

SILVER SHILLINGS FOR READERS! (Page 11)



# The Greyfriars Herald

1½d

Vol. 12 Part 1000 FULL OF SCHOOL STORIES AND ARTICLES Mar. 4, 1900



TUCKEY TODDLES TELLS THE TEARFUL TIDINGS!

Our Photographic Supplement

FREE

Continued on Page 10

**BOYS' PICTORIAL**

Readers of The Greyfriars Herald are invited to send up their Amateur Photographs and Snapshots full prices will be paid for all Photos used  
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BY THE POINT OF THE GALE!



An astounding picture of the U.S. Linnet, wrecked on the beach near South Shields, showing the complete manner in which the U.S. vessel has broken in two.—A. Clarke, 242, South Frederick Street, South Shields.

IN ANCHOR AGEING.



A beautiful view taken in the country just outside Sabalilla, Greece.—Taken by F. J. Burbridge, Wexley House, Faringdon Street, Swindon, Wilts.

LITTLE WOLF!



One of our readers in the correct full dress of a Sioux Indian of North America.—Taken by J. F. Miles, 25, Channon Road, West Norwington, W. 14.

READY, AYE, READY!



H.M.S. Revenge, the bearer of a name famous in the annals of British naval history.—Taken by G. Carr, 25, High Street, Kington.

"FIVE LOYAL READERS OF THE GREYFRIARS HERALD."



A. Bennett, Reader of the "Herald."



George Barber, (Lambeth).



J. Pitt, Reader of the "Herald."



Fred Adams, (Luton).



J. Ashby, (Lambeth).



The



Staff

Occasional Contributors from GREYFRIARS



Don Pritchard



Harry Wharton



Billy Bower

# Editorial

By Harry Wharton.

## A CHALLENGE FROM ST. JIM'S

An editor's job has been made than I can suppose that there are people in the world who are ready and willing to relieve me of my position.

One of these people is George Alfred Grandy, of St. Jim's. Grandy contends that if he could step into my shoes, he would improve The Greyfriars Herald out of all recognition.

Listen to the words of the great George Alfred (whose word is of course I have not attempted to verify).

"Dear Wharton,—I couldn't run The Greyfriars Herald better than you. I'd go and substitute myself!"

You seem to have no idea of what the public wants in the way of news and commentaries, and unless there is a change of editorship the paper will go to the dogs.

I suggest that you hand over the reins of office to me, and I will run the rag from St. Jim's. It will be successful, Grandy's opinion."

"For the benefit of your readers, who must be fed up with you by now, I urge you to take this step. Let me see what you propose doing about it."

Yours truly, "G. A. Grandy."



Tom Wharton



Harry Wharton



Harry Wharton

## KEEP OFF THE GRASS

Grandy did start a "weekly" or two or three for him, but let us return to him, here and now, duly and finally, that he's not going to tamper with The Greyfriars Herald. The mere thought of it makes my blood run cold! Grandy as a contributor would be bad enough, but Grandy as editor—Wah! Wah!

It is not our very fondly for the man and when a letter has descended on my report that the ancient George Alfred Grandy is managed to Oshay Hatch, the letter is not for my concern.

While I should have no objection to making way for a better man, I strongly object to handing over the "reins of office" to a willing knave.

"Staff said"

HARRY WHARTON.

MY HAT: OR GRANDY'S TOPPING WHEZZZ - - - Drawn by FRANK SUGG.



1. "What if you think of real new toppings, dash boys?" asked Arthur Piggott, the chairman of the Fourth at St. Jim's in the most George Alfred Grandy in the field. "I'll get you Grandy straightened in" growled Grandy, "if you don't push off and—"



2. "YOW!" You noticed that shabby little brat in the background? Well, he popped with an ancient, forty-four-pound Spanish onion, and threw it at the boss-new champion. But Grandy pulled the wool, and Grandy stopped the onion with his handkerchief!



3. And as the onion was not to the taste of Grandy, he went across to Arthur Piggott, snook of the Third, and the same great man was in the other picture, to ask what about it. "Wah! I'll continue my staff," murmured Grandy. "So long, dash boys!"



"WILL you pop over to Highgate and interview the Caterpillar?" asked the editor.

"I'll stand you a too good to try stand when you get back," continued the Highgate man. He's always trying to woo me with honeyed words.

"Right you are," I said. "With the prospect of a too good standing before my eyes, I'll interview the Caterpillar, or any other of species of grub you like."

"Good! The first will be served at tea o'clock. If you're so much as the fountain of a second bite, you'll go away empty—see?"

"Fragrant water," I said. "Is my dressing water. Only no tea, I shall be there."

With a light heart, I set out on foot for Highgate.

As a rule, it is rather risky for a Greyfriars fellow to venture the precincts of the rival school. He stands a good chance of being snubbed, laughed, and torn flesh from flesh.

However, it was a half-holiday, and on arriving at Highgate I found the quadrangle deserted.

Most of the fellows were on the ladies' field, and the "hunts," with Dumfrey in command, were holding a smacking concert in the woods.

I entered the building as bold as brass, and my solitary footsteps echoed along the fourteenth passage.

I halted outside the door of the study which the Caterpillar shared with Frank Courtney.

"Goodbody at home?" I shouted, applying my ear to the wooden panel.

"I'm in, dear boy," came the Caterpillar's delectable voice.

I stepped into the study, to find the Caterpillar proudly surveying a curious-looking contrivance.

"Hallo!" I exclaimed. "What an article's that—a new style of locomotor?"

"My dear son," said Caterpillar. "If you had eyes to see, and the nerve elsewhere to comprehend, you'd know it was a motor-scooter."

I gazed in admiration at the Caterpillar's new toy.

"Did you buy it?"

"No, brother, I won it."

"Win it? How?"

"It was the best job in a simple an' attractive football competition," explained the Caterpillar. "I'll too tired to go in for competitions as a rule, and I went in for this one, with gratifying results."

"What did you have to do?"

"Correctly forecast the results of

## My Weekly Interview

By the Special Representative of  
"The Greyfriars Herald"

This week:  
**THE CATERPILLAR**  
of Highgate School

ten matches." By the way, to what do I owe the honor of this visit?"

"I explained that I was the special representative of "The Greyfriars Herald," and that I had called for an interview."

"I've got to get back by five," I added, "to have tea with the editor."

"You'll have to look sharp, then," said the Caterpillar. "It's tea to him now."

"Oh, help!" I gasped. "I don't see that five feet the editor promised me!"

"No, you won't get it," said the Caterpillar. "I'll take you back to Greyfriars on my motor-scooter."

"Caterpillar!" I said, gaspingly. "On this kind of thing, you deserve to be punished to a full-blown lunatic!"

"Cut it short," said the Caterpillar. "There's not a second to lose."

He pushed the motor-scooter out of the study and along the passage, and a moment later we were in the quad.

"What do you want me to do?" I asked.

"All you've got to do," said the Caterpillar, "is to stop the attention-hunters round the quad. I'll do the rest."

"You'll get me to Greyfriars in ten minutes!"

"Yes, dear boy. Unless—"

"Unless what?"

"But the Caterpillar didn't reply to my question. We were already speeding out of gates and along the white stretch of road.

The best stage of the journey was swift and wonderful—though the Caterpillar maintained that his nose was being touched.

"Up hill and down dale we sped; it was not until we were descending the last hill of all that the calamity occurred.

"I haven't any clear idea as to how it happened. All I remember is that the motor-scooter skidded into the ditch, and that the next instant the Caterpillar and I were up in our seats in a dizzy state.

"Gag—gag—gag—gag!" I said, Caterpillar.

"Gag—gag—gag—gag!" I said, not to be outdone.

"I won't tell you what else we said as we crested out of that rock-enclosed ditch. It wouldn't look very dignified in cold print.

I was shaking myself like a powdered turkey, when the C— which scolded from the mid clouds towered at Greyfriars.

So instead of spending the next hour or so at a ladies' table in the editor's study, I spent it in the bath-room. And afterwards I wrote and told the Caterpillar what I thought of him. The letter is not for publication!

## EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY

This week:  
By ALO-ES TOSS

Monday.—Inspired by the wise counsel of my Uncle Benjamin—close his overcast heart—I paid a visit to Loder's study, with the intention of pointing out to the distinguished professor, the error of his ways. Loder gazed at me somewhat indignantly as I entered, and demanded to know what I wanted. Whereupon I pleaded with him to abandon the road to ruin, and plant his feet somewhere else. Accordingly, he planted his feet behind me, and my exit from his study was both precipitate and unceremonious.

Tuesday.—Having received yesterday's orders, I sought an audience with Bolsover master, and told him that I had not desisted of reforming even such a bullying and vindictive person as he. Before I could proceed, the door, Bolsover's brute thrust open upon me, with the remark that he would give me something to go on with. As I put these words, my nose, almost to touch his hand also, I have soon abandoned, once and for all, all hope of reforming Bolsover.

Wednesday.—I informed Mr. Quirk that I considered him to be an excellent teacher in every way, save that he was inclined to be heavy-headed, hasty-tempered, and hot-headed. For some reason which I have not yet been able to fathom, Mr. Quirk checked me severely, naming me suspiciously enough. Now, I wonder why he did it?

Thursday.—A gentle, pleasant, and tranquil day. Received a long epistolary scold from my devoted Uncle Benjamin.

Friday.—Made steady efforts to reform some of the wilder spirits at Greyfriars, with the result that both my eyes are closed, my nose is more swollen than ever, and I am contemplating the purchase of a pair of crutches.

Saturday.—Made a valiant attempt to reform my cousin Peter. I shall no longer need crutches, but a bathrobe is less than I!

# THE YOUNG MAN FROM GOGGS'S!

A long, complete school tale dealing with the adventures of the boys of the Beboon.

By OWEN CONQUEST  
[Author of the Famous Beboon Series]

## CHAPTER I.

The Young Men of the Name of Beboon!  
"WHO'S that merchant?"  
"Oh, god! What a beauty!" grinned Dunsbury of the Shell.

Dunsbury and Co. were leaning by the post of the old Beboon when they perceived the "merchant," who had just stepped on the gangway from the ship.

