

OUR GREAT OFFER—LAST CHANCE!

The Greyfriars Herald 1^d 1²



No. 20 (New Series)

FULL OF SCHOOL STORIES AND ARTICLES

Mar. 13, 1920.



FIGHTING HIS CHUM'S BATTLE!

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 Fleefway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.



WHEN THE WINDS OF MARCH DO BLOW.



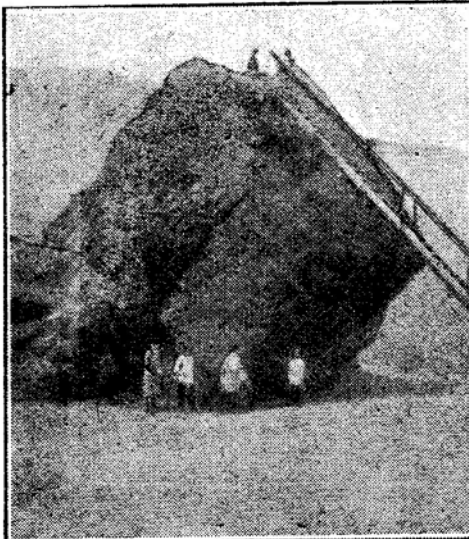
Yachting is one of the few sports which is not hampered by the boisterous winds of this time of year. In fact, "a bit of a blow" adds zest—and sometimes a spice of danger—to a sail, especially on large sheets of water like the Norfolk Broads, where the above picture was taken.—Taken by George E. Swan, 27, St. Giles Street, Norwich.

FIND THE LADY!



This photograph is of three "Greyfriars Herald" readers, Foster Thompson, James Thompson, and Miss Edith Elliott. I wonder if you can guess which is the lady? To save you sleepless nights I had better tell you which is Miss Elliott. She is in the centre.—Sent in by Miss Edith Elliott, 17, Buddle Street, Consett, Co. Durham.

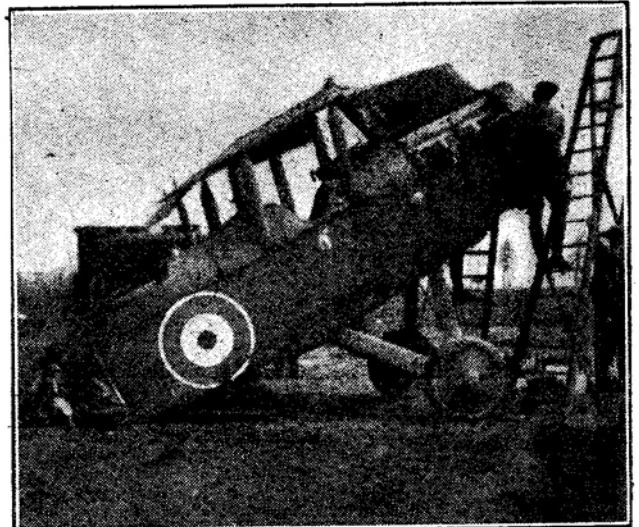
THE BOWDER STONE.



This huge boulder, known as the Bowder Stone, is the largest piece of detached rock in England, and is visited by many tourists, who climb to the summit by means of the long ladder shown on the right of the picture. The stone is 62 feet long, 36 feet in breadth, 89 feet in circumference, and weighs 1,971 tons.—Taken by H. R. Kerrison, 31, Westlands, Chester Road, Sunderland.

**SEND
ALONG
YOUR
SNAPS!**

CUT IN HALF!



The result of a terrible crash in the air when one aeroplane flew into another machine and cut it in two!—Taken by John Ferguson, 4, James Grey Street, Langside, Glasgow.



Occasional Contributors from GREYFRIARS



Editorial

By Harry Wharton.

STILL THEY COME!

My daily postbag is still as bulging as ever—and a bulging postbag generally gladdens an editor's heart. Generally, but not always. I once heard of an editor who in a single morning received hundreds of letters, urging him to close down his paper!

Fortunately, the letters I receive day by day are not of that sort. With one or two rare exceptions, everybody seems happy and satisfied with the fare which THE GREYFRIARS HERALD provides for them week by week.

