

Tuck | Grand | Splendid | Easy  
Hampers | Stories | Articles | Competitions

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



No. 18, (New Series). | FULL OF SCHOOL STORIES AND ARTICLES | Feb. 28, 1920.



TUCKEY TODDLES FURNISHES THE STUDY ON "EASY PAYMENTS!"



Our Photographic Supplement

# THE BOYS' PICTORIAL

Continued on Page 19



Readers of The GREYFRIARS HERALD are invited to send up their Amateur Photographs and Snapshots full prices will be paid for all Photos used  
Address: The Greyfriars Herald, The Fleelway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

THE PROMISE OF SPRING.



A sunlit grove near Nottingham, where the first buds are appearing on the trees. Each year the budding of the trees to most of us brings promise of the spring, when King Football abdicates the throne of popular favour and King Cricket commences to reign in his stead.—Taken by E. Berry, 3, Saville Street, Hyson Green, Nottingham.

A RAILWAY THROUGH A HOUSE!



The above interesting picture shows the way in which a dwelling-house was cut through to allow for the building of a railway line.—Taken by L. Vince, 14, Forester Avenue, Bath.

AT YE OLDE VILLAGE PUMP!



A "Greyfriars Herald" reader on a cycling tour stops at the ancient village pump for a refreshing draught of "Adam's Ale."—Taken by G. A. Craig, 48, Slack Lane, Derby.

SEND YOUR SNAPS!

THE OPEN-AIR BARBER AT WORK.



In Cairo, where the climate is more genial than in British towns, the native barber can operate on his victims without the necessity of keeping a shop at all.—Taken by A. Brunning, Police Station, Bromley, Kent.

# The Staff



HARRY WHARTON  
EDITOR  
of the Greyfriars Herald



FRANK NUGENT  
Sub-Editor



TOM BROWN  
Special Representative



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from  
GREYFRIARS

OCCASIONAL  
Contributors  
from  
Other Schools

# Editorial

By Harry Wharton.

## A CLUB FOR READERS.

Enthusiasm is the key-note of achievement in most things in life, and it is enthusiasm on the part of each and every one of you that will finally raise THE GREYFRIARS HERALD to the highest pinnacle of success.

A reader whose enthusiasm cannot be pent up is Albert E. Bridge, of Deptford. Listen while I read the letter I received from him, and which is lying before me on my desk:

"Dear Harry,—With the assistance of a few friends I have started a GREY-FRIARS HERALD Club. We have hired a room at No. 4, Trundleys Road, Deptford, S.E. 8, and we have the ambitious idea of bringing together, by means of correspondence, the many thousands of readers of our favourite journal. It is ambitious, I know, but we are quite prepared to meet the large flood of letters we expect to receive.—Your loyal reader,

"ALBERT E. BRIDGE."

## WELL DONE, YOU FELLOWS!

So, my reader chums all, if you want further particulars of the Club write to the address given, and enclose the front cover of a current copy of THE GREYFRIARS HERALD, which, I hear, is a condition of membership.

To Albert and his chums I say, well done, you fellows! May your Club have the splendid success that your enthusiastic efforts deserve!

HARRY WHARTON.



DICK PENFOLD



MURREE SINGH



BILLY BUNTER



TOM MERRY

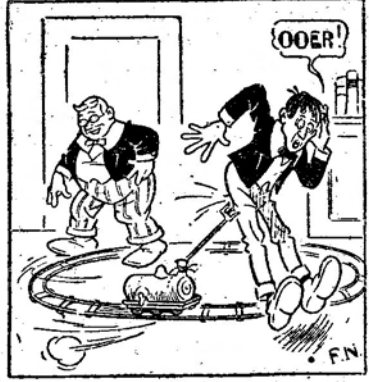
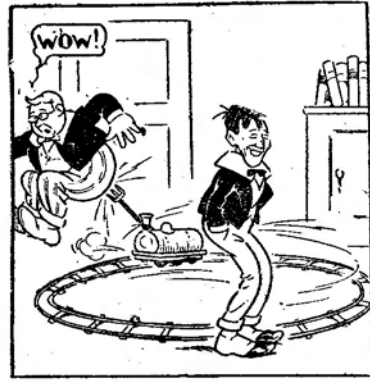


JIMMY SILVER



ARTHUR A D'ARCY

## SKINNER'S HOWLING LITTLE JOKE - - - Drawn by FRANK NUGENT.



1. Samuel Tuckless Bunter Esquire, minor of William George Bunter, the world's champion jam-puff-and-sausage-roll extinguisher, was playing in the Third Form-room with his twenty-second-hand clockwork locomotive, when Harold Skinner popped in.

2. But instead of helping to get the express engine into working order while Sammy patched up the rails, the cad of the Remove placed a toasting-fork on the toy and set the locomotive going with the above result. "Ha, ha, ha! What a howling joke!" laughed Skinner.

3. But Sammy saw the point of the joke and Skinner felt it a moment later as the clockwork engine completed its circuit of the rails. "Yoop! Oo-er! Yow-wow!" yelled Skinner. "He who last laughs, laughs last!" tootled Samuel Tuckless Bunter.



# My Weekly Interview.

By the Special Representative of  
"The Greyfriars Herald"

This week:

**William Gosling**

(the School Porter)

"THE next on the list," said the editor, consulting a document in his hand, "is Gosling, our worthy gate-porter. I'm sure you won't mind interviewing old Gossy?"

"Not a bit!" I answered cheerfully. "It's only when you send me to places about ninety miles from Greyfriars that I get a bit ruffled."

The editor smiled at me over a pile of rejected manuscripts.

"I want you to do me a favour," he said.

"Delighted! But I happen to be stony-broke at the moment—"

"I don't mean that I want a loan."

"What then, O King?"

"The fact is," said the editor, speaking confidentially, "I'm going to the Courtfield cinema this evening, and I may not be back in time for locking-up. I want you to go and interview Gossy just before locking-up time, and engross his attention, so that he forgets to go out and lock the gates 'Twig?"

"That's all right," I said. "You can rely on me."

And I bowed myself out of the editorial presence.

Dusk had fallen when I went to interview Gosling. I groped my way to the door of the lodge, and beat a tattoo upon it with my fist.

There was a shuffling of feet. The door was opened, and a surly voice said:

"Young rip! Wot d'you want 'ere, at this time o' night?"

"I've come to interview you, Gossy," I said. "I represent 'The Greyfriars Herald.'"

"Ho!"

"I'll come inside, if I may, and we'll have a heart-to-heart confab."

"Ho!" said Gosling again.

But he made no movement to admit me, and the prospect wasn't very encouraging.

Indeed, Gossy was about to slam the door in my face, when I suddenly exclaimed:

"Oh, Gosling! I quite forgot to give you a Christmas-box, you know! In the general excitement of breaking-up it slipped my memory."

The gate-porter became affable at once. His surliness vanished as if by magic, and he beckoned me into his little parlour.

"Wot I says is this 'ere," he said. "You're quite welcome in my 'umble 'ome, sir."

"Thanks!" I said. "Here's your belated Christmas-box, Gossy."

And I placed half a crown in the porter's horny palm.

Gosling beamed at me almost affectionately. He placed a chair for me in front of the blazing fire, and he very nearly passed the gin-bottle. But he remembered himself in time.

"Will you answer a few simple questions for me, Gosling?" I inquired.

"Certingly, sir!"

"Good! First of all, to what do you owe your present exalted station in life?"

"Eh?"

"You've climbed to the top of the tree, and become a fully qualified gate-porter. How was it done?"

"Sober 'abits," replied Gosling solemnly. "Wot I says is this 'ere—if a man gees through life sober an' honest, he's bound to finish up in front

## RESULT OF TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION.—No. 13.

In this competition one competitor sent in a solution identical with the Editor's paragraph. The First Prize of £2 10s. has therefore been awarded to:

C. W. GODSMARK,  
55, Clyde Road,  
Victoria Docks, E. 16.

Ten competitors sent in solutions containing one error each. A Tuck Hamper has therefore been awarded to the following competitors:

Jack Stewart, 29, West Stewart St., Greenock; Edwin Coates, 20, Chukery Rd., Walsall, Staffs; Jenny Thornton, 65, Carrington St., N. Boulevard, Hull; Katherine Swain, 326, Commercial Rd., Portsmouth; D. A. Jones, 119, Richmond Rd., Leytonstone, E. 11; Muriel Richardson, 40, Ribble Rd., Blackpool; B. Rainford, 35, Wrayburn St., Earle Rd., Liverpool; Price Lewis, 59, High St., Cefn, Ruabon; Jack Bottomley, 150, London Rd., Manchester; Alex. McWilliam, Sandyknowe, Blantyre, by Glasgow.

### CORRECT SOLUTION:

Dear Chums,—King Football still reigns, and as you can guess, in spite of the announcements of our matches published in our football column, and written by several very silly duffers, the grand old Greyfriars Remove is more than holding its own against all rivals.

Cheerily yours,  
HARRY WHARTON.

of 'is fellow-men. Never touch nothin' but tea an' weak lem'nade. That's my motter."

"A very excellent motto, too," I said, though the gin-bottle showed plainly enough that Gosling didn't live up to it. "Now, what is your opinion of the Head?"

Gosling grinned. "Well, betwixt you an' me an' the gatepost, sir, the 'Ead's a silly old buffer!"

"And Prout and Quelchy?"

"Both silly old buffers, sir!"

"Of course, you could run this school a jolly sight better than the Head?"

"Of course, sir! I could run it on my 'ead, so to speak. I ain't wot you might call a scholar, but I'd soon ginger up this place!"

"Good! To shoot off at a tangent, what's your opinion of Pussy-foot?"

"Which it wouldn't bear repeatin' in cold print, sir."

"What do you think of 'The Greyfriars Herald'?"

"A werry good paper hindeed, sir! Which it does Master Wharton credit."

"Blow Master Wharton! I'm the most important person connected with the 'Herald.' You understand?"

"Yessir—an' you're the most generous!" said Gosling. "Do you mind if I light up my pipe?"

"Not a bit!" I said.

But I minded very much when Gosling was in full blast.

The parlour reeked with the fumes, and you could have cut the atmosphere with a knife.

Gosling sat and smoked, and I sat and coughed, and the hands of the clock indicated locking-up time.

Although almost at suffocation-point, I determined to hold Gosling in conversation until the editor came in from Courtfield.

I jawed to Gossy on all sorts of subjects, ranging from white mice to matrimony. For twenty solid minutes I engaged his attention, and then footsteps sounded in the gateway.

Gosling started to his feet.

"Which it's gorn lockin'-up time!" he exclaimed.

"No!" I said incredulously.

"But it 'as, sir! I ought to 'ave locked them gates twenty minutes ago!"

The porter took down a bunch of keys from the mantelpiece, and shuffled out of the lodge.

A musical chuckle greeted his ears in the darkness.

"Who's that?" demanded Gosling.

"Only me!" replied Harry Wharton cheerfully. "Good-night, Gossy! If you had locked up at the proper time, you'd have had a case to report to Quelchy. As it is, there's nothing doing. Ta-ta!"

"Young rip!" growled Gosling. "Which it was a trick on the part of that other young raskil! I'll go in an' arsk 'im wot he means by it!"

But when Gosling returned to his lodge, the other "young raskil" had vanished!



# EASY PAYMENTS!

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.

### Up to Toodles!

"I T'S up to me."

