Dandy Fifth will be the first to break into the Indian country where your father is prisoner. And as to why he is held prisoner I have my own notions. Now, boys, on my assurance that your service will help rather than hinder your search, are you ready to enlist in the Army of the Union? It is certainly not the British Army," added the major, with a faint smile, "but it has fought the same fight for liberty and the abolition of slavery amongst men, for which Great Britain has always fought, and there is no lack of loyalty to your own flag when you fight under Old Glory, as you have fought to-day."

The boys looked at Buck Dixie. He nodded, as if urging them to take the major's offer.

Then from his pocket the major produced a small, well-worn Bible, on which he attested them as true and loyal soldiers of the great Army of the Union. He filled out the boys' papers and countersigned them, and the two, wild with delight, realised that they were now boys of the Dandy Fifth!

"Having enlisted you," continued the major, with his quiet smile, "I shall not be long in making use of your services. This convoy will move on under our escort to Fort Madison. You will be detached on important intelligence and scouting duties with Mr. Dixie. You will take with you the young Indian Teekoopee, and old Prairie Wolf, and I have arranged that the convoy rider who is known as 'Uncle Baldy' should accompany your party, for he is one of the finest scouts in the territory."

He glanced at Kit.

"You are already well mounted," said he. "That grey of yours would be difficult to match on the frontier line. Your brother shall have West Wind, my second charger. He is the fastest horse in the Dandy Fifth, and has a strain of the blood of the famous racehorse Blue Gown. You will take care of him, and he will repay your care. Remember that a trooper's first duty is to his horse, for a man's life depends in this country on his horse's legs, and running away is a great part of Indian warfare. You will start at dawn."

And with these words the major rose, signifying that the audience was ended.

On the Trail Again!

GREAT was the delight about their little camp-fire when the boys brought the news of their expedition. Even old Prairie Wolf's eyes gleamed when he learned that he was to roam the prairie instead of being kept prisoner at Fort Madison, and his eyes fairly blazed when he learned that he was to have his pick of weapons and of a hundred horses of the Dandy Fifth.

He lost no time in setting about his business. They went to the horse-lines, where Joe was introduced to West Wind, a magnificent light-framed bay with an undoubted air of blood. West Wind was a well-mannered horse, and as gentle as a lamb,

and at once took to Joe, fussing over him and muzzling him as though he recognised him as his new master.

But a roar of laughter went up when Prairie Wolf, asked to select his mount, demanded none other than Maud the mule, who had saved his life, as he said.

Major Lincoln, who had joined the boys, laughed when he heard of the selection.

"Let him have her, if he can ride her," said he. "There's method in the old boy's madness, for a mule can go where a horse can't go, and Maud is worth a dozen horses in the foothills of the sierras. And Maud can get a living where a horse would starve. Bring Maud out."

Maud was led forth, and Prairie Wolf calmly stepped behind her and picked up first one and then the other of her heels.

In the ordinary course of things Maud would have kicked the brains out of any man who had tried this on her. But when Prairie Wolf nursed her heels and pulled her tail she merely looked back at him in mild, friendly surprise. Nor did she attempt to bite the wizened old ruffian when he examined her yellow teeth and blew into her nostrils.

And finally when he climbed up on her back in Redskin fashion Maud stood perfectly still, whilst the group of admiring cowboys looked on in spellbound wonderment. They could only declare that Prairie Wolf was big medicine. He rode Maud once more round and about the camp, Maud stepping out with a long, elastic stride that belied her age. He rode her in and out the fires, and Maud responded to the lightest touch on the rope halter.

Maud was absolutely pleased with her rider. When he rolled off her back and lay down on the ground before her, Maud was absolutely grinning, as though Prairie Wolf was the nicest and funniest man she had ever met in her life. She playfully nibbled his ear to wake him from his pretended slumber, and insisted on him riding her again amongst the camp-fires. And finally, when Prairie Wolf tied her up in the horse-lines and slouched off through the laughing, wondering crowd to his own camp-fire, Maud looked after his retreating figure with a wistful look in her eyes, and squealed to him to come back.

There was no explanation of this mystery. The cowboys could only put it down to Indian big medicine. They could only declare that the old Redskin had mesmerised Maud, and they all went off to their camp-fires singing Mr. Tennyson's new song, which even then had found its way into the frontier camps of the world: "Come into the garden, Maud."

The boys turned into their blankets, for they were to start at dawn, and they hardly seemed to have fallen asleep before they wakened by the grey light of dawn.