It is, of course, impossible for me to reply to my chums individually in the limited space at my disposal, but where a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed, a reply will always be sent through the post.

I would again emphasise the fact that I am at all times delighted to hear from my boy and girl chums. So write as often as you like, and my postbag will bulge to such an extent that it will look like a sort of inanimate Billy Bunter.

THE SAME OLD STORY!

One of my Richmond chums is very perturbed because his parents will not allow him to read THE GREYFRIARS HERALD.

This is no new grievance, but it is new so far as the HERALD is concerned. Indeed, it is the first case I have known where our little paper has been classed with the "penny dreadfuls."

My Richmond correspondent—who signs himself "Anxious"—wants my advice on the subject. He has pointed out several times to his parents that there is nothing in THE GREYFRIARS HERALD to which exception could possibly be taken; but the aforesaid parents are adamant.

I can only advise my chum to bow to his parents' wishes, hard though it may be to be deprived of his favourite story paper. To encourage a fellow to defy his parents—even when the latter are unreasonable—would be to encourage caddishness and deceit. And that, of course, is unthinkable.

HARRY WHARTON.

Occasional Contributors from Other Schools



AN UNEXPECTED HAMMERING - - - Drawn by FRANK NUGENT.



1. "I'll teach you to eat my pork pies!" howled Billy Bunter as he chased Wingate minor into the countryside. And that Third-form kid scattered like a scat—er, that is, a cat—for W. G. looked capable of anything!



2. And when Wingate minor disappeared in the hollow tree, Bunter chuckled hugely. "Ha, ha, ha!" he smirked loudly; "I've tree'd him properly! He can stay in there and be late for prep., and serve him right!"



3. But, my hat and only aunt! Look what happened! Wingate minor popped out, as per magnificent engraving, and biffed Bunter a Bolshev-fistic bang on his beautiful boko! "Ha, ha, ha!" roared the kid. "Who can't get out, eh?"

My Weekly Interview.



By the Special Representative of
"The Greyfriars Herald"

This week:

Lord Mauleverer

the special representative of "The Greyfriars Herald" comes into your study you should spring smartly to attention, and salute!"

"Oh, run away and pick flowers!" murmured his lordship. "I'm tired."

"Strikes me you're never anything else! Instead of being up and doing, I find you dreaming away the golden hours of youth! For shame!"

"Oh, do go away, begad!" pleaded Mauly.

"I refuse to go away! I've come here to interview you, and I'll do it, by Jove, even if I have to make you talk in your sleep! You ought to be thoroughly ashamed of yourself, slacking like this. Why not try your hand at work, for a change?"

"Work?" echoed Mauly feebly. "Don't use that word here, dear boy. It's distractin'!"

"You're supposed to the Fashion Editor of the 'Herald,'" I said sternly, "and yet you've not written a single article on fashions to date! You seem to have reduced slacking to a fine art. Why don't you buzz around? Why don't you put a jerk in it? Why don't you turn yourself into a bundle of fireworks?"

RESULT OF TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION.—No. 15.

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:

ARTHUR LOMAS,

195, Pelham St. B'ld'gs., M.E.N.T.,
London, E.L.

A Tuck Hamper has been awarded to each of the following five competitors, whose solutions contained one error each:

Thomas Combe, 3, Ann St., Leith, Scotland; T. H. Thompson, 92, Maiden Lane, Liverpool, E.; Archie Evans, 61, Billhay St., West Bromwich, Staffs.; Hector Hiley, 119, Commercial St., Bisca, Mon.; D. H. Heckford, 10, Melton Rd., West Bridgford, Notts.

CORRECT SOLUTION:

Dear Reader Chums,—Large numbers of letters have reached me praising our grand tale dealing with Redskins, and, although its conclusion is not in sight yet, I may say that I have in view a fresh serial which will delight all of you.

Yours,

HARRY.

"TEN bob, please!" I said, respectfully but firmly.

The editor stared.

"What do you want ten bob for?" he demanded.

"Compensation."

"Eh?"

"Getting deaf in your old age? I claim ten bob in compensation of what happened to me last week, after my interview with the Caterpillar. I came back to Greyfriars on his motor-scooter, you will remember, and I sustained grievous bodily harm. Therefore I claim ten bob."

