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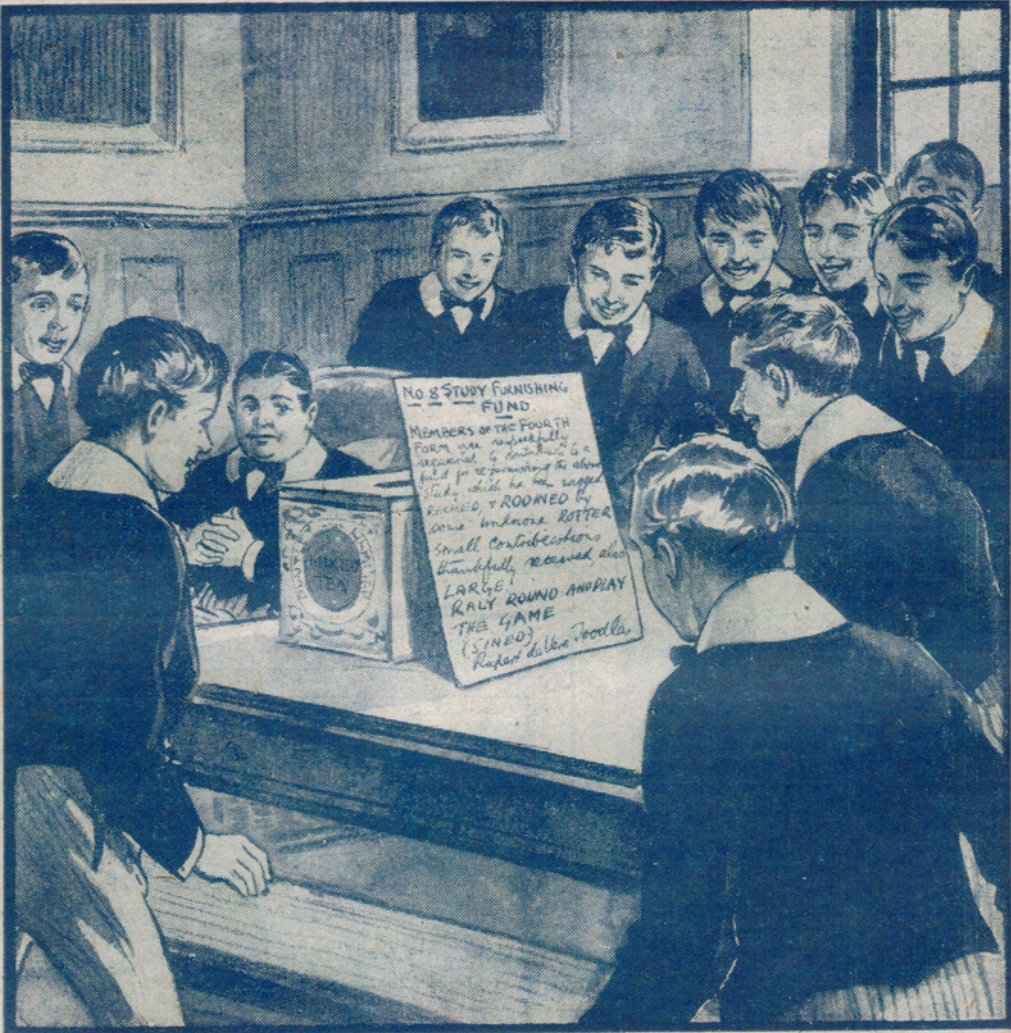
The Greyfriars Herald 1¹/₂^d



No. 17, (New Series).

FULL OF SCHOOL STORIES AND ARTICLES

Feb. 21, 1920.



TUCKEY TODDLES'S TOUCHING MANIFESTO!

Our Photographic Supplement

Continued on Page 19

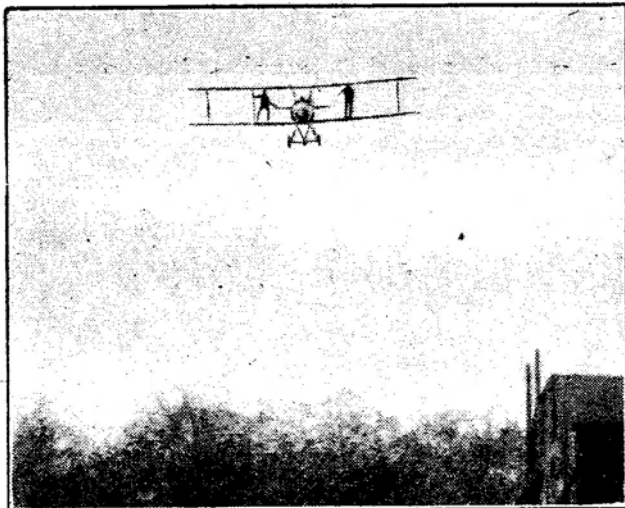
THE BOYS' PICTORIAL



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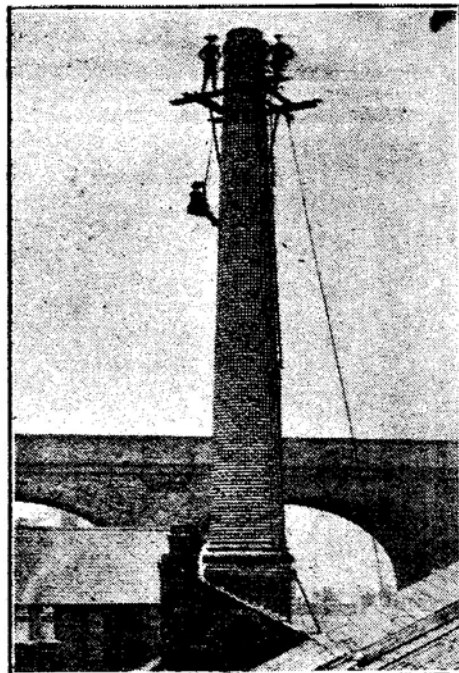
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A THRILLING STUNT!



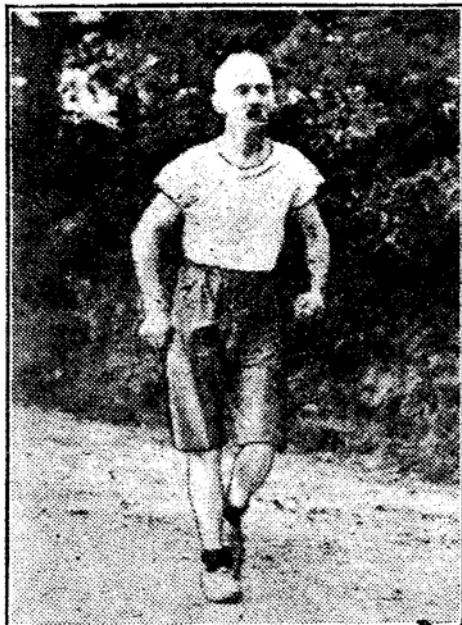
Two airmen taking a walk along the wings of their machine whilst the aeroplane is in full flight—a particularly daring and dangerous stunt.—Taken by J. Hutchinson, 94, Morpeth Street, Spital Tongues, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

A GLIMPSE OF HIGH LIFE.



Three men who have attained high positions in the world look down on other people in the factory yard below.—Taken by A. W. Beaven, 128, Pretoria Road, Birmingham.

A VETERAN WALKER.



Despite his 73 years, this splendid veteran of the Birmingham Walking Club, can walk from Birmingham to Coventry and back, a distance of 36 miles!—Taken by A. W. Beaven, 128, Pretoria Road, Birmingham.

SEND ALONG
YOUR SNAPS!

GREAT SPORT IN BONNIE SCOTLAND.



A bevy of Scotch lassies make the most of the icy roads of their native town, and have some exciting runs downhill on their home-made sledge.—Taken by L. Baguley, Fairholme, Newton Stewart, Scotland.



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of Greyfriars Herald



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Sub-Editor



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JIMMY SILVER



ARTHUR A DARCY

Editorial

By Harry Wharton.

A REBUKE FROM THE FAIR SEX!

It is in the chastened mood that I sit down to write my Chat this week. One of my girl readers—Miss Doris K., of Merton Park—has administered what is commonly known as a “ticking-off.”

“I have been a reader of THE GREYFRIARS HERALD from No. 1,” writes Doris, “and although I have only one fault to find with your paper, it is a very serious fault. The girl characters are not given a show!”

“What has become of Phyllis Howell, Marjorie Hazeldene, Bessie Bunter, Clara Trevlyn, and Cousin Ethel, to mention but a few of the girl characters who figure in the ‘Magnet’ and ‘Gem?’ They appear to have taken unto themselves wings. And I feel sure that the majority of your boy readers, as well as us girls, would like them to come into the limelight once more.”

“Now, if you don’t make good this omission, Master Editor, I shall be really cross with you! We are not tired of hearing about the boys; at the same time, it is only right that you should give the girls a show.”

“I hope you will reply to this letter in your Chat.”

THE EDITOR REGRETS!

A thousand apologies, Miss Doris!

I won’t pretend that there is no justification for your letter. I am aware that the girl characters have been sadly neglected of late; and I intend very shortly to set things right. The old favourites of Cliff House will reappear in our stories, and the fair sex shall have its share of the limelight.

I am grateful to my girl chum for drawing my attention to this subject, and I hope that the next time she has occasion to write to me she will be perfectly satisfied.

The woes of an editor are many; and I don’t want to add to them by incurring the wrath of my girl readers!

HARRY WHARTON.

BOLSOVER'S DARK DESIGNS FRUSTRATED - - - Drawn By FRANK NUGENT.



1 Hurree Ramset Jam Singh, Nabob of Bhanipur, and commonly known as Inky, had grievously offended Bolsover major. “When you come out of there, you coffee-coloured chump, I’ll slaughter you!” howled Bolsover. “I’ll pound you to mince-meat! See?”



2. Now Hurree wanted to go out, but he was not anxious to meet Bolsover. Then a bright idea struck his head with a resounding thump. “I will drawfully entice the worthy Bolsover’s scarf by means of the ludicrous vacuum cleaner!” he murmured.



3. And securing the ends of the scarf, he tied a double-reefer cross-cut lovers'-knot round the merry window bar. Then out he nipped. “Ta-ta, Bolsover!” he tootled. “I will hurryfully depart now for the esteemed tearfulness with my worthy chums!”



WHEN the editor requested me to interview Loder of the Sixth, I readily responded.

I was feeling in a particularly happy mood just then, because the editor had paid me twopence-halfpenny extra for my last published interview.

Before proceeding to Loder's study, I went round to the tuckshop, and bought a huge slab of toffee to celebrate my good fortune.

"I say, old chap—"

Billy Bunter waylaid me as I entered the school building.

"What do you want?" I asked.

"Just a taste!" pleaded the fat junior.

In an outburst of generosity, I broke the slab of toffee in half, and placed one of the halves in Bunter's flabby paw.

With a smirk of satisfaction on his face, Bunter said "Thank you," and bolted, lest I should change my mind about giving him the toffee.

A few moments later I entered Loder's study.

"What do you want here?" growled the prefect. "Clear off! I'm not a dentist!"

"Dentist?" I echoed in wonder.

"Yes. Judging by the bulging appearance of your cheek, you seem to be having about half a dozen teeth aching at once!"

I laughingly replied that it was toffee.

"Toffee, eh?" grunted Loder. "You think you can walk calmly into my study with a face like that, do you?"

"No offence, old chap!" I said hastily. "I've called in the capacity of special representative of 'The Greyfriars Herald'—"

"What on earth's that?"

"You—you mean to say you have never heard of 'The Greyfriars Herald'?" I exclaimed, aghast.

"Why, it's the very best paper on the market for young men and maidens, and old men and children—"

"Who are you calling a child?" demanded Loder wrathfully.

"Ahem! But look here, Loder. Surely you've heard of the jolly old 'Herald'?"

"No!" growled Loder; though he knew very well he was fibbing.

"You've heard of 'Answers,' I take it? Some budding bard once penned a couplet, as follows:

My Weekly Interview By the Special Representative of "The Greyfriars Herald"

This week:

Gerald Loder

"When you travel by the train, Stick to 'Answers' might and main. But I can go one better than that:

"On your nightly prowls, dear Gerald,

Don't forget "The Greyfriars Herald"!"

Loder nearly choked.

"You cheeky young cub—" he began.