Not only the wits of the Shell, but a good many other St. Winifred's fellows, glanced at the "merchant" with interest.

Tuesday Toedles of the Fourth, who was leaning on the rail, regarding the well-dressed visitor of the Chamber with a disbelieving expression, glanced up as he heard Dunsbury's exclamation. He, too, stared at the gentleman, who had stepped on the gangway after exchanging a few words with Coote the Porter at the gate.

"His cranium," murmured Tuesday Toedles, in dismay.

Toedles's eyes became fixed on the "merchant."  
Evidently Tuesday Toedles had seen the gentleman before.

He was rather a striking-looking gentleman, and not at all the sort of gentleman that usually paid visits to the school on the river.

He was a young man, with a yellow face and a rather prominent nose, and very bright and watchful black eyes. He was clad in shiny livery, and a very shiny silk hat, with a very tight-fitting frock-coat, which was also a little shiny here and there. His necktie was attractive, and in lapse it revealed the celebrated coat of Joseph, which was of many colours. There was a diamond pin in the necktie, worth at least five hundred guineas—it is worth anything at all. It was a very large diamond—about a Koh-i-noor—well & thought and reflected back the rays of the setting sun in a very impressive manner.

The young man tread lightly and swiftly across the gangway to the side of the Beboon, and stepped on board, still with Tuesday Toedles dimly-remembered eyes fixed upon him. But Tuesday Toedles had retreated from view, taking up a strategic position behind the masthead, and he watched the "merchant" round the mast.

The young man glanced round him with quick self-possession, not at all disturbed by the stares and insistent queries of Dunsbury and Co. The other fellows about the deck were contented by politeness not to stare, but politeness did not worry Dunsbury and Co. They regarded the fresh stranger as they might have regarded some interesting animal at the Zoo.

But he was not at all disconcerted. He advanced towards the group of Shell fellows, who happened to be nearest to him, and took off his gleaming top hat in salute.



Lovell's stride into the study, and fixed a glare upon the sprawling young man from Goggs's. "Now, what the blazes do you want in this school?" he demanded.

"Excuse me, young gentlemen—"

Dunghy shook his head.

"Winkin' lindy?" he remarked.

The young man took pause.

"Nothing—what?" he ejaculated.

"We don't see our old master," explained Dunsbury, with quiet impertinence.

Torrence and Egan grinned.

But still the young man was not dissatisfied.

"Oh, I see?" he remarked. "You are making a slight mistake; I do not deal in gentlemen's out-of-wash clothes. I am in the furniture line."

"Oh?" said Dunsbury, rather at a loss.

His forehead seemed to slide off his self-possession "merchant" like water from a duck.

"Goggs's Repository, Glad," explained the young man. "Some of Goggsbury, I've called in are a young gentleman of the name of Toedles. Perhaps you would be kind enough to tell me where to find Master Toedles?"

"Oh?" came a gasp from behind the masthead.

Tuesday Toedles' little fat nose had been visible round the mast as he blinked at the newcomer.

Now it was withdrawn, and Tuesday was quite hidden from sight.

There was a clatter from the fellows on deck.

"Oh, Toedles!" said Dunsbury, with

a grin. "I think I see light! Toedles! (whispered No. 5 Study a week or two ago."

"We have done business with Master Toedles," said Mr. Dunsbury. "I have called to see Master Toedles at that moment. Can you direct me to Master Toedles?"

"Toedles?" called out Dunsbury.

"Oh, dear—"

"Come out, you fat duffer!"

"Ow?"

Master major of the Fourth, but Tuesday Toedles by one fat ear, and jerked him out from behind the mast.

Mr. Dunsbury glanced round, and saw him. The fat ear was lifted again with great politeness.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Toedles!"

"Oh—good-afternoon?" stammered Toedles.

"Very pleased to see you, Master Toedles."

"Oh, yes—very?" stammered Toedles.

"I have a little matter—"

"I thought so!" grinned Dunghy.

"I wondered how the fat larder did it. Oh, that, of course, Toedles, old son, the furniture-man has called for his money!"

"Oh, ha, ha!"

"And say—?" gasped Toedles.

"Master Toedles—"

"Well you—how'll—call tomorrow? We've—good morning—"

"I am afraid the water cannot be put off any longer, Master Toedles."

said the young man, politely but firmly, and sat at all disengaged by the grating screen of St. Winifred's office that gathered round. "The terms of our very personal contract were explained to you in full—"

"Yes, yes, but—"

"The first payment was not made—"

"It is late—"

"The second weekly payment has not been made—"

"I—I—I—"

"And, according to the terms of the agreement, the whole sum now becomes due—"

"Oh, dear!"

"As stated in the letter sent you by our firm," continued the young man, calmly but firmly. "No reply has been received to that letter—"

"And was just going to write—"

stammered the unhappy Tuckey.

"Maintaining a cheque," implied the young man steadily.

"Name—"

"You are indebted to Goggs and Co. for the sum of thirty pounds," said Mr. Stansley. "I have called to collect the amount."

"Oh!"

"I am, however, authorized to accept the amount now in arrears on the weekly payments—the sum of four pounds—"

"Oh?"

"On receiving that sum, and a promise that future payments shall be kept up regularly, Messrs. Goggs and Co. are prepared to allow the agreement to stand—"

"Minimum—"

"Otherwise, application will be made to your bank—"

"How?"

"And in the event of refusal of payment the furniture will be removed, and an account presented for the expense of the transaction."

Tuckey Tootles groaned.

The St. Winifred's crowd clustered. But the young man of the name of Stansley did not seem to observe either the pines or the cherries. He was there on business, and he kept his attention steadily fixed upon his own.

"I need not point out that this is a generous offer," said Mr. Messrs. Goggs and Co. are never kind upon their customers. Messrs. Goggs and Co. have a reputation to keep up. By kindness and consideration to customers in temporary difficulties they hope to obtain, and to merit, a wide increase of business. The payments in arrears—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I need I have made myself clear, Master Tootles—"

"Oh! Ah! Yes—yes!"

"Then you will kindly hand me—"

"I—I say, Dash, old chap, had we four pounds, will you?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" rapped Dashbury. "Make it four hundred! You'd be just as likely to get it."

"Eggs, old fellow—"

"Oh and not vice!" said Eggs politely.

The young man of the name of Stansley took on a stern expression.

"It seems that this very reasonable demand cannot be met," he continued.

"Very well. Perhaps one of you

young gentlemen will show me where to find the bank—"

"Certainly!" said Dashbury, with great delight.

"Hold on!" rapped Tuckey Tootles. "I—I'll pay up!"

"Oh, very good. Four pounds, please!"

"Scrambling down to my study, will you?" rapped the unhappy Tootles.

"My—my god Dash's got the money—I—I mean—I'm going to see that my—I-I mean—come into my study!"

"Certainly, Master Tootles—"

And the young man from Goggs's followed Master Tootles down to No. 4 Study in the Fourth.

A Mysteriously Disappeared!

TUCKEY TOOTLES looked a good deal as if he were going to his own funeral as he led the self-

possessed young gentleman from Goggs's to his study.

Mr. Stansley did not seem to observe his workman's expression. He was there on business, and he didn't he had left his sympathetically sympathetic at home. He had to see for them in the Furniture Co.

There was a roar of laughter on deck as they disappeared.

All the Lower School of St. Winifred's had been surprised when No. 4 Study was magnificently refurnished by Tuckey Tootles, who was known to be the most expensively fellow in the school. Jack Drake and Bobbery, his study-mates, had an access of cheek to spend on new furniture. They had

been told when Tuckey Tootles provided what was required, and, indeed, more than was required, in the most lavish manner. They had not understood till the demand came from Messrs. Goggs and Co. for payment.

Tuckey Tootles had furnished No. 4 on the easy payment system, and in his usual happy-go-lucky way had treated to look for the payments.

Each had not understood him. Was a single payment had been made. It was not surprising that Goggs and Co. had grown restless in the current season. They were not in the furniture line simply for their health!

"So that was the merry mystery!" rapped Dashbury of the Staff. "I wondered how that hard-up banker did it."

"I thought it was on tick," remarked Tootles.

"But easy payments—ha, ha, ha!"

"He doesn't seem to have found them very easy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What will the third say?" rapped Dashbury. "Fancy the Head's face when that shiny banker blows in on him?"

And the janitor puffed.

Tuckey Tootles heard the sounds of movement as he went down to his study with the "shiny banker," but he was not feeling very himself.

He had not the faintest idea how to meet this dreadful emergency.

He only thought had been to get the young man into his study, out of sight; it was only by happy chance that he had not yet been spotted by some master.

But when the young man was in the

study, Tuckey did not seem to be much surprised.

"So down, will you?" he said, with a smile and levelled hospitality.

The young man sat down in the big armchair provided on the weekly payment system—by Messrs. Goggs and Co. Tuckey Tootles stood and looked at him.

"I have so much to write your time, Master Tootles," said the young man politely. "The sum of four pounds—"

"Ah—the fact is—"

"That sum is now—"

"I'm very old and feeble in all the best—ground, with Dashbury—"

"Has Master Drake the money?"

"Name!"

"Then the fact that he's about due not seem to affect the matter," remarked Mr. Stansley dryly. "I will trouble you—"

"That—the fact is, I'm rather short of money—"

Mr. Stansley rose.

"You need not have brought me down here to tell me that!" he said. "I had better see the bank—master at once—"

"Several times—" rapped Tuckey.

"We are waiting then, Master Tootles, and time is money."

"I—I've had bad luck!" stammered Tuckey. "I had a pound note blown away—"

"If you will direct me to the bank—master's study—"

"Name, down! I—I will call Dashbury!"

"They and for all, Master Tootles," said the young man steadily, "are you prepared to make the payment?"

"No—not quite!"

"Then I will sit once—"

"It draws a minute!" spluttered Tuckey Tootles. "I—I—I've got the money."

Mr. Stansley sat down again, looking very suspicious. It was, in fact, only too clear that the hapless Tuckey Tootles was simply trying to gain time. He knew the length of that shiny young man, and that glittering diamond, drawing upon the Head, made Tuckey shudder.