"You can go on claiming till you're black in the face," growled the editor; "but there's nothing doing! A chump who goes gadding about on a motor-scooter before he's studied the mechanism of it deserves all he gets. I've got no sympathy for you—and no ten bob, either!"

"Ah, you are hard," I said sadly.

"Well, that's a jolly sight better than being soft!"

"Do I understand, then, that you reject my claims for compensation?"

"Certainly! I hurl it back in your teeth! Now, stop talking rot, there's a good fellow, and run along and interview Lord Mauleverer."

I brightened up at this.

Lord Mauleverer—Mauly, for short—is a pretty generous sort of fellow. And, like most modern youths, I never let an opportunity go by of getting something for nothing.

"Good!" I said. "I'll interview Mauly with the greatest pleasure in the world. Where shall I find his languid lordship?"

"Asleep in his study," said the editor. "You'll have to rouse him very tactfully. Plant your boot in his ribs. That ought to do the trick."

I grinned, bowed, and went along to Mauly's sumptuous lair.

I found his lordship, as I had expected to find him, reclining on the couch, with a pile of cushions forming a soft pillow for his noble cranium.

Mauly wasn't asleep, but his eyes were half closed, and he didn't so much as lift an eyelash as I entered.

"Mauly, you champion slacker!" I said reprovingly. "Wake up! When

Snore!

"My only aunt! He's asleep!" I gasped.

Seizing a cricket-stump, I prodded the sleeping beauty in the ribs, and he awoke with a wild yell.

"Yaroooooop!"

"Sleep, sleep, sleep!" I said tauntingly. "Anyone would think this was the War Office!"

"Yow! You've punctured me, you ass!"

"Serves you jolly well right! If you won't sit up and take notice, I'll proceed to further measures!"

Mauly struggled into a sitting posture.

"What do you want to know?" he inquired.

"I want to know your views on life, so that I can communicate them to the readers of 'The Greyfriars Herald.'"

"Haven't got any views," answered Mauly shortly.

"Well, give me some advice, then, for the youth of to-day."

His lordship reflected for a few moments. Then he said that his advice to the modern boy might be summarised as follows:

1. Never do any manner of work.
2. Never indulge in violent exercise.
3. Never get up for at least an hour after rising-bell.
4. Never talk, or otherwise exert yourself, after a heavy meal. Sleep it off!
5. Never rush. Remember the fable of the hare and the tortoise. It's the tortoise that "gets there," every time!
6. Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow.

Having entered these important maxims in my notebook, I was about to take my departure, when I saw a Treasury-note lying on the floor of the study. My eyes gleamed with satisfaction as I picked it up.

"Mauly, you careless duffer!" I said. "It's just like you, to leave quid-notes lying about the place! As you don't seem to have any use for this one, may I have it?"

"Certainly, dear boy!"

I fairly beamed as I slipped the note into my pocket.

This was corn in Egypt, with a vengeance!

"Mauly, you generous soul," I murmured, "how can I ever thank you? Your generosity is only exceeded by your abominable laziness!"

"You needn't thank me, dear boy," said Mauly, resuming his original position on the couch. "You see, that Treasury-note wasn't mine."

I stood rooted to the floor in amazement.

"Not yours?" I gasped.

"No."

"Then who—what—"

"It's your own," explained Mauly sweetly. "I saw you drop it as you came in. When you fished out your notebook, the quid-note fluttered to the floor. Even born-tired slackers sometimes see things that escape the eyes of normal people, you know! Ta-ta!"

With feelings too deep for words, I staggered out of the schoolboy earl's sumptuous study.

DAUBENY'S LITTLE GAME!

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.

"Timeo Danaos!"

"YOU'LL do, old fellow!"
Dick Rodney spoke in a tone of conviction.

Drake of the Fourth passed his hand over his brow with a tired gesture. His handsome face was a little pale, and showed evident traces of fatigue. He was seated at the table in No. 8 Study, in the Fourth-form quarters on board the Benbow. Dick Rodney was sitting on the corner of the table, with an open book in his hand.