Tuckey Toodles made that remark.

There was a sound of hammering, in No. 8 Study, in the Fourth-Form quarters on board the old Benbow.

Toodles remark did not interrupt the hammering. It went on just the same. Jack Drake and his chum Rodney were busy, and had no time to waste on Master Toodles.

No. 8 Study was almost bare of furniture. The mystery of the ragging of that study had never been solved; the perpetrators had not been discovered. Daubeny of the Shell was suspected, but that was all. For several days the chums of No. 8, wrecked out of house and home, as it were, had done their prep. in the Form-room, and had tea in the other fellows' studies or in the dining-room. There was not even a table or a chair left in No. 8, and Jack Drake especially sorely felt the loss of the use of the study. It interrupted the work for the Founders' Scholarship, to which he had settled down steadily.

Now the chums were making an attempt to supply the deficiency. Money was "tight." New purchases were not to be thought of; but where there was a will there was a way. Two ancient chairs, and a lame table had been sorted out of the lumber-room in the hold of the Benbow; and Drake and Rodney were trying their skill as carpenters.

They were certainly better at football, and at Latin verses, than at hammering and nailing and screwing; that, as Rodney humorously remarked, was one of the defects of a public school education. But they were doing their best.

Two chairs had been persuaded to stand, by dint of nailing in the most liberal manner; anyone who sat on those chairs was likely to discover, in a painful manner, how liberal the nailing had been. Now the table was undergoing operation. Two of the legs were quite sound. The other two were being doctored.

Tuckey Toodles stood in the doorway, and watched the two amateur carpenters at work, with a disdainful grin on his fat and grubby face.

"It's up to me!" he repeated.

Bang, bang, bang!

"I think that's enough, Drake," remarked Rodney.

"Well, better put in enough nails," said Drake sagely. "We've got plenty of nails, luckily. We don't want that wedge to come off, and leave the leg loose again."

"But—"

"Well, one more—a good long one!"

"Oh, all right!"

Bang!



"Look at these curtains! Rejerky, ain't they?" said Tuckey Toodles, surveying the new possession with a beaming face of pride.

"Look here," recommenced Tuckey Toodles, "I tell you—"

Bang! Bang!

Drake was plying the hammer with great energy, heedless of Tuckey's attempts to make himself heard.

The good long nail was being driven in to the hilt.

Unfortunately, that final nail was like unto the last straw which broke the camel's back. The wooden wedge, which was being fixed on so carefully, split down the centre, and fell to the planks in two pieces.

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Drake, in dismay.

"I was rather afraid another nail would do it, old chap," murmured Dick Rodney.

"He, he, he!" came from Tuckey Toodles.

Drake turned a flushed and wrathful face upon the fat junior in the doorway.

"What's the cackle about, you chucking ass?" he demanded, with heat.

"He, he, he!"

"All serene. We've got some more wedges," said Rodney cheerily. "I think the table can be made to stand, and that's the main thing."

"He, he, he!"

"Buzz off, you fat ass!" exclaimed Drake, in great exasperation. "If

you can't lend a hand, don't stand there cackling like a fat hen!"

"It's up to me—"

"Dry up!"

"It's up to me to furnish the study, I can see that!" said Tuckey Toodles calmly. "If you fellows think I'm going to dig in a study with shaky old lumber like that in it, you're making a mistake! I sha'n't!"

"I hope you won't!" growled Drake. "Change into another study—if you can find any fellow ass enough to take you in!"

"I've a jolly good mind to," said Toodles warmly. "I'm not appreciated in this study. I never really get enough to eat here. I really don't know why I chum with two hard-up bounders like you chaps. It's just my good nature!"

"Then, for goodness' sake, give up being good-natured, and drop it," said Rodney.

"If you mean that, you fellows—" said Toodles, with a great deal of dignity.

"Well, we do!"

"Yes, rather!"

"He, he, he! I don't mind you fellows having your little joke," said Tuckey Toodles. "He, he, he! But to come down to business, the study has got to be refurnished. I've tried raising a collection for it, but the



fellows only put buttons and things in the collecting tin—"

"You silly ass!"

"That's not really very grateful, Drake, considering what I'm doing for you. You can let that lumber alone. I'm going to refurbish the study. As you fellows are stony, I'm going to find the money."

Tuckey Toodles made that statement in a very lofty manner.

Possibly he expected his generosity to be met by an outburst of gratitude and admiration on the part of his study-mates.

But it wasn't!

Instead of expressing admiration or gratitude, Drake only gave a scornful snort, and Rodney a sniff.

"Don't you catch on?" demanded Toodles. "I'm going to write to my pater for some money—"

"Oh, cheese it!"

"My pater, being rich—"

"Ring off!"

"I think the furnishing can be done on about twenty pounds, with economy. I'm standing the whole sum."

"You burbling ass!" exclaimed Drake. "Will you dry up? You can't raise twenty tanners, let alone twenty pounds! Give us a rest!"

"It's up to me," answered Toodles calmly. "I'm going to do it! I've already been looking over some furniture at Chade. Perhaps, when they move the new furniture in, Drake, you'll apologise!"

"Oh, yes, when they do!" grunted Drake. "Give us a rest till then. Let's get on, Rodney, or we sha'n't get this rotten thing to stand upright before prep."

"Go it!" said Rodney cheerily.

"But look here—as I'm going to furnish the study—"

"Dry up!"

"As I'm going—"

Jack Drake spun round towards Toodles, whirling up the hammer. The hammer came down with a crash on the bulkhead a foot from Tuckey's head, and the fat junior melted out of the doorway with a howl of alarm. His footsteps died away on the ladder, and Drake, with a chuckle, turned back to amateur carpentry.

#### Shopping in Style!

"GAD! What a merry nut!"

Daubeny, of the Shell, made that remark, as Tuckey Toodles came on deck on Wednesday afternoon—a half-holiday at St. Winifred's.

Not only Vernon Daubeny, but a good many other fellows, looked at Tuckey Toodles and grinned.

The fat youth was unusually resplendent.

As a rule, Tuckey Toodles was untidy, and he was always grubby.

Now he looked newly swept and garished, as it were.

His Etons had been brushed, his boots were bright, his collar was clean, his necktie neatly tied, and a shining silk topper was set upon his round, bullet head.

Evidently Toodles, of the Fourth, was engaged upon some excursion that afternoon of unusual importance, and had dressed for the occasion.

"My only hat!" exclaimed Raik, of the Fourth. "He's washed his neck!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And there isn't any ink on his collar!" ejaculated Sawyer major—"not even a spot of grease!"

"Wonders will never cease!"

"What's the game, Tuckey?"

"What's her name?" grinned

Daubeny, of the Shell.

"Eh? Whose name?" asked Tuckey, blinking at him.

"Aren't you goin' to meet a flapper?"

"You ass! Of course not!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Sawyer major. "Tuckey going flapping in his old age! Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm not!" roared Tuckey Toodles.

Rupert de Vere Toodles had his faults; in fact, their name was legion; but "flapping" certainly was not numbered among them.

There was a roar of laughter on the deck of the Benbow.

Even Lovelace and Oliphant, great men of the Sixth Form, who were chatting by the mainmast, burst into a chuckle. The idea of Tuckey Toodles going "flapping" was too much for the gravity even of prefects of the Sixth.

Tuckey Toodles cast an indignant glance round.

"You silly asses!" he exclaimed warmly. "I'm not going flapping! I'm going shopping!"

"Dressed in your best for shopping?" grinned Daubeny.

"He's not dressed in his best," chuckled Raik. "He's dressed in somebody else's best! I've seen that necktie on Drake!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And that's not Tuckey's topper. Tuckey's topper is like a busby. Whose topper is it, Tuckey?"

"I suppose I can borrow Rodney's Sunday topper if I like, Raik!"

"Does Rodney know?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gloves, too!" chortled Newson.

"Whose are the gloves, Tuckey?"

"And where did he bag that tie-pin?"

"And the gold studs?"

Tuckey Toodles elevated his fat little nose, and walked away haughtily towards the gangway to the shore.

He was conscious that he looked very nice and expensive, and it was distinctly unpleasant to have his elegant outfit picked to pieces in this way.

A chorus of chortles followed him.

Drake and Rodney came on deck, the latter with a football under his arm. The chums of the Fourth were going to footer practice that afternoon. Raik yelled to them.

"Look after your topper, Rodney!"

"Eh? What do you mean?" inquired Rodney, in astonishment.

He was wearing a St. Winifred's cap, and did not catch on.

"Your topper's going ashore for the afternoon," explained Raik.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What on earth—"

Tuckey Toodles quickened his steps across the gangway.

His various borrowings had not been mentioned to the owners of the articles concerned, and Tuckey did not want to have an argument about the matter.

"Hallo, Tuckey's looking unusually

fine!" remarked Drake, catching a back view of Toodles as he hurried off.

"He's got half the property of the Fourth on him," chuckled Raik—"your necktie, and Rodney's topper—"

"What?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a roar of laughter, as the two juniors ran on the gangway.

Tuckey Toodles heard their footsteps in pursuit, and he started running. But the fat junior was not of much use as a sprinter. Drake and Rodney overtook him a dozen yards from the bank of the Chadway, as he pounded along the path towards Chade.

"Stop, you fat boulder!" exclaimed Dick Rodney, catching Tuckey by the shoulder.

"Leggo! I'm in a hurry!" gasped Toodles.

"Is that my topper?"

"Nunno!"

"Let me look at it, then."

"I—I mean, I've borrowed it!" stammered Tuckey. "Mine's a bit off colour, and I want to look well this afternoon."

"You cheeky ass!" exclaimed Rodney wrathfully. "My Sunday topper!"

"And my ruby pin!" exclaimed Drake.

"You fat burglar!"

Tuckey Toodles backed away from his wrathful study-mates.

"Look here, you fellows—"

"Without even asking us!" said Rodney.

"Well, if I'd asked you for the things, you might have said 'No,'" explained Tuckey Toodles. "It's all right. I'm going shopping—"

"Not in my topper!"

"Nor in my pin!"

"But it's important," urged Tuckey Toodles. "The furniture-man may give me better value if I look prosperous, you know. Chap ought always to be well-dressed when he goes shopping. It makes the shopkeepers more respectful."

"Rot!"

"I'm doing it for your sakes, too, to furnish the study!" exclaimed Tuckey. "You might show a little gratitude."

"You're going to buy furniture?" howled Drake.

"Certainly!"

"Gammon!"

"You'll see when the stuff comes in," answered Toodles loftily. "You leave me alone. It's up to me, and I'm going to do it. Everything in our study is left to me to do; that's because I'm one of the strong, silent sort."

"Oh, crumbs!"

"I've dressed specially well to impress the shopkeeper," explained Tuckey. "You leave it to me. You fellows go and play footer—that's all you've got brains for. Ta-ta!"

Tuckey Toodles started up the road again, waving a fat hand to his astonished study-mates.

Drake and Rodney exchanged a glance.

"He's only spoofing, of course," said Drake. "He hasn't any money, and his people haven't any. I know that."



"But what's his game, then?" asked Rodney, puzzled.

"Blessed if I know! But we'll give him a chance; I suppose there's one chance in a million that he's telling the truth. If the furniture doesn't turn up, we'll give him a jolly good batting for annexing our things."

"Then he is booked for a batting!" said Rodney, laughing.