"I draw a minute!" rapped Tootles.

"I will wait two minutes!" said Mr. Stansley calmly. "I will not wait one second longer—"

"All right! Just a tick!"

Tuckey Tootles turned to the door.

He removed the key from the lock, keeping his back to the important visitor, and slipped it in outside the door. Then he stepped quickly out, drew the door shut, and turned the key.

That proceeding seemed to petrify the young man from Goggs's.

He sat dumfounded for a moment or two.

Then he looked to his left.

"Master Tootles—"

"All right!" came Tuckey Tootles' voice through the keyhole, in gaspingly nervous. "I—I—I'm going for the money!"

"Delish the door at once!"

"I'm going—"

"Will you unlock the door?"

Tuckey Tootles did not reply. He was gone; with the key in his pocket.

The young man from Gogge's dragged at the handle, and pulled it. Then he sat down again, with a very grim expression on his face. It was very clear to him that he was included in, to prevent him from going to the Head; and that there was little prospect of the cash being forthcoming. And the expression on the face of the young man from Gogge's seemed to him that there was going to be trouble.

Leaving the young man from Gogge's to consider himself in the study, Turkey Toedles hurried on duty.

Members of the general clerks that greeted his appearance, he ran to the side, and walked across the gangway.

On the football ground, by the back of the Chapel, a number of juniors were at football practice, making the most of what light was to be had. Jack Drake and Bob Rodney were among them, and they had been too busy with the teacher, to observe the arrival of the young man from Gogge's.

Turkey Toedles peered on to Little Hill.

"Drake—"  
 "Run off, you silly ass!" shouted Jack Drake, as the fat junior came spluttering among the substitutes.

"I—I say, old chap—"  
 "Drake!"

Robney was sending the ball to Drake, but Drake was not able to keep it. Turkey Toedles intervened. Toedles bugged the ball, with the back of his fat hand, and he sat down upon it with startling suddenness.

"Bump!"  
 "Tummy! Whoooo—"  
 "Ho, ho, ha!"  
 "Oh, dear! Tummy! Drake—I say, old fellow—"

Jack Drake caught Toedles by the collar, and looked him in the face, impatiently.

"You silly chump!" he exclaimed, "get out of the way! What the deuce are you up to?"

"But say, old chap—"  
 "Run off, you fat chump!"  
 "Ho—ho—ho—"

"What on earth are you fat—being about?" demanded Drake, in amazement.

"Ho—ho—ho—"  
 "What?"  
 "Ho—ho—ho's come!" spluttered Toedles.

"Who's come?"

"The man from Gogge's—"  
 "Oh!" exclaimed Drake.

"Kick that fat idiot off, and let's get on!" exclaimed Hastings.

"Hold on, though!" said Bob Rodney quietly. "Do you mean that a man has come from Gogge's for the money, Turkey?"

"Yes," growled Toedles.

"Fay him, then!" grunted Drake.

"Oh, dear! You know I can't!" wretched Toedles. "My pound note blew away—"

"Fatter your pound note! If it hadn't blown away, you couldn't pay thirty pounds with it, I suppose," growled Drake. "You ought to be kicked for referring steel you can't pay for!"

"Well, I like that!" said Turkey Toedles indignantly. "I did it for your sake—you and Rodney's. I'm always doing these generous things, and never get any thanks. I would say, I'm used to it."

"Tell the man to take his rubbish away, and be hanged to him!"

"Ho—ho—ho's going to the Head!"

"Let him!"

"You see!" roared Turkey Toedles. "The Head will be in an awful way. I—I've looked him in the study."

Drake jumped.

"You—you—you've done what?" he gasped.

"Looked him in—so that he can't go to the Head, you know. I—I thought that rather nasty!"

"You thundering idiot!" gasped Rodney. "What on earth's to be done now? Let's get back to the House, saynow!"

the Fourth-former opened their practice.

**Trouble in No. 4.**

"H A, HA, HA!"  
 "Go it!"  
 "Oh, my hat! Go it!"

There was a second of steady thumping from the interior of No. 4 Study in the Fourth. Outside that study, a crowd of fellows had gathered in the passage. Rodney and Co. were there, and a crowd of the Fourth and Sixth, and Seventh minor and a horde of lags. They were roaring with laughter. The thumping on the door had repeated the fact that the young man from Gogge's was a prisoner in the study. It had drawn St. Whitford's fellows in the spot from near and far.

The young man from Gogge's had



Turkey Toedles retreated from view as the young man advanced towards Rodney and Co. "Listen me, young confederates," he began, "would you be kind enough to tell me where to find Buster Toedles?"

"You chaps run pay him," suggested Turkey Toedles. "You can borrow the money somewhere, you know. I've done my bit. It's up to you fellows now, you know."

"Am?"

"If you're going to be a thankful cutter, Drake, I shall think pretty seriously before I do anything for you again—yermah!"

The exasperated Drake seized Toedles by the shoulder, and sat him down in the football field, with emphasis. Then he hurried off the ground with Rodney. Turkey Toedles sat and gaped, till Hastings helped him up with a football boot. Then he began. Turkey nibbled off the ball, on the back of his study-mat, and

evidently lost patience. He was thumping away on the inside of the door at a great rate. Turkey Toedles' strategy might be "nasty," but the young man from Gogge's seemed to find nothing admirable in it. There were shouts of encouragement from the juniors outside as the young man thumped and thumped.

"Go it!"  
 "Get it on!"  
 "You're nearly through!"

"Ho, ho, ha!"

That was the scene that greeted Drake and Rodney, as they arrived bewildered from the football field.

"Thump! Thump! Thump!"  
 "Ho, ho, ha!"  
 "Oh, my hat!" gasped Drake

"Let's pass, you fellows—give a chap room."

He shoved his way through to the door.

Thump, thump, thump! came from within, and now the voice of the young man from Gogge's was heard.

"Get me out! Call this head-master! I insist upon being released immediately! This is an outrage! This will be reported to the police!"

Thump! Thump! Thump!

"Stop that row!" shrieked Jack Drake, through the keyhole. "You'll have the Head here in a minute!"

"I want the Head to come here!" roared the young man from Gogge's, in tones of the greatest exasperation. "Unless I am released immediately, I shall bring an action against you!"

"Oh, you had! Where's the key?"

"Toolbox has got it, I suppose!"

Scraped heavily.

"He has it."

"What you are crawling about?" howled Drake. "It's all right, you in there—we'll get the key in a tick, and let you out. Reckless, out on dock and see if that fat idiot in there—get the key of him. Check him into the river when you've put it."

Dick Rodney roared off.

Thump! Thump!

"Will you stop that row!" howled Jack Drake, through the keyhole.

"I tell you we're getting the key."

Thump! Thump! Bang!

"Will you stop it!" howled Drake.

"No, I will not stop it, not for one moment!" shouted the exasperated young man from Gogge's. "I have called here to collect an account, and I have been locked in a room! I will be released at once!"

"I will now."

Thump! Bang! Crash!

The young man from Gogge's had been thumping on the door with his fist. Now, apparently, he was using something more solid for the purpose.

Crash! Crash!

"Go it!" yelled Danbury, in great glee. "The door won't stand much more!"

"Two to one on the Gogge-side!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My hat! We shall have the proctor down here soon!" muttered Sawyer major. "They can hear this thumping now all over the ship!"

Crash! Bang!

"Stop that row!" shrieked Drake desperately. "The key will be here in a tick or two! Can't you shut up for a minute?"

"Crash!" was the reply.

"Wretched the young man from Gogge's was determined to hear reason. It was not, perhaps, surprising that he was unaided. Toolbox's manly method of dealing with the situation could not be reported to punish any young man in the furniture line.

"Who's that idiot Toolbox?"

"He has it."

Jack Drake roared desperately on the deck. Turkey Toolbox was just crawling off the football ground, and Hobday was racing towards him.

Lovell's of the Watch, the captain of St. Winifred's, strode towards Drake.

"What's that row down there?" he demanded gruffly.

"That—that row—"

stammered Drake. "I—I—I think—I think it's—"

mean cheap get-out in a steady manner."

"I'll jolly soon see!"

"Oh, crank!" murmured Drake, as the captain of St. Winifred's changed eagerly down the steps to the Fourth-floor quarters. "See all the fat's in the fat!"

It was evidently too late to release the young man from Gogge's before daylight, now that a proctor was on the scene. Jack Drake made a step after Lovell, and then passed. He decided that it was just as well to be off the scene.

Crash! roared from below, as Drake jumped on to the gangway, and scuttled away. The voice of Lovell's followed.

"What's that! What's that! What the deuce!"

Then Drake was out of hearing. At the end of the gangway, he met Turkey Toolbox—being hindered on main Deckway's grasp on his collar. Drake seized him by one fat ear.

"It will release the door at once, you fat thump!" he said.

"You—ow—ow!"

"Do you hear? That louder is kicking up a row—you'll have the Head there if you don't hurry up!"

"You—ow! Lays up out!" howled Turkey Toolbox. "Look here, you can go and let him out, and settle the matter. Here's the key."

Why, you—

"Better pay him, I think," said Toolbox.

"What?"

"Better pay him; it would really be more satisfactory to all concerned," said Toolbox. "That's my opinion, anyway. You can do as you like, of course."

And Turkey Toolbox looked almost away and died, leaving Drake staring with the key in his hand.

"I—I—I heard that fat headmaster one of these days!" gasped Drake.

And he ran on toward the Bowyer again, key in hand.

ALL CLEAR!

THUMP! Bang! Crash!

The crowd of juniors made way for Lovell's of the Watch, as he stride on the scene with hatted brows. The young man from Gogge's was still making himself heard in the study, with growing emphasis.

"Stop that row!" shrieked Lovell's angrily. "Who's in the room, Sawyer?"

"A young man from Gogge's, I think," muttered Sawyer. "Somebody's locked him in."

"What on earth is he doing here?"

"Trying to bust the door, I think!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I came here to collect an account!" roared the young man from Gogge's. "I have been locked in this room by Master Toolbox! I will have the law of you if I am not immediately released!"

"Great Scott! Where's the key?"