"Shush!" I interjected. "Never let your angry passions rise. Now, the 'Herald' is a top-hole production—the only paper run by boys for boys! Fly to your newsagent at once!"

Instead of flying to his newsagent, Loder flew towards an ashplant in the corner of the study.

"I'm going to lam you, you insolent young puppy!" he growled.

I backed away in alarm.

"Lam me? But—but what for?"

"For having the barefaced cheek to barge into my study without knocking, and insult me to my face!"

I didn't like the look of Loder of the Sixth just then; and I liked the look of his ashplant still less.

Frantically, I dodged the angry prefect round and round the table, though I knew it would be only a matter of time before he collared me.

Breathless and nearly exhausted, I was about to throw up the sponge, when a sudden sharp command came from without.

"Loder! How dare you ill-treat a junior boy? Restore that ashplant to its place, and follow me to my study!"

Loder stood stock still, and with a dazed expression on his face.

For the voice was the voice of the Head!

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Loder.

The prefect could have kicked himself for not having the foresight to close the door before starting operations on me.

"Follow me at once, Loder!" rapped out the stern voice from the passage.

"Ye-es, sir. I'm coming now, sir!"

Still looking utterly dazed, Loder stumbled out of the study.

The passage was clear; and there was no sign of the Head. But Loder imagined that Dr. Locke had gone on in advance to his study.

Muttering savagely to himself, the prefect also headed in that direction.

As soon as Loder had disappeared, a fat figure popped out of an empty study a few doors along. It was Billy Bunter.

There was a furtive grin on the fat junior's face, and he emitted a triumphant chuckle as I approached him.

"He, he, he! I fairly saved your bacon that time, old chap!" he said.

"One good turn deserves another, you know. You gave me a slab of toffee, and I, in return, saved you from the wrath of Loder!"

I stared blankly at Bunter.

"How on earth did you work the oracle?" I gasped.

"Ventriloquism, of course!"

And then I understood.

What happened to Loder when he reached the Head's study I never knew; but when he saw lights out in the Remove dorm. that evening he was scowling darkly.

But he never tumbled to the fact that it was Billy Bunter who had prevented him from torturing the sacred person of "The Greyfriars Herald" special representative!

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY

This week:

By **GEORGE WINGATE**

Monday.—Quite a decent day, except that my fag emulated King Alfred, and burnt the cakes. I reprimanded him severely, and threatened him with the "sack" unless he bucked up.

Tuesday.—Instructed fag to clean my football-boots, in readiness for tomorrow's match. The silly young ass, being unable to find the proper polish, cleaned them with tar! Devoted the whole evening, up till midnight, in getting the stuff off. Intend to tell fag in the morning what I think of him!

Wednesday.—To a my fag he could look out for another job. He blubbed horribly, and vowed he'd never transgress again, so I relented, and gave him another chance. Played footer this afternoon against St. Jim's. Licked by two goals to one. I had wretched luck all through the game. It didn't add to my enjoyment when, on reaching my study, I found that my fag had gone off to the cinema at Courtfield, and forgotten to lay the tea. I had specially invited four members of the first eleven, too! Waited all the evening for fag to report to me, but he gave my study a wide berth!

Thursday.—Gave fag the "sack," as promised. Advertised on the notice-board for another. Fifteen applicants—none of them any good. Engaged the best of a bad bunch. He opened his innings by smashing every single article of crockery that I possessed!

Friday.—Fag omitted to wake me this morning. Consequently I overslept, and was late for brekker. Reprimanded by the Head on entering hall. Gave fag the "sack," and tried another. Repeated this performance six times during the day. None of the fags any good. Destructive young pests! Went to bed fuming.

Saturday.—Nearly poisoned as the result of early morning cup of coffee made by my latest fag. Lammed the little beast, and decided that I couldn't do better than re-engage the kid who fagged for me originally. It isn't all honey, being captain of Greyfriars!

TUCKEY'S FURNISHING FUND!

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.

Tuckey Does Not Go To The Head!

"I'm going to the Head!"
 "Dry up!"
 "I tell you—"
 "Cheese it!"
 "I'm going to the Head, I tell you!" roared Tuckey Toodles.
 Morning classes had ended on board the old Benbow, and the St. Winifred's Fourth had been dismissed by Mr. Packe. Three members of that Fourth had repaired at once to No. 8 Study—Jack Drake, Dick Rodney, and Tuckey Toodles. The other fellows were on deck, or on the shore of the Chadway; but Jack Drake and Co. had no leisure on their hands just then. There was work to be done in No. 8.

Never had a study at St. Winifred's looked so dismantled as No. 8 looked. Drake and Rodney wore grim and angry frowns as they surveyed the wreck of their quarters, and Tuckey Toodles was loud and emphatic in his wrath. Tuckey really had the least cause for complaint, as few things in the study belonged to him; but perhaps he prized them all the more on that account. At any rate, Toodles was more wrathful and indignant than both his study-mates together.

"Everything mucked up!" exclaimed Tuckey breathlessly. "The table in pieces, and the chairs in bits! I'm going to the Head!"

"You're not!" growled Drake. "Somebody's got to pay for this!" snorted Tuckey. "Are we going to have our study wrecked and take it lying down, I'd like to know?"

"Not if we can find the rotter that did it," said Rodney. "But we're not going sneaking to the Head."

"The Head would make an inquiry—"

"Oh, bosh!"
 "And find out the rotter—"
 "Chuck it!"

"We know who it was," snapped Drake. "It was Daubeny of the Shell—I'm sure of that, though we can't fix it on him."

"Rot!" said Toodles. "I was having supper with Daub at the time it was done. I'm very friendly with old Daub."

"Ring off, you ass!"

"We've got to get the place to rights somehow," said Rodney, looking round at him ruefully. "Everything's busted up. The books have nearly all gone—they must have been thrown out of the window into the river. I suppose even Daub wouldn't steal them."

"It wasn't Daub," said Tuckey. "Daub's all right. He stood me a ripping supper last night. You fellows never do."

"What did he stand you a supper for?" said Rodney suspiciously.



Tuckey Toodles smiled a beaming smile; but the next second that smile seemed to be frozen upon his face as he saw the collection!

"Looks to me as if he wanted you there to be a witness for him."

"Not at all! I'm rather a popular chap, you know. Fellows ask me to supper," said Toodles, with dignity.

"I make a party go, you know."
 "The party would have made you go if they hadn't had precious good reason for keeping you," grunted Drake. "I know it was Daub who ragged our quarters."

"It was done about nine o'clock, and Tuckey says Daub was at supper at nine," said Rodney thoughtfully.

"Daub may have spoofed him about the time."

"I looked at the clock," said Tuckey.

"The clock may have been put back, or something. Anyhow, I suspect Daub," said Rodney. "Still, as we can't prove it, I suppose we can't very well give him tit for tat. We'd better pile in, and do what we can."

"My desk is busted—"

"Well, all our things are busted. For goodness' sake, be quiet!"

"I'm going to the Head! That desk was a jolly valuable one," exclaimed Toodles. "I shall want paying ten guineas for that desk. It was really an antique—"

"It certainly looked antique enough—jolly old, anyway, and not much good."

"Why, you ass, you don't know

anything about old furniture!" said Tuckey Toodles scornfully. "That desk was solid mahogany!"

"What's left of it is common deal, anyhow."

"Oh, you're an ass! It was an old piece of furniture in the Toodles family—handed down from generations—"

"You silly ass!" roared Jack Drake. "You bought it last term for ten bob, at the furniture-shop in Chade. I remember it."

"Oh! I—I—I forgot! I—I mean—I didn't—"

"Shurrup!"

Rodney and Drake commenced operations on the wrecked study. The apartment certainly needed tidying up, and there was a good deal of useless lumber to be removed. It was rather a question what would remain, after the useless lumber had been taken away, so thoroughly had the ragers done their work.

"You can't do much good," said Tuckey Toodles morosely. "We want to find out who did it, and make him pay for it—pay through the nose, you know. We could make him pay no end, if he's got the dubs. If the Head takes it up he'll make him pay."

"Rats!"

"Well, I'm going to the Head!" Tuckey Toodles rolled doorward.

Drake and Rodney immediately

ceased their occupation, and laid violent hands upon Master Toodles.

Exasperated as they were by the havoc wrought in their study, they had no intention whatever of laying complaints before Dr. Goring on the subject. And they did not intend to allow Toodles to lay complaints, either.

"Now, you fat rotter—"

"Leggo!" roared Toodles.

"Are you going to shut up?"

"Yow-ow! No!"

"Bump him!" growled Rodney.

"Help!"

Bump! Bump!

Drake and Rodney, sufficiently exasperated already, were in no mood to be bothered by Tuckey Toodles. The plump form of Toodles smote the deck-planks forcibly twice, and at each smite Tuckey let out a terrific yell.

"Is that enough?" demanded Drake breathlessly.

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Are you going to sneak now?"

"Yow-ow! I'm going to the Head. I'm going to say—yoooop!"

Bump!

"I—I say—leggo!" shrieked the hapless Tuckey. "I was only j-j-joking! I'm not going to the Head! I—I wouldn't go to the Head for anything! Yaroooh! I don't want to see the Head—I don't really! Yow-ow! Leggo!"

"Better give him another—"

"Yaroooh! I'm not going to the Head, honour bright! Leggo!"

"Mind you don't, then," growled Jack Drake, releasing the grubby junior at last. "If you do, I'll lay into you with a fives-bat till you won't be able to sit down for a week! Understand?"

"Yooop!"

"Understand, you fat idiot?"

"Ow—wow—yes! Certainly, dear old chap! All right!" gurgled Tuckey. "I—I—I understand, old fellow. Wow-wow!"

"Then shut up!"

Drake and Rodney resumed their labours in the wrecked study, and Tuckey Toodles sat on the planks and blinked at them for some minutes, while he recovered his wind. Then he crawled away. But he did not go to the Head. His lesson had been severe enough, and he did not want the fives-bat in addition.

The chums of No. 8 worked hard till dinner, and by that time they had reduced the study to something like order. Most of their furniture was quite useless, and it was relegated to the lumber-room in the hold of the Benbow. The room was tidy at last, but it was decidedly bare. There was no table; there were no chairs; the rug was a rag; even the blind had to be pinned together. The two juniors looked round the room, tired and rueful and dismayed.

"We can borrow some books, up and down the Fourth, till we can get some new ones," said Rodney. "I—I suppose we can do our prep. in the Form-room till we get some furniture. I say, this is a go!"

Drake gritted his teeth.

"If I were only sure it was Daub, I'd make him rig out the study afresh," he said. "But we can't without any proof. We shall have to

stand it ourselves, and—money's short."

"It's rotten!"

"Oh, it's beastly, just when I was trying to work hard for the scholarship exam., too!" said Drake savagely. "A chap must have a study to work in, and we can't work here, unless we sit on the floor. I can't ask my people for money; that's impossible. There's none to spare at home."

"Same with me; I couldn't stick the mater for an extra half-crown!" said Rodney. "I'd rather sit on the floor than worry her about it. The cad who did this trick knows all that. We're dished this time! Hallo, there goes the bell!"

The chums of the Fourth joined the crowd going to dinner, not in a cheerful mood. It was in his wealthy days that Jack Drake had furnished No. 8 Study, and he had done it in reckless disregard of expense. But even a small expense was a serious matter to him now.

It looked as if the chums would have to finish out the term in an unfurnished study, unless the matter were brought to the knowledge of the Head, and a strict inquiry instituted, and the culprit discovered and forced to pay for the damage. But neither of the juniors thought of that. Furnished or unfurnished, No. 8 Study was a law unto itself.

A Very Brief Friendship!

TUCKEY TODDLES surprised his Form-master that afternoon by wearing a thoughtful and serious look in class.

Generally Tuckey was far from being a thoughtful youth, and he often failed to conceal the fact that he regarded lessons as a horrid bore, and Mr. Packe as a still more horrid bore than lessons.

His attention was often devoted to a bag of aniseed-balls under his desk, or a chunk of toffee in his pocket. Often and often it would wander from English history and Latin or French grammar, and dwell upon the comestibles in the ship's canteen, kept by Mr. Capps.

Now, for once in a way, Tuckey was serious, thoughtful, and had his eyes fixed attentively upon his Form-master. As a matter of fact, Tuckey was staring quite absently at Mr. Packe. He was thinking deeply, but he was not thinking about the valued instructions imparted by the master of the Fourth. The lamentable state of affairs in No. 8 Study was the subject of Tuckey's unusually deep reflections.