There was Maud, loosed from the horse-lines, who had scented Prairie Wolf out from the whole camp. She was grinning and showing her yellow teeth as she stood over the old rascal, who was still snoring in his gaily striped Navajo blankets, and, taking the blankets in her teeth, Maud pulled

them away from him, and indicated that it was time to get up.

Whilst the boys raft and got a bucket of water from the Deer Springs to get a wash, Uncle Baldy put the coffee-pot on the embers of the fire, whilst Prairie Wolf solemnly regarded the boys as they stripped to the waist and washed and cleaned their teeth.

"Come on, Prairie Wolf," said Kit invitingly. "What about a nice sluice?"

But Prairie Wolf shook his head. He did not approve of washing. He had never had a bath in his life. His father had never had a bath. His grandfather had never had a bath.

"Washee-washee, him bad medicine!" said he. "Give um iron bone!" he added, indicating that over-much washing was likely to give him rheumatism.

Then, to the boys' horror, he picked up the bucket of soapy water and drank a deep draught, soapsuds and all.

"You'll make yourself sick, you grubby old sweep," said Kit, regarding the inscrutable Red Man almost auctonatically.

But Prairie Wolf shook his grizzled head.

"No good washee outside," said he. "Good wasnee inside!" he added.

And, strange to say, the soapy water seemed to have no effect on the whipcord interior of Prairie Wolf, a matter which Uncle Baldy explained away by the fact that so many of the springs from which Prairie Wolf had drunk in his life were so strongly alkiline that soap had little or no effect on his stomach.

They had their coffee, and bread baked in flapjacks in the embers. Then they loaded their saddle-bags with dried jerked beef, filled their water-bottles, and, as the rim of the red sun showed above the great horizon of the prairie, were off, their horses and Maud the mule stepping out gaily over the dew-spangled buffalo-grass and multi-coloured prairie phlox.

As they reached the crest of the first great rise in the prairie they looked back.

The camp was already breaking up. The white-tiled ox-waggons, with their long spans of oxen, were ranging in parks in fine military array. The advance-guard and rear-guard of blue-coated troops had taken up their positions. Scouts had been thrown out ahead and on the flanks, and soon they saw the convoy slowly rolling over the prairie at a snail's pace, heading towards the distant refuge of Fort Madison.

And all that remained of the vast Redskin host which had beleaguered the convoy were a few half-burned, tilted lodges by the springs, which were not worth carting away, and the long line of escorted Redskin prisoners who tramped slowly and sullenly behind the lines of white-tiled waggons.

From the high crest on the great, undulating waves of the prairie land where they sat their steeds, watching the animated scene below, the eye could cover full twenty miles of country.

But not the trace of a Redskin showed, not as much as the smoke of

a signal-fire in the air. The shattered Redskin host had melted away as though it had disappeared underground.

But Buck Dixie knew better than to trust appearances. It was certain that in this section of the country the Navajoes had some rallying place and stronghold which the most experienced scouts had never been able to locate. And it was his present business to take advantage of the disorganised rout of the Redskin forces to pick up the trail to his stronghold.

There was no hurry. He did not wish to follow red-hot on the trails of the stragglers amongst the fugitives, for these would last good for fully twenty-four hours.

Prairie Wolf could have led him straight away to the place he wished to find. But Buck Dixie had no intent of asking Prairie Wolf to help him in this matter. The fact that Prairie Wolf had made blood brotherhood with them would not justify his betrayal of the Navajoes. If they found the place without Prairie Wolf's assistance the old Redskin could not help it. In this matter he was neutral, and as much of a spectator as a military attaché with a foreign army.

This was the true law and etiquette of the frontier, and Buck Dixie put no questions to the old Redskin as he jogged along on Maud the mule.

The horses were cheerful and skittish in the fresh, cool morning, and Maud the mule was quite playful as she ambled along with her new master perched like a sack of coals on her back.

Prairie Wolf was very well pleased with himself. Someone had presented him with an old silken napless stove-pipe hat, and in the back of this he had stuck an eagle's feather. So he felt that he was quite a swell.

Although Prairie Wolf had roamed these vast stretches of rolling prairie from his earliest days—first as a squawking papoose in a wicker basket carried on the back of his Indian mother, and later as a great warrior on his wiry cayuse—yet he found a decided novelty in this fresh journey, the first he had ever made as ally in the company of the Paleface intruders. Presently, however, the freshness of the morning died away as they jogged on over the boundless plain. A dull sort of veil seemed to come over the sky, like one of those blights or dark-nesses which are sometimes seen in England in hot weather, and which are supposed to bring the blight upon the rose-trees.