"Toolbox has got it," muttered Danbury. "Hullo, here's Drake!"

"Here's the key!" gasped Drake, springing headlong.

Lovell's jerked it from his hand, jammed it into the lock, and turned it. He burst the door open angrily.

It was kicked open at an unly

moment for the young man from Gogge's. He was thumping the door with a chair, and the door crashed on the chair as it was swinging back for another thump. "That's my young man from Gogge's went to the floor together, with a terrific crash. There was a fearful yell from the young man from Gogge's, and a howl of laughter from the passage.

Lovell's strode into the study, and fixed a glance upon the sprawling young man from Gogge's.

"Now, who the thunder are you, and what the thunder do you want in this school?" he demanded.

"My thunder amounted to his feet."

"I have called to collect an account from Master Toolbox!" he shrieked.

"This furniture was applied by my firm, on the cash-payment system. The payments are in arrear. I demand to see the headmaster."

"You'll see the headmaster fast enough!" growled Lovell's. "Come with me."

The young man from Gogge's did not open up his suit bag, and followed Lovell's from No. 8, giving merry choruses from the St. Winifred's below.

The various professors of the young man had watched him. He was in a towering rage, and he did not disguise the fact.

He followed Lovell's up, and disappeared down the steps towards the captain's cabin—near the study of the Head of St. Winifred's.

Sawyer major wiped his eyes.

"That's going to happen now!" he gasped.

"I wonder!" grinned Danbury.

The juniors followed off, so near to the Head's study as they dared to venture. They were not near enough to hear the Head's voice, but they plainly heard the voice of the young man from Gogge's, which was raised, and resembled in its tones the voice of the bull of Badlan.

"Sawyer, sir."

"I suppose this young gentleman is a well-known young gentleman, apparently respectable. We are particularly prepared to take our property back—indeed, instructions will be given for the removal to another building. We shall demand the expense of the transaction, and if necessary shall bring an action in the law-courts if you do not get down at once, sir! I advise you that I am not to be treated down."

"I called down, sir, to collect an account, and I have been locked in a room by a man called Toolbox, sir. From Mr. Gogge and Mr. Sawyer, I am prepared to accept the sum of four pounds, and to release the furniture. I will accept nothing less than this, sir! But you get, sir—"

—not me little!"

"Ah, he's eloquent!" murmured Sawyer major admiringly.

Certainly the young man from Gogge's was emphatic.

A murmur of voices followed, but from the fact that the tones of the young man from Gogge's were subdued it could be guessed that the young man was on the way to being satisfied.

He reappeared on dock at last, with an aspect which proved that the storm had blown over—so far as he was concerned, at least. Once more he was smiling and pleasant. He raised his



silk, but gracefully to the grinning janitor, and stepped on the gangway. The last glimpse of his diamond, and he was gone.

Lorraine followed him up, looking very grim.

"Tookles has wanted," he said.

"Where's Tookles?"

"His quarters, 'where I' assigned Turkey major."

"Look for him, the lot of you—gracious Lorraine." She's worked in the Head's study at once.

"Four old Toakles?"

"He, he, he, he!"

Tuesday Toakles was looked for, but he was not to be found. Apparently the old janitor was keeping out of the way, hoping that the storm would blow over. He did not turn up to tea—the last time on record, that Report de Vere Toakles had missed a meal.

It was well that evening call-over that Toakles disappeared among the St. Faithful's shelves. He was looking uneasy, but hopeful.

"Is it all right?" he whispered to Drake, catching him by the sleeve.

"Ah?" was Drake's reply.

"Did you pay him?"

"What? How could I pay him?"

"Did—did he go to the Head?"

"Lorraine took him to the Head."

"Oh, dear?"

Mr. Toakles was calling the roll. When it was finished he called to Turkey Toakles.

Tookles came with me. Dr. George wishes to see you."

Tuesday Toakles almost crawled behind the Fourth-form master to the Head's study.

Drake and Rodney were at prep in No. 8 when he returned. Turkey Toakles came straggling in, rubbing his hot hands, with a dejected expression on his plump face.

"I—I say, I've been through it!" he grumbled. "I've been read!"

"What did you expect?" grumbled Drake.

"I—I say, the Head's paid the least four pounds, and he's going to send it to my father on the bill—"

"Leave you right!"

"The paper will tick up a shilling!" grumbled Toakles. "And—and the furniture is going back—"

"Let it!"

And Turkey Toakles, in great indignation, departed from No. 8 Study, and slammed the door.

The next morning, while the Fourth Form were at classes, they were aware of a considerable amount of tramping and lurching on the deck of the Bolivar. Mr. Gigg's furniture was going home!

When Jack Drake and Rodney looked into their study again, it was as bare as the cupboard of the colonnaded Mrs. Hatched. Gone were the desks of the Fourth period, out lumber from the hold of the Bolivar, and damaged chairs and a still more damaged table were huddled and trilled all they were given or less accessible. Certainly No. 8 did not look luxurious when they had dined, and Turkey Toakles' grumbling was loud and long. He even urged upon his study-mates the advantages of the easy payment system, but his arguments fell upon deaf ears. No, a study had had enough of the Young Man from Sluggers!

Another meeting complete view of the School on the River in next Tuesday's "Greyfriars Herald." Order your copy in advance!

# MAGNIFICENT COLOURED PICTURE TO BE GIVEN FREE



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

We reproduce here a small but deserving 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 give 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.

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# OUR SILVER SHILLING FEATURE

Money Prizes for all Contributions Printed on this Page.

Send your effort on a Postcard to-day.

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

**Reading a March on Him!**

"I suspect, my lord," said the barrister, delivering a mass account of housebreaking, "that my client did not break into the house at all. He found the library window open, and, leaving his own, removed a few trifling articles. Now I fail to see how you can justify punishing the whole individual for a crime committed by only one of his limbs."

"That argument," said the learned judge, "is very well stated. Logically, then, I condemn the defendant's arm to six months' imprisonment. He can accompany it or not, as he chooses."

The defendant groaned, and, with the barrister's assistance, unarmored his cork arm and landed it over.

"I prefer to wait the six months for it, my lord," said he, as he left the court, still grinning.—Sent in by G. Taylor, 31, Raiting Avenue, North End, Portsmouth.

**Taking a Good Advantage!**

**Herman:** What portion of the children would you like, Master Bury?

**Billy Bury (in a visit):** Oh, had I my choice, thank you.—Sent in by S. Knight, Grainger Lodge, Strivings, Worthing.

**A NAUTICAL BOLT!**



"Please stop walking to and fro, you're making the ship roll!"

**Very Curious!**

**Ernie:** It says in this book, Pat, that when a man loses his ear or his nose, the others get more developed.

**Pat:** Bosh! Of've noticed something similar to that myself. When a man's nose is bigger than the other, always, the other's longer!—Sent in by H. Knox, Kenyon College, Cwmaw, Glam., South Wales.

**Muddled!**

**Arthur Augustus D'Arcy** had just had his fortune told, and when it was finished he said to the gypsy:

"How is the lot, my good woman, but if you can tell me my name I will make it ten."

"Right, young sir," said the gypsy.

"Your name is Arthur A. D'Arcy?"

"No, now, that's wonderful—wonderful it is! I will make it fifteen but if you will tell me how you did it."

"The gypsy insisted on the rub being handed over first, and then she said:

"Thank, young sir, I saw your name on your handkerchief!"—Sent in by G. Fox, 75, Clarendon Road, Chest. Terrace, Harely, Manchester.

**To Order!**

**Old Tom:** Have you any—ah—old Roman weapons?

**Caroline:** Not today, sir. But I expect some in about next Tuesday. They ain't quite finished making 'em, according to by P. Cook, 41, Oxford Street, London, W.

**TO "CORRECT!"**



**MIRTHY (to her little brother):** "And why does your sister wish I was a comet?"

**LITTLE BROTHER:** "Because she says that you would only come round once every 4,500 years."

**Ready Believed!**

**Herlock Holmes,** the great detective, was sitting in his armchair with his finger-tips together when the Duchess of Fitzshires was ushered into his room.

"Ah, you have come to consult me," said Holmes. "State your case."

"Well, lady," began the duchess, "trouper and mysticism, these have been prevailing at my country house. This last week there disappeared a motor-bike, a horse, a box of potatoes, a riding-boot, a dictionary, and six peapoles."

"Ah!" cried the great Holmes. "The case is perfectly clear! You keep a goat!"—Sent in by G. Randall, 31, Stanton Road, Plumstead, S.E.15.

**A Gentle Hint!**

**Wicks:** Hello, Wicks! Where are you going?

**Wicks:** Oh, I'm just going to your place about the return service of the post-office.

**Wicks:** Why, what's up?

**Wicks:** Why, then, I've lost you, and you promised to send me a fortnight ago, hasn't arrived yet!—Sent in by S. Faxon, 10, Pitt Street, Hook Ferry, Cheshire.

**Booked His Game!**

**Jimmy:** Copy, Jaddy, what did you do in the Great War?

"I've taken you a coat of the bandy! Don't ask silly questions! Get on with cleaning my medals!—Sent in by Miss L. Kirkaldy, 24, Grosvenor Road, Newington Green Road, London, N.1.

**AN OLD STAGER!**



**ACQUA:** "The first time I appeared, I was Wood, the second time I was wood."

**FRIEND:** "And the third time?"

**ACQUA:** "I played behind some betting."

**A Pecky Excuse!**

**Hubby** had been celebrating, and, arriving home in the small hours and feeling rather dubious about his reception, he hurried about to the traffic and began to walk it.

"What are you doing there, James!" demanded his wife, waking up.

"Walk, my dear!" said Hubby. "I've been sitting here for nearly two hours trying to get Hubby to sleep."

"H'm! That's strange!" murmured his wife. "Hubby is over here in bed!"—Sent in by Miss Duncie Spencer, 75, South Street, Chelsea, London.

**Don't Take a Drop!**

**Dorothy:** Did you follow my prescription?

**Ernie:** No dear! If I had I'd ha' broken my neck, for I threw it out of the window!—Sent in by G. Stacey, 10, Stanton Street, Rainford, London, E. W.15.