Drake and Rodney's determination that the matter should not be laid before the Head excited Tuckey's wrath and indignation. He wanted the culprit found; he was prepared to draw up a bill of damages that would make the culprit open his eyes to their fullest extent. He hoped that it would turn out to be a wealthy fellow—the wealthier the better. Indeed, Tuckey would not have been sorry if it had turned out to be Daubeny of the Shell, in spite of the handsome supper Daub had stood him the previous evening. For Daub had heaps of money, and

could certainly have been made to pay. But without the Head's intervention it did not seem probable that the ragger would ever be discovered.

So Tuckey had plenty of food for reflection, quite apart from the interesting details Mr. Packe was giving him and the rest of the Form concerning the ancient Romans.

After lessons Tuckey Toodles joined his study-mates, as they came on to the deck of the Benbow. The sun was sinking behind the brown woods, and a red light lay on the river. Drake and Rodney paused by the rail to look at it; but Tuckey had no thoughts for scenery. He jabbed Drake in the ribs to draw his attention, and Drake turned with a gasp.

"Look here, Drake—" began Toodles.

"You fat ass, you've nearly punctured me!" growled Drake.

"I want to know what's going to be done about the study," said Tuckey Toodles firmly.

"Nothing."

"You don't want me to go to the Head—"

"I'll scalp you if you do."

"I suppose we can't sit on the floor in the study, and do our prep. on our knees?" hooted Toodles.

"You can go and eat coke!"

"The study's got to be rigged up again. It looked quite rejerkly before it was wrecked," said Toodles. "I'm accustomed to decent surroundings, if you're not, Jack Drake. That study's going to be made to look as rejerkly as it used to."

"Do you mean recherche, you burbling ass?" inquired Rodney, with a laugh.

"I mean rejerkly," answered Toodles. "You don't know much French, Rodney. Less than Drake, I think; and he don't know much. I'm about the best French scholar in the Fourth. I'm going in for the French prize if I get time. But never mind that now—the study's got to be furnished. I was thinking of writing to my father for fifty pounds—"

"Oh, do!"

"Of course, he'd send it like a shot. But on second thoughts," said Tuckey, with dignity, "I feel I oughtn't to stick my pater for it. He may not be able to spare fifty pounds all at once."

"Very likely, I think."

"But something's got to be done. I can't be cleared out of house and home like this. All my valuable property—"

"A ten-bob desk, and a ha'penny pen," said Drake. "Don't be an ass, Toodles. You've lost next to nothing."

"If you mean that you paid for most of the things, Drake—"

"Well, didn't I?" demanded Drake.

"I think it's rather bad taste to allude to it. Swank, you know. But if most of the things were yours that's all the more reason why you should replace them, isn't it? Are you going to write to your pater for some tin?"

"No!"

"Perhaps your mater would be better," assented Tuckey. "When are you going to write to your mater, Drake?"

"Never—on that subject."

"It's rotten to be so hard up. Are your people as hard up as Drake's, Rodney?"

"Quite!"
Tuckey Toodles gave a snort of disgust.

"Then it's going to be left to me to refurnish the study, is it?" he demanded indignantly.

"That's it," said Drake. "Get a fiver each from your rich relations that you talk about so much, old chap. That will do the trick."

Tuckey Toodles did not seem to hear that suggestion.

"I suppose I can borrow the money," he remarked.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'd like to know what you're cackling at?"

"Well, if you can find a chap at St. Winny's to lend you more than a tanner, I'd like to know his name."

"I'm going to ask old Daub!" said Tuckey loftily. "I'm very friendly with Daub. Like brothers, in fact."

Drake frowned for a moment, and then laughed.

"Righto," he said. "Cut off and ask Daub if you like. Anyhow, give us a rest."

"Yah!"

With that elegant retort, Tuckey Toodles rolled away along the deck of the Benbow.

Daubeny and Co. of the Shell were chatting in a group by the foremast, and the fat Fourth-former hastened to join them.

Vernon Daubeny had been exceedingly gracious to Tuckey the previous evening; for reasons of his own. But Tuckey did not know anything about his reasons, and he attributed Daub's graciousness entirely to his own personal accomplishments and fascinations. He had, in fact, decided to spend a good deal of his time with old Daub, and to become a regular member of that very select circle known as the Bucks of St Winifred's. There was a rude awakening in store for Tuckey.

"Hallo, old top!" he greeted genially, as he joined Daubeny, Torrence, and Egan, and bestowed upon the three elegant nuts his most expansive smile.

To Tuckey's surprise, there was no expansive smile in return.

Egan and Torrence stared at him, and they neither smiled nor nodded; while Vernon Daubeny extracted an eyeglass from his waistcoat pocket, jammed it into his eye, and took a survey of Tuckey Toodles, quite as if the fat and grubby junior had been some curious zoological specimen.

Toodles was not a sensitive youth; but he was a little disconcerted.

"Nice afternoon, isn't it, old fellows?" he said, somewhat uneasily.

"Is it?" yawned Daubeny.

"For the time of the year, you know," murmured Toodles.

"Really?"

Daub and Co. moved on along the deck, leaving Tuckey Toodles rooted to the planks.

They stopped at a little distance, and resumed their conversation, as if no longer aware of the grubby junior's existence.

This was a great change from their gracious manners of the previous even-

ing, and for some moments Tuckey stood and blinked at them in surprise and indignation. Then he rolled after them again.

"I say, Daub——" he stuttered.

"Would you mind not bargin' into a fellow's conversation?" inquired Daubeny, with great politeness.

"Look here——"

"Buzz!" said Egan, less politely, and more forcibly.

"Why, you rotters!" gasped Toodles, greatly incensed. "You—you—you were jolly chummy yesterday, you cads!"

"Not at all," said Daubeny calmly. "We found it amusin' to watch you feed——"

"What?"

"We've paid to see the animals feed at the Zoo. Watchin' you was just as amusin'. That was all. Buzz off!"

The Furnished Room!

HOW much?" Jack Drake asked that question with a grin. The chums of No. 8 were going in to tea when Toodles rejoined them; there was no tea in No. 8 Study that day. They were going into the school tea, with the other fellows who preferred having tea at the expense of the school, or who were short of that necessary article, cash.

"How much?" echoed Rodney. Toodles blinked at his study-mates.

"Eh? What?" he asked. "Whar-rer you mean, you dummies?"

"Haven't you raised a big loan from your pal Daub?"

"Nunno!"

"He hasn't stood you twenty quids?" asked Drake.

"N-no."

"Only a fiver?" chuckled Rodney.



"This money," said Toodles, smiting the biscuit-tin with his fat fist, causing it to clink and clank loudly—"this money is going to be spent on a spread for the Fourth!"

Tuckey Toodles spluttered with wrath.

"Why, you swanking cad——" he gasped.

Daubeny took the fat junior's ear between a finger and a thumb, and compressed the finger and thumb like a vice. There was a dismal howl from Rubert de Vere Toodles.

"Yow—wow—wow—wow!"

The Bucks of the Shell walked away again, and this time Tuckey Toodles did not follow them. He remained rubbing his ear. Evidently his new friendship with the great Daub was at an end; he was dropped with a bump. Even upon Tuckey's obtuse mind there dawned the realisation that Daubeny had been making use of him; and it was a sadder and wiser Tuckey who rolled away—rubbing his ear!

"The rotter hasn't lent me anything—I didn't ask him. He—he pulled my ear, before I could ask him——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I mean, on second thoughts I shouldn't care to ask such a cad for a loan. Daub's rather too much of a rotter for me to mix with," said Tuckey Toodles. "I'm sorry now I went to supper with him last night. It was only my good nature. I can't help going easy with chaps who press for my company; I always was like that. That's my fault; I'm too easy going. I don't see anything to grin at, Rodney. I've decided to have nothing whatever to do with Daubeny of the Shell."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tuckey Toodles grunted, and followed them into the dining-room. He did not see why his lofty remarks

should be greeted with disrespectful merriment.

Tuckey Toodles did full justice to the school tea. He was in hopes of "wedging" in to tea in some Fourth-form study afterwards; but meanwhile he wisely left nothing to chance. There was room for several teas inside the ample circumference of Rupert de Vere Toodles.

After tea, Drake and Rodney repaired to the Form-room to work. Work in the study was not quite feasible under present conditions. So far as books were concerned, the chums had been able to borrow what they wanted; but they could not borrow chairs and tables. Tuckey Toodles followed them to the Form-room, but not to work.

"You fellows doing your prep. here?" he asked.

"Yes, you'd better do the same," answered Rodney.

"Oh, I shall do mine in some pal's study," answered Toodles, airily. "Any fellow in the Fourth would be glad to have me. That's what comes of being popular."

"Well, any fellow in the Fourth is welcome to you, at any rate," said Drake. "Cut along and see your numerous pals, then."

"About the study—"

"Oh, bother the study."

"It's got to be furnished—"

"Dry up; there's work to be done."

"But the study—"

"Hand me that ruler, Rodney," said Drake.

Tuckey Toodles backed to the doorway.

"I say, I'm going ahead," he exclaimed. "It's left to me—everything's always left to me. I'm going to take a collection."

"A—a what?" howled Drake.

"A collection—from all the fellows, you know," said Toodles. "Go round with the hat, you know."

"You silly chump! If you do anything of the kind, I'll—"

"Rats!"

Tuckey Toodles departed from the Form-room. Drake half rose, but he sat down again. Prep. had to be done, and he had no time to waste on Master Toodles.

Prep. was not much in the mind of Tuckey Toodles, however. Perhaps he did not think he needed it so much as his study-mates—though certainly Mr. Packe did not agree with him there. But Tuckey was not bothering about Mr. Packe just then; he seldom did bother in advance about anything. The re-furnishing of No. 8 Study being left to him, as he declared, Tuckey was determined to set about it in his own way.

Half an hour later, Tuckey's preparations were complete. On the table in the junior common-room stood an old biscuit-tin, with the lid wired on quite securely. In the centre of the lid was a slit, for the admission of coins. Propped up against the tin was a sheet of cardboard, with a very effective manifesto daubed upon it, in large letters, with a brush. It ran:

NO. 8 STUDY FURNISHING FUND!

Members of the Fourth Form are respectfully requested to contribute to a fund for re-furnishing the above study, which has been ragged, reeked,

and roined by some unknone rotter. Small contribewtions thankfully received, also large. Rally round and play the game,—Sined, Rupert De Vere Toodles.

Tuckey Toodles was very pleased with that idea; and the other fellows in the Fourth seemed to be pleased, too, to judge by their smiling countenances.

Quite a crowd gathered round the table, to read over Tuckey's manifesto, and chortled over it.

Tuckey ensconced himself in an arm-chair, at a little distance, whence he could keep an eye on the collecting-tin. And the expansive smile on his plump face grew more and more expansive as he heard the sound of a musical clinking from the direction of the biscuit-tin.

Clink! Clink!

The news seemed to be spreading, for fellows came from near and far to "rally" round.

Fellows even left their prep. when they heard what was on, and ran into the common-room, to slip a contribution into the biscuit-tin.

Clink! Clink!

Even Pierce Raik, who was popularly supposed to be the meanest fellow in the Fourth, came up to the table, and his hand hovered over the tin, and there was a clink.

Tuckey Toodles beamed on him. He had never liked Raik; but he felt at this moment that there was good even in the cad of the Fourth.

Raik glanced round at him.

"You in charge of this, Toodles?" he asked.

"What-ho!" answered Tuckey.

"Half-crowns any good?"

"My dear old chap, certainly. Even shillings and tanners are welcome."

"Oh, all right."

Clink!

"Here, give a fellow room!" exclaimed Newson.

Clink! There was quite a competition to get at the collecting-tin, and the clinking was almost incessant. The fat face of Tuckey Toodles beamed like a full moon. Even fellows from the Shell came in and added contributions, and some of the fags of the Third and Second. One or two Fifth-formers dropped in also.

But at last the crowd cleared off, and Toodles decided to take away the tin. It weighed a good deal as he lifted it from the table. Even if the contents were mostly copper, the sum could not be a small one. With beaming countenance Tuckey Toodles carried the tin off to the Form-room.

Drake and Rodney were still at prep. when Tuckey Toodles came in and clanked down the heavy tin.

Clink!

"What the merry dickens—" ejaculated Drake. "You thumping ass—"

"What on earth have you got there?" demanded Rodney.

"Cash!"