And the chums of the Fourth went on to Little Side; Tuckey Toodles, in his borrowed plumes, being left to his own devices.

**ASTOUNDING!**

**D**RAKE and Rodney came in to tea at dusk, hungry and ruddy, and quite forgetful of the existence of Rupert de Vere Toodles. They were reminded of his unimportant existence, however, by his fat face beaming at them across the tea-table.

Toodles seemed to be in high good humour.

To judge by his looks, his shopping excursion that afternoon had been a great success.

He nodded and grinned to his study-mates across the table; and when tea was over, he joined them, coming out of the dining-room.

"It's all right!" he announced.

"Damaged my topper?" asked Rodney. "If you have, I'm going to skin you. I can't afford to have a Sunday topper on the casualty list."

Toodles sniffed.

"Bother your old topper!" he said.

"It's all right! I'll buy you a new topper when I get a remittance, if you like, bless you."

"Thanks! I shan't want a new topper at the age of ninety."

"Why, you silly ass——" began Toodles wrathfully. Then he smiled again. "I tell you it's all right. The furniture's coming."

"What furniture?"

"For the study, of course."

"Gammon!"

"You'll see to-morrow," said Tuckey Toodles loftily. "I've arranged for the stuff to be delivered while we're at lessons to-morrow afternoon."

"What stuff?"

"The furniture!" howled Tuckey.

"Well, I'll believe in it when I see it," yawned Drake. "Blessed if I know what you are telling such whoppers for."

"Wait and see!" said Tuckey Toodles scornfully.

And that was all the chums of the Fourth could do, though they certainly did not expect to see the study furnished by Tuckey Toodles, howsoever long they waited.

That evening there was some more carpentry in No. 8 Study. A third chair, rescued from the lumber-room in the hold, was added to the supply. The mended table was a little uncertain on its legs, and required careful handling, and all three chairs had a slightly intoxicated appearance, but it was possible to do prep. in the study now, and that was something.

Tuckey Toodles did not conceal his utter contempt for the makeshift furniture in the study.

"That's the best you fellows can do," he said, with a sniff. "You wait till my new furniture comes! Just wait!"

Toodles was so persistent that his study-mates almost began to believe that the furniture really was coming.

But that did not seem possible, for it was certain that Toodles was the hardest-up fellow at St. Winifred's, and furniture was decidedly expensive since the war. Even the shiny rubbish at Mr. Goggs's in Chade was marked with high prices.

The story of Toodles' furniture had spread in the Fourth, and most of the juniors made merry over it. Not a fellow in the Form expected to see it arrive. But there was a surprise in store for the juniors of St. Winifred's. For once, as they were to learn with amazement, Tuckey Toodles had stated the facts!

The next day Toodles was still stick-

Drake gave a gasp. They were in the Form-room by that time, and Mr. Packe was present; otherwise, summary vengeance would certainly have fallen upon Rupert de Vere Toodles. Drake gave his fat study-mate a Hunnish look, and mentally promised him something to follow lessons.

But Tuckey Toodles seemed to have no apprehensions. He was very cheery and smiling that afternoon.

Half-way through lessons there was a sound of bumping on the deck of the Benbow, and Toodles whispered to Drake:

"That's it!"

"Eh? What's that?"

"That's the furniture coming on board."

"Ass!"



"I—I've only borrowed your topper," stammered Tuckey Toodles. "Mine's a bit off colour, and I want to look well this afternoon." "You fat buglar!" cried Dick Rodney.

ing to his point, and when the Fourth went into the Form-room for afternoon classes Tuckey remarked airily to Drake that they would find the study furnished when they came out after lessons.

"Still keeping up that yarn, you fat duffer?" said Drake.

"You'll see. By the way, I've had to clear the study ready," said Tuckey. "That rubbish you've been nailing up can't stay there, of course. There won't be room for it."

"Rats!"

"So I've shifted it out——"

"You fat chump! What have you done with it?"

"Pitched it into the hold!" answered Tuckey cheerily. "Most of it came to pieces. It doesn't matter, of course."

"But it really is, you know——"

"Fathead!"

Tuckey Toodles gave it up. There certainly was a movement of some kind going on on the deck of the old warship, and a sound of heavy articles being carried. But nobody in the Fourth believed that it was Tuckey's new furniture.

Tuckey Toodles waited impatiently for the dismissal of the Form. He was intensely relieved when Mr. Packe dismissed the juniors at last, and they streamed out of the Form-room.

In the passage Jack Drake caught Tuckey by one fat ear.

"Now, you podgy dummy——"

"Ow! Leggo!"

"If you've busted up the things we've mended——"

"My hat!" breathed Rodney



sulphurously. "We'll scalp him bald-headed if he has!"

"I tell you the new furniture's in the study!" roared Toodles.

"Rot!"

"Come along and see, then, you silly chumps!"

"Bring him to the study," said Rodney. "There isn't any furniture there, but there's a fives-bat, and that's what he wants!"

"Good!"

To the surprise of his study-mates, Tuckey Toodles offered no objection to being led to the study. He went with a grinning face. The trio arrived at No. 8 in the Fourth, and Jack Drake threw open the door.

Then he gave a yell of astonishment. No. 8 Study was crammed with furniture—brand-new furniture, that glittered and glistened with cheap varnish, and reflected the sunset at the window. Drake and Rodney stared blankly at it, utterly amazed. Tuckey Toodles burst into a triumphant chortle.

"What did I tell you?" he inquired loftily.

His study-mates did not reply. They were too astounded to speak.

#### The Climax!

"MUM-mum-my hat!" ejaculated Drake at last.

"He was telling the truth!" said Rodney in wonder.

"My word!"

Tuckey Toodles chuckled. "You lend me a hand getting my furniture to rights," he said.

"You'll have to be rather careful with my new furniture. I don't mind you fellows using it—I'm a generous chap—but you'll have to be careful with it. I say, isn't it splendid?"

Drake laughed.

The furniture undoubtedly must have cost a good deal of money, but it could hardly be called splendid. It was very shiny and pretentious, but there was no article of good quality among it. But juniors of the Fourth were not very particular in that regard; they did not insist upon artistic surroundings.

Such as it was, the new property was certainly very useful, and there was plenty of it.

There was a large table, stained to resemble mahogany. There were six chairs of the same colour, glittering with varnish. There was a square of carpet that rivalled Joseph's celebrated coat in its many colours—all of them striking. There were curtains of almost equally dazzling design. There was a bookcase with glass doors. There was a large armchair covered in chintz, with wonderful flowers on it. There was a gilt clock, and there were a pair of Japanese jars—which certainly had not come from Japan. There were other articles, too, and upon the whole No. 8 Study, from having been the barest room on board the Benbow, was now the most thoroughly filled. Indeed, the furnishing was rather overdone. Tuckey had evidently been under the impression that it was impossible to have too much of a good thing.

Tuckey surveyed the new possessions with a beaming face of pride.

"What do you think of this little lot?" he demanded.

"Oh, ripping!"

"Topping, old fellow!"

"Look at these curtains! Rejerky, ain't they?"

"Ha, ha! Yes!"

"And this looking-glass—tip-top, what?"

"Oh, rather!"

"Real Venetian gilt, you know," said Toodles. "Mr. Goggs said so."

"Well, Mr. Goggs ought to know," smiled Drake. "Anyhow, the things will be jolly useful. But where on earth did you get the tin?"

Tuckey waved a fat hand.

"Oh, that's all right. My people are rich, you know—"

"Ahem!"

"What did that lot cost?" asked Rodney.

"Only thirty pounds," answered Toodles negligently.

Rodney jumped.

"Thirty pounds!"

"Yes, and cheap at the price."

"But you never had thirty pounds!" exclaimed Rodney. "Do you mean to say that your father is paying thirty pounds for you?"

"My dear old chap," said Tuckey Toodles patronisingly, "you mustn't think that everybody's people are as hard up as yours! Thirty pounds is nothing to my folks!"

"Oh, all serene!" said Rodney.

"As you've got the things, I suppose the money must have come from somewhere. But we can't pay our whack in a sum like that, Toodles! Drake and I couldn't possibly raise ten quids each."

"No fear!" said Drake.

"Don't mench!" said Toodles airily. "I'm furnishing the study. I said it was up to me, and I've done it! What's the good of being rich, if a chap can't see his pals through their troubles?"

"Oh!" murmured Rodney.

"Just lend me a hand getting the study to rights," said Tuckey Toodles briskly. "It will look jolly rejerky when it's in order, I can tell you!"

"Righto!"

The three juniors set cheerfully to work.

Drake and Rodney had not recovered from their surprise, and they were not likely to recover from it in a hurry. They had not believed for a moment in Tuckey's lavish promises; but there was the furniture, and seeing was believing.

They could not help feeling that they had been a little rough on Tuckey. While they had been playing the part of Doubting Thomas, Tuckey Toodles had refurbished the study for all three! Evidently it was time to modify the opinion they had always had of Master Toodles!

A crowd of the Fourth came along to watch the study being "set out."

There was much amazement as the fellows looked in; seeing was believing, certainly; but it was hard to believe their eyes on this occasion. That Tuckey Toodles, the most impecunious fellow at St. Winifred's, had spent thirty pounds on rigging up the study, was too astounding a fact to be assimilated at once.

"Where did he get the tin?" Pierce Raik wanted to know. "Have you been burgling the Head's safe, Toodles?"

"Or backing a gee-gee?" asked Rawlings.

"Must be worth five or six pounds, that lot!" remarked Raik critically.

Tuckey Toodles gave him a glare at that.

"It cost thirty!" he snapped.

"I dare say it did; I was only alluding to what it was worth, old chap."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You fellows might kick that sneering rotter out," said Tuckey Toodles reproachfully.

"Certainly," answered Drake.

"Here, hands off—yoop!" roared Raik, as he departed from No. 8 Study—on his neck."

Raik did not look in again with any more disparaging remarks.

At tea-time, Drake and Co. looked rather tired and dusty; but No. 8 Study looked really resplendent.

Tuckey Toodles surveyed it with satisfaction that fairly bubbled over. He declared a dozen times at least that it looked "rejerky," and his study-mates agreed that it did.

"Now that the place is furnished, we ought to have a house-warming!" said Tuckey.

"Hum!"

"You fellows can stand that, as I've stood the furniture," added Tuckey.

"Like a bird, if there was any tin," answered Drake. "But I'm afraid it won't run to house-warmings just now, old son."

"I'd stand it myself, only I've had a pound note blown away," said Tuckey, with dignity. "I'm rather short of money, owing to that. It's up to you fellows."

"You see—"

"A real house-warming, with all the fellows the study will hold," said Tuckey. "That's the idea. You fellows ought to stand it."

"Can't be did."

"Well, if you stand me a jolly good spread, perhaps that will be just as good," said Toodles reflectively.

Drake laughed.

"Right as rain," he answered. "It will run to that, and we'll do it with pleasure. Come along to the canteen, Rodney."

"Righto!"

Money was still "tight" in No. 8 Study, resplendent as that apartment had become; but the chums felt that it was up to them to see that the first tea in the regenerated study was worthy of the occasion. There was an unusual expenditure in the school canteen amidships; and Tuckey Toodles' fat face beamed over the festive board in No. 8 with great satisfaction.

During the following days, Drake and Rodney found their quarters a great deal more comfortable.