**Light Shimmer!**

**First Manufacturer:** Your factory is very well equipped, but you can't hold a candle to the staff I have out.

**Second Manufacturer:** And what do you manufacture?

**First Manufacturer:** Candles!—Sent in by J. Inley, 125, Abchurch Avenue, Abney Road, West.



# THE RED MAN'S TRAIL!

A stirring serial story dealing with adventure  
through Redskin

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

WHEN the little party woke in the morning around their camp-fire, the air was still heavy and sticky with the smoke of the prairie fire, which had died down on the face of the Devil's Canyon, and everywhere was a smell of burning wood and grass.

There was no trace of lightning or black smoke again in the still smouldering cañon. For the air was so thick with smoke, which hung over the face of the prairie like a pall, that there was no danger of their little contribution to the smoke being seen by wandering bands of Indians.

So Frank and old Pezoo Wall were early awoke, sitting back and piling it on the fire, and soon there was a steady blaze by which they heated water for their coffee.

The boys, wrapped in their blankets, watched these proceedings comfortably with one eye open. They felt so comfortable there that they did not feel inclined to turn out, and would have been glad to have stayed in had they not had to.

But Mand the cow-boy had her own idea of her job. She stepped over to where Eli was lying, making him breakfast should be unharmed, and pouring up his blanket in her yellow boots, she pulled them back down about his ears and shoulders.

"Get away, Mand!" growled Ed dreamily. "We don't want you here!"

But Mand, sitting her back, quietly slipped on his face as a reminder that it was time for boys to turn out.

Then, turning to Eli, she performed the same operation with him.

Back there lay Mand as he sat up and watched Mand sitting as knickered-up to the camp.

"She wants you to sleep," came into the garden, Mand's boys," said he.

"I'll sleep her a month over the moon!" exclaimed Joe wrathfully, as he rubbed his eyes. "She's bitten my ear!"

And Mand, having attended the camp, scrambled off in her hobble to creep the covert, about grass, which, this side of the Devil's Canyon, was very much better food than the parched, burnt-up prairie grass. They lay to the westward and over which the prairie fire had raged.

As soon as their meal was over Frank called, "Break and saddle!" for the first duty of the day.

This was an omen of misery.

We have that amongst the thousands of horses and cattle which had been driven by the fire over the cliffs of the Devil's Canyon, there must be a certain number which, and by luck, and by falling on the bodies of their fellows, had escaped death. These would naturally trail down the canyon seeking some place where the hills were broken down and would give them some chance of escape from this place of death.

But amongst those there must be some badly maimed or injured, and years of despatch and great Indian warfare had not broken down Frank's heart for the sufferings of men or of dumb animals.

"We've got a hundred spare pounds of ammunition," said he, "and we can't do better with them than to put some of those poor creatures over the top!"

Accordingly, when they had saddled up, they rode back through the pass and the smoke of the dying conflagration towards the gorge.

Never had they seen such a scene of destruction as that which showed on the western side of the gorge. As far as the eye could reach, the prairie was a blackened plain, its mountain of smouldering ashes only broken by the great tree stumps and poles, which

stood up like a lot of stakes and telegraph poles, many of them still smouldering.

"They will go on smouldering like that for weeks!" said Hank. "Then they will smoulder right away to a white ash and will fall in a puff of dust."

"Goodness!" exclaimed Ed. "But it looks doubtful. Will the burned country ever get right again?"

Frank laughed.

"Why, my boy," he answered, "after the first fall of heavy rains you won't know the place. It will be all the better the longer burned over. The grass will be finer and sweeter, and there is nothing that grass thrives on better than a good dressing of wood and vegetable ash. In a few months the burned prairie will be worth a dozen times as good what it was before. For after a prairie has been so always a big crop of the wood," as they said it, a big variety of the Kentucky clover which is the finest food in the world. But meantime you'll put back the cattle and horses, which were destroyed last night."

Frank's little train straight forward to the cliff edge and looked down into that grim chasm.

There lay thousands of poor beasts crushed, gored and smothered to death. All were still. Not a few teeth in the mounds of the little stones at the bottom of the gorge showed that some beasts had made their escape from this horrible and that all these, as he had suspected, had moved down the river.

Old Pezoo Wall rode to the cliff edge, and helped Mand straighten the trail.

The old Redskin was not shocked by this tremendous loss of life. He was accustomed to look the face of nature straight in the face. But he grieved when he saw the great piles of carcasses.

"The weak plenty good meat has wants!" said he.

"A nice one you are to talk of wants!" replied Hank. "You and your crowd have been slaughtering the horse flesh for hundreds of years, for their tongues and their lungs alone, leaving the rest of the beef to the flies. You talk a lot about the Paleface being the cause of the downfall of the Red Man. But it was his fault that Mand's own wastefulness that had ruined his nation. It was he who

## READ THIS FIRST

Ed and Joe, however, two Indian boys, were sitting in a prairie in the hands of the Red Man, and accompanying a company of cowboys across the prairie. The river is attended by Redskins, but after several killings it is followed by the Pezoo Wall, the famous old Pezoo Wall, formerly after the battle of Pezoo Wall, who is in command of the troops, and Ed and Joe are with him. When the company were in a very tight place, Ed and Joe, with Pezoo Wall, the greatest of all cowboys, and two Indian boys, old Pezoo Wall, and a great called Pezoo Wall, a great prairie fire sweeps down upon them, and they are in a very tight place. Ed and Joe, with Pezoo Wall, the greatest of all cowboys, and two Indian boys, old Pezoo Wall, and a great called Pezoo Wall, a great prairie fire sweeps down upon them, and they are in a very tight place. Ed and Joe, with Pezoo Wall, the greatest of all cowboys, and two Indian boys, old Pezoo Wall, and a great called Pezoo Wall, a great prairie fire sweeps down upon them, and they are in a very tight place.

filled on the buffalo herd, using a twentieth part of their resources and wasting the rest, and as the herd declined, and the Red Man decided that he was too weak to stop the Palefaces when he came.

Francis Wolf granted consent to Uncle's wish.

"Red Man Jim always leap big feet," said he.

The boys did not look down into the gorge of death. They had not the heart to look at that awful sacrifice of animal life.

They followed back as he swung straight and rode down along the same of the old log crossing the gorge for some three or four miles.

At this point they were clear of the spot where the stampeding herd had passed over its cliffs in that wave of madly, sweeping beauty. And here they began to come upon the low crests of the mountains, sweeping slowly along the back of the river, between peacefully now and then.

Black Horse was quite upset by the sight of the sufferings of these two stragglers from the disaster.

He pointed ever so gently picked out the poor beasts which stood in chains of living on the prairie, and these he carefully dispatched with sharp shots from his snarling rifle. He fired at long intervals, but the crack of the rifle might be heard over the prairie, and in his work of mercy, he was helped by Teokoopt, with his bow and his silent arrows.

Teokoopt's archery was a miracle. Though the use of the bow and arrow was already beginning to die out amongst the Redskins, it had been kept alive in Teokoopt's tribe, who claimed descent from Te-moo-sa-ho-mee, the Redskin Robin Hood, the archer of every right and strength.

And Francis Wolf observed as he saw Teokoopt, sitting arrow after arrow, never missing his mark of mercy amongst the miserable beasts that stamped in the gorge below.

"His leap good shoot," said he to the boys, as he pointed to Teokoopt. He nodded.

"He's like William Tell who shot the apple off his son's head!" said he.

"Ay," put in Uncle Baldy.

"Teokoopt is as good a shot as the famous Lookdeer. I've rode on him in looks. He split an arrow exact at a hundred paces. But I'll bet there was not many archers, better's Teokoopt fightin at Oney and Agimoopt."

"What has any?" asked Francis Wolf, growing curious over this talk of archery.

And Uncle Baldy dropped into Navajo language telling the story of the great Robin Hood and his merry men, and of Richard Coeur de Lion. Thus he told of the great battles between the Palefaces in which bows and arrows had been used, and of the great shot of William Tell, the Swiss patriot who, at the bidding of the tyrant Austrian, sent the apple peevish on his son's head.

Old Francis Wolf granted at this. He was not greatly impressed by the story of Robin Hood, though he admitted that it was not unlike the story of his own great hero Laughing

Cloud, paramount was chief of the Navajos.

And when Teokoopt had finished his work of mercy and had risen from the spot at the brink of the gorge where he had been shooting, old Francis Wolf called him to him.

Teokoopt did not utter words. He was a true Redskin with a love almost unchangeable as the front of a sunny field, but he came as usual, grinning as he would when Francis Wolf talked to him.

"Lo!" said Francis Wolf in his language. "He of the scarpless head makes talk of the things of our Red-Ho-mee, and of another, Lookdeer, who were great archers amongst the Palefaces, and also of one, Will Tell, a brave who shot fruit that was placed on the head of his son. Yet these things were but child's play!"

The boys did not understand what old Francis Wolf was saying, but

sharp point of the war-arrow clipped the crest from his head, but there was a quiet look of approval on his leather face as he rode back after the arrow, and, stooping from his seat, pulled it from the ground.

"Look here, Francis Wolf," said Uncle Baldy, "so many of that funny shooting. If young Robin Hood here were a mark, let him shoot at a target. He don't want to get you killed."

Francis Wolf granted.

"The young brave shoots true," said he. "I was but child's play. There was no danger."

"Well, we don't want any of your Redskin mind-creeping tricks here," said Uncle Baldy. "Put up your arrows, Teokoopt, and keep 'em for other Redskins than old Francis Wolf."

Black Horse laughed at the game way in which they two Redskins followed took Uncle Baldy's reproaches.



He had not time to shoot from his hideous antagonist. But the horse reared wild and on the backward fall of the rider, waving his tail.

their curiosity was crossed when the old Redskin wheeled round the man, and rode her full fifty paces from Teokoopt.

Then he took of the venerable and lumbered together with the regular footstep crunch on the ground, and, taking a small crest of wood from his saddle-bags, pushed it on top of his head.

"What's the old dandy up to, putting his head on his head like that?" demanded Joe.

"That he looks of about with a head of honor, for Teokoopt, colony sitting an arrow in his bow, had decided it to the fall of the string, and was drawing a head of that they little did of wood.