"What?"

"It's my collection," explained Tuckey Toodles loftily. "I've taken a collection in the Fourth for re-furnishing the study."

"My only hat!"

"Lots of fellows paid up," said

Tuckey. "I saw Tomlinson and Wake of the Fifth putting something in. Currency notes, very likely, as they're Fifth-formers."

"You silly ass!" roared Drake. "Do you think we're a set of dashed mendicants, to ask fellows for their money?"

"Look here—"

"My hat! Going round asking fellows for coppers, like a clown at a fair!" exclaimed Drake, greatly exasperated. "You silly, fat duffer, I've a jolly good mind to bust the tin on your silly napper!"

Tuckey Toodles stared at him.

After he had taken the trouble to think out this gorgeous idea, and after it had met with such gorgeous success, this was the gratitude he received! Truly, it seemed a thankless world!

The grubby junior was speechless for some moments. He could not find words adequate to the situation, or breath to utter them if found.

"Take it away!" snapped Drake.

"Tut-tut-take it away!" stammered Toodles at last.

"Yes, ass!"

"Why, I—I—I— You—you—you—" spluttered the incensed Tuckey. "You—you—you— I—I—I—"

Rodney burst into a laugh.

"It's a rotten idea, Tuckey," he said. "We can't take money from the fellows. You're an awful ass. You'd better ask them to take the cash back again."

"And the sooner the quicker!" said Drake.

Tuckey gasped.

"Catch me! You cheeky asses, after I've done this for the study! Is this what you call gratitude, I'd like to know?"

Drake's frowning face broke into a smile.

"I suppose you meant well, you duffer," he said. "But No. 8 Study isn't going to be re-furnished in charity. Take it away."

"Oh, all right!" exclaimed Tuckey, in great indignation. "I jolly well won't furnish the study now! I'll jolly well stand a feed in the canteen with this money, and you fellows sha'n't come! Yah!"

And with that Tuckey Toodles clutched up the weighty biscuit-tin, and marched out of the Form-room, snorting with indignation.

Not a Spread!

"GENTLEMEN, chaps, and fellows—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go it, Toodles!"

Most of the Fourth were in the common-room, prep. being over, when Tuckey Toodles rolled in, with the biscuit-tin under his arm, and his fat face red with excitement.

"Follow me, you chaps!" exclaimed Toodles. "I'm standing a spread—the biggest spread ever stood at St. Winny's."

"Bravo!"

"I've decided not to use this money—"

"That what?" asked Raik.

"This money. I've decided not to use this money for re-furnishing No. 8. I've been treated ungratefully by my study-mates, and I refuse to do anything for them—anything at all!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "This money," said Toodles, smiting the biscuit-tin with his fat fist, causing it to clink and clank loudly—"this money is going to be spent on a spread for the Fourth—every shilling of it! Come on, you fellows! Follow me to the canteen!"

"Hurrah!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a burst of cheering, mingled with loud laughter, from the juniors. The cheering Tuckey could understand, but the laughter puzzled him a little. He did not see anything to laugh at.

With one accord the juniors followed Tuckey Toodles, chortling as they went.

Mr. Capps was about to close his canteen amidships, when the crowd of juniors swarmed in, Tuckey with his biscuit-tin at their head. Mr. Capps looked surprised by such an irruption of customers so late, but he was ready for business.

Tuckey planked the biscuit-tin on the counter with a loud clang

"Give your orders, you fellows," he said jovially. "Serve everybody what he asks for, Capps—excepting

Rodney and Drake. They ain't on in this show. I'm paying."

Mr. Capps gave the fat junior a rather stony look.

"You needn't be afraid about the money, Capps," said Toodles, with lofty scorn. "I've got it here—plenty of it. Listen!"

He rattled the tin, and there was a tremendous clinking and jangling.

"I'll see it afore I 'ands out tuck to the young gentlemen," remarked Mr Capps drily.

Tuckey Toodles sniffed.

"Lend me something to jerk this wire off," he snapped. "The lid's wired on. Thanks!"

Mr. Capps handed him a pair of pliers, and Tuckey Toodles jerked off the wire, the Fourth-formers watching him breathlessly.

"Here you are!" said Tuckey.

He jerked off the lid of the biscuit-tin, and up-ended it on the counter for the money to roll out in a heap.

There was a jingling, a jangling, and a clanking, and the contents of the tin rolled out.

Tuckey Toodles smiled a beaming smile; but the next second that smile seemed to be frozen upon his face, as

he saw the collection! For it was not money! The only coin present was a French penny, and that was battered. The rest consisted of nails, buttons, old keys, a couple of ancient tooth-brushes, a number of used-up pen-nibs, a few brace-buckles, and any number of similar valuable articles! Certainly that collection, large as it was, would not have gone far towards re-furnishing No. 8 Study!

Tuckey gazed at it as if mesmerised by it. Old Mr. Capps' crusty face broke into a grin. From the crowd in the canteen there burst a terrific roar. "Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors streamed out of the tuck-shop, leaving Tuckey Toodles still staring blankly at his weird and wonderful collection.

Ten minutes later there was a splash in the river beside the Benbow. It was the last that was heard of Tuckey Toodles' Furnishing Fund!


THE END.

Another fine complete school story of this series in next Tuesday's "Greyfriars Herald." Order your copy in advance!

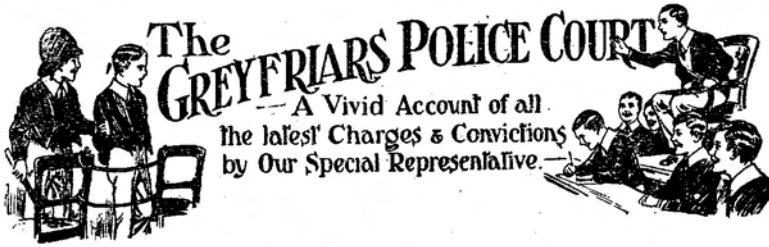
MAGNIFICENT COLOURED PICTURE TO BE GIVEN FREE

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

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



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



The GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

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

Several familiar faces were among the prisoners brought before Mr. Justice Wharton at the Woodshed Assizes. When the proceedings were opened the public were standing on each other's feet and the jury were cracking monkey-nuts with their teeth.

A "Burning" Question.

Sidney James Snoop, a weedy-looking youth, slunk into the dock, charged with maliciously setting fire to a dozen copies of "The Greyfriars Herald."

Mr. Mark Linley, K.C., outlined the case for the prosecution. There was no defence, prisoner not having sufficient pocket-money to engage a barrister.

Detective-inspector Penfold, being called, stated:

"I was in prisoner's study on the thirty-second instant, disguised as a fragment of wall-paper, when I saw prisoner march into the apartment with a dozen copies of 'The Greyfriars Herald.' Muttering something about libel, he threw the copies into the fire-grate, and set them alight."

Magistrate: Why didn't you stop him, ass?

Inspector Penfold: I rushed across the room to intercept prisoner, but I was too late.

Magistrate (shaking his head sadly): The police-force is getting too slow and stodgy altogether. I shall have to abolish it.

Inspector Penfold: I'm not so young as I was, your worship.

Magistrate: Then the sooner you're pensioned off the better!

Inspector Penfold requested his worship to go and eat coke.

Magistrate (to prisoner): Am I to understand that you set fire to those periodicals with malice aforethought?

Prisoner: No, your worship—with a lighted match! (Laughter.)

Magistrate: Prisoner evidently mistakes this court for a music-hall. He shall be swiftly disillusioned.

Prisoner was forthwith sentenced to receive twelve strokes with the cricket-stump, the members of the jury being detailed to administer one whack each.

A Sad and Ludicrous Casefulness.

For the four-hundredth time a robust youth of the name of William George Bunter was hoisted into the dock with a steam crane hired for the occasion.

Magistrate: I seem to have seen that face before. What is the fat fraud charged with this time?

Mr. Hurree Singh, K.C. for the prosecution, drew from his pocket three reams of paper covered with Hindustani characters, and proceeded to read the charges:

"Firstfully, that the worthy accused did stoopfully place his ludicrous

ear to the esteemed keyhole of the No. 1 Studyfulness, and sneakfully listen to the talkfulness.

"Secondfully, that he did bitefully chew a chunkfulness out of a stick of ludicrous grease-paint, the property of the worthy Wibley, thinking same to be a bar of the esteemed marzipan.

"Thirdfully, that he did snorefefully keep the ludicrous dormitory from securing their worthy sleepfulness for two nights running.

"Fourthfully, that he—"

Magistrate (sternly): That's enough, Inky! Prisoner, have you anything to say?

Accused: Please, Wharton, old chap, lemme go. I'm not well—really, I'm not. I've got a cold in my ear, and

Magistrate: Ah, a cold in the ear—eh? So you have been placing your ludicrous ear to the esteemed keyhole of the studyfulness? (Loud laughter.)

Accused: Oh, really, I say, old fellow, you know—"

Magistrate: Guilty of all seventy-three counts! The prisoner is sentenced to be whacked with map-poles, books, and slippers, prodded with gramophone needles and toasting-forks, thrown into boiling oil, and hanged, drawn, and quartered.

The accused left the court on a stretcher borne by sixteen hefty juniors.

RESULT OF TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION.—No. 12.

In this competition the First Prize of 50s. had been awarded to:

G. CHAMBERS,
172, Dover Road,
Folkestone.

Ten competitors next in order of merit, have each been awarded a Tuck Hamper:

John Hogben, 35, Bourne-mouth Rd., Folkestone; Ronald West, 55, Lawrence Rd., South Ealing; B. Taylor, 4, Hartley Rd., Leytonstone, E. 11; Mollie Cork, Harewood Rd., Calstock, Cornwall; F. Tarbotton, 37, Lyndhurst Rd., Leeds Rd., Bradford; Percy Lynch, 8, Greenhough St., Ancoats, Manchester; Welby Dix, Marino Terr., Bantry, Co. Cork, Ireland; Dolly Diver, 55, Rutland Rd., South Hackney, E. 9; Leonard F. Shipley, 7, Knight St., Wellington; Harold Gainer, 68, Whitford Rd., Birkenhead, Cheshire.

CORRECT SOLUTION:

Dear Readers.—January is the month of ice and snow in these islands, and although the weather frequently disappoints us we look out our skates and anticipate a jolly time. But you may be certain we shan't let Bunter join us this year until the ice is at least three feet thick.

Yours,
HARRY WHARTON.

REPORTS IN BRIEF.

Wun Lung, a subject of the Celestial Empire, was charged with attempted arson, in that he placed two lighted Chinese crackers in the pockets of one Sampson Quincy Iffley Field, thereby burning a large hole in the coat, and nearly setting the school on fire.

The accused, who wept bitterly in Chinese, and spoke in broken and battered English, expressed contrition.

"Me velly solly—no more puttee clacker in coatee!"

Prisoner was bound over for his mental state to be inquired into.

Two weeping infants bearing the names of George Tubb and Percival Spencer Paget were hurled into the dock, charged with attempted murder, shooting with intent to kill, doing grievous bodily harm, and carrying concealed weapons.

Evidence was given by P.-c. Bull that he saw accused try, by means of an air-gun and a catapult, to take one of the nine lives of Mrs. Mible's domestic cat.

His worship said he was sorry he could not give the accused the "cat," but a cricket-stump would have to do.

Another snivelling brat, Master Richard Nugent, was assisted into the dock by P.-c. Bull's boot, charged with infringement of the muzzling order, he having permitted two white mice to wander in the Third Form-room and elsewhere unattended and unmuzzled.

Damages were claimed in connection with the case by Master Samuel Tuckless Bunter, who stated the unmuzzled mice had destroyed, after a terrific fight, his favourite pet—to wit, a piece of gorgonzola cheese, which had been playing in the passage.

The eminent counsel who had been retained by Master Bunter, on the promise of the princely fee of 1½d., began a stirring appeal, but his worship told him to "Cheese it!" and said that in his opinion the white mice had rendered a public service.

Accused could leave the court without a stain on his character, if not on his collar, and might help himself to the whole of the contents of the poor-box, consisting of a French penny.

Another familiar and notorious character, Harold Skinner, whose hatchet face has appeared over the top of the dock on numerous occasions, was then brought in.

He was charged by Mr. Alonzo Todd, President of the G.S.P.C.F.T.T.W.N. (Greyfriars Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Frogs, Tadpoles, Tiddlers and Water Newts).