The chums of the Fourth had been hard at it. The day was drawing near now for the examination which was to decide whether Jack Drake remained at St. Winifred's. Rodney, who was a good distance ahead of his chum in classics, had been taking Drake through an informal examination, founded on last year's paper. And his opinion at the finish was that Drake would do.

There was a soft footfall outside the study, and Daubeny of the Shell glanced in through the half-open doorway.

Neither of the chums of the Fourth observed him, and the dandy of the Shell remained where he was, looking in with a sneer on his face.

"You'll do," repeated Rodney. "You've picked up wonderfully this term, Drake."

Jack Drake smiled, a rather wearisome smile.

"It's not in my line," he said. "I never was a chap for sapping. But I have stuck to it, haven't I?"

"Like glue," smiled Rodney.

"It's all due to you, though, I believe," said Drake, in a burst of gratitude. "You made me do it."

"Well, I've done what I could."

"I came back to St. Winifred's to work," said Drake. "I meant to; but so long as I was thick with Daubeny and his crowd it never came off. I suppose it was lucky for me, really, that they found out my pater had lost his money, and that I wasn't worth keeping up. I've been able to work since Daubeny and Co. gave me the cold shoulder."

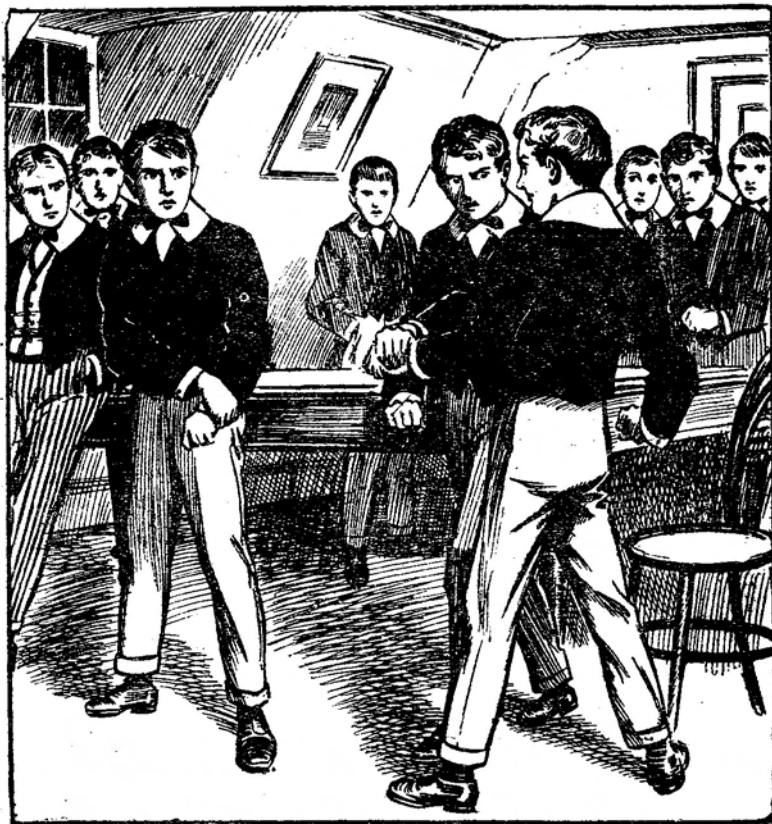
"Very lucky, I think, if you want to bag the scholarship."

"I've got to bag it!" exclaimed Drake earnestly. "I promised the mater I'd slog at it, and bag it somehow. I must do it. It will hit her hard if I have to leave St. Winifred's."

"And it comes to that?"

Drake nodded gloomily.

"The pater couldn't pay my fees here for another term," he answered. "He told me so plainly before I came up this term. It depends on myself whether I stay at St. Winifred's or not. I had fair warning, and, like an ass, I wasted time. But I've stuck to it since I chummed with you, old chap; you've been the making of me. Of course, I can't count on the schol. as



Dick Rodney caught his chum by the arm, and jerked him back into the chair. "Sit there!" he said coolly. "Seeley wants to knock you out, but leave Seeley to me!"

a cert. But I want to be able to tell the mater that I did my best. That's something."