The boys did not dare to stop Teokoopt, but they might distract his aim.

The arrow rangled from the string and flew dead to its mark, hounding the rest from Francis Wolf's head, and leaving itself in the prairie a hundred yards beyond.

Francis Wolf did not blink as the

He knew that Teokoopt could have shot that crest from Francis Wolf's head a hundred times without wincing; his head with the bark of the arrow. And Teokoopt, feeling that his aim was unflinching, and his horse to a gallop, and lifting of an arrow high in the air, followed it up as he galloped, lifting another arrow to his bow.

The arrow disappeared almost out of sight, but as it fell Teokoopt let it fly, allowing the shaft just behind the head with his second arrow.

"Wah!" granted Francis Wolf. "That was a man's shot! Robin Hood could do no better."

And the wide shaft and into the crest which had been shot from the rider's head. Then they followed along the crest of the gorge, putting the few last injured remnants of the herd of bison and buffalo out of their pain.

There were yet a good many trails left in the sandy bed of the river, and soon they came upon a spot where the

ridle of the group had broken down, making an oval by which the usual entrance had opened.

Here the ground was broken and trampled like deep hillocks and deep dells, which were covered thick with the wild plian of the prairie, and through this the party rode, their steeds climbing high banks and dropping down into the deep hollows.

Joe was riding a little way to the right of the party over the difficult level bit of country, the tall plian growing as high as his saddle nose.

He had reached the top of a mound that was like a miniature Sky Eye steppes, when of a sudden his horse struck out and the footpad was sent to a standstill, snorting.

For a moment Joe was bewildered by this conduct. He thought that his steed did not like the slope on the far side of the mound, and was afraid of going on its nose.

"Come up!" he called.

Then he grasped for part of a tangle of grass and rubber thistles in the hollow near the chaggy hump and snarl, twisted horns of a large bull bone which had escaped the slaughter.

The horse was evidently in a nervous state after the great stampede of last night, and also in an exceedingly hot temper. For at the sight of the bone and its ribs he galloped back and forth with a great snarl and a snort, stamped up and on the bone in which he had been rearing and kicking about. Joe had not time to rise to his legs, chaggy head stamped up and snarl, and his horse was galloping to turn and wheel down the precipitous escarpment.

But the horse snorted again, and on that occasion snarled and stamped at a black but the footing and tilted over, throwing Joe from his saddle.

It was lucky for Joe that the fall was not a heavy one, and that the big Mexican showed some shrewdness in allowing some overcharge for his fall. For at the horse fell with him he was thrown clear of it, and fell head foremost into a great clump of flowering plian.

His horse struggled quickly to its feet, and bolted in the same direction, which had plunged down into the next hollow, tearing, in a minute and as quick as a cat, and sought the hollow again.

It all happened so quickly that Joe's companions, busy in finding their way over this tumpy patch of ground, had hardly time to realize what had happened.

But old Francis Wolf, who was coming along behind the rest, seated himself, and bounded up on the back of the snorting horse, for all the world like some old Red Indian squaw, and talked in what had happened.

With a wild yell he threw Mand alongside the tearing horse. And the brute, which had just sighted Joe, who was something in his feet, turned and stood at Mand.

But Mand was too quick for him. With a snarl he had brought his heels round and gave the horse a couple of tremendous kicks on the nose, that sent him staggering back, doubtless wondering whether he had hit up against an antelope or not.

Then he charged again. But Mand, quick as her feet in a cat, wheeled round straightly him.

Then with a yell old Francis Wolf performed a time-honored hunting trick which he had not practiced since he was a young and busy horse. He reared from Mand's back on to the top of the bone, and rearing from Mand, it made for Joe, who ran for his life.

The brute was close upon the boy before old Francis Wolf could get to his long knife. And to the great amazement it looked as though Joe must get trampled down and perished.

But up went old Francis Wolf's long hunting knife, and down it came like lightning in the exact spot behind the horse where a hindquarter will fall.

It was a fatal thrust, and it just saved Joe's life, for down went the big bull bone, and old Francis Wolf, turning three complete somersaults, hit the earth with a bang that would have knocked the life out a civilized elderly gentleman of his own years.

But Francis Wolf was made of different stuff, and, old though he was, was not hit as though in a snuffbox.

He lay for a moment gasping.

Then he sat up slowly, and gazed steadily at his "buddy," but the name of which was stamped, and the number of which was broken.

"Huh!" he grunted, to stamped again. "My good ole hat! His long snout!"

"Are you alive, Francis Wolf?" gasped Joe, who, very frightened, ran close to his assistance.

"I'm all right, got up with the boy," he said, and shook his eye and leg and the other, and worked his jaws in a way that no horse was broken.

"But his snout! How big of right, I have spoken!" said he solemnly.

Then Mand the male, standing up, stood over the dead horse and snorted loudly, as though in triumph at his victory. Mand did not like him at any level of course. Mand would stand up to any steed on the prairie, and would kick him into the middle of next week if he came his way.

They all laughed at Mand, as great was their relief that no one had been killed in this unexpected encounter.

Then Francis Wolf set to work and took these snappers for their sight from the blue hump, also working to the snapper, through which he threaded a long cord, and which he hung to his saddle.

The rest was left to the coyotes and the buzzards, who would soon gather from hundreds of miles round when the men went forth of the great land that was waiting them in the Devil's Canyon.

"They'll all know of it soon," said Frank Blair, as he rode up with Joe's horse, which he had caught, and which on examination was found to be calmer than his legs, with the same. "It's wonderful how the men Francis changed the heads of the prairie. And that's one of the reasons why I want to get away from this part."

"Why?" asked Kit, as they rode along side by side.

"Because watch the birds and beasts as they watch everything," said Frank. "They will know by the number and the glare of last night that there has been a big prairie war. And they will watch the birds all the

time for that, for they will be certain that where there has been war there has been a stampede, and where there has been a stampede there will be need for the picking of it up before the coyotes get it. And they will know the tracks and see which way they find, so that it won't take them long to discover where those droves of cattle trampled over the prairie last night."

"And will they not that soon?" asked Kit.

"A Redskin who is a hungry wolf can sniff," said Frank Blair. "And perhaps it is reasonable, but that we captured a few bits of their prairie of dried meat when we took their camp. There are many hundreds of Mustangs left on the prairie and with mighty little to eat. If they can only get to these dead buffaloes in the next twenty-four hours they can eat and make enough meat to keep them going for months. So you may be certain that about on the heels of the wild beasts will come the Redskins. So we have got to get out of this western prairie, and buy a sharp whetstone for our knives. That is why I am riding north now. Later on we will head toward in a wide circle to the place we are making for. But I dare not go there direct, or we will come their heads."

The sky cleared as they rode to the southwest, and the sun began to heat them but upon their backs, while above the line of the prairie the air danced and shimmered with mirage.

Just past midday Frank Blair led his party to the north, following more or less the course of the little river that ran through the Devil's Canyon.

It was about half past ten in the afternoon that he suddenly halted his party, and took them to his horse in full charge of goldenrod. His quick eye had caught a strange sight of birds moving over the crest of an antelope nose.

And the movement of birds meant as much to Frank Blair as a printed book.

"Dare with you, boys!" he exclaimed. "These are Redskins moving on the far side of the ridge!"

The horses by close under the goldenrod, which made a good cover, for it was low but as more in height. And Mand, who, for all his lack, was as fit trained by Indian warriors as the best cavalry horse in the United States, took cover and lay as quiet as the rest.

The boys looked to their rifle. For all their faith in Frank Blair, they could not help wondering if he had not made some mistake, or spent and forgotten by the great ridge and depression of the prairie in the needless confusion.

So slow did they lie that a coyote, tracking across country down wind, slipped through the tall goldenrod and only a few yards from them.

But there were no signs of Redskins on the crest of the ridge at which they could get a peep through the tall stems that surrounded them.

Another big movement of this thrilling Redskin story is next week's issue. Order your copy of "The Grayfrars Herald." Was your newspaper now?—Editor.

# BUNTER'S LITTLE INDISPOSITION!

A complete cure with plenty of fun in it, especially constituted

By PETER TODD



Bob Cherry near the front-door hall of the Cottage Hospital, and a port-looking nurse appeared. "Good-afternoon, nurse," said Bob. "These things are for Bunter."

"Where's Bunter?"  
The question was irrelevant. Everybody was asking it.

In the Bureau studies, in the corridors, in the junior common-rooms, the query was asked and repeated.

"Where was Billy Hunter?"

The winter duck had set in, and it was just looking-up time. But Billy Hunter had not put in an appearance. Nobody had seen him since December. Nobody had the remotest idea where he was.

"I wonder I was very alarmed. You see, Bunter is a steady-made of mine, and in a way I'm responsible for him."

"Let's make a thorough search," I suggested.

"Right you are, Todd," said Bob Cherry. "Bunter's hidden himself away somewhere, but we'll soon find him. We're too organized to be pulled around as a cat's paw."

"He, he, he!"  
We hunted everywhere for the fat jester. We went to the gym, in the library, to the sunny, so every week and cranny of Greyfriars. But we drew blank.

"It's extraordinary!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "The fat blob can't have come in yet. He must be out of town."

"In that case, he'll get a delectable tickler when he does come up," said Johnny Bull. "Gosh! He'll send down the a hundred of bricks!"

"Yes, rather?"

"As the evening advanced, my shoes grew.

"Doubt to give my mind to pop, I

straddled down to the porter's lodge and asked Gidding if Billy Hunter had come in. The reply was a sorry groan in the negative.

I walked near the school gateway for half an hour or so, but there was no sign of Hunter. Bedtime came at length, but not the end of the Bummer.

The basement society prevailed in the Bummer dorm.

"We had no great love for Bunter; at the same time, we didn't want to see him get into serious trouble."

When Wingoate of the Staff came in to see Bunter out, he glanced casually at Bunter's empty bed, the sight of which, however, did not seem to surprise him.

"I say, Wingoate," said Bob Cherry. "Don't you think we ought to form a search-party?"

The captain of Greyfriars stopped short.