"The accused, your worship," said witness, "captured a common or garden frog, and, before a gathering of misguided miscreants, attempted to teach it to jazz. During the process the accused sang an accompaniment to it, whereupon the unfortunate amphibian expired in great agony."

Scathing comment was made by his worship on "as disgraceful and malicious a case of cruelty as had ever appeared before him during his fifty years on the bench."

He ordered the prisoner to be frog's-marched from the court, and be given a dozen strokes with the tadpole—he should say map-pole!

OUR SILVER SHILLING FEATURE

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

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

Naturally!

Teacher: And what has your mother given you for your cold, James?
Little James: A handkerchief, miss!
—Sent in by K. Fox, Victoria Road, Ripley, Derbyshire.

Without "Fag!"

Advice to school prefects: If you want a fag in a hurry, put a rock-cake outside the study-door and watch through the keyhole. Quickness of action is needed, but best results are guaranteed.—Sent in by J. Grinnell, 72, High Street, Blaenavon, Mon.

Berth Wanted!

Manager: Where were you born?
Actor: U.S.A., sir.
Manager: Ah, United States of America—what?
Actor: No, sir—Up Stairs in the Attic—Sent in by H. Marrs, 20, Bedford Street, Coventry.

Discharged!

Magistrate: What brought you here, my man?
Accused: Two policemen, your worship!
Magistrate: Intoxicated, I suppose?
Accused: Yes, your worship—both of 'em!—Sent in from 15, Busk Crescent, Farnborough Cove, Hants.

QUITE SO!



TEACHER: "You will find birds where there are trees, plants where there is soil. Now, Willie Moore—fish, where there is —"
WILLIE MOORE: "Chips, teacher!"

The Burning Question!

One night a man in a trap was run down at a level crossing. Consequently, the old signalman in charge had to appear in court, but the most gruelling cross-examination failed to shake his evidence. He said he had waved his lantern frantically, but to no avail.

The following day the superintendent of the line called him into his office.

"You did well yesterday, Tom," he said. "I was afraid at first you might break down."

"No, sir," replied Tom, "but I was in a dreadful funk lest that old lawyer chap might ask me whether my lantern was lit or not!"—Sent in by F. Hunter, 22, Hill Street, Edinburgh.

A Fine Sell!

Customer: So you sell those watches at half a guinea each? Why, it must cost that to make them!

Jeweller: It does.
Customer: Then how the dickens do you make any money?

Jeweller: Repairing 'em!—Sent in by L. Taylor, 61, Belvidere Road, Wallasey.

Considerate!

An Irish recruit was brought before the colonel for breaking into barracks by clambering over the wall instead of entering by the gates.

"But, Pat," said the colonel, "though you were late, you should have come in by the gates."

"Plase, sor," said Pat, "Oi was afraid o' wakin' the sentry!"—Sent in by F. Schofield, 22, Kingston Road, Coventry.

Screening His Motive!

Brown: Say, do you like moving pictures?

Jones: Rather!
Brown: Well, come round to our house to-morrow and give us a hand—we're moving!—Sent in by W. J. Davies, Glanfanog House, Llando Road, Brynamman, Carm.

A Chance For Her!

The Lady: Well, I'll give you twopence, not because I think you deserve it, mind, but because it pleases me.

The Tramp: Thanks, mum. But couldn't you make it a tanner and thoroughly enjoy yourself?—Sent in by H. England, 34, Peter Road, Walton, Liverpool.

Not Likely!

"Will you kindly give me two-pennyworth of ipecacuanha lozenges?" demanded the customer who was in a hurry.

The chemist quickly pushed a neat package across the counter.

"Please put it to my account," said the lady, as she prepared to make a hasty departure.

"Certainly. What name, madam?"

"Mrs. Farquharson-Molyneux."

"Take them as a present, madam," murmured the chemist. "I'm not going to write ipecacuanha and Farquharson-Molyneux in one afternoon for tuppence!"—Sent in by D. Thackeray, 71, Birds Boyd, Brighouse, Yorks.

Just So!

Master: Now if you want to learn anything properly, strive to get to the very bottom.

Pupil: That wouldn't apply to me, sir, I want to learn how to swim!—Sent in by Jack Seaton, 25, Ashcroft Road, Gainsborough, Lincs.

Bagged the Offer!

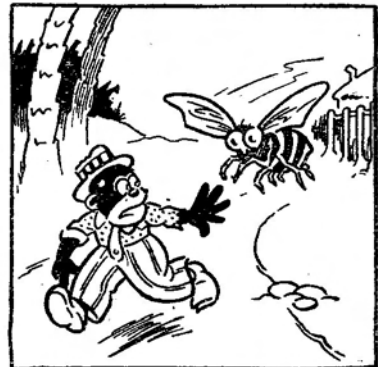
"Hi, cabby," said the old gent with the pile of luggage, "how much is it for me from here to the station?"

"Two bob, sir," replied the driver.

"And how much for my luggage?"

"That's free, sir."
"Good, take the luggage—I'll walk!"—Sent in by W. J. Oakley, 29, Kingston Street, Cambridge.

TIME TO BUZZ OFF!



RASTUS (making a swift departure): "Gee, dat bee must ha' heerd my mammy call me 'honey'!"

Gave a Hand!

Mr. Quelch: You state, Bunter, that you were carried to the fountain and thrown in. Now, Cherry, What part did you take in this disgraceful scene?

Bob (meekly): The left leg, sir.—Sent in by T. Garvey, 69, Leeson Street, Belfast.

A Cold Retort!

A gentleman in a 'bus was sitting next to a small boy who continually annoyed him by sniffing. At last the old gent could bear it no longer.

"Have you a handkerchief, my boy?" he said.

"Yes, sir," replied the lad, "but me muvver said I wasn't to lend it to anyone."—Sent in by E. Gill, 41, Rowallen Road, Munster Road, Fulham, S.W.

A Cue-rious Incident!

A local football team was being out-classed by their opponents during a very disastrous season. None of the home players were able to do a thing right and even the most ardent supporters of the team were getting exasperated.

At last one of the home backs, who was baldheaded, jumped up to head the ball, but it skidded off his cranium and passed his own goalkeeper.

"Hi, Jimmy," came a voice from the crowd, "why didn't yer chalk yer cue?"—Sent in by R. Tweed, 8, Olney Street, Slaithwaite, near Huddersfield.

THE RED MAN'S TRAIL



A stirring serial story dealing with adventures amongst Redskins

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

KIT stared at his brother in astonishment when he said that he could see Redskins riding in the sky. But when his eyes followed the pointing of Joe's finger he could see the shadowy shapes of a long string of Redskin riders reflected in the straight lines of the heat mist.

"Jerushy!" exclaimed Baldy. "I never seen Redskins riding upside-down before!"

"It's mirage," said Buck Dixie. "That's a war-party reflected in the waves of hot air which rise from the soda lakes which lie out yonder. And that party does not belong to any of the crowd we have been up against. There are all sorts of little war-parties cruising about in this section of the country, which will not have got the news of the defeat of the Navajo main force. We will give them a little wider berth."

He altered the course they were pursuing, and they rode on through a day that was growing hotter and hotter beneath that steaming canopy of heat mist.

The boys soon discovered that the prairie, which they had always believed to be one great unchanging sea of grass, had as many different faces as the sea, and took on the moods of the sky in much the same fashion.

They were now passing over very high land, the elevation of which was lost in the immensity of their horizon. The great folds of land came billowing insensibly upwards, and here and there from the close grass, which was almost like that of the English chalk downs at home, cropped queer ledges and shapes of rock, which sometimes remained them of Stonehenge.

And in the midst of this loneliness they came on four Indian graves, which were just stretchers of wood raised high on four tall poles.

These were very ancient graves, and on the white stretchers lay only a few bones, bleached ivory-white by the sun and rain. The skulls of the dead Indians long ago had disappeared.

And, not far from these graves, a sharp rift or chasm in the rock, doubtless caused by some ancient earthquake, split the prairie for a hundred yards.

In the bottom of this chasm was a pool of sweet water, and at this the thirsty horses were watered, whilst

Maud the mule was led down into the hollow, where she drank greedily till she blew herself up with water like a football.

Prairie Wolf regarded his new mount with solemn pride.

"Maudie she drink heap water!" said he, proud of Maud's thirst.

"I can't see why you picked out that ill-conditioned beast, when you could have had your pick of a hundred good horses, Wolf!" remarked Kit.

But Prairie Wolf shook his head. "You wait see!" said he. "Maudie she plenty good burro along this country."

And he showed the boys how easily Maud scrambled down a difficult path into the chasm, stepping neatly and daintily, as sure-footed as a cat, whilst the horses went down trembling and nervous. Joe's steed came near going on his nose.

There was good feed down in the chasm, so the horses were left down there to nibble at the sweet grass, whilst their riders ascended to the mouth of the cleft to eat their mid-day meal of jerked buffalo beef.

They were very silent as they ate. Not that the boys lacked for talk, or had caught the taciturnity of their Redskin companions, Teekoopi an Prairie Wolf. But the charqui, or jerked beef, had been taken from the stores abandoned by the Navajoes in their flight, and it required as much

chewing as the sole of an india-rubber shoe.

So there was not much talk as the little company struggled with their meal. For all its toughness, the meat was good and sustaining, and it was wonderful to see old Prairie Wolf consume the thin strips, mumbling it in his toothless gums.

They dared not light a fire, for the ground they were on lay so high, and even in this swooning, drab noontide the feather of smoke of a camp-fire might have been remarked for many miles.

But Uncle Baldy loved coffee, and produced a spirit-lamp from his pack.

Prairie Wolf looked at this object with suspicious eyes as Baldy filled the container of the kettle from a bottle of wood-spirit.

"Big medicine?" he mumbled. "Yes, Granddad!" replied Uncle Baldy. "This is the biggest medicine ye ever see—a fire that will boil a kettle without smoke!"

"Wah!" grunted old Prairie Wolf. "The Paleface is a great medicine-man, but he cannot make fire without wood!"

"We make wooden nutmegs in Massachusetts and New England," replied Uncle Baldy, with a grin. "Now watch me!"

He lit the spirit-stove, and Prairie Wolf gazed at the burner, where the pale blue flame was barely visible in the sunlight.

"The name is sick," said he, in the Navajo language. "It has no redness. It is blue."

"Then hold thy hand in it, O Chief!" replied Uncle Baldy.

Prairie Wolf held his hand in the spirit flame, which promptly burned him.

He did not jerk his hand away, as a Paleface would have done, but slowly and with dignity, and his impassive countenance did not move a muscle. In his youth Prairie Wolf had passed all the torture ordeals of a young brave, and had easily passed the ordeal by fire without finching, which in a sense is the Senior Cambridge with honours for the young Redskin brave. So, notwithstanding that he was burned, he did not flinch.

"Truly the flame bites, though it is a weak flame. 'Tis a Paleface flame," he answered. "It is feeble, but it kills!"

This was one in the eye for Uncle

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. The convoy is attacked by Redskins, but after severe fighting it is relieved by the Dandy Fifth, the famous 5th United States Cavalry. After the battle Major Lincoln, who is in command of the troop, enlists Kit and Joe as scouts. When the convoy moves again they ride ahead with Uncle Baldy, Buck Dixie, the greatest of all scouts, and two Indian allies, old Prairie Wolf, and a youth called Teekoopi. Suddenly Joe gives a cry: "Indians!" "Where away?" asks Buck. "In the sky!" answers Joe.

Baldy, who was small and frail in frame.

Uncle Baldy only grinned as he poured out the boiling water on to the coffee, and filled Prairie Wolf a pannikin, into which he put many lumps of sugar.

And notwithstanding Prairie Wolf's reserve, his old eyes brightened at the sight of the lumps of white sugar, for he loved sugar as dearly as any child, and it was a great luxury amongst the Indians.

Prairie Wolf, in his young days, would have killed his second cousin for half a dozen lumps of sugar.

"Ah, Granddad!" laughed Uncle Baldy. "That touches you up, doesn't it? You are fond enough of Paleface sweetstuff."

Prairie Wolf nodded. The only sweets he had ever known was the honey of the wild bees, and sometimes a lump of maple-sugar from the Northern woods.

"The sugar of the Palefaces is good," said he. "There are many things of the Palefaces which are good. But the Paleface is death to the Red Man!"

"Well, there's a sweet death for you, Granddad," said Uncle Baldy. "Now you can have a snooze, if you like, for we are not moving on for a while."