Schoolboy usage soon deprived the new furniture of most of its aggressive shine and polish, so that it was more agreeable to the eye. And if the table was a little unsteady, it was easy enough to prop a book under one leg, and if the chairs rocked a little when sat upon, what did it matter anyway? And if the gilt clock failed to keep time, that did not matter much when the hours were sounded on the ship's bells. It certainly looked very gilt and bright hanging on the wall.

But on the Wednesday following the purchase of the new "sticks," Tuckey



Toodles might have been observed wearing a very thoughtful expression on his fat countenance.

That day, he surprised his study-mates by the remark:

"I suppose you fellows couldn't lend me two pounds?"

"No fear!"

"Sure?" asked Tuckey anxiously.

"Quite."

"Oh!" murmured Tuckey.

The next morning there was a letter for Tuckey Toodles. He took it down into the study to read; and carefully tore it up afterwards. An expression of deep gloom was noticeable on his face after the incident.

Once or twice, later in the week, Toodles repeated his query to his study-mates regarding the two pounds, a sum of which he seemed to be in urgent need. They could only repeat their assurance that they couldn't lend him that sum. But early the following week, when Tuckey referred to the subject again, the sum required had grown. It was four pounds that Master Toodles wanted now.

"Four pounds!" said Drake, looking up from his prep. in No. 8, when Toodles propounded his query. "What

on earth do you want four pounds for?"

"I—I happen to want it badly."

"Well, I am sorry—I suppose four-pence wouldn't be any good?"

"Oh, crumbs! What about you, Rodney?"

"Sixpence!" said Rodney, smiling.

"Oh, dear!"

"What's the matter, Tuckey?"

Tuckey seemed plunged into deep and morose reflection. However, on second thoughts he decided to take the fourpence and the sixpence, and they were handed over. Tuckey Toodles expended that small sum in the canteen; but without the effect of alleviating the deep gloom.

On Wednesday that week there was another letter for R. de V. Toodles, with the local postmark of Chade.

Toodles took it down to the study to read it, as before; but this time he did not tear it up. He put it into his pocket when he went to the Form-room. At lessons that morning Tuckey Toodles' fat face was a picture of gloom.

Drake and Rodney were really quite concerned about him; and they joined him when the Form was dismissed.

"Now, what's the matter, kid?" asked Drake. "You did the decent thing over furnishing the study, and if there's anything the matter, we'll help you if we can. Get it off your chest."

"I want four pounds to-day."

"Oh, dear!"

"And two more pounds next week!" said Tuckey desperately. "I—I—I haven't had some remittances I—I was expecting. And two more pounds the week after. And—and—"

"What the thump—"

"Look at this!" stammered Tuckey. He held out a letter, and Drake and Rodney looked at it. Then they jumped. For the letter ran:

GOGGS'S FURNITURE REPOSITORY, CHADE.

"Dear Sir,

"As the weekly payments for the furniture supplied by us on our Easy Payment System have not been kept up, that whole sum becomes due, and we shall, therefore, be obliged by your prompt remittance of the sum of £30.

"Yours faithfully,

"Goggs and Co."

THE END.

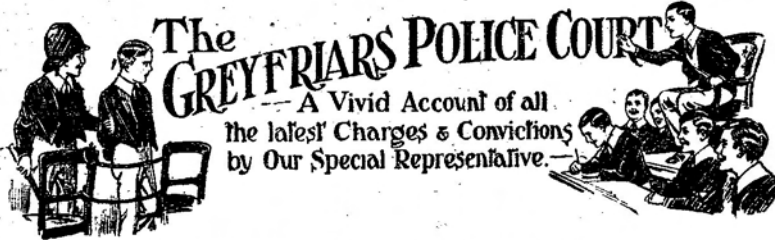
# MAGNIFICENT COLOURED PICTURE TO BE GIVEN FREE

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 sensational cases were on the list when Mr. Justice Wharton took his seat on a bent pin in the court this week.

The jury wrote out their verdicts on slates in advance and settled themselves for a nap.

### A MODERN SMUGGLER. Stott Faces Serious Charge.

Dramatic disclosures were made when William Stott, a hulking lout of unprepossessing appearance, was frog-marched into the dock to answer a charge of smuggling a hedgehog into the Remove dormitory.

Mr. Mark Linley, K.C., having disposed of a walnut he was in the act of masticating, opened the proceedings for the prosecution.

"In this disgraceful case, your worship," he said, "there are many extraordinary points to be cleared up."

Magistrate: What did someone sit on the hedgehog? (Loud laughter).

Mr. Linley: You're a funny chump, your worship! But to get on with the washing. Last Saturday night at three-and-a-half minutes past eleven o'clock, Sqiffy—I mean, Mr. Sampson Quincy, Ifley Field—suddenly sprang three feet out of his bed in the Remove dormitory with a bellow like a bull.

Foreman of the Jury (waking up suddenly): A bull in the field. Where?

When the misguided interrupter had been assisted from the court by P.-c. Bull's boot and another foreman had taken his seat on the coal-scuttle, the proceedings were proceeded with.

Mr. Linley: The cause of Sqiffy's sudden leap on the occasion on in question was a full-grown hedgehog which had evidently been placed in his bed and which he had rolled upon.

Magistrate: The silly ass!

Mr. S. Q. I. Field (springing to his feet): I'll punch your fat head, your worship!

Magistrate: And I'll fine you three-ha'pence for contempt of court in a minute, young fellow-me-lad. You can have your silly say when you go into the witness box.

Mr. Linley: As I was saying when two slab-headed idiots interrupted—

Magistrate (severely): Produce your witnesses if you've got any. I don't want to stay here all night listening to your cackle.

A slight altercation then took place between the counsel and his worship in which the former received a black eye and the latter a thick ear.

When the magistrate had resumed his seat on the bench, Mr. S. Q. I. Field entered the witness box.

"Last Saturday night," he stated, "I was sleeping the sleep of the just—"

Magistrate: Oh, stow all that! You were stung, bitten or kicked by a hedgehog or something. Now go on from there.

Witness: Well, as I felt the beast's

nine thousand spikes enter my recumbent body, I naturally gave a cry of surprise and indignation. At the same moment I heard a hoarse laugh—Hi, wake up, you frabjous chump!

Magistrate (opening his eyes): Sorry—you made me tired. But go on from where the hedgehog laughed.

Witness: Hedgehog! What the thump do you mean? It didn't!

Magistrate: Then what did you say it did for? Be more careful or I'll indict you for perjury.

Witness: I didn't say so, fathead. It was Stott's laugh I heard.

Magistrate: Stand down. Has the prosecution any more witnesses?

Mr. Linley: Bags of 'em! There are about a score of chaps who saw the hedgehog.

Magistrate: Did any of 'em see Stott smuggle the hedgehog into the dormitory?

Mr. Linley: No, but—

Magistrate: Then the case is dismissed.

Field (rising again suddenly): What? Why, I knew by the laugh I heard that it was Stott! You don't think the beastly hedgehog walked into the dormitory and got into my bed on its own accord, do you?

Magistrate: Naturally it would go to a Field. (Loud applause.)

The case was then dismissed, but outside the court Stott's eye bumped hard against the fist of Mr. S. Q. I. Field!

### REPORTS IN BRIEF.

A slovenly, beastly little brat named Bolsover minor was charged with sticking a pin in the tyre of a bicycle, the property of Mr. Frank Nugent.

It was stated that accused was caught in the very act.

The magistrate commenting on the case said that he believed in the principle of a black eye for a black eye and a molar for a wisdom tooth and sentenced the unhappy prisoner to a dozen jabs in the calf with a tie-pin.

A mild sensation was created when Alonzo Todd was hurled into the dock charged with the serious offence of having suddenly poked his head out of a railway carriage window, thereby nearly frightening an aged rustic on Friardale station into a fit.

Accused who bore witness on his own behalf, said:

"I can assure you, my dear Wharton, that I had absolutely no intention of creating an unfavourable effect on the unfortunate rustic. To discern the name of the station as the train entered it, I was compelled to protrude my face from the carriage."

Magistrate: I suppose you did have to—worst luck! However, as you can't help your chivvy, you're let off with a caution, but be more careful in future when strangers are about.

## EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY

This week:

By LORD MAULEVERER

Monday.—Woke up feelin' frightfully fagged. Intended to enjoy another forty winks, but Bob Cheery pitched the bedclothes on to the floor, an' me after 'em. Fell asleep durin' brekker, an' again durin' mornin' lessons. Severely reprimanded by Quelchy on each occasion. Intended to bike over to Courtfield this evenin' to do some shoppin'—but it's too much fag!

Tuesday.—Lost a fiver. Must have mislaid the beastly thing somewhere. Wharton an' the others are very upset about it. They've bumped me three times already for bein' such a careless ass. Billy Bunter is suspected of havin' walked off with the fiver. At the moment of makin' this entry in my diary, he is loudly protestin' his innocence.

Wednesday.—Fiver still missin'. Bunter still suspected. I'm still bein' bumped. What a life! Bob Cheery compelled me to turn out an' play footer this afternoon. Ow! I'm achin' in every limb as I write. Footer's a frightfully faggin' an' exhaustin' game, begad!

Thursday.—The news of the missin' fiver reached Quelchy's ears, an' the suspicion against Bunter is gradually growing stronger. Quelchy ordered an exhaustive search to be made, and we've ransacked my study, the Remove dorm., an' every nook an' corner of Greyfriars. No luck!

Friday.—Still no sign of the fiver. Bunter taken before the Head on suspicion. He persists that he's innocent, but unfortunately Bunter's got a reputation for pickin' and stealin'. Nearly everybody believes him guilty.

Saturday.—My brain was more active than usual this mornin', an' I suddenly remembered havin' disposed of my fiver. I sent it by post to my London tailor, in settlement of a bill for a fancy waistcoat. Explained matters to Quelchy, an' cleared Bunter, but got a lickin' for carelessness. I'm devotin' the evenin' to gruntin' an' groanin', but nobody sympathises with me. It's a harsh world, begad!



# 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.

### In the Soup!

The other boarders were quite pleased to have as a companion a new guest who had survived the Arctic expedition.

One day the newcomer was reciting some of his exciting experiences in the Far North.

"Yes," he said, "we were slowly starving to death, when one of our party had a grand idea. He cut up our boots, stewed 'em into soup and—"

"Sh-sh!" hissed the rest of the boarders. "Mrs. Skinnem's coming; don't let her hear you!"—Sent in by W. H. Arney, 11, Copnor Road, Copnor, Portsmouth.

### Sum Answer!

The teacher had written 97.2 on the blackboard and to show the effect of multiplying by ten, rubbed out the decimal point. She then turned to the class and said:

"Now Tommy, where is the decimal point?"

"Please teacher, on the duster!" replied Tommy promptly.—Sent in by A. Piercy, 91, New Faulkner Street, Hoole, Chester.

### A Speedy Cure!

Proud Cyclist: Yes, it took me a week's hard work to learn to ride my machine.

Friend (scoffingly): And what have you got for your pains?

Cyclist: Oh, the usual thing—arnica.—Sent in by W. Copland, Birkenshaw, Busby Road, Giffnoeh.

### Slightly Different!

Mrs. Scroggins: She told me that when 'er dorter got married, the bridegroom give 'er a 'orse and a trap.

Mrs. Jorkins: Yus, I know—a clothes 'orse and a mouse trap!—Sent in by P. Enderby, 83, Hagley Road, Birmingham.