"A search-party?" he ejaculated.

"What on earth for?"

"To search for Bunter."

Wingoate smiled.

"Bunter's personal whereabouts are known to the school authorities," he said.

There was a rustle of inquiry at once.

"Where is he, Wingoate?"

"Has he been sent to the hospital yet?"

"No, no, no!"

"He, he, he!"

The laughter rapidly died away when Wingoate explained the situation.

"Bunter is lying in the Cottage Hospital," he said.

"Oh!"  
"Great Scott!"  
"What's wrong with him, Wingoate?"

"I don't quite know," said the captain of Greyfriars. "It appears that he was taken off this afternoon in a taxi, and conveyed to hospital. I don't know the nature of the trouble, but I shouldn't think it was anything serious. Good-night, kids!"

And Wingoate extinguished the light, and withdrew.

"What he had gone there was a touch of confined commotion."

"Poor old Bunter!" said Spudd, with real feeling. "Fancy being taken queer in the street!"

"And conveyed to hospital!" exclaimed Johnny Bull. "I can't help thinking it must be something serious, in spite of what Wingoate says. It is more a trifling thing, a cold or a sprain, Bunter would have been brought back to Greyfriars, and treated in the usual way."

"I ain't 'oot at all easy in my mind," said Harry Wharton, "and I know exactly what the trouble is."

"Same here?"

We were all very concerned the Billy Hunter, and some of us felt uneasy feelings of conscience. We felt that we had been rather hard on the fat jester in the past. True, Bunter was a snail, and a egg and a gizzard, and consequently not a nice person to annoy. At the same time, perhaps we might have done him a little more consideration.

Supposing he was seriously ill!

We wrangled uselessly in our beds at the thought.

Next morning, a letter arrived bearing the Courtfield postmark. It was addressed to "The members of the Bummer Firm," and Harry Wharton opened it, and read it aloud with some diffidence.

The letter was written in pencil, on a greasy sheet of newspaper, and ran as follows:

"The Cottage Hospital,  
Courtfield."

"My dearfellows,—I am struck I am about to duck in my mitt."

I collapsed suddenly in Courtfield High Street this afternoon, and was conveyed to the above address.

"I can't explain exactly what it may be, because I don't want to make you all unhappy. Follow it."

I have got to go under an operation, and I ain't got to go over it. If I do, I shall be a double of my former self—indeed to a mere child, indeed!

"I don't want you fellows to bother about me, but if you could send me a few depositions it will put me on the road to recovery."

"In the course of my not coming round after the operation, I have all my belongings—and those I have borrowed from other people—in my name. I have, in the hope that he will get them to hand me."

I will send you a further bulletin in due course.—If I survive.—Yours,

W. G. Bunter."

But as this fellow laughed when Wharton declared this letter, but the majority looked grave.

"An operation, by jove!" said Nugent. "That sounds bad."

"Awfully bad," said Bob Cherry. "Four old Bunker!"

"Well I hardly think it's a life and death matter," said Harry Wharton. "Modern surgeons are so jolly and full that they can perform miracles. A cousin of mine, who was badly wounded in the war, had six operations, and he came through the whole lot successfully."

"All the same," I remarked, "poor old Bunker will be feeling pretty groggy afterwards, and he'll need something to keep his pocket supplied with fruit, and all that sort of thing. I vote we have a well-stocked tin on Bunker's behalf."

"Bring her!"

The suggestion was taken up with solicitation on all sides.

I was appointed treasurer of the fund, and the fellows gave generously. It seemed odd, to be having a collection for Bunker, but we couldn't very well overlook the fact that our plump school-bro was a patient at the Cottage Hospital.

Every fellow contributed according to his means, and that afternoon a number of us pulled over to Chestfield and made purchases.

First of all, we bought a ham-bone hash, an East-end strong man, cheese, and fish. There were bunches of interesting grapes; these were oranges, apples, bananas, pears, plums and peaches.

"Bunker ought to be jolly pleased with this little lot," remarked Johnny Bell.

"Well, by feeding something more substantial in a day or two," said Bob Cherry. "For the first twenty-four hours after his operation he won't feel much like eating; but after that his appetite will become normal again. We'd better get some nice hot stews and things."

As we adjourned to the post-office, and made a further batch of purchases.

"We were loaded up with baskets and parcels by the time we had finished," said Harry Wharton. "Now we'll go along to the hospital."

Creeping beneath our awnings, we made our way to the Cottage Hospital, which was situated just outside the town.

Bob Cherry took the front-door left, and a girl-looking nurse appeared. She gave a gasp when she caught sight of our vast array of purchases.

"Good-afternoon, sir?" said Bob Cherry, politely raising his cap. "We happen to have a friend in the hospital."

"It looks as if you have fifty friends here," remarked the nurse, "judging by the quantity of your gifts."

"About. These things are for Bunker, who happens to have a particularly big appetite. May we go up and see him?"

"The nurse shook her head.

"Nothing from two, is she said," she said, "and it is now nearly five. You may leave these things with me, and I will see that Bunker gets them."

"All serene, serene."

We left our purchases on the top of the steps, and turned away, and it was not until we arrived at Greysbari that it dawned on us that we had quite forgotten to ask the nurse what was the number with Bunker.

"Never mind!" said Bob Cherry. "We shall soon learn the true facts of the case."

And we did.

Next morning, in the middle of the case, Mr. Bunker rolled into the Recovery Room. He looked as plump and robust as ever, and there were suspicious glances of you on his lobby thence.

The fat junior was accompanied by Dr. Quitch, of Filandale.

"Good-morning, sir," said the doctor, addressing Mr. Quitch. "I have brought Bunker back to you."

"How do you feel? I thought he was ill?"

"Not at all, sir, but we explain. I accompanied Bunker in the ambulance the day before yesterday, and noticed that a lark had broken out on his face. Suspecting an attack of German measles, I took him to the Cottage Hospital, where he has been kept under observation. The rash has now disappeared, and I find that it was caused by the excessive consumption of pastry."

"Dear me!"

Quickly looked surprised, and we did not seem surprised and furious.

Billy Bunker had quipped on! There had been nothing the matter with him, and the "serious operation" had been nothing more than a bit of lark.

An intelligent waitress ran round the class, growing in volume until it was a perfect mass.

"The speaker?"

"The orator?"

"The fat one?"

Mr. Quitch raised his hand for silence.

"That will do," he said sharply.

"If you have any appetite to burn at Bunker, you will please receive them and the recovery."

The recovery matter talked to Dr. Quitch.

"Thank you, doctor, for bringing Bunker back," said Mr. Quitch. "I am relieved to know that he is sound in mind and limb. I feared, at first, that he might have contracted an inconvertible disease."

"Oh, dear, no!" said Dr. Quitch. "Apart from a tendency to indigestion, the state of his health leaves nothing to be desired. Good-morning, Mr. Quitch!"

The medical man withdrew, and Billy Bunker went to his place.

As soon as business was over, the fat junior became the centre of a working discussion among us.

Bob Cherry gripped the fat by the collar, and shook him like a fat rat.

"You—w—w—w! Squiff, Cherry, you know! You'll look—look—look my appetite, and then you'll have to go—go—go for three!"

"You'll look—look!" shouted Bob. "You won't get it at all. And the operation was a failure!"

"Oh, really?"

"And we bought you your and lots of dainty things!" I exclaimed. "We gave a small fortune for your health!"

"Just think of it!" gasped Squiff. "All that cash expended for nothing!"

"Bunker's been living on the fat of the land," said Johnny Bell. "But he's going to have a rude awakening!"

"How, dear?"

"Hungry, dear?"

"Panic him!"

"Panic him!"

Billy Bunker looked at us, great alarm.

"You can!" he retorted, "Fancy being your hands on a hysterical man!"

"No, no, no!"

In spite of our laughter, our blood was up, and we made Billy Bunker undergo the painful ordeal of a Peppermint.

He had completely spoiled us; he had obtained all sorts of honours by false pretences, and in our wrath we put him fairly through the mill.

The latest bulletin concerning Bunker was posted on the school notice-board later in the day. It ran as follows:

"W. A. Bunker was operated upon this morning by the senior Form, with the aid of orator squiff, orator, etc."

"We consider it will be some time before the victim is able to sit up and take nourishment."

"Signed: Ferguson H. Wharton."

"Assistant Surgeon B. Cherry."

For the remainder of that day, words of wild lamentation could be heard proceeding from No. 7 Study.

Billy Bunker was mainly recovering from the effects of his "operation."

END.



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# A "KILLING" AFFAIR!

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

By MONTY LOWTHER



We trapped operators with him and took with the great George Alfred looked himself on his study-table.

**G**EORGE ALFRED GRADY, of the Block, was a fellow to be envied.

At a time when the majority of us were in the straits known as "study," the great George Alfred had received a plump testimonial from an equally plump party.

"We were going longingly at the post-ack at St. Jim's, when Grady described his good fortune."

"I say, you chaps," he remarked.

"Aunt Fraz has turned up trumps!"

"Miss your aunt Fraz?" queried Tom Henry.

"She's sent me a shocking result-logy."

"You deserve the whole lot, dear boy, but not the result-logy!" drawled Ralph Harrison Gander.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's a few!" said Grady, in jest.

"Lucky day!" greeted Jack Blake.

"I trust, Grady," said Gump, crowding George Alfred aside.

"That you will spend the maximum on your catch card—met on your desk card."

"What do you mean?" demanded

Grady, whose brain works rather slowly.

"I mean," said the swell of St. Jim's, "that the money ought to be expended on a fancy waistcoat or a new topcoat. You mentioned you are wealthy at present in an extreme, and your best Sunday topcoat looks like a battered overcoat."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I've got several things to be thankful for," said Grady, "and one of 'em is that I'm not a condemned father's dummy!"

"Waddy, Waddy!"

"You're going to blow the dress on good!" I exclaimed.

"Nonsense!"

One month's wages to water, for some of us had not looked anything really dainty for a day's age.

We regarded George Alfred Grady as an exceptionally lucky fellow, and he began to receive quite a lot of propositions of friendship.

"As an old pal of yours, Grady," said Crooks, "I shall look for an invitation."