Although he was a famous Redskin warrior, and even now could ride for four-and-twenty hours on end, Prairie Wolf was like many another old gentleman of the civilised world. He liked a nap after dinner.

He rose slowly to his feet.

"Behold," said he, "I am an old, old man; I will sleep with the dead!" And he stalked towards the Indian graves, which stood out like landmarks on that lonely crest.

The boys were surprised, but Uncle Baldy nodded as Prairie Wolf made towards the nearest of these queer platforms, on its four tall, weather-beaten poles.

He knew the Navajo superstition, which holds that the man who sleeps on a dead brave's grave renews his strength and life, even though he be a very old man.

He watched old Prairie Wolf climb up one of the tall poles and lie down on the stretcher, or platform, composing himself to sleep.

"That's a queer notion, isn't it, boys?" said he. "The old feller will have his nap, and he'll get up again feeling like a two-year-old, persuadin' himself that he's taken a new lease of life. It's supposed to be healthy to sleep in a dead man's grave!"

Uncle Baldy lit his pipe, and puffed at it with the gravity of a Redskin chief.

"You can live a lifetime amongst the Redskins," said he, "and you never get to the end o' their queer ways of thinkin'. They are as superstitious as they can hang together, and there's no end to their queer tales and their queer believings. Now, boys, I think I'll follow Granddad's example an' hit the hay meself for half an hour or so."

And Uncle Baldy "hit the hay," as he expressed it. Which is to say, he curled himself up and went to sleep.

Buck Dixie lay on his back, looking up to the sky, his head pillowed on an

outcrop of rock, which thrust through the short, parched grass. The boys thought he was asleep; but Buck Dixie's sleep was of the lightest sort, for presently he moved, laid his ear against the rib of rock, and listened intently.

"Indians!" he exclaimed, in a low voice.

At the same moment Uncle Baldy, who had pillowed his head on a similar vein of rock, opened one eye.

"Redskins!" he whispered.

And from the platform of the Indian grave there came a low, hissing sound of warning.

"Lo, Chief Baldy," grunted the voice of Prairie Wolf, "the Red Men come this way!"

"How many?" asked Uncle Baldy.

"Five! Five! Five! Five! Five! Five, and one!" counted Prairie Wolf,

ing snake-like on the ground, crawled to the lip of the chasm.

Here, with loaded rifles, they waited the approach of the Redskin war-party. The chasm was almost a natural telephone-box, for the rock carried the sound of the hoof-beats clearly as the Redskin ponies trotted towards them on the thin covering of fine grass that overlay the rock.

Nearer and nearer they drew.

The little party in the chasm lay with their rifles ready for the foe, and old Prairie Wolf, stretched on the high platform, with the bones of the previous occupant of the grave digging into his back, kept himself as low as possible on the stretcher, his hand upon his scalping-knife.

As they came on, the Navajo war-party were evidently looking for water.



In the chasm the little group awaited the oncoming Redskins with beating hearts. Buck Dixie signed to the boys to be ready, and to keep their heads down below the level of the ground.

who, like most Redskins, could not count more than five at a time, having learned to count thus far on his fingers and toes.

"Thirty braves and a chief!" muttered Uncle Baldy to himself. "Six to one!"

"That's about what I figured them out to be!" said Buck Dixie, with his ear to the ironstone rib of rock, which acted as a sort of telephone. "Get down in the chasm, boys!" he added. "We will lie low, and, if they catch us, we will make a fight or a bolt for it. Prairie Wolf, stay where you are!"

Prairie Wolf grunted assent.

"They are Navajoes, and they come this way, O Buk Diksee!" he answered in his own language. "Perchance they will not see me on this high platform. If they know that it is Prairie Wolf who lies here," he added, "my grave is ready for me!"

And old Prairie Wolf chuckled at his grim jest as his companions, mov-

They were the same party who, earlier in the day, had been seen by Buck and his companions in the mirage, and they had toiled across the bed of a great dry soda lake, where the sparkling, snow-white crystals of the salt and the refracted heat from its surface had made both ponies and men thirsty.

It was plain that they did not know about the pool of water in the chasm, for they were tracking for it by the almost imperceptible trails of jackass rabbits and coyotes over the parched grass.

So their party was widely scattered as they came on, closing gradually together as they neared the water-hole, since to this spot all the tracks converged.

Few white men could have picked up those trails; but to the eagle eye of the Redskin this tiny pool of water was a sort of Clapham Junction of the desert, and they came on steadily, led by a war chief, a stranger to Prairie

Wolf, who watched him through the lattice of his strange bed-place.

But there were others on the watch besides Redskin and Paleface.

For a long time, a speck in the sky had been watching Prairie Wolf as he lay so still on that old grave. It was a turkey-buzzard, which, hovering at an altitude of a thousand feet, was greatly interested by this new occupant of the old grave, who lay so still. Now, having come to the conclusion that there was business doing down below, the buzzard came swooping down out of the sky in great spirals.

In the chasm the little group awaited the oncoming Redskins with beating hearts. Buck Dixie depended on the use of a rapid volley at close range, followed by the use of the new-fangled revolvers, which as yet were almost unknown to the Redskins.

He signed to the boys to be ready, and to keep their heads down below the level of the ground till the last moment.

But it was fated that no shot was to be fired, and that the Redskin war-party should pass on without suspecting the presence of that little band within the jaws of the chasm, which was quite invisible till the rider was within a few yards of it.

They were within twenty yards now, and the band had drawn together.

The boys could hear the guttural speech of the war chief in command of the party, and the wheezing of the thirsty ponies, who snorted and whinnied as they smelled the water. There was no fear of their own steeds answering the call of the Indian ponies, for they were Paleface horses, and between these and the Redskin ponies there was a hatred and antipathy almost as deep as that which existed between their masters. And Maud the mule might be depended upon for silence, for she was a taciturn brute, save when she was in a bad temper.

Little did the leading Redskins of the ragged band dream how near they were to death as they approached the unseen water-hole.

But, of a sudden, they checked, staring at the nearest Redskin grave, shading their eyes against the sun. Then, with a yell, they wheeled their ponies and were off in a cloud of dust, riding at full speed as though driven by an unseen terror.

For a moment the little party in the chasm were quite taken aback, for they were certain that they had not been discovered by their enemies.

Then, looking back at the platform of the Indian grave, they saw the reason of the sudden headlong flight of the braves, for there the huge buzzard was flapping and fighting, beating the air with his powerful wings in the grasp of old Prairie Wolf, who, stoic though he was, had not yet arrived to that stage of Redskin stoicism that would allow him to lie still and have his eyes picked out by a bird of prey.

At the critical moment, the buzzard had swept down out of the sky and had made a fierce dash at the supposed corpse on the platform.

It had been greatly surprised when it was grabbed by the neck and held in a grip of steel. And it was difficult to say which was the more taken

aback, Prairie Wolf, the buzzard, or the war-party.

The war-party had seen a dead Indian, or the ghost of a dead Indian, rise from the grave in broad daylight and seize the ill-omened bird. That was enough for them. The four graves were those of an Apache party, murdered years ago by the Navajoes, and the murder had brought heavy reprisals and much sorrow to the Navajo nation, so that the place had ever had an ill reputation amongst them.

And when, from the platform, old Prairie Wolf, seeing the effect he had created, let loose the long-drawn Apache death-howl, the braves redoubled their speed as they raced away, firmly persuaded that they had seen a daylight ghost.

Prairie Wolf watched them till they had disappeared in a cloud of dust eight miles away, and the speed at which they were travelling had assured him that they had not changed their minds about the ghost.

Then he climbed down from the platform, with an expression as near a grin on his copper face as a Red Indian could raise.

Uncle Baldy wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"Jerushy!" he exclaimed. "That was as near a fight as makes no difference. Was it you that scared 'em, Granddad?" he added.

"Red Man him heap fright along ghost!" replied Prairie Wolf, who had wrung the neck of the turkey-buzzard and had left it to occupy the grave.

"Wal," replied Uncle Baldy, "It was a real bit of good luck that set them on the run. I'd sooner have hid than fought that party. As like as not, some of us would have been hurt!"

The little party lay low and watched for an hour or more before they got ready to continue their journey. They wanted to give that wandering band of Redskins time to quit the neighbourhood of their noontide camp, for their mission was to scout, not to fight.

The boys, climbing to the platform, saw the cloud of dust disappear in a haze to the north-west, about fifteen miles away. Then they led their mounts out of the chasm and followed a more northerly course.

They could see now a changing character in the prairie. They were no longer on the vast alluvial plains which cover the centre of the American continent, but on the rising ground leading towards the vast chains of the Rocky Mountains, which form the backbone of the American continent.

This was apparent by the rocks that occasionally cropped through the prairie grass, and by the fineness of the grass which crowned these hillocks, which were so gradual in their rise that they were almost imperceptible.

To the boys it seemed that they were still on the great prairies over which they had been travelling so long. But Buck Dixie explained to them, as they rode slowly along, that that they were, at this spot, full a thousand feet above the level of the Missouri River and of the plains which surround it.

"We are getting towards the foothills of the Rockies, boys," said he.

"Shall we see them?" asked Joe, whose ideas of the vast geography of the American continent were rather vague.

Buck shook his head and laughed. "No, Joe!" he replied. "You've got to remember that it's a matter of fifteen hundred miles from the rise of the Rockies to the slopes on the other side by the Pacific coast, and you have to ride a good many days before you could see them. This country is just a rib or a spur projecting far out from them, and if you look ahead you will see that we are descending again into a vast valley of buffalo-grass which shows that we are riding down on the prairie again.

Joe puffed and panted. "It's jolly hot!" he remarked. "And I have never seen this curious haziness and heat before. The air and sky are generally so clear."

Buck Dixie looked up at the sky as he rode along on Starlight, whose black coat was shining and lathering in the intense heat.

"You are right, Joe!" he replied. "I should say that there is either a great forest fire burning to the northward or a prairie fire to the east."

"Is it far away?" asked Joe. "I'd like to see a prairie fire!" he added.

"You wouldn't want to see a forest fire or a prairie fire if you had seen one!" replied Buck grimly. "As for the distance, a forest fire six hundred miles away will give you this sort of weather."

"And what causes a forest fire?" asked Joe.

"Sometimes a careless camper who fails to stamp his camp-fire out before he leaves it," answered Buck Dixie. "Further east, where there are railways, it is often caused by a spark from a railway engine. But, as often as not, it is caused through bits of broken glass bottle."

"Glass bottles!" exclaimed Joe, wondering how a glass bottle could set a hundred miles of country aflame.

"Yes," replied Buck. "It seems almost impossible, doesn't it? But a bit of broken glass will often act as a burning-glass in hot weather. It may light a little patch of dry grass which sets fire to the resinous under brush, and the brush sets light to the trees. You have to remember, Master Joe, that most of the trees of the North American continent are highly resinous and that, in the summertime, their trunks and branches are exuding resin and turpentine freely, so that once they catch fire they burn like torches. And when a small patch of forest is alight it causes such a tremendous up-draught of air that flakes of fire are carried thousands of feet in the air and, falling again, start fresh fires burning where they fall. So it does not take long to fire a whole county. I have seen a forest fire leap a lake five miles wide. And I should say," added Buck, as he looked at the horizon, "that this weather is caused by a big fire away to the north or the north-east."

Another long instalment of this stirring tale of Redskin and Paleface in next week's issue. Order next Tuesday's "Greyfriars Herald" now!

INKY'S DARK SECRET!

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

By S. Q. I. FIELD

I.

"INKY, my esteemed and ludicrous chum!"

Thus Bob Cherry, humorously. The cheery Bob had just popped his curly head round the door of the box-room. But there was a curious and puzzled expression on his face, in spite of his humorous address.

Inky spun round hastily.

"My—my worthy Bob!" he murmured. "You gave me the considerable startfulness."

And the dusky Nabob of Bhanipur looked round him nervously.

Bob's look of wonder deepened as he followed the look of Inky—whom we might call Hurree Jamset Ram Singh were our period of existence on this mortal coil, but a little less transitory.

There was ample cause for Bob's wonder.

In the box-room there is a long, oblong box in which we keep spare "props." Inky had turned out these, and had up-ended the box, which now blocked the lower half of the window.

"I've been hunting for you high and low," said Bob. "I didn't know what made me look in here. What's the merry game?"

And he pointed to the pile of props, and then to the box.

"Nothing—nothing at all, my worthy chum," said Inky hastily.