### Heard on the 'Bus!

Fussy old lady (getting on the 'bus): Now don't forget, conductor, I want the Bank of England.

Conductor: All right, mum. (Then aside to a policeman). Say, she don't want much, do she, mate—Sent in by J. Oliver, 11, Burbage Road, Herne Hill, S.E. 24.

### Very Exact!

A two-foot rule was given to a labourer in a Clyde shipyard to measure an iron plate. After some considerable time he returned.

"Well, Mike," said the plater, "what's the size?"

"Faith," replied Mike, with a grin of satisfaction, "it's the size o' your rule and two thumbs over, wid this

piece o' brick, and the breadth o' my hand and arm from here to there, less the finger!"—Sent in by G. H. Tile, 65, Penfold Road, Folkestone.

### Easily Done!

Small Boy: 'Ere, gimme a ha'porth o' mixed sweets.

Shopkeeper: Here are two, me lad. You can mix 'em yourself.—Sent in by Miss M. Ramsbottom, 20, Turncroft Lane, Darwen, Lancs.

### Bunter's Boundless Knowledge!

Mr. Quelch: Can you explain to me the meaning of the expression 'knows no bounds,' Bunter?

Billy Bunter: Yes, sir—a kangaroo with rheumatism, sir!—Sent in by L. G. Phillips, 128, Malefant Street, Cathays, Cardiff.

### HE GOT THE "BIRD!"



1. "By golly, it am hot to-day!" gasped Sambo. "I done gone tink I'll hab a rest on dat dere stone, Rastus." So down he sat to cool himself.

### A Quaint Con-seat!

The crowd were struggling and fighting to leave the hall after the political meeting, when the dear old Irish lady who was sitting calmly in her seat turned to an attendant.

"Faith," she said, "if everybody else would only do as I do, and stay quietly in their seats until everyone has gone out, there wouldn't be any crush at the doors at all, at all!"—Sent in by E. Langridge, 23, Lewes Street, Brighton.

### "Hard" Luck!

"Did you 'ear about Jim 'Arris, the International back what the Busters signed on?"

"No. What about 'im?"

"Well, 'e 'ad an accident, and is in the 'ospital."

"Indeed? 'Ow did it 'appen?"

"Like this. They asked Jim to play in a cricket-match. Well, one chap 'it the ball 'igh in the air, and Jim forgot 'imself, and 'aded it!"—Sent in by S. J. Summers, 22, Leicester Road, Hinckley, Leicestershire.

### A Cutting Request!

At a certain hospital in France, the matron, for some reason of her own, thought that her patients should not visit the neighbouring village, and in consequence passes were few and far between. One day a Tommy applied for a pass to go to the village, and the matron asked him why he desired to go.

"I want to go to a shop there," he said.

"Well, I am going to the village myself," snapped the matron. "I will get what you want for you."

"Right!" answered the Tommy, with a smile. "Get me a haircut and shave, please!"—Sent in by H. Robinson, 9, George Street, Redcar, Yorkshire.

### Fishy Knowledge!

Teacher: Can anyone in the class tell me what a fishing-net looks like?

Voice from the foot of the class: Please, sir, a lot of holes tied together with string!—Sent in by A. Elliott, 7, Walton Street, Stapleton Road, Bristol.

### He Meant Well!

"Now, Pat," said the manager, "I'm giving you this little pig for your birthday."

"Faith, an' it's just loike you, sir!" exclaimed Pat gratefully.—Sent in by T. Sneddon, "Moorefield," Millerhill, Dalkeith, Mid-Lothian.

### Bracing Wit!

D'Arcy: I say, Hewwies, deah chap, weahly you ought to call your bulldog Buttons instead of Towser.

Herries: Buttons? Why?

D'Arcy: Well, he's so often attached to twousers, you know!—Sent in by E. Law, 100, Winchester Road, Colchester.



2. But Sambo's resting-place was a giant egg, nearly ripe, and he hatched out a lovely specimen of the Wockalooloo bird in the above spirited fashion.

### A Serious Affair!

"The duke is angry with me," murmured the duchess, an American heiress.

"Seriously?" asked her friend, accepting another cup of tea.

"Oh, very! He has refused to borrow any money from me now for more than a week!"—Sent in by J. Henderson, 35, Waterloo Road, Leyton, E.10.



# THE RED MAN'S TRAIL

A stirring serial story dealing with adventures amongst Redskins

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

**T**HE few birds that were flitting about on the prairie seemed oppressed by the heat, and the prairie-owls, sitting at the entrance of their burrows, hardly took the trouble to move as the little cavalcade rode past them.

The heads of their horses drooped as the afternoon wore on, and only Maud the mule went frisking along. Prairie Wolf, with his feathered top-hat cocked rakishly over his left eye, sitting side saddle on her back and dozing as he rode.

They were now down in the buffalo-grass country again where the ground was covered by thick tussocks of dead grass, brown and withered, with a few green shoots growing through from its roots.

Late in the afternoon the sure-footed Maud made a slip by putting her foot in the hole of a prairie-dog, and standing on her head, throwing the somnolent Prairie Wolf head foremost on to his top-hat into which his venerable head disappeared.

This woke Prairie Wolf from his slumbers.

He sat where he had fallen and pulled his head out of his hat.

"Broke um hat!" he grunted, looking at his dilapidated topper, and rearranging the eagle feather which was stuck in its crown.

"Good job you didn't break your neck, Grandpa!" said Uncle Baldy, wiping his heated forehead with his red handkerchief. "And, now you are awake," he added, "perhaps you will tell us what you think of the weather!"

Prairie Wolf looked up at the sky and sniffed the air like a dog.

"Prairie him fire!" he answered.

"For my word, I believe you are right," replied Uncle Baldy, looking up at the sky where great copper coloured towers of cloud were rising, looking like the battlements of huge castles.

"Manitou him talk pretty loud presently!" said Prairie Wolf, as he once more mounted Maud the mule.

"What does he mean by that?" asked Kit.

"Why, he means that we are going to have some thunder an' lightning, and, I'd say from the shape o' those clouds, that he's not far wrong!" answered Uncle Baldy.

"Then we shall get some rain!" said Joe, "and that will put out the prairie fire."

But Uncle Baldy shook his head doubtfully.

"A storm don't always mean rain in this section o' the country," said he. "I've seen two men and a bunch o' cattle struck as dead as Pharaoh, without a drop o' rain, and I've seen a cyclone come out o' clouds, like those yonder, that shifted a whole township like a pack o' cards. At times there's some queer weather plays over this open country, where there's nought to stop it."

But there was no sign of wind as the little party rode onwards through the heat and silence of the vast plain.

The sun was hidden by the clouds as it sank to the west, turning everything to a deep blood-red colour.

Then, when the darkness was falling, a fitful wind began to sigh over the withered prairie, sometimes blowing in heavy gusts.

Buck Dixie shook up his horse. "Wake up, old chap!" said he. "It's fifteen miles to our camping place, and—"

His words were cut short by a dazzling flash of lightning, which split the sky from the zenith to the horizon.

Then followed a distant rumble of thunder at which Maud the mule, lifting her head, squealed defiantly in answer.

## 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. The air becomes more and more oppressive, and soon it is apparent that a great prairie fire is in progress.

Although the boys laughed at Maud, they could not help feeling awed as they urged on their horses whilst Maud galloped along in fine style beside them.

"You wait!" called Prairie Wolf, through the darkness. "Manitou talk pretty loud plenty quick. Him heap cross along Navajo people!"

And another flash of lightning lit the gathering darkness whilst the thunder rolled all round the horizon like the rumble of a great battle.

The horses were frightened and sweating now, and pushed forward fast, bunching together as though for mutual protection against the elements.

Only Maud the mule was defiant. Every time the thunder crashed, she squealed.

And far away on the eastern horizon, they could see, between the lightning flashes, that a wide, red belt in the sky was steadily spreading.

It was no great light, just a dull red flash which faded and increased in light every few minutes.

To the boys it looked like the red glow that hangs over London on a dark night, when the clouds are flying low.

But Buck Dixie clapped his spurs to Starlight as he discerned this baleful glow.

"Got to get a move on, boys!" said he. "The prairie's afire right enough, and it's sweeping down on us!"

## The Great Stampede!

**T**HE eastern sky grew red and angry with the lelfires of the burning prairie as the little party, spurring up their jaded steeds, raced across the dry space of buffalo-grass which were interspersed, at this part of the prairie, with a low growing resinous underbrush.

They were crossing a front of advancing fire many miles in length, and it was not long before they realised that this sea of fire was sweeping down on them at incredible speed, whirling across the prairie under the forced draught of a local wind of its own making.

The tremendous heat, rising from hundreds of square miles of smouldering tussock-grass, was drawing in a gale of cooler air which drove the fire on with almost incredible speed, for



the dry buffalo-grass caught and flared like straw, setting fire to the resinous brush which burned fiercely, setting light to scattered belts of small pine trees which blazed like torches.

And soon the glow of the advancing fire had increased so that the night sky was lit as bright as day in a blood-red reflection, through which the lightnings of the rainless electric storm flickered and slashed in dazzling flashes.

The boys were awed. To them, this tremendous spectacle looked like the end of the world.

Even old Prairie Wolf was startled out of his Redskin calm.

"Heap big too much fire!" he grumbled as he ambled along on Maud the mule, who was covering the ground in fine style.

The horses were nervous and sweating and shying, for there is nothing that a horse dreads more than fire. And, all about them, crawling, creeping and racing through the rough tussocks of buffalo-grass, were the creatures of the prairie, flying before the racing sea of fire.

Fleetway shied as, almost under his feet raced a coyote, travelling at forty miles an hour, his tail between his legs. He disappeared into the red shadowy prairie in a flash, although the fire was yet some six or eight miles away.

Then Buck Dixie reined in Starlight and listened.

The night was filled with a deep thundering sound, plainly audible above the distant roar of the fire and the rumbling of the thunder.

His companions, at a sign from him, reined in their horses and listened intently, the horses and Maud the mule bunching together, showing the whites of their eyes, and forming a wild-looking group in the blood-red flaring night.

The whole sky seemed alight now, wild torn clouds drifting overhead, catching the red flare in piled masses.

"It's a big fire!" exclaimed Buck, "and it's sweeping all round us like a big half-moon. And we are in the bend of the bow. I had hoped to get across it to a safe place before it crossed our track, but we sha'n't do it. There's an eighty miles front of fire—and listen to that."

The dull thundering sound increased. "That's cattle or bison, or both!" exclaimed Buck. "They are stampeding in front of the fire which is rounding them up over eighty miles of country, driving them together in mobs."

"But why don't they run from it, like the coyote that nearly fetched me off Fleetwing just now?" asked Kit. "He was travelling fast enough. He's left the fire miles behind now!"

"Why, Kit," replied Buck Dixie. "Both the bison and the wild cattle will have their calves with them. And the calves can't travel fast. The fire bewilders them. They don't know which way it is advancing and the smell of the burning maddens them. The result is, that the herds wander up and down the front of the fire seeking rather a way to break through it. Then, when the fire reaches them, they stampede back a bit. But they always face the fire and never run away from it. The coyote is different.

He is used to running on his own and knows his own line of country. But the cows and the calves always depend on the leaders of their herd, whether they be buffalo or wild cattle, and they are as helpless as a lot of women and children."

Buck Dixie slipped from his saddle and laid his ear against the ground, whilst Starlight stood steady over his crouching master, sniffing the air fretfully. For Starlight could scent both fire and buffalo.