The day grew hotter and hotter, and the horses began to lather, whilst the veiled sun, beating down through the mist, seemed to be all the hotter for the tent of cloud that enclosed them.

"Phew!" said Uncle Baldy, taking off his hat and drawing his big red handkerchief from his pocket. "I'm all of a sweat under my old wig! I'm thinking I'll take it off an' wear it in my pocket."

Unthinking, he lifted his wig from his head.

He was quite unprepared for the effect that this might have on the innocent Prairie Wolf, who had never

heard of or seen an artificial wig of real human hair.

The Redskin as a rule despises to show astonishment. But when Uncle Baldy lifted his wig from his shining bald head and polished an expanse as smooth as a billiard-ball with his handkerchief, Prairie Wolf gave a grunt of consternation and rolled off Maud's back to the ground.

"Wait!" he cried. "Lo, Uncle Baldy—him heap too big medicine! Him scalp umself!"

And he would not be persuaded to rise. He was afraid of what such a potent magician might do next. He was just as horrified as if Uncle Baldy had suddenly screwed off his head and had carried it under his arm.

"Too much big medicine!" he grunted as he lay on the ground, whilst Maud gazed at him in mild wonder, as though she feared she had kicked him off in a momentary fit of absence of mind.

"Don't be silly, Prairie Wolf!" exclaimed Kit, laughing. "It's only a wig. It is child's-play, not big medicine."

And, taking the wig from Uncle Baldy, he clapped it on over his own curly head, to show that there was no bad medicine in it.

Prairie Wolf rose slowly to his feet. But he would not come near the wig, preferring to glance at it respectfully from a safe distance.

But suddenly their attention was distracted from Uncle Baldy's wig by a cry from Joe.

"Indians!" he cried.

"Where away?" asked Buck Dixie, turning quickly in his saddle.

"In the sky!" answered Joe.

Another long instalment of this thrilling tale of the Redskins in next Tuesday's "Greyfriars Herald." Ask your news-agent to reserve you a copy every week!—
Editor.

RESULT OF TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION.—No. 11.

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

GEO. LESLIE EVANS,

10, Bower Street,

Hanley,

Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs.

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

Joseph H. Waterer, 9, King Alfred Place, Winchester, Hants; Richard Robinson, 10, Hawke St., Barrow-in-Furness; Forneat Williams, "Otherton," 2, Stanley Rd., Carshalton, Surrey; E. Cottrell, Station Houses, Ynyrddu, Newport, Mon.; Isobel Edison, Belgrave, Stollorgan Rd., Donnybrook, Dublin; F. Taylor, 42, Stoke Road, Guildford; Arthur Hill, 107, Lancaster St., Barnsley; Sydney C. Gale, Rookery Cottage, Eye, Suffolk; George C. Pitt, 34, Delamore St., Kirkdale, Liverpool; S. Goodhew, 41, Westborough Rd., Westcliff-on-Sea; Audrey Delamere, 59, Hiedelberg Rd., Southsea.

CORRECT SOLUTION:

Dear All,—The P n'omime Season is now in full swing. Once more our old favourites are with us, and the funny clowns again greet us with their jolly antics. The staging is grander than ever, and all young people who go are sure of a happy few hours. Cheer-O.

HARRY WHARTON.

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY

This week:

By BOB CHERRY

Monday.—Took part in a snow-fight this morning against the Upper Fourth. Destroyed all their forts, and simply swamped them with snowballs. Great Remove victory! Had the misfortune, at the last moment, to hit Quelchy in the eye with a snowball. Result—stabbing pains in the palms of my hands for the rest of the day!

Tuesday.—Quelchy on the warpath! Spotted me taking pot-shots at Billy Bunter in class with paper pellets. Said I was incorrigible, whatever that may mean. Gave me 100 lines, with the promise of a further 100 if I offended again. Quelchy is most generous! I don't agree with those who describe him as a just beast. To my mind, he's just a beast!

Wednesday.—Hurrah for our holidays! They're seldom melancholy days! Can't help bursting into rhyme. We played Highcliffe at footer, and licked them hollow. Glorious feed in No. 1 Study to celebrate the victory.