"And if you get it—"

"I'm safe for three years at St. Winifred's anyhow, if it goes all right. If not, I leave at the end of the term—and don't come back. I should be sorry to lose sight of you, Rodney."

"You wouldn't," answered Rodney. "I sha'n't be lost sight of so easily, whether you stay at St. Winifred's or not. But you're going to stay. There's not a fellow in the Fourth you need fear, excepting Estcourt, and I think you can beat Estcourt. As for the Shell chaps who are in for it, they're all too jolly slack to have a chance against you."

"I think so. I—I'm rather sorry about Estcourt; he wants the schol. as much as I do," said Drake. "He's a hard worker, and his people are poor. But—but I suppose a chap must think of himself first—of his people, anyway. If I could afford it, I'd stand out like a shot, and let Estcourt get through. But—"

"But it can't be done, old fellow. It's a fair fight between you for the schol., anyhow, and the best man will win."

"That's so," Drake nodded. "And—and you think I shall pull through?"

"Yes, if you keep on the grind as you've been doing."

"I shall do that, never fear."

"Only, don't overdo it," added

Rodney, rather anxiously. "That's the fault of you impulsive chaps; you're liable to go at a thing rather too hot and strong. You want to keep fit. A little more time given to football wouldn't hurt your chances for the exam."

"I can't think of anything else till it's over," said Drake, with a shake of the head. "I've simply got to bag it—there's no two ways about it. I can't endure to think of leaving St. Winifred's, and—hallo!"

He had leaned back in his chair, and in doing so he caught sight of the elegant figure of Daubeny outside the study.

"What the thump do you want?" demanded Drake unceremoniously.

Daubeny stepped into the study.

"I just came along to speak to you, Drake—"

"You needn't have taken the trouble."

"H'm! Is that what you call a polite reception?" asked Daubeny, with a smile.

"I've no politeness to waste on you," answered Drake grimly. "The sooner I see your back, the better I shall like it. That's plain English, Daubeny."

"Quite plain!" said Rodney, laughing. "You don't want it put plainer than that, Daubeny. There's the door."

The colour crept into Vernon

Daubeny's sallow cheeks; but he did not leave the study.

He had evidently come there with some object in view, and Daubeny was not the fellow to leave an object unaccomplished on account of a few plain words.

"We used to be pals, you know," he remarked.

"And you turned me down, like a cad, when you found that I was hard-up," said Drake scornfully.

"You've just been saying that it was lucky for you I did."

"That doesn't alter the fact that it was caddish. And so you've added listening at doors to your other nutty graces, have you?" asked Drake contemptuously.

"I heard you by chance, as I came up. You need not bear malice over what happened at that time; a fellow who's hard-up couldn't keep his end up in an expensive set—"

"I don't bear malice. You're not worth it, and I'm glad to have done with you."

"Then there's nothin' to rag about," remarked Daubeny smoothly.

"You may not guess it, Drake, but I'm really keen on seeing you bag the Founders' Scholarship."

"Rats! You'd be jolly glad to see the last of me at St. Winny's!" retorted Drake. "You won't, though, if I can help it. Do you think I don't know who ragged my study a few weeks ago, and chucked my books into the river? And why he did it, too!"

"If you've got any proof—"

"Oh, rot; I know it was you, and that's enough. If I had any proof, I'd rag your study in return. But I know it well enough."

"I assure you—"

"But you haven't succeeded in what you wanted. I'm in good form for the exam., and Rodney thinks I'm going to win. And Rodney knows."

"The door's still there, Daubeny," remarked Dick Rodney.

Rodney was getting a little anxious. He did not want to see his chum at fisticuffs with Vernon Daubeny. Daubeny, certainly, merited as many lickings as could possibly be bestowed upon him, in the opinion of No. 8 Study. But fisticuffs did not conduce to hard slogging at classics. And Drake's business at present was to get into winning form for the scholarship examination.

But Daubeny did not show signs of anger. He had not come there to quarrel with No. 8 Study.

"If you'll let me speak—" he began again.

"I don't want to hear you."