Buck leaped to his saddle once more.

"Come on, boys!" he said. "We must quit! The herds have got a full stampede on and they are coming this way. That means that they have lost their calves, driving in front of the fire. The young things have given up, tired out, and have been caught by the flames. We must make a

the maddened herds of runaway and store cattle, mavericks and tame steers which mingled with common fear amongst the great herds of wild buffalo—all shepherded together in one great maddened army by that huge circle of fire.

The great herd of buffalo was fairly caught, for a long continued spell of dry weather had driven in divisions down from the higher country to the level prairies where water still remained in the pools and water-course.

And all these diverse creatures, brought together by the red whip of the flame, had hung before the fire's approach trying to save the calves and young things which were soon exhausted by the fast travelling before that lurid blaze.

The herds had been driven forty



Buck Dixie sat very straight in his saddle, looking like some knight of old in the red glare, as the glorious Starlight, picking his way slowly and daintily, walked surefooted across the bridge.

straight run for it now or we'll be caught in the herds, and maybe crushed and gored to death."

Buck Dixie swung Starlight's head round at right angles to the course they had been pursuing, and the little party started off, heading due westward.

It was almost impossible to say where the fire was now, for its reflection was so strong on the wild clouds that the western horizon was as light as the eastern.

But as they gained the crest of a slight rise of the prairie and looked back, they saw such a spectacle as caused them to catch their breath, for as far as the eye could reach, from north to south and curving round the horizon towards the west, holding them in a circle of fire that was near forty miles in circumference, the prairie was ablaze.

And before the fire, right behind them, moved great black masses which came on like an army, the masses of

miles by the fire, and were jaded and worn with their fear and their efforts to bring the calves along beyond the reach of the pursuing flames.

But now that the calves were gone and they felt the stinging whip of the flakes of fire which, carried thousand of feet skyward by the tremendous up-draught, fell about them in a great rain of sparks, panic had seized the mob. The leading bulls, both cattle and buffalo, had taken charge of their herds and set the pace with one of those mysterious movements which govern the flight of birds and of the simultaneous movements of animals and human mobs.

"Jerushy!" exclaimed Uncle Baldy, as he looked back over his shoulder to that great black line that was racing before the fire. "It's a panic!"

And it was a panic indeed, more terrible even than the human panic of a theatre fire. It was a charge of three or four hundred thousand beasts stamping and goring, packing in

crushes where the stronger trampled the weaker down. All were flying head-long whither they knew not.

It was one of those great disasters of the animal kingdom which the human eye is seldom privileged to see, but, over the dry bones of which geologists marvel and propound their theories.

The herds were travelling now as fast as the horses. Looking back over their shoulders the boys could see the tossing forests of horns of the cattle mixed up in inextricable confusion with the shaggy humps of the buffaloes.

And the thunder of a million hoofs, seemed to shake the very earth as that vast army of maddened cattle swept on, whipped towards them by the dazzling lightnings.

And the panic was increased by the terror of the fire which was now sending huge whirlwinds of sparks ahead of it for miles.

The little flying group of horse-men found themselves overwhelmed by a heavy rain of sparks which fell from the sky in a heavy shower.

The stuff was ashes and burning charcoal from the small branches of the undergrowth which, carried thousands of feet in the air, fell in glowing flakes, starting small fires burning in the tussock-grass miles ahead of the line of conflagration.

The boys were thoroughly awed as they raced along. They were reminded of the destruction of the Roman city of Pompeii, near Naples, by blinding showers of ashes from the crater of Vesuvius in its greatest eruption. It seemed as though the heavens themselves were raining fire.

The sparks stung their hands and burned smouldering holes in their clothes, but the horses took no harm, they were in such a lather of sweat that the sparks could not burn their wet coats.

On they went, increasing their speed. But the black wall of cattle sweeping before the hurricane of fire seemed to be overhauling them. They could hear the roaring of the cattle mob, the bellowing of the bulls and the lowing of the cows joining in one great deep-throated roar of anguish.

Buck Dixie shouted to Teekopi, who nodded and took the lead.

The prairie was smouldering all round them, sending up small spirals of smoke from the large dry tussocks of grass which soon would break into flame.

The air grew hotter and hotter as they flew along, old Prairie Wolf seated rocking and awkward on Maud the mule.

Maud was going splendidly and she was about the only member of the party who was not thoroughly awed.

She squealed defiantly in answer to the red glare of the fire and the thundering roar of the oncoming host of cattle, as though they were offering her some personal offence.

Buck looked back over his shoulder, the red glare lighting his stern, set face.

"We are in a tight pinch, boys!" he cried. "I was a fool not to make a run for it before. But this fire is a bigger thing than I looked for and I had no notion that there were so many

cattle in this country. It's the drought and the Redskin warfare that have driven them into this round-up."

"Where are we making for?" gasped Joe, who had twisted a handkerchief over his mouth to shut out the smoke and the sparks that were flying so freely through the air.

"It's the Devil's Bridge for us, my boy!" cried Buck, raising his voice to a shout that the boys might hear it above the din of the oncoming host. "I make it that it's about four miles away. It's a tricky bit of riding. But we've got the mule and, where she'll go, the horses will follow!"

The boys had heard talk of the Devil's Bridge. It was a queer natural bridge of rock across a deep canyon that split the prairie for miles.

The canyon was called the Devil's Canyon, and it was declared by the cowboys that the devil, hopping out of San Francisco in a hurry, as he found that city too hot to hold him, was making for Chicago to take up his residence there, and this was the end of his first stride. Where his hoof had hit the earth he had split the prairie.

There were others who said that the canyon was caused by an earthquake. But the matter of fact was that, in the course of countless years, a small stream flowing from the foothills of the distant Rockies had cut down through the sandstone till for over a hundred miles a deep crevasse, in many places over two hundred feet deep had been cut in the prairie.

And in one place only were these perpendicular sandstone cliffs, joined by a freakish natural bridge where some harder stratum of rock had withstood the action of the water.

Where this bridge crossed the canyon it was nearly a hundred yards wide, and the bridge itself, at its crest or roadway, if such a perilous ridge or path could be called a path or road, was barely two feet in width.

It was said that Laughing Cloud, the famous Indian chief, closely pursued by his enemies had passed over this bridge at full gallop and this was the subject of many Indian legends. But it was said that Laughing Cloud's pursuers had never reached the other side, for all had slipped and fallen into the chasm below.

And this was the place for which Buck Dixie was heading.

Old Prairie Wolf had caught the words "Devil's Bridge," and he grinned as he gave a wild yell that sent Maud the mule flying forward, for he knew that he had chosen the right animal for this job. Maud was as surefooted as a cat.

They were travelling fast now, but the stampeding cattle were travelling faster.

Closer and closer drew the thunder of those myriads of hoofs and the little band of fugitives swept onwards through the golden rain of flying sparks.

Behind the cattle the fire seemed to be gathering speed as the prairie caught in advance from that terrible blinding shower of sparks and started to flare up even under the hoofs of the racing herds, which gored and struggled as they ran.

To the boys it seemed more like forty miles than four miles as Teekopi, who

knew the ground well even in this bewildering flare, steered them towards the perilous bridge.

Closer and closer drew the leading mass of the herd to their heels.

Buck Dixie knew what was happening.

They themselves were making the pace for the most powerful of the fugitives, and he knew that he must check the leaders of the herd here and now. They were close on the great crevasse and the bridge. Their horses would shy at it for a moment, and they must get Maud the mule, whose temper was an uncertain quantity, to take the lead across that perilous saddle-back.

He shouted to his companions to ride for their lives, and to Prairie Wolf to show the way across.

And Prairie Wolf threw up his hand in an answering gesture.

The little bunch swept on towards the bridge, but Buck Dixie, turning Starlight, brought him to a standstill facing that terrible line of charging cattle and that terrible pursuing fire.

Here was a test for horse and man!

To stick up to a charge of maddened buffalo and wild cattle, backed by rank after rank, thirty, forty, and fifty files deep—hundreds of thousands in all—was the test of a great horseman and of a great horse.

But Starlight did not falter as he turned and faced the terrible charge, backed by that more terrible glare of pursuing fire.

The leading buffalo of the herd was only twenty yards away, and at the sight of the lonely horse and horseman blocking his path he lowered his mighty head with a deep bellow, and charged.

But Buck Dixie brought his rifle to his shoulder and fired.

His hand did not falter.

Down went the leader of the herd with a crash, and as though by magic all his followers checked, their instinct at fault, throwing up their heads and bellowing the loss of their leader.

They scented danger ahead, spread out their feet, and turned, goring and stamping their way back into the mob which circled in on itself, a close, compact mass.

Hundreds of animals were crushed to death in that mighty scrimmage, as the bison amongst the herd tried to take up their instinctive formation of battle—cows in the centre, and the fighting bulls on the fringe of the mob.

Crack! went Buck Dixie's rifle again.

This was a long shot, for away three hundred yards to the left of him another section of the herd was breaking forward under the leadership of a bull. This was an ordinary maverick bull, or stray from the advance of the cattle-herd of the Paleface. But in this hour of terror the bison were following him tamely.

The shot was a clean one, hitting the bull close behind the head, and bringing him down with a crash.

Bang!

Down went another bull to the right as it tried to break forward, and a hasty glance backward showed Buck Dixie that his companions were already at the bridge, and that Maud the mule, lifting her feet daintily and



carefully as a cat on hot bricks, was already leading the way across that terrible passage.

For once in a way Maud had risen to the occasion. Goodness knows by what magic old Prairie Wolf had knocked up a thorough understanding between himself and his ill-tempered mount. But with Prairie Wolf on her back Maud would have walked, like the famous Blondin across a tight-rope over the Niagara rapids.

There she was, in the red glare, cautiously picking her way along that giddy path, with just room for her hoofs, and a sheer fall of two hundred feet on either side of her.

Bang!

Bang!

Right and left Buck Dixie fired, bringing down a leading bull each time, checking the herd, which, but for the momentary stopping of their leaders, would have swept forward, to bear him and his companions over those dizzy cliffs in their terrible rush.

And so long as there is a Navajo, an Apache or a Soshone Indian left in the world to sing the song, the song will be sung of the great "Buk Dik-see" and his horse "Lutunik," or Starlight, who single-handed stopped the great bison herd at the Devil's Canyon, for the few scant moments that were necessary to allow his companions to brave the Devil's Bridge.

There are grave American lawyers and doctors and University professors in the United States to-day who have Redskin blood in their veins, and who love the old songs that their mothers taught them. And these of nights will sometimes tell their children in song of the great deed of Buck Dixie and of his incomparable horse Starlight—a man with a great heart and a horse likewise of a great heart—who stayed the great death-rush of the buffalo and cattle herds into the Devil's Canyon—just for a few brief moments.

The crush of cattle increased at this point as the herds checked, till the cattle were jammed together in a tight mob.

Some leaped up from the scrimmage and ran upon the backs of the others, their shapes outlined black against the red fires, and over the whole swept down that pitiless rain of fire, whilst that one brave horseman and his steed held the Devil's Bridge against a hundred thousand bellowing, maddened beasts.

#### The End of the Buffalo.

THE boys found themselves on the bridge and at the edge of the yawning chasm with startling suddenness, for the Devil's Canyon was so hidden in the plain that it was hardly visible till they were upon it.