Thursday.—More trouble with Quelchy! I rigged up a booby-trap on the door of No. 1 Study, in the hope of catching Billy Bunter—but I caught Quelchy instead! He was coming in to ask if I had done my impot., and a paper bag full of soot and other ingredients descended on his napper! Quelchy looked like a Christy Minstrel as he led me away to his study, where I spent a very painful five minutes.

Friday.—Relieved the monotony of life by taking a rise out of Coker. Tugged up in ghostly garb, and stood over the bed of the great Horace shortly before midnight. Told him I was the ghost of his murdered father, and all that sort of thing. He nearly had a blue fit—and so did I when I bumped into old Prout afterwards on the stairs! However, he didn't recognise me, and I scuttled in safety to the Remove dorm.

Saturday.—Played hockey against the Cliff House girls, and won, according to their queer system of reckoning points. Had tea with them, and wound up the day with a ripping concert.

THE MIDNIGHT MARAUDER!

A capital, complete story, specially contributed

By MONTY NEWLAND



"What is it, Gosling?" snapped Mr. Quelch, who was not best pleased at the interruption. "Which I found this 'ere slipper, early this mornin', jest outside Master Wharton's study, sir."

SKINNER of the Remove was feeling very sore. It was nothing new for Skinner to feel sore. He's a beastly cad, and cads receive short shrift in the Greyfriars Remove.

Skinner's latest act of caddishness—he commits about twenty a day, on an average—was to wantonly destroy a dozen copies of "The Greyfriars Herald," which had just arrived from the printers.

The copies had been addressed to Harry Wharton, and Skinner had a double motive in destroying them. In the first place, he disliked Wharton intensely, and secondly, he knew that in that particular issue there was an article about himself. And the article was not a complimentary one.

Skinner had taken the dozen copies along to the junior common-room, and—the room being deserted at the time—he had put them on the fire.

It so happened, however, that Wharton came in just in time to witness the tail-end of Skinner's caddish action.

Wharton didn't take it lying down, of course. But Skinner did! He found himself floored with a powerful straight left, and he felt as if he had been hit by a steam-roller.

Skinner was now in his study, tenderly caressing his nasal organ, which was beginning to present a very bulbous appearance. And in muttered accents he was vowing vengeance on Wharton.

"I say, Skinny, old chap—"

A fat face, adorned by a pair of spectacles, suddenly appeared in the doorway.

The fat face and the pair of spectacles were the exclusive property of Billy Bunter.

Skinner glared at the Owl of the Remove.

"Get out!" he said curtly.

"Oh, really, Skinny—"

"If you don't buzz off, I'll plant my boot behind you!"

"Oh, very well," said Bunter, with dignity. "If you don't want to hear the news about Wharton, I'll clear out."

The fat junior was in the act of retiring when Skinner called him back.

"What's this about Wharton?" he asked quickly.

Billy Bunter chuckled.

"I guessed your curiosity would get the better of you," he said.

"Well, the fact is, Wharton's had a stroke—"

"What!"

Skinner shot bolt upright in the armchair.

"A stroke!" he ejaculated. "Do you mean a paralytic stroke?"

"No; a stroke of good luck!"

"Oh!"

"One of his relations—either his pater or his mater or his great-grand-mother; I'm not sure which—has sent him a handsome present."

Skinner scowled. He was not at all elated at the news.

"What sort of a present?" he inquired. "A motor-scooter?"

"Try again!"

"A tame monkey?"

"Have another shot!"

"Look here," said Skinner, "this

isn't a guessing competition! Tell me what Wharton's got!"

"A typewriter!"

"My hat!"

"It's a lovely machine!" said Billy Bunter. "Stamped in every link, jewelled in every movement, as they say in the jewellers' shops."

"Have you seen it?" asked Skinner.

"I had a fleeting glimpse of it just now, when Wharton was carrying it along the passage. But I know all about typewriters, and I can size up a machine at a casual glance. You can take my word for it that this 'bus of Wharton's is a stunner!"

"Some people get all the luck!" muttered Skinner. "If it's as decent a machine as you make out, it must have cost twenty or thirty quids!"

"It's one of the latest American models," said Bunter. "Wharton's in clover, and no mistake!"

After a further conversation on the subject of the typewriter, Billy Bunter rolled away, to communicate the news of Wharton's good fortune to others.

Skinner remained where he was—deep in the armchair, and deep in thought at the same time.

Presently he rose to his feet with a triumphant exclamation.