"I think you ought to hear me, Drake," said Daubeny, still smoothly. "You and your friends cut up rusty over the way the Highcliffe match turned out. You accused me of playing my own friends in the junior eleven, and leaving out men who could play, and, in fact, chucking the match away."

"All true," answered Drake laconically. "I suppose you haven't come here to talk football with me?"

"As a matter of fact, I have."

"Oh!" said Drake, with new interest, and the look of hostility faded from his face. "What is it now?"

"I want you to play on Saturday."

"Wha-at?"

"You seem surprised," smiled Daubeny.

"I am surprised—jolly surprised! You've left me out of the team ever since we fell out—"

"I was to blame," said Daubeny, with an appearance of great frankness. "I admit it; I was ratty, and I played the goat. You're wanted in the junior eleven, Drake, and as junior skipper I offer you a place for the Redclyffe match on Saturday."

"My hat!"

Jack Drake stared at Daubeny in blank astonishment.

He had wondered why the dandy of the Shell had come to his study, but he would certainly never have guessed what it was for.

Rodney was equally surprised. But there was suspicion as well as astonishment in Dick Rodney's glance, as it dwelt searchingly on Daubeny's face.

"You want Drake on Saturday, Daubeny?" he exclaimed.

"Yes."

"This is rather a new departure, isn't it?"

"Isn't Drake a good man for the eleven?"

"None better. But—"

"Well, you've told me often enough that I play a weak team against other clubs—"

"You play a rotten, fumbling team."

Daubeny laughed.

"All the more reason why Drake should strengthen it, then. Not to beat about the bush, Drake is the best winger in the Lower School at St. Winny's. He's wanted to play for the School. I suppose you're not going to refuse, Drake?"

"No fear—if you mean business."

"Honest Injun."

"I—I suppose you're not pulling my leg?" said Drake, eyeing the captain of the Shell rather doubtfully.

"If you agree to play, your name goes up in the list this evening," answered Daubeny. "Is it a go?"

"What-ho!"

"Done, then!" said Daubeny.

And, with a cheery nod, the Buck of the Shell walked elegantly out of the study, humming a tune as he went.

Drake and Rodney looked at one another.

"Now, what the thump does that mean?" said Rodney ruminatingly.

"I suppose Daub's found out that he can't carry on with that feeble gang of fumlbers he played against Highcliffe," remarked Drake. "We gave him a high old time over that affair. He's in danger of getting the push out of the junior captaincy, and I suppose he knows it. It's about time he put some new blood into the eleven."

"Is that his reason, do you think?"

Drake raised his eyebrows.

"What other reason could he have?" he asked.

"I—I don't know."

"Not friendship for me," said Drake, laughing. "The fact is, this is a bitter pill for Daub. He feels he had to do it, and he's done it. That's how I look at it."

Rodney was silent, his brows a little wrinkled.

"Why, what do you think his motive is, then?" asked Drake.

"I don't know. But—'timeo Danaos et dona ferentes,' as cheery old Virgil remarks. 'I fear the Greeks, even when bringing gifts.' And Daub—"

"My dear chap, I think you're a bit hard, even on Daub!" said Drake. His face was very bright now, and he was walking about the study, evidently in great spirits, while his chum watched him soberly from the table. "I say, this is really ripping, you know. You were saying I ought to give a bit more time to footer. I really think you are right, Rodney. And I'm bound to play for School if I'm asked—what?"

"Yes; but—"

"My dear old bean, there are no 'buts' in this case!" interrupted Drake buoyantly. "I'm jolly glad Daub's seen sense at last. I shall have to put in some time at practice; I want to be fit on Saturday." He glanced from the window. "It's still light enough to punt a ball about a bit. Come along, old top!"

He fairly dragged Rodney from the study.

That evening there was no more discussion in No. 8 Study on the subject of the scholarship examination. One subject filled Jack Drake's mind at present, to the exclusion of all others, and that subject was not exams.—it was football.

A Surprise for St. Winny's!

DRAKE'S down to play!"

"My hat!"

"Drake! By gad!"

A crowd of juniors had gathered round the notice-board on the main-mast of the Benbow.

The football list had been pinned up there by Vernon Daubeny, but at first sight it had attracted little attention.