"You'd have to look for it through a pretty powerful microscope, then!" said Grady, merrily.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm giving a spread this afternoon, but I'm only going to invite a select few. Tom Henry can come."

"Good!" said Tom. "I always did say you were a fellow of excellent taste, Grady."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Mamma can come, too."

"Kipping!" said Mamma.

"Also Lowther, on the district, was demanding that he refrain from making jokes which flourished in the Adam and Eve period!"

"I ain't no joke about a single thing!" I protested. "Not even your face!"

Grady's invitation was extended to Talbot and Gump, and there was great rejoicing among the selected ones.

During the day Grady had to announce a couple of lark from Susan Taggins, and when we trooped into his study at five o'clock we found a table laden with good things.

Grady, who had been trying something of the sort, turned to us with a face like a boiled lobster.

"Pile in, you fellows!" he said, with a magnificent flourish of his hand.

We sat down at the table.

"Waddy, Grady, this is a wip-ty spread!" remarked Gump.

"Simply 'topical,'" said Tom Henry. "Your Aunt Fraz!"

"She'll stomach the grub first, and Aunt Fraz afterwards," said Grady.

Five minutes later, when Grady had finished trying the fare at the fire, he had won in full swing.

Presently the door opened, and William and Gump, Grady's long-suffering study-mates, strolled in.

Neither William nor Gump had been invited to the spread, but perhaps they took it for granted that they were welcome. Anyway, they drifted in with an air of possession.

William coughed. So did Gump.

"Smells good!" remarked the former.

"Jolly good!" agreed the other.

Grady looked up with a frown.

"Get out of here!" he said.

William and Gump stared.

"What?"

"Get out!" repeated Grady.

Instead of retreating, William and Gump advanced further into the study.

"I received your invitation card after the grub," Grady said to them.

"But there's nothing doing—no!"

William flushed.

"We didn't come here for your rotten grub!" he said wrathfully.

"You can choke yourself with it for all we care!"

"That's enough, George William!" said Grady, in the magnanimous way.

"You know jolly well that you made a mistake to see what you could get!"

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"We didn't," boasted Gunn. "We came along because this is our study, and we're to watch right to be here at 104."

Grandy had risen to his feet by this time. Gunn's explanation evidently cut no ice with him.

"If you're out out of this study in ten ticks," he said sternly, "I'll get you out."

"Like to see you try!" said Wilkins emphatically.

"How good, then?" said Grandy.

And we suspended operations with knits and feet while the great George Alfred checked his materials here and hurried himself upon his two study-mats, with whom he was usually on good terms.

In the ordinary way the combined efforts of Wilkins and Gunn would have proved too much for Grandy. But on this occasion they got in each other's way, with the result that Grandy had an easy task. He sent Wilkins sprawling through the open doorway, and Gunn, being in the way, went out with the tide, so to speak.

Then the door slammed upon the unhappy pair, and with noisy clank and rattle we resumed our attack on the good things.

"Without Wilkin's to interfere in a matter which doesn't concern me," said Gunn, "I really think you owe a little to fat that time, Grandy?"

"Oh? Not a bit!" said Grandy.

"I can't stand fellows who tell shop-people. They pretended they didn't care here in the hope of sharing the food, and that's sheer larceny, out of context!"

"You were rather heavy-handed, don't you?"

"Yes."

Grandy refused to admit that he had been guilty of an injustice. He refused, in fact, to discuss his study-mats any further.

And we went merrily ahead with the meat.

## II

**D**URING the next few days Grandy and his study-mats were out on speaking-tour, check, and Gunn left very early at six way they had been wooded, and they mutually decided not to speak to Grandy again until he apologized.

This state of affairs went on for some time, until we began to wonder whether the breach would ever be healed.

Grandy was evidently waiting for Wilkins and Gunn to make overtures of peace. And Wilkins and Gunn, for their part, were waiting for Grandy to apologize.

When the next breakfast came round Grandy disappeared immediately after dinner, and Wilkins and Gunn, being very full-up with BS in general, went along to their study to play chess. They had originally planned a trikappa, but they were feeling too glib to carry out their intention.

As soon as they had played five games of chess on the roof—Gunn winning three and Wilkins two—one was a tie on the door of the study, and Kingness of the door came in.

"You fellows are wanted on the phone," he said.

Wilkins and Gunn looked up at once.

"Both of us?" asked Wilkins.

Kingness nodded.

"Where?"

"In the perfect's room."

Wondering why they were wanted, Wilkins and Gunn made their way to the correct apartment.

Metlock of the Fourth met them outside. He was looking fully scared.

"I've got a message for you below," he stammered.

"Go ahead!" said Wilkins.

"Get it off your chest!" said Gunn.

"It's like this," said Metlock.

"Grandy rang me up on the phone."

"Grandy?"

"He rang up from Wayland. He wanted to speak to both of you, and Kingness went off to find you, but Kildare said he won't give to have a pack of kids monopolizing the phone all the afternoon, so I took Grandy's message, so I happened to be on the spot."

"And what was it?"

"The stored book had not left Metlock's care."

"Is he sane?" he stammered.

"Doesn't seem to be," said Metlock positively.

"What does he say?"

"He—he says he's going to kill himself this afternoon, at the bookshop in Wayland, and he wants you to go along."

Wilkins and Gunn gasped. The two separate and distinct plans were laid upon Metlock.

"Are you pulling our legs?" demanded Gunn.

"No," said Metlock, shaking his head earnestly. "I've given you the message exactly as I literally gave it to me."

"I'm going to kill myself this afternoon at the bookshop," he said.

"Tell Wilkins and Gunn that I want them to come along."

Having assured themselves that Metlock was not pulling their legs, Wilkins and Gunn went back to their study.

Not a word was spoken all they reached that apartment. Then Wilkins blurted out:

"I—I say, old man, what are Grandy's plans?"

"I don't know. It seems to be himself," said Gunn.

Wilkins stared.

"You think that Grandy would commit suicide?" he gasped.

"In the ordinary way, no. But in a fit of depression it's quite likely."

"My hat!"

Wilkins turned pale.

"You see, old man," said Gunn, "Grandy's not a normal sort of fellow, and he's not to be judged by normal standards. We've cut him dead during the last few days, and it may have upset him far more than we imagined."

Wilkins shuddered.

"I—I can't really believe that Grandy means to end it all!" he stammered. "And if he does mean to kill himself, why should he choose the bookshop in Wayland as the scene of the suicide?"

"I think it's to be appreciated, I suppose," said Gunn. "The bookshop's right in the heart of the town, and everybody would witness the deed."

Wilkins darted a swift glance at his

watch. Then he reached for his cap.

"Gunn, go!" he said briefly.

"Where?"

"To Wayland, of course! There may not be anything to be discerned about, but we'll have nothing to show. If Grandy's gone today, and I should be there in ten ticks, we might be able to get to Wayland in time to stop him. Put a word in it."

Two minutes later Wilkins and Gunn were whirling out of the good on their bikes.

They scooped along the dirty road, and both were panting and perspiring by the time they reached their destination.

As they sped along the old-fashioned High Street of Wayland a familiar figure arrested their attention. George Alfred Grandy was standing on the pavement, just outside the bookshop.

"There he is!" exclaimed Wilkins.

The two jostled hurriedly dismounted, and dashed up to their study-mats.

"Grandy, you mean?"

"Grandy, you mean what?"

Grandy looked round, to find Wilkins and Gunn peering at him violently, each on each side of him.

"Isn't he the old chap?" gasped Wilkins.

Grandy stared.

"What the thing—" he began.

"Check the heavily loaded way over the creek—whichever it is!" yelled Gunn.

"Remember! Grandy!" exclaimed Grandy, looking utterly bewildered.

"Have you two chaps suddenly gone off your roosters?"

"Metlock gave us your message. He said you were going to kill yourself!"

"For a moment George Alfred Grandy looked the picture of perturbed consternation. Then he threw back his head and laughed uproariously.

"Ha, ha, ha! What I said was that I was going to fill myself!"

"What?"

"Fill myself—have a tuck-in, in other words—at the bookshop. And I wanted you fellows to come along."

"Oh?"

"Evidently Metlock mistook the word 'fill' for 'kill,'" chuckled Grandy. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"There's a slight difference between a fellow filling himself and killing himself!" said Wilkins.

"I thought at one high time this little quarrel of ours was patched up," explained Grandy. "It was my last all along."

"No, sure!" said Gunn cheerfully.

"But! I kicked you out of the study the other day, instead of inviting you to the book. It was a loss. I've been thinking it over, and it occurred to me that it would be a good idea to ring you up and ask you to come and feed at the bookshop, at my expense. Are you willing?"

"Yes, rather!" said Wilkins.

"How, how?" said Gunn.

And on the bench was heated.

The trio adjourned to the bookshop, and a few minutes later the chattering rows of George Alfred Grandy could be heard sending reinforcements for three.

Our Photographic Supplement

# THE BOYS' PICTORIAL



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## GREAT NEW COMPETITION.

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

This week I am giving the above splendid prizes, which will be awarded for the best efforts in the following simple task. Before you will find an attractive pattern-paragraph, and I want you to try to make it just like my own. I printed under the original paragraph, and you will draw up the puzzle. The original paragraph is looked up in my notes, and the first three of the original full of round letters "work" will be awarded to the reader whose solution is exactly the same as my "own". The other prizes, which consist of five more of the same prize, will be divided, but no reader will be awarded more than one prize.

Should more than 5 readers qualify for the Tuck Hamper prize, there will be added to the prize list.

You may send as many solutions as you please, but each must be accompanied by the signed coupon you will find on this page.

Write your solution IN INK on a clean sheet of paper, fill in the coupon below, and give to this, last address: "No. 19, TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION, 'THE GREYFRIARS HERALD,' Greyfriars, Church Square, London, E.C. 4, so as to reach that address not later than Tuesday, March 13th.

Remember that my decision must be accepted in all matters concerning this competition as absolutely final.

I agree "The Greyfriars Herald" Tuck Hamper Competition No. 19, and agree to accept the published decision as absolutely binding.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

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INITIALS \_\_\_\_\_

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

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