"I've got it!" he exclaimed. "It will be a jolly neat way of having revenge on Wharton! I'll pop down to his study in the middle of the night and take the merry old typewriter to pieces! It will take Wharton hours and hours to put it together again!"

Skinner fairly gloated over his precious scheme of revenge.

In his excitement he even forgot the discomfort caused by his damaged nasal organ.

That night, after Wingate had seen lights out in the Remove dormitory, Skinner didn't drop off to sleep with the others. He propped himself up on his pillows, and by a great effort of will succeeded in remaining awake.

Hour after hour passed, and presently the first stroke of midnight sounded from the old clock-tower.

Skinner slipped noiselessly out of bed.

"You fellows awake?" he murmured.

There was no response.

"Good!" muttered the cad of the Remove. "The coast is clear, I think!"

Having slipped on a few garments over his pyjamas, Skinner went stealthily from the room and descended the stairs.

He needed no electric torch, for the moonlight enabled him to pick his way.

The great building was hushed and still, and Skinner had no fear of detection.

Within a couple of minutes he had arrived at his destination—No. 1 Study.

Ah! There was the typewriter! The keys were glittering in the moonlight.

Skinner fumbled in his pocket, and produced a spanner and a midget screwdriver. Then he stepped towards the machine, and started to dismantle it.

It was a longer job than he had anticipated, but it was finished at length, and Skinner stepped back and

surveyed his handiwork with an exclamation of satisfaction.

Harry Wharton's desk was littered with "spare parts."

Although nothing had been dented or disfigured, it was likely to take a long, long time to put the machine together again!

With a low chuckle Skinner quitted the study, and made his way back to the Remove dormitory without mishap.

A few moments later he was sleeping the sleep of the unjust.

When Harry Wharton and Co. awoke next morning they hadn't the foggiest notion that anything was wrong. And not one of the members of the Famous Five had occasion to go into No. 1 Study before morning lessons.

We took our places as usual in the Remove Form-room, and when Quelchy came in he was accompanied by a terrific frown.

"Trouble for somebody!" murmured Bob Cherry. "Quelchy's on the warpath!"

"Cherry! You will take a hundred lines for muttering in class!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

Quelchy unlocked his desk, but he didn't commence lessons. Instead, he turned to Harry Wharton.

"Wharton!" he rapped out.

The captain of the Remove rose in his place. He looked rather dazed. He hadn't been talking or laughing or misbehaving in any way, and he couldn't quite understand Quelchy's sharp tone, and the thunderclouds on his brow.

"You came to me yesterday, Wharton," said Quelchy, "and requested the loan of my typewriter, in order that you might type out your editorial chat for 'The Greyfriars Herald.'"

"That's so, sir," said Wharton, in some surprise.

"On entering your study this morning," continued Quelchy, "I found the machine in pieces! I will trouble you, Wharton, for an explanation."

Wharton turned quite dizzy. And so did Skinner!

The cad of the Remove realised that he had made one of the biggest blunders of his life.

Billy Bunter had misinformed him as to the ownership of the typewriter. It didn't belong to Wharton at all. It had been loaned to him by Quelchy!

For a moment there was an ominous silence in the Form-room.

"Well, Wharton?" said Quelchy at length. "What have you to say?"

"I—I—this has knocked me all of a heap, sir!" stammered the captain of the Remove. "I had no idea the typewriter was in pieces. It was quite all right when I left it last night."

"Will you give me your assurance, Wharton, that you know nothing of this affair?"

"Nothing, sir—on my word of honour!"

"Very well, Wharton. You may sit down."

Wharton did so, and Skinner stirred uneasily in his seat. He was hoping that Quelchy would let the matter rest—but his hopes were not realised.

"I can only conclude," said Quelchy, after a long pause, "that

this outrage was wantonly and maliciously perpetrated during the night. Some cowardly boy has chosen this method of 'getting his own back,' as he would call it, upon his Form-master, for some punishment I have given him. I call upon that boy to come forward!"

No one stirred.

Then a still small voice—the voice of Billy Bunter—was heard to remark:

"Own up, Skinny, you rotter!"

If looks could have killed, the glare which Skinner bestowed upon Bunter at that moment would have polished off the fat junior outright.

"Bunter!" rapped out Quelchy.

"Yessir?"

"What remark did you make to Skinner?"

"I told him to own up, sir," said Bunter piously. "I'm a great believer in frank and open confession, sir—"

"Are you suggesting, Bunter, that Skinner was the perpetrator of this outrage?"