Neither of the rival parties in the Lower School of St. Winifred's expected to find anything new in it.

Daubeny was the kind of skipper who places friendship before football, and it was well known in advance that his eleven would consist of his personal friends, the Bucks of St. Winifred's.

At all events, that had generally been the case, till now. So far had Daub carried his wonderful system of selecting players according to the degree in which they stood in his personal favour that his position as junior captain was somewhat in jeopardy.

He commanded a good majority in the junior club; fellows who did not care much for footer cared a good deal for the wealth of the great Daub, and for invitations to his luxurious home. And his own special backers were numerous. But there was no doubt that St. Winifred's fellows were getting "fed" with the defeats their skipper was gathering up one after another. It was possible that a turn would come in the tide.

Indeed, had not Jack Drake been so keen and busy on "sapping" at present, some fellows considered that he would have had a good chance of turning Daub out of the junior captaincy.

But few, if any, expected Daub to show a sign of reform on his own

account. And so the football list remained unregarded, as Daubeny strolled gracefully away after pinning it up.

It was Tuckey Toodles of the Fourth who glanced at it first, and then his surprised exclamation drew a crowd at once.

A score of fellows crowded round to ascertain whether Jack Drake's name really was in the list.

There it was; there was no doubt about that. Otherwise the list was much the same as of old. It ran:

"T. Chilcot; H. Truro, F. Upham; C. Chetwynd, R. Vane, C. Dudley; A. Torrence, D. Egan, V. Daubeny, L. Fenwick, J. Drake."

"J. Drake!" said Rawlings of the Fourth. "No mistake about it—Daub's playing Jack Drake on Saturday!"

"Couldn't do better," remarked Estcourt.

"No fear!" agreed Sawyer major. "But he might do worse, and he generally does do worse. What's come over Daub?"

"Tired of collecting lickings, perhaps," suggested Tuckey Toodles. "Of course, any skipper with sense would come to our study for a player. I'd be willing to play myself—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "You can cackle," said Toodles disdainfully; "but I'd play the heads off some of those bounders. Can Chilcot keep goal?"

"He jolly well can't!" agreed half a dozen Fourth-formers. "No better than you could, Tuckey."

"St. Winny's will be licked, as usual," remarked Rawlings. "Drake can't play Redelyffe all on his own, and that's what it comes to."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Still, it won't be the usual walk-over," said Sawyer major. "I'm jolly glad to see that Daub is getting a little hoss-sense at last. When he gets a little more, he may play me."

"And me!" growled Rawlings. "And me—what about me?" exclaimed Tuckey Toodles.

"Well, even Toodles couldn't do much worse than that crowd!" said Sawyer major. "Seeley's left out to make room for Drake. I wonder what Seeley of the Shell will say? He won't like it."

"Perhaps he'll refuse to play banker with Daub in his study."

"Ha, ha, ha!" More and more fellows gathered round the notice-board, and there were endless comments on that surprising selection.

It was Jack Drake who had taken the lead in ragging Daub and Co. for their lamentable show against Highcliff School, and the ragging had been followed by a fight, in which Daub had been severely licked. After that nobody had expected to see Drake's name in the list again, so long as Daubeny was junior captain of St. Winifred's. But there it was.

Daubeny was displaying an unexpected strain of forgiveness in his nature. It surprised the fellows, but there was general satisfaction. It was a beginning, and it might mean that Daub was going to "play the game"

a little more like a sportsman in the future.

But there was one discontented face, and that was when Seeley of the Shell joined the crowd before the notice-board.

A kind friend had promptly informed Seeley that his name was not down, and Seeley, who had expected a place in the eleven as a matter of course, came along angrily to make sure.

The juniors grinned as the Shell fellow scowled at the footer list.

"Tain't there, old bird!" chuckled Tuckey Toodles. "And you can't make it come there by scowling! He, he, he!"

Smack! Tuckey Toodles gave a loud yell as the angry Shell fellow's open hand smote him, and he sat down on the deck.

Seeley strode away, with contracted

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Here he comes, Tuckey!" shouted Sawyer major, who was rather a humorist.

Tuckey Toodles' ferocity disappeared as if by magic.