Bob wagged a reproving forefinger at him.

"Just going to play some tricks on your pals with these theatricals, Inky?"

Hurree Singh grinned, and shook his head.

"Some dark secret, eh?" demanded Bob.

"Why did my excellent and inquisitive chum search for me both highly and lowly?" asked the nabob rather quickly.

"My hat, yes! Here's a visitor for you in the study."

"My esteemed hat!"

"Expecting him?" grinned Bob. "Blessed if I blame you for not being rejoiced! He seems the most irritable blighter I ever hit across. Tore up the stairs after Trotter as if he were nine instead of ninety. Name of Leman—know him?"

"I am acquainted with the nameful cognomen," assented Inky, looking rather anxious. "Is the temper of my esteemed visitor very—very excitable?"

"Rather, I'm afraid," answered Bob sympathetically. "What on earth's got his rag out? Has your deep, dark secret anything to do with it?"

Inky nodded in an absent way, and set off quickly for Study No. 1.

Bob cast a suspicious glance round the box-room. But he considered that it would be prying to investigate Inky's dark secret. So he went along to his own study—No. 13 in the Remore

passage—leaving Inky to interview his irate visitor in private.

The Nabob of Bhanipur, in spite of his command over a thousand spears in his own country, felt considerably tremulous as he paused outside No. 1.

There was the sound of footsteps pacing the study rapidly, and a harsh voice addressing furious observations to the world in general.

Inky entered.

Mr. Leman spun round at once. He was a very short-sighted gentleman, wearing strong magnifying spectacles which didn't seem to avail him much. Otherwise, as his sprint up the stairs and rapid pacing of the study testified, he was pretty sound.

He looked closely at the dusky junior.

"Ah, Singh, pleased to meet you!" he grunted, grasping the nabob's hand, and glowering at him. It was a suspicious glower, too.

"The esteemed honour is my own, worthy Leman," returned Inky mildly.

Mr. Leman stared at him in his suspicious way.

"I am here, Singh—and I am confident that you are aware of the fact," he said, "on account of that troublesome imp who has been placed under my charge—Lal Bhuda."

"I was extremely friendly with the excellent Lal before I came to Greyfriars," remarked Inky pleasantly. "I should be rejoicefully glad to hear that he is maintaining his excellent health?"

"The scamp's healthy enough!" snorted Mr. Leman. "But—"

"I trust this rawfully miserable climate has had no bad effect upon him," pursued Inky anxiously—though not so anxiously but that there was a twinkle in his dusky eye. "I should grievously—"

"I'm in a hurry, boy!" roared Mr. Leman. "Don't ask stupid questions, for every minute is of importance! Lal was your friend in India. As you know, whilst he stays in England I am his tutor and guardian."

Inky nodded. In letters he had received from Lal Bhuda this fact had been mentioned—and the mentionings had not been complimentary as regards Mr. Leman.

"To-day Lal leaves for India. We are now on our way to Southampton. But when we reached Lexham Junction, where we were to change for the Southampton train," ground out Mr. Leman, "the young fool suddenly slipped away from me, and boarded a train for Friardale—this unearthly place!"

Mr. Leman looked at the nabob hard as he said this, but Inky's countenance merely expressed interested innocence.

"It is obvious that the young ass wants to miss the boat. The Friardale train was moving when he boarded it, but I managed to get into another compartment of the infernal train! When we reached Friardale the scamp

reached the barrier before me, and I have had to pursue him all the way here—to this school, boy!"

"You could have ridefully come in the station cab, sahib," murmured Inky.

"You are impertinent, Singh!" stormed the exasperated man. "I know for a fact, boy, that Lal entered this school, for I kept him in sight the whole time. It is his intention to miss the train—and consequently, the boat to India. Why, I do not know. But, do you?"

The question was put quickly, but Inky shook his head.

"I have not the faintly remotest idea, sahib," he replied earnestly.

"Answer me truthfully, boy. Has my charge called on you during the last few minutes?" demanded Mr. Leman.

"It is not my habit to lie, sahib," returned Inky quietly.

"That amounts to an equivocation!" fumed Lal's tutor. "I demand that you tell me where you were when I sent that youth to fetch you!"

"And I refusefully decline to answer, sahib," said Hurree Singh.

The tutor glared.

"Do you realise, boy, that the train departs from Lexham in two hours' time? And we have to reach Lexham yet! But I can easily discover where you were," exclaimed Mr. Leman triumphantly. "I will see the youth who found you!"

He left the study, leaving Inky considerably dismayed.

Mr. Leman guessed that Bob Cherry occupied No. 13, for Bob had been emerging from that apartment when the tutor had asked him—or ordered him—to unearth Inky.

"I say, boy," he began abruptly, as he burst into Bob's study, "did you find Hurree Singh?"

"Y-yes, sir!" stammered Bob in surprise. "But I thought he'd—"

"Where was he?"

"In—in the box-room. But—"

"Where is the box-room?"

"Well, it's the first door past the stairs, at the end of the passage—I mean—I—"

The remembrance of Inky's "dark" secret had suddenly flashed upon him. And at the same time he remembered Inky saying it had some connection with the tutor's errand.

Too late he realised Mr. Leman had pumped him for a little vital information which Inky had evidently refused to yield. A gleam of satisfaction in the tutor's eyes proved it.

Bob glared at him angrily, but the tutor hurried away without another word, bound for the box-room.

It certainly looked as if Inky's "dark" secret would shortly be brought to light!

II.

"QUITE comfy, my pretty bird?" Carpenter, of the Grammar School, put that question; but behind the tender query there was a heap of malice.

Carpenter had the honour of being one of the shadiest characters in the Fourth at Rylcombe. And that honour was strongly contested by the candidates Snipe and Larking, who were with him now.

The pretty bird in question was Frank Nugent. Franky is really the weakest member of the Famous Five; and consequently, when caught on his lonesome by the three Grammarians, he stood little chance of holding his own—though he put up a plucky struggle, needless to say.

Frank lay on his back on the grass, with the three kneeling on him. Carpenter held a can of tar, and Frank eyed it apprehensively.

"I asked you," repeated Carpenter, still more pleasantly, "if you were quite comfy?"

"You beasts!" groaned Frank, glaring up at the smiling faces. "You cowardly rotters! If you dare to mess me with that tar—"

"Pretty lips!" murmured Carpenter dreamily, jabbing at Nugent's mouth with the tarry brush.

Frank spluttered.

"Lovely eyes! Rosy cheeks!" cooed Carpenter, using the brush industriously on the parts thus eulogised. "Ain't he really lovely, you fellows?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Larking.

"He, he, he!" sniggered Snipe.

Frank's face became blacker than charcoal. He quite put our one and only Inky in the shade—or, should I say in the light?

And the expression of rage into which his face was twisted made him look still more comical—from Larking and Co.'s point of view.

"You—you measly beasts!" he howled, struggling furiously. "Wait till I get free! I'll—"

"Give 'ums dear little pandies to its mummy!" went on Carpenter coaxingly. "Its dear little pandies must match its dear little face, you know! Now—yaroooh!"

Carpenter's vehement observation was occasioned by one of the dear little pandies coming into violent contact with his nose.

Another dear little pandy found its way to Snipe's eye. Thoughts of great men, it is said, run in groves. Be that so or not, Snipe expressed his thoughts in a way which was strikingly similar to that favoured by Carpenter.

"Yaroooh!"

Franky's wrists, however, were quickly grasped tightly, and his hands daubed over with tar.

"That settles with the young savage!" gasped Carpenter at last. "Good!"

He was quickly to learn, however, that his last essay with the tar was anything but good.

Frank's tarry hands shot out, and rubbed themselves vigorously all over Carpenter's benign visage. He gave a furious howl, and jumped frantically away. But not before his face had assumed a hue similar to Frank's.

"You tricky beast!" snarled Snipe spitefully. "Take that!"

He gave Frank's ribs a vicious kick with his boot.

"Oh!" cried Frank, the breath knocked out of him for the moment. "Oh, you cad!"

But he was on his feet in a flash, and his fist shot out. Whereupon the venerable Snipe found himself in the interesting possession of an eye which was blackened in two distinct senses.

Over went Snipe, and Larking and Carpenter retreated hurriedly. Con-

ditions were becoming more balanced—only two against one, and that did not appeal to their highly-tuned tastes.

Before Snipe could rise, Nugent seized the can of tar and anointed him with it.

"Ugh! You—you— Urrrrg!" quoth Snipe.

"There!" grunted Frank. "Serves you jolly well right! If I'd any more tar, you'd get that, too!"

But even as he uttered these words the good-natured Frank helped the cad to his feet. Then he stamped in the direction of the school.

"The rotten beasts!" he muttered dismally. "This is carrying a rag too far! It'll take me hours to get it off! But I've tarred the pair of them, so I suppose that's some consolation!"

He did not look very consoled, however. The prospect of entering the school in his present unique condition was hardly pleasant.

Reaching the gates, he made a dash across the quad., trusting by that means to escape detection—or, at least, recognition.

Gosling, our antedeluvian porter, stared after him in great astonishment.

"My heye!" he exclaimed laboriously. "If that ain't the second nigger that's dashed in in the last two minutes! My honly heye!"

Frank dashed in the School House, and made for the Remove passage, which he had to navigate in order to reach the bathroom.

He tiptoed along the Remove passage, ready to fly if anything in the shape of a master appeared. Just as he mounted the stairs at the other end, the door of No. 1—at the opposite end—opened suddenly, and the short-sighted old gentleman emerged.

"Oh, crumbs!" murmured Frank, looking back over his shoulder. "A visitor for us! He mustn't see me like this! I'll slip in here!"

Frank stepped hastily into the box-room, and closed the door.

As he did so a startled gasp came from behind him. Nugent turned quickly, and his eyes lighted on the big box in front of the window. It was from behind that that the sound had come.

A moment later a face peered round the edge of the box—a dusky face, with dark, startled eyes.

Nugent looked hard. The box-room is dusky enough at the best of times, but with half the light from the window blotted out it was dimmer than ever.

"What on earth—" began Nugent. "Inky, you— No, it ain't Inky! Who—what—"

An Eton-clad Hindoo boy, with a cheery gleam of teeth, stepped into view. He represented Inky's "dark" secret!

"Oh, only a kid!" said Lal Bhuda, who had evidently none of his countryman's flowery expressions. "I thought it was the old buffer! My hat, what's the matter with your face?"

"Eh? Tar been spilt over it!" Nugent was amazed at the stranger's coolness. "But—"

"You must have walked jolly silently," said the young Hindoo curiously. "You gave me a shock, I

can tell you, for I heard nothing until the door closed."

"I was walking on tiptoe, you see. But—but what on earth are you doing here? And who on earth are you, anyway?"

"You'd be little the wiser if I told you my name," grinned the other easily. "But my tutor's after me—chased me all the way here, like a giddy cinder-path champion! He—oh, crumbs! Here's his tread!" broke off Lal Bhuda dismally. "I say, old fellow, don't give me away! Promise!"

"I—I—" began Nugent, rather at a loss.

"Do you promise?" implored the Hindoo.

"Oh, all serene! I promise!"

"Thanks!"

Lal Bhuda slipped behind the box again.

Franky was rather dazed. But he was rendered still more dazed in a few seconds.

The short-sighted old gentleman burst in and made a jump at him.

"Got you, you young scamp!" he cried triumphantly, though he hadn't got him at all. "Come here, Lal, I command you!"

Frank Nugent leapt hastily aside. It was obvious that, what with Mr. Leman's short-sightedness and the semi-darkness of the box-room, he had mistaken the tarry junior for the Hindoo.

Frank saw that the irate man might do some damage before he discovered his mistake, and skipped hastily into the passage. But the "old buffer" was a bit of an athlete. With a bound he was on the Remove, his hands clutching at his neck.

And at that moment Inky hurried on to the scene.

"My worthy Leman!" he exclaimed. "That is not Lal! It is—it is—"

Inky was at a loss to know who it was!

Mr. Leman hastily released his grip, and surveyed his hands with horror and disgust.

"By gad!" he ejaculated. "Ugh! Faugh!"

Frank grinned, in spite of himself. "I'm awfully sorry!" he said contritely. "But it was your own fault, really. I'd just slipped into the box-room because I didn't want to be seen in this condition. Some beasts in the lane collared me and messed me up. I'm sorry!"

"Ugh!" The old gentleman stamped back into the room.