Old Prairie Wolf clucked to Maud the mule, who stepped forward obediently, and tried that narrow, serrated strip of rock which, supported on three piers of living rock, spanned the chasm and the stream that was brawling below through its stony bed.

They could hear the rush of the water echoing up from the darkness. They could not see the bottom of the Devil's Canyon, for it was wrapped in shadow, whilst the red sandstone cliffs above glowed as though they

were red-hot in the reflected light of the prairie fire.

And, into this chasm, the shower of sparkling, fiery flakes came sifting down like the flakes of a snowstorm.

The boys glanced round hastily.

Behind them they could see Buck Dixie, a scant two hundred yards away, covering their retreat against the red glare of the fire and the packed herd of buffalo and cattle.

They realised that he was risking his life to save them, and that they were witnessing a deed as heroic as that of the brave Horatius, who kept the bridge for Rome thousands of years ago.

But there was no time to spare, nor could they do anything to help Buck Dixie save to leave the bridge clear for him.

Uncle Baldy had reined up his horse tightly, and slowly followed Maud the mule out on to that dizzy path.

Uncle Baldy's back was a regular picture as he rode out on the jagged narrow bridge. Tense and quivering in his saddle, he looked like a red-hot statue in the glare.

"Joe!" called Kit.

Joe went forward, his horse taking the bridge calmly as it followed Uncle Baldy's horse, with whom it was friendly.

Then Teekoopi started, and Kit, with an inward prayer for Buck's safety, followed him.

None of them dared to look down into that dark chasm between the red glowing cliffs. They sat straight in their saddles, each man and boy staring straight at the back of the man riding ahead of him.

Down below they could hear the river brawling amongst the rocks, and they knew that the slightest slip would hurl them down two hundred feet, to be smashed to pieces.

There were a hundred yards of this terrible ride, and it seemed a hundred miles. And there were only two in the party who were quite at their ease.

These were Prairie Wolf and Maud the mule, who led the van.

Maud ambled along the broken, rugged, narrow path as easily and as

happily as if she were trotting along a broad highway. It was plain that Maud was not afflicted by giddiness.

And, on her back, old Prairie Wolf was chanting a wild song to the shade of his national hero, the long dead great war chief, "Laughing Cloud," who had ridden this bridge at full speed in the darkness of the night.

The chant was an invocation to the spirit of Laughing Cloud to bring them all across safely; and ever afterwards, Prairie Wolf declared that it was his invocation that did the trick.

For Maud crossed safely, and, one by one, the following horses, their nostrils dilated, and their eyes shining, stepped gingerly across that terrible path, landing safe on the other side of the great chasm.

They turned and saw Buck Dixie, a silhouetted figure, clear cut against the red glare of the oncoming fire, trotting back to the end of the bridge.

And, behind him, pressed on by the thousands crushing behind them, came the great herd, penned and driven to its doom between the fire and the straight drop of the chasm cliffs.

Starlight came to the end of the bridge, and lifting his head sniffed the air, for he smelled the water below.

Then, without hesitation, he stepped on to the razor-back path.

The boys had slipped from their horses, and they watched rider and steed breathlessly as they crossed the bridge.

But Starlight did not hesitate.

Buck Dixie sat very straight in his saddle, looking like some knight of old in the red glare, as the glorious Starlight, picking his way slowly and daintily, walked surefooted across the bridge.

And the boys gave a sigh of relief, whilst old Prairie Wolf grunted, as sort of "I told you so!" of approval.

But no sooner was Buck safe across the bridge, than the boys caught their breath and stood appalled.

The struggling, driven herd was packed for a moment at the edge of the precipice, a black, bellowing mass of tossing heads and horns.

For a couple of miles they closed on the edge of that dizzy cliff, fighting and struggling against the pressure from behind.

But no power on earth could stop the march of the fire that was driving them, till it reached the edge of that natural fire break, the chasm.

There was a crash and a bellowing as the first half-dozen black forms, thrust over the edge of the cliff, thundered down into the abyss below.

Then the boys hid their eyes, for the great buffalo herd topped the cliff like a vast wave, and roared down into the chasm right and left for miles.

Only one or two found their way on to the rugged bridge. But these were too bewildered to keep their footing, and down they crashed into the abyss.

One young bison bull, his eyes flaming and his shaggy head lifted, stepped it safely across, and Buck, who was fascinated by this terrible but grand scene, bade the boys look.

The bull got across and sped away at full gallop into prairie beyond, and the boys, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, cheered him as he ran, the

## JOLLY As Can Be

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sole survivor of the tragedy of the Devil's Canyon, in which over three hundred thousand head of wild cattle and buffalo perished.

And, strange to say, at the canyon, the prairie fire stopped dead along a space of thirty miles, for, on the far side, where the little party was gathered, the grass was wet with dew from the vapours which had risen at sunset from the bed of the little river which brawled below. Thus, the flying sparks from the conflagration fell harmless and died out in the wet grass on which the set of the wind had caused the dew to precipitate in little beads of moisture.

"This is no good camping ground," said old Prairie Wolf, shaking his head, as he once more swung himself on the back of the surefooted Maud. "There has been too much death! It was a great killing!"

Then the old Redskin shrugged his shoulders sadly.

"So the buffalo perish, and the new grass comes where the old grass burned," said he, rather sadly. "And the Red Man dies!"

"Cheer up, Granddad!" said Uncle Baldy, smacking the old Redskin on the back heartily. "Thanks to you and Maud, we are not dead yet. And Paleface and Redskin shall sit down together to-night and smoke the pipe of peace. But let's get away from this place first," added Uncle Baldy. "It gives me the fantods!"

And away they rode, leaving this place of death and disaster far behind them before they pitched their camp.

Look out for the thrilling instalment of "The Red Man's Trail" in next week's issue, and don't forget to order your copy of "The Greyfriars Herald" in advance!—  
Editor.

## OUR PERSONAL COLUMN

(With acknowledgments to the Daily Newspapers)

By **BOB CHERRY**

Mr. Robert Cherry had a good night, and is progressing favourably.

Mr. Harry Wharton is down with whooping-cough, and unable to attend to his duties. That's why this number of "The Greyfriars Herald" is better than usual. (Steady on, Bob! That's libel!—Ed.)

Mr. Percy Bolsover has lost a silver-handled penknife. Anyone returning same will be a silly mug.

Mr. George Alfred Gatty will in future be known as King Alfred, because he burnt Wingate's cakes!

Mr. Peter Todd states that a pot of strawberry jam which he kept in his study cupboard is very athletic. It has walked!

# BUNTER'S BET!

A splendid, complete story, specially written for "The Greyfriars Herald,"

By **FRANK NUGENT**



I.

"PONKER'S Prodigious Menagerie and Circus!" said Bob Cherry, reading from a magnificently coloured handbill that had just been handed in, with a batch of several score others, at the gates of Greyfriars. "My hat, you chaps, a circus!"

Several eager voices exclaimed: "Where?"

"On Courtfield Heath," said Bob Cherry.

"When?" came in a breathless chorus.

"On Saturday afternoon and evening—two performances only!" said Bob Cherry, further consulting the handbill. "The main attractions appear to be Leo, the lamb-eating lion; Stefano, king of the trapeze; Samsonio, the superhuman strong man; Jimbo, the jumping elephant; Snookah, the prince of snake-charmers; Willah-Wallah, the uncanny conjuror, and—"

The crowd at the gates interrupted with loud cries of:

"Who's coming, chaps?"

Eagerness and excitement became rife at once. Further handbills were consulted, which gave forth in startling sentences and garish colours the various attractions of Ponker's Prodigious Circus and Menagerie, depicting its many different performers in their many weird and wonderful exhibitions of skill, strength and insanity—the insanity being mostly applied to a grotesque picture of Clarence, the clown, standing on his nose and balancing a quarter of a pound of cheese on his big toe.

"Turn out your pockets, chaps!" said Bolsover major. "'Tisn't often we get a circus down here, is it? We'll all go Saturday afternoon, eh, what?"

"Rather!" came a chorus of assent.

We of the Famous Five elected to go with Squiff, Delarey, Mark Linley, Tom Brown and a few other of our pals. Most of the other fellows in the Remove stated their emphatic intentions of going, too.

And, in the midst of the excited discussion with regard to the advent of a circus on Courtfield Heath, a high-pitched, piggyish voice chimed through the crowd.

"I say, you fellows!"

"Oh, here comes Bunter!" chuc-

kled Bob Cherry. "Say, Bunty, want to earn some money?"

Billy Bunter elbowed his way forward and blinked at Bob Cherry through his spectacles.

"Eh?" he said. "What's that about money?"

"Want to earn some, I said, Bunty," said Bob Cherry sweetly. "Do you?"

Bunter's eyes gleamed.

"What-ho!" he said. "Where is it?"

Bob Cherry handed Bunter one of the circus handbills.

"There you are, Bunty!" he said sweetly. "Offer them your services as the schoolboy podgy prodigy, or the superfatted calf. They'd exhibit you at five bob a night, easy, Bunty!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Owl of the Remove glared at Bob Cherry.

"Oh, really, Cherry!" he remonstrated. "I want to go to that circus!"

Bob Cherry chuckled softly.

"Well, I just suggested a means of going!" he said. "But don't get near the hungry lions, Bunty, else they might go for you!"

Billy Bunter growled.

"I tell you I'm going to that circus on Saturday afternoon!" he said.

"Got the money, Bunty?" inquired Bob Cherry.

Billy Bunter hesitated.

"N—no," he said. "Could any of you chaps—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Squiff. "Any advance on a postal order—real postal order, gents, replete with side whiskers and beard, warranted genuine—when it comes!"

The crowd at the gates laughed derisively at the Owl of the Remove.

Billy Bunter blinked furiously at them.

"Beasts!" he said. "I don't care what you say—you can laugh! But I'm going to that circus, anyway—I'd bet you anything on it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a yell of delight from Skinner.

"I'll take you on, Bunter!" he yelled. "I'll bet you five bob you don't get into that circus without paying!"

Billy Bunter's eyes gleamed.

"All right, Skinner!" he said. "It's a go!"



Skinner turned to Bolsover major, and winked at him.

"You'll bear witness to that?" he queried.

"What-ho!" chuckled the burly Removite. "You've got to get into that circus without paying, Bunter, and if you do, you'll win five bob. If you don't—"

"I'll have the next postal order he gets!" said Skinner. "It would be worth five bob, anyway, to see old Bunt do it!"

"That's a go then," said Bolsover major. "Where's your five bob, Skinner?"

"Oh, I—I'll pay that when Bunter does the trick!" said Skinner hastily.

But there was a roar of dissent from Billy Bunter.

"Nunno, you chaps, that ain't fair!" yelled the Owl. "Make him hand over the five bob to you, Bolsover!"

"That's it!" put in Vernon-Smith.

"Play the game, Skinner!"

Skinner reluctantly withdrew five shillings from his pocket and handed them to Bolsover major. Bolsover placed them in his pocket with an amused grin.

"You all bear witness to this, you chaps!" he said. "We'll all go down to the fair ground to-morrow afternoon, and watch Bunter get in for nothing."

Billy Bunter bestowed a glare upon the grinning crowd, and walked away, his little snub nose stuck high in the air.

The crowd looked after him and chortled.

"Rotten trick to bet on it, Skinner!" said Harry Wharton.

Skinner laughed derisively.