"Of course he was, sir!"

"On what grounds do you make this accusation?"

"Skinner was awfully ratty, sir, because Wharton punched him on the nose yesterday. I heard him vow to Stott that he'd have revenge. And that was his way of doing it! Thinking the typewriter belonged to Wharton, he bunked down to No. 1 Study in the night, and took the machine to pieces."

Skinner gasped, and turned pale. Billy Bunter's line of reasoning was remarkably accurate.

Quelchy called Skinner out in front of the class.

"What have you to say to this accusation, Skinner?"

"It's false, sir—utterly false!" said the cad of the Remove, in tones of indignation. "You know what Bunter is, sir. He's always inventing cock-and-bull stories of this sort."

"Is it correct, Wharton, that you struck Skinner yesterday?"

"Quite correct, sir."

"For what reason?"

"He behaved like a cad, sir."

Wharton did not explain what Skinner had done, and Quelchy did not press for details. He knew that Wharton would not have struck the cad of the Remove without provocation.

"I am inclined to think that Bunter is departing from his usual custom, and telling the truth," said Quelchy. "It is, I regret to say, habitual with you to harbour feelings of revenge, Skinner. I have no doubt that you were responsible for taking my typewriter to pieces, under the impression that the machine belonged to Wharton."

A hunted look came into Skinner's eyes.

"That's not so, sir!" he exclaimed desperately. "I shouldn't dream of doing such a thing, sir! I—"

Before Skinner could proceed, the door of the Form-room opened, and Gosling the porter shuffled in. He was carrying something, at the sight of which Skinner gave a violent start.

"What is it, Gosling?" snapped

Quelchy, who was not best pleased at the interruption.

"Which I found this 'ere slipper, early this mornin', jest outside Master Wharton's study, sir."

"Really, Gosling," said Quelchy, with some asperity, "I fail to see why I should be bothered with such trifles! To whom does the slipper belong?"

"To Master Skinner, sir. I know it's Master Skinner's, 'cos of the peccoliar buckle, an' the hinitials 'H. S.' stamped on it."

Quelchy compressed his lips.

"Thank you, Gosling," he said. "You may leave this article of footwear with me."

Gosling touched his forehead and withdrew.

When the shuffling footsteps of the porter had died away, Quelchy turned to Skinner.

"I regard this as clear evidence of your guilt, Skinner," he said sternly.

"The fact that this slipper was discovered early this morning outside Wharton's study goes to show that you paid a visit to that apartment during the night. I will give you one more chance to admit your guilt. Unless you avail yourself of it, I shall take you before Dr. Locke."

Skinner trembled at the prospect of having to face the Head.

Dr. Locke would adjudge him guilty, he knew, and the consequences would be serious.

They would be serious in any case, but Skinner preferred to meet his fate at the hands of Quelchy.

"I—I confess, sir!" he stuttered. "But it was only a joke, sir. There was no question of revenge. I thought the typewriter belonged to Wharton, and that it would be rather a lark to take it to pieces, sir."

"I am sorry I cannot believe you, Skinner. It is obvious to me that you acted from malicious motives. For your base action, and for asserting your innocence when you knew yourself to be guilty, I shall cane you severely."

So saying Quelchy picked up a cane, and exercised his right arm for the space of three minutes.

It was a pretty stiff whacking, and Skinner nearly curled up.

But his troubles were not yet over.

"In your spare time, Skinner," said Quelchy, "you will reconstruct my machine!"

"Yow! I—I'm not a mechanic, sir!" groaned Skinner.

"Do not be insolent, boy, or I shall administer a further chastisement! I am quite prepared to accept your statement that you are not a mechanic. Nevertheless, you will put that typewriter together again, if the task occupies you a week!"

It was a tall order, and Skinner's spare time was mortgaged for many days afterwards. He transferred the parts of the typewriter to his own study, and got busy with a spanner and a screwdriver.

But it was a long, long time before the task was completed.

And I guess it will be a long, long time before Skinner again tampers with a typewriter!

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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. 16, 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 17th.

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

Signed.....

Address.....

WRITE CAREFULLY.

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

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WA WA SO P L E E d HER T S she had it PUT ON VIEW in a WINDOW AT

JONES & CO MILLNERS 4 MONDAY TUESDAY WEDNESDAY TH UU Jim got the prize

5 of JUST LAID er er UUUU Harry.

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