"If you'd like me to show you the way to the bathroom, sir—" began Frank sweetly.

"Why, Singh," demanded Mr. Leman, without more ado, "did you visit this room a few minutes ago?"

As he spoke, Lal Bhuda's tutor glanced as keenly as he could round the room. The box screening the window aroused his suspicions at once.

He approached it, and dragged it down lengthways.

There was nobody behind! And, as Inky and Nugent noted with satisfaction, the lower sash of the window was flung wide open.

"My dear sahib—"

"Was Lal in this room a few minutes ago?" demanded Mr. Leman harshly.

"Well, sahib, he was."

"Was he concealed behind this box?"

"He was, sahib."

"Then that means," ground out Mr. Leman, "that he has escaped through the window!"

"Wonderful, sahib!" murmured Inky—not loud enough for the "sahib" to hear, however.

"It is still possible that the imp is within the grounds. I will question the porter as to whether a Hindoo has passed out of the gates during the last few minutes. I am determined that Lal shall not miss the boat!"

And Mr. Leman stamped towards the door.

"Ugh!" he grunted, as he passed through the doorway. "When I have seen the porter I will wash this vile stuff from my hands! Faugh!"

His footsteps died away along the passage.

There was a sudden upheaval of the heap of props in the corner, and from the midst of them rose Lal Bhuda!

"Glad the old buffer's leaving me in peace for a few minutes," he said, in relieved tones. "He's really an awful bore, you know!"

III.

"MY—my worthy Lal!" gasped Inky.

"Hallo, Hurree!" returned his old chum cheerily.

"We were under the wrongful impression that you had departfully evacuated by way of the window!"

"Well, we arranged that I should do so, in case the old buffer barged in," assented Lal. "That's why we put the box against the window. But I changed my mind, you see. Thanks for not giving me away, old top!" he smiled, nodding to Nugent.

"You chump!" said Frank, laughing. "I didn't know where you were, if I'd wanted to give you away!"

"Thanks, all the same."

"I must perform the necessary introducefulness," remarked Inky solemnly. "Lal, this is my dear and ludicrous chum, Frank Nugent. Frank sahib, my esteemed and ridiculous fellow-countryman, Lal Bhuda."

The two grinned at what would have been a most uncomplimentary description of themselves from anyone but Inky, and shook hands.

Lal stepped towards the window, from which the school gates were just visible.

"By Jove, the old buffer car sprint!" he said admiringly. "He's reached the lodge already. Now he's jawing to the porter."

"Asking him whether you've passed through the gates, of course," said Nugent gravely. "Gossy knows you haven't, so your tutor will learn that you are still in the precincts."

The Hindoo looked thoughtful. Mr. Leman vanished into the lodge, obviously with the intention of scrubbing the tar from his hands, whilst Gossy stood at the gates, his intention being to collar Lal should he try to pass through.

"I'm afraid you're done in," remarked Frank sympathetically. "I don't quite see what your merry game is, but your tutor is determined to nab you."

"I was wondering——"

"And what is your merryful game, Lal?" asked Inky, rather firmly. "You have not yet explained, and the esteemed and suspicious Leman sahib thought I was lying when I told him I knew not why you were here."

"I'll explain in a few words. But I say, kid—Nugent—don't go away!"

"I'm off to get clean!" returned Frank, with a rueful grin. "This stuff is horrid!"

"For goodness' sake don't remove it yet!" said the Hindoo, his eyes glistening. "I've thought of a way for putting the old buffer off my track! He's mistaken you for me already. Ain't it possible to make him do it again?"

"Any old thing!" said Frank, with a groan. "I suppose I'll get rid of this tar some time! What's in your napper, old son?"

"When he comes out of the lodge——" He looked in that direction as he spoke; but Mr. Leman evidently found difficulty in ridding himself of that affectionate substance, tar, for he did not appear. "When he comes into the open, you make a dash for the gates. He'll think it's me, and give chase. The porter will make a grab at you, and your bizney is to take care he gets plenty of the tar. Then he'll leave go suddenly——"

"He will!" grinned Frank.

"And go back into the lodge to scrub it off, whilst the old buffer chases you down the lane. Thus the gates will be clear for me and Inky to pass through."

"And what about me?" demanded Frank warmly.

"Oh, you keep up the pace until you reach Friardale Station. There you can let him catch you up, and explain to him that you are proceeding leisurely——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"At least, making for the toilet-saloon at the station, in order to scrub off the tar. Even if your explanation don't satisfy him, his only

course will be to return to the school, and we'll see that he doesn't catch sight of me and Hurree in the lane."

Frank looked dubious. He'd had enough of parading public thoroughfares in his present tarriness. But he gave his consent.

"You're a good chap! So when you've got rid of the tar, you'll be able to pop into the waiting-room and tell Amelha——"

"Tell whom?" exclaimed Frank.

"Oh, crumbs! I've quite missed telling you the main part of the bizney!" groaned Lal, with a comical expression on his dusky face. "You remember Amelha, Hurree? You know—that splendid girl that I—you know, liked rather, in a sort of a way——"

"I well remember the beautiful Amelha," returned Inky gravely.

"You do? Isn't she—isn't she really fine?" said Lal eagerly. "You know, so sensible, as well as pretty, and good-natured——"

Inky chuckled.

"Has my dear chum been pierced by an arrow from the esteemed and mischievous Cupid?"

"Ass! Don't blither! As you know, Hurree, Amelha and I knew each other in India, but as our paters hate each other we were not allowed to see very much of each other. But it don't follow that because paters hate each other their children should do the same, does it? In fact, as it happens," remarked Lal, with exaggerated indifference, "Amelha and I are rather friendly."

"Really?"

"It's a fact," nodded Lal. "She's been in England some time now, and I've been keeping in touch with her by means of letters. In her last, she mentioned that she would be passing through Lexham to-day, and said that I could meet her there, provided I got permission from Mr. Leman."

"And did you get his permission?" asked Nugent curiously. For past events certainly seemed to suggest that tutor and pupil were not in concordance.

"Ahem! The old buffer made the suggestion himself, as a matter of fact. I am booked to return to India to-day, and had to pass through Lexham in order to reach the boat. I couldn't let him know that I was to meet Amelha, of course, because he's had orders from the governor to keep me apart from Amelha. He doesn't dream for a moment that Amelha is with me here, in Friardale!"

"She's in the waiting-room, you say, at the station?"

"Exactly! You see, the girl and I

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arranged previously to come along to Greyfriars to see Hurree."

"That was kindly good of you, my esteemed Lal!" said Luky in surprise.

"Well, as you're jolly fond of her, you know, I thought it would be good-natured of me."

"My ridiculous chum!" gasped Luky protestingly.

And Lal grinned at what he considered was a bit of his own back.

"Anyway, my tutor and I were to change for the Southampton train at Lexham. I slipped across to the Friardale, spied out the compartment in which Amelha had ensconced herself, and then, when the train had started moving, I hopped inside. Leman managed to get into the same train, worse luck, but in one of the end carriages. He seemed a bit ratty, too.

"And poor Amelha doesn't know yet that Leman is after me! She just knows that I had permission to visit Lexham.

"But here's the important part. In the train she told me she goes back to India by the next boat—not the one I should catch to-day; the next that sails. Erge, that is the boat I mean to catch; to-day is the one I mean to miss! That's why I'm keeping out of the old buffer's way."

"Quite a romance!" murmured Nugent.

"She's a jolly ripping girl!" said Lal defiantly. "Before we reached Friardale I told her to go straight into the waiting-room when the train stopped, and stay there until I called for her. Then before the train stopped, you see, I had jumped off, and made for the barrier. But the old buffer was after me like a two-year-old. I meant merely to dodge out of the station and hide somewhere until he passed. But he's such a giddy sprinter, I'd no chance to hide. In fact, if I'd run

further he'd have caught me up. My only hope was to slip into this school, and trust to fortune. And you helped me hide, Hurree, like the jolly old brick you are!"

Nugent had been constantly looking out of the window all this time.

"Hallo! The old buffer emergeth!" he declared tragically. "I'll go and do my part!"

"Amelha's in the waiting-room, you know; tell her I'll be along shortly!" said Lal quickly. "Don't forget that! Good luck!"

Mr. Leman was manoeuvring the quad., and looking about him with short-sighted suspicion. He started as he saw the dark-coloured junior bearing toward him.

The bright sunshine, reflected from the stone quad., dazzled his already imperfect sight, and he merely saw that the junior was dark. But as he was expecting to find Lal there, and not Frank for a second time, he fell completely into the trap.

"Lal, you rascal! Come here! I say, come here, you scamp!"

Nugent swerved, and made for the Gossy-guarded gates. Mr. Leman gave chase.

"My heye!" said Gossy grimly. "Ere he comes, does he? See if I don't nab the young raskil!"

And Gossy chuckled a grim chuckle. The old porter blundered forward, and managed to grasp Nugent by the hands.

"Let go, old bean!" grinned Frank. "I'm in an awful hurry, you know!"

Gossy had already let go—with alacrity.

"My heye!" he gasped, staring disgustedly at his hands. "Well, my heye!"

Nugent scudded through the gates. "Idiot!" shouted Mr. Leman, panting up. "Why did you let him go?"

"Wot I says is this 'ere——"

"Brrrrrr!"

The tutor sped down the lane after his quarry. Frank had to run hard to beat him to the station. The short-sighted tutor could show a surprising pace.

Frank pull up suddenly at the entrance and walked leisurely in. With a triumphant howl the tutor shot out his hands and grasped him round the back and face.

"I say, go easy!" exclaimed Frank. "Whatever's the matter?"

Hurriedly—very hurriedly—Mr. Leman withdrew his hands, and stared at them with starting eyes.

"What—why—which——" he stammered helplessly. "You—you are not Lal! You are that same boy I seized at the school!"

"Goodness gracious!" returned Frank in mild astonishment. "You are that same gentleman whom I had the honour to meet at Greyfriars a few minutes ago! Dear me! How very curious!"

"You—I—you——"

"I am very sorry I cannot shake hands with you, sir!"

Mr. Leman looked as if he could eat him.

"For unfortunately I am at the pre-

sent moment covered with a clammy substance known as tar," went on Frank benignly. "Possibly you have noticed it?"

"You impertinent whelp!" raved the irate man. "You dragged me away from the school on purpose! You know it!"

"Your remark is somewhat vague, sir. I certainly heard footsteps following me, and I do not doubt that they were yours. I am about to proceed to the toilet saloon, so if you would care to accompany me—your hands, by the way, need scrubbing!"

"Bah!" growled Mr. Leman, seeing that Frank was hopeless. And he strode passed Frank in the direction of the toilet saloon, intending to scrub from his hands, for the second time in so short a period, "that clammy substance known as tar."

Frank followed, and was soon engaged in restoring himself to his natural colour. His was rather a long job, and in the meantime Mr. Leman had set off back for Greyfriars.

Frank finished at last, and made for the waiting-room, rather curious to see what Amelha "was like." He was agreeably surprised to find himself facing a graceful young girl, whose features were as lovely as they were dusky.

"Excuse me, Miss—Miss Amelha," he began, gazing at her admiringly—he had to, however impolite—as he raised his cap.

The pretty Hindoo girl smiled once, and tended a soft, gloved hand.

"Oh, you are one of the boys from the school?" she asked. "But where is Lal? He did not say he would leave me here so long! And Hurree Singh?"

"They're—ah, here they are," broke off Frank, as the pair mentioned came in at the doorway. "I say, did you pass Mr. Leman, you fellows?"

"Not exactly; he passed us, in the lane," chuckled Lal. "We scuttled behind the hedge, you see, when we saw him coming. You've done me a good turn, Frank Nugent," he said meaningly, "and I sha'n't forget it."

"Lal," said Amelha, looking at her boy chum fixedly, "what is all this mystery? You did not tell me Mr. Leman was here. I would be tempted to think you had not his permission to leave home, had you not told me otherwise! You must explain!"

"Right-o! I'll explain, Amelha!" said Lal cheerfully. "But first of all, would you chaps mind trotting along to the bun-shop—you know, the one we passed, Hurree—and fix up a table for four? Amelha must be jolly hungry—ain't you kid?"

"I am waiting for your explanation, Lal," she said, as the two Removites departed.

Lal drew a shade nearer.

"You see, it was like this——" he began.

But I'm afraid that if I carry this yarn any further, Lal will want to bump me. So this is where I dry up!

THE END.

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