"D'you think I mean to take the fool's money if I do win, Wharton?" he chuckled. "I know jolly well I shan't lose that five bob, and poor old Bunter trying to wangle through without paying, and getting booted out, will be a sight worth seeing!"

And Harold Skinner chuckled mightily as he strolled away with Snoop and Stott.

## II.

THE next afternoon saw a whole crowd of Greyfriars fellows gathered upon the wide expanse of heath before the huge marquee that constituted Ponker's Prodigious Menagerie and Circus.

It was a huge, gaudy affair, and the local townspeople and rustics were there in hundreds, besides us Greyfriars chaps.

Billy Bunter had been accompanied down to the heath by Skinner, Bolsover and Co., and most of the Removites were congregated there, too, just to see what Bunter did.

A huge automatic trumpet arrangement was blaring forth raucous music, the clown was beating the drum

and making silly remarks for the amusement of the crowd, and the showman himself, a great fat, imposing looking gentleman in top hat, frock coat and expansive shirt front, was roaring fierce exhortations to the crowd to "roll up" in their thousands and witness the greatest and most original show on earth.

Billy Bunter in the centre of a crowd of Removites, blinked round him, as if in indecision.

Skinner and Co. were grinning at Bunter's hesitation.

"Well, Bunt," said Skinner. "Are you ready to make the bold, bad dash?"

Bunter coughed. "Ahem!" he said. "I—I—I think I'll try!"

The crowd stared at him blankly.

"You're going to do what?" gasped Bob Cherry.

"I'll go up with the crowd to the entrance, and see if—I can pass in unnoticed," said Bunter, with a dubious look towards the showman, who looked as if he could boast of some prize-fighting proclivities.

Bunter rolled away towards the steps, leading to the pay office of the circus.

The Removites stared at each other in blank astonishment.

"Well, I'm blessed!" ejaculated Peter Todd. "Bunter's gone!"

"The—the ass!" gasped Skinner. "I—I didn't think he'd have the nerve!"

Snoop chuckled.

"Don't worry!" he said. "You'll see Bunter come flying down on his neck in a minute!"

Billy Bunter went up the steps with the stream of people, and the fellows watched him as he stealthily approached the bawling showman. With a furtive glance round him, Bunter nade as if to slither through, but the eye and the hand of the showman were soon upon him.

Skinner chuckled with glee.

"He's copped!" he said. "Ha, ha, ha! Bunter's going to cop it!"

They could see Bunter's head above the crowd, engaged in violent articulation with the showman. Then after a minute's heated confab, Bunter jerked himself away from the man's grasp and bundled down the steps as fast as his fat little legs would carry him. The people who were flocking up to the pay office looked at the retreating form of William George Bunter in astonishment, and the showman gazed at him, wonder and surprise writ large across his beefy countenance.

Bunter scuttled up to the crowd of Removites, and, coming to a halt, mopped his perspiring brow.

"Whew!" he said. "No go! He—he nearly killed me!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" chortled Skinner. "I've won my bet, Bunt!"

Bunter ceased mopping his brow and blinked at Skinner.

"Ready, Skinner!" he said. "I—I want that five bob, you know!"

Skinner chuckled.

"Do you?" he said. "Then have another try, my fat bean!"

The crowd sent up a roar of laughter. It was not likely that Bunter would attempt to enter the circus by fraudulent means again!

But Bunter's next remark astenished us all.

"I'm going to have another try!" he declared firmly. "Does that bet still hold good, Bolsover?"

"Bet your life!" chuckled Bolsover. "I've got the five bob safe enough, Bunt! Going to have another try?"

Bunter nodded vigorously.

"I am!" he said.

We stared at him in surprise.

"B-b-but how on earth are you going to manage it, Bunter?" demanded Hazeldene. "You can't go near the showman any more, you know!"

"I know that!" replied Bunter. "But I suppose I can get underneath the tent?"

"Wh-a-at?"

"I'm going to crawl underneath the canvas!" said Bunter, the fire of resolution in his eye. "You watch me, you fellows!"

"Why, you—you mad maniac!" roared Bolsover major. "You'll get locked up!"

"Rats!" said Bunter. "I'll see you inside, Bolsover, and then I shall want that five bob!"

With that, William George Bunter rolled away towards the canvas marquee that comprised the grand circus.

We blinked after Bunter in astonishment, and mechanically followed him, until we were quite close to the tent.

Bunter stood still and surveyed his surroundings. The place was not lonely by any means, for quite a number of people were standing idly there, looking at the tent, or at the front of the show from which the raucous music was blaring forth.

"Well, Bunter," said Peter Todd in perplexity. "D'you mean to say you are going to be idiot enough to crawl underneath the canvas—here?"

Bunter nodded, and his piggish little eyes were gleaming.

"Why not?" he said. "I want that five bob badly. You watch me, you fellows!"

Bunter rolled towards the canvas, bent down, lifted up the flap of the canvas marquee and, before all our wondering eyes, he crawled on hands and knees, until his podgy little figure was completely out of sight.

As Bunter disappeared under the marquee, we stood there and surveyed each other in bewilderment.

"He—he's done it!" ejaculated Morgan. "Who'd have believed it?"

Skinner's face was now longer than

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it had been five minutes previously. He set his teeth hard.

"Wait!" he said. "There'll be the dickens of a shindy in a minute, and you'll see Bunter come out—on his neck!"

Eyes and ears were strained for tidings of what had happened to Bunter. But none came. Bunter had managed to sneak into the circus undetected!

We waited for fully ten minutes, but, contrary to our expectations, Billy Bunter did not come out.

"I reckon you've lost your bet, Skinner!" chuckled Bolsover. "I'm going to hand it over to Bunter when we get inside!"

Skinner's face showed his rage and disappointment.

"He may not be in there!" he exclaimed savagely. "I expect he's got kicked out some other way, and he's keeping in the background."

"Anyway," said Harry Wharton. "We'll see. Coming in, you chaps?"

With that, we all made our way to the entrance to the circus. The showman was a rough and burly fellow enough, and we could quite imagine he was not the sort of chap to stand any of Billy Bunter's monkey tricks.

We paid our bobs and entered the large enclosure. Rows of seats extended round in circles, and the circus was pretty well filled.

We strode in and looked eagerly around, scanning each tier.

Suddenly Bob Cherry gave an excited yelp.

"There he is!" he said. "Calm as you like!"

Bunter was sitting in a row near the back, and his fat little face grinned hugely at us as we approached.

"How—how did you manage it, Bunter?" several voices asked eagerly.

"Crawled in, the way you saw," was Bunter's cool response.

"B-b-but—"

Bunter chuckled and extended a fat palm to Bolsover major.

"Gimme that five bob, Bolsover," he said. "I've won my bet, haven't I?"

"Ye-es?" said Bolsover. "I suppose I'd better—"

"Whoa!" yelled Skinner. "Half a mo', Bolsover! I think I see through the trick now! Bunter was copped by a fellow as soon as he crawled inside, and then he squared up with the proper entrance fee!"

We started at this explanation, and looked questioningly at Bunter.

"That so, Bunter?" demanded Peter Todd.

"Nunno!" said Bunter. "Honour bright, I didn't!"

"He's telling lies!" hooted Skinner. "I don't believe a word—"

"I tell you I crawled through—honour bright!" said Bunter. "And I gave the chap who caught me the slip—used ventriloquism on him, you know! I didn't pay him a farthing—Honest Injun, I didn't!"

Well, Skinner wouldn't be convinced, but Bolsover evidently was. He withdrew the five shillings, and would have handed it to Bunter, but Peter Todd intervened, and grabbed the five bob.

"Steady!" he chuckled. "Skinner, you've lost your bet, haven't you?"

"No, I haven't!" yelled Skinner. "Give me the—"

"Yes, you have!" said Toddy, winking at us. "And you, Bunter—"

"Gimme my money, Toddy, you beast!" yelled Bunter furiously. "I've won—"

"Now, wait a moment, Bunty," chuckled Peter Todd. "Don't you know it's wicked to bet and to receive money won by betting?"

"I—I—I—I—"

"Don't you think, you chaps," said Toddy, addressing us, "that Bunty ought not to be allowed to receive this money?"

"Hear, hear!" we all chorussed in unison.

"That's it!" exclaimed Skinner eagerly. "Give us that five bob back, Toddy—"

Toddy chuckled.

"No fear, Skinner!" he said. "You've lost your bet, you know!"

"But—" spluttered Skinner. "Who the—"

"Having betted Bunter he wouldn't climb underneath the tent, and having lost your bet," said Peter Todd impressively. "You deserve to lose your money, Skinner, and you have, virtually, lost it. Do you chaps agree to me giving Skinner back this five bob?"

"No jolly fear!" we yelled in chorus.

"Good!" said Peter Todd. "Neither Skinner nor Bunter get the money, because they don't deserve it, and, moreover, it is the spoils of wickedness. Now, you chaps—"

"You rotter, Toddy!" shrieked Billy Bunter. "What're going to do with that money? I—"

"I'm going to put it to a good pur-

pose, my fat tulip," chuckled Peter Todd. "Did you notice that group of poor little kids outside that looked as if they wanted to come inside, but hadn't got three-ha'pence between 'em to pay?"

We nodded, comprehending the drift of Toddy's thoughts now.

"Well," said Toddy. "I'm going to devote this five bob to entertaining them. Lemme see, there were six, I believe. I'll stand the extra bob. Ta-ta, Bunty—I'm just going out to find 'em, and bring 'em inside!"

The looks upon the faces of Skinner and Bunter respectively, as Peter Todd moved off to carry out his excellent intentions, can be better imagined than described.

The two luckless betters were absolutely flabbergasted!

"The—the cad!" moaned Skinner. "Spending my five bob on paying for a crowd of dirty little urchins—"

"Shut up, Skinner!" said Harry Wharton gruffly. "It's being put to a good purpose, and it serves you right, anyhow!"

Here there came a plaintive wail from Bunter.

"I say, you fellows, make Skinner gimme a bob!" he howled. "I—I—"

"What do you want a bob for?" demanded Wharton.

"I paid a bob to come in!" wailed Bunter furiously. "When I went up to the showman by the steps, I whispered that I wanted to crawl under the canvas, because one of the masters was watching me, and when I paid the bob all right, he—he gave me a ticket and consented! I've had to spend a bob, and—and—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" we roared, as we saw now how Billy Bunter had artfully wangled it.

Skinner glared homicidally at Bunter.

"You—you swindling rotter!" he roared. "Then I haven't lost that bet, after all! I—"

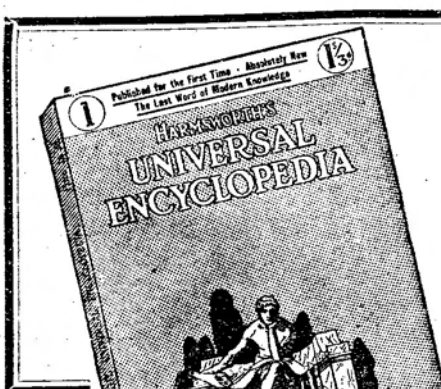
"Ha, ha, ha!" chuckled Bolsover major. "But you've lost your money, Skinner! See, here comes Toddy, with half a dozen kids with him!"

Skinner turned, and glared upon Peter Todd, who came up at that moment, marshalling six grubby but extremely happy youngsters with him.

No wonder Bunter howled and Skinner squirmed!

And no wonder we laughed!

THE END.



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