He made a jump for the lower ladder.

"Where are you going?" howled Sawyer.

"I—I've got to get tea ready for old Drake—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Tuckey Toodles vanished from sight.

But his alarm was groundless; Seeley of the Shell was not coming back. Seeley was heading for Vernon Daubeny's study, with a scowling brow.

He threw open Daubeny's door without troubling to knock, and came in on a cheery tea-party. Daubeny, Torrence and Egan were at tea, and Chilcot of the Shell was a guest in the



The dandy of the Shell remained where he was, looking into the study, with a sneer on his face.

brows, in the direction of the Shell studies. Evidently there was going to be an argument with Daub.

"Ow! Wow-ow! Wow!" roared Tuckey Toodles. "Why, you rotter—ow-ow! Help me up, Sawyer, you grinning beast! Ow!"

Sawyer major helped Toodles up by one fat ear, and there was another wild howl from Tuckey.

"Yaroooh!" "Hallo, what's the matter now?" asked Sawyer.

"Leggo my ear, you rotter!" "Oh, all right; only helping you—"

"Yow-ow-ow! Where's that rotter Seeley?"

"Gone!" grinned Sawyer. "I know—I mean, I'm going to smash him! Ran away before I could get up!" snorted Tuckey Toodles scornfully. "Rotten funk! Yah! He didn't dare to wait for me!"

The four juniors glanced at Seeley's scowling brow, and smiled at one another. The Bucks of St. Winifred's prided themselves upon a good many things, but loyalty to one another was not one of their virtues. A cynical philosopher has assured us that there is always something pleasing in the misfortunes of our friends; Daub and Co. found something entertaining, at least.

Seeley scowled at the smiling tea-party.

"Hallo! Just in time for the second brew!" said Daubeny genially. "Sit down, old bean."

"I haven't come here to tea," growled Seeley. "I've just been looking at the footer list."

"Not a bad one—what?" "You've got Drake down." "That's so." "You seem to have given him my place."

"He had to have somebody's place, if he was goin' in at all," remarked Daubeny.

"No need for him to go in, that I can see."

"He's a good man."

"Oh, don't give me any of that!" said Seeley roughly. "As if you care twopence whether a man is good or not! What have you put him in for? Has his father come into his money again?"

"Look here, Seeley——"

"Anyhow, I'm not satisfied with bein' left out."

"It had to be, old bean," answered Daubeny, shaking his head. "I had to make room, and, to be quite frank, your foulin' has been a little too conspicuous lately. A kick or two at a fellow you don't like is all right, but foulin' reduced to a fine art is rather too thick. I thought I'd better give you a rest for a bit."

"Drake's got my place."

"Well, I was under the impression that I was skipper."

"You're stickin' to that list, as it stands?"

"Oh, yes."

"There'll be trouble, then, Daub. You can't drop a fellow like this at a moment's notice," said Seeley, gritting his teeth. "Perhaps you think you'll score a win at last, with Drake in the team. But perhaps Drake won't feel like puttin' up a good game on Saturday, after all."

"What are you goin' to do, Seeley?"

"Find out!"

And Seeley tramped out of the study, closing the door behind him with a slam.

Daub's Little Game!

VERNON DAUBENY pushed back his chair from the table, and lighted a cigarette.

He smiled contentedly through the little curls of smoke.

Egan, Torrence and Chilcot eyed him. They were the faithful followers of the great Daub, but his latest departure puzzled them a good deal, and worried them a little.

If Daub was going to begin playing footballers in his eleven, and giving good men places instead of bad ones, there was no telling where it might end! Daub's chums felt that, at that rate, their own places would be invested with an unwelcome uncertainty.

"Seeley seems rather wild," Egan remarked, after a pause. "It was really a bit thick, droppin' him out like that, Daub. It was amusin' to watch his face, but really it was too thick."

"He's going to pick a row with Drake, too," remarked Torrence. "I could tell that by his looks."

Daubeny nodded.

"Let him!" he replied.

"But what the thunder are you playin' Drake for, if you come to that?" exclaimed Chilcot. "You can't expect our set to like it, Daub."

"He's a good man——"

"Oh, bow-wow!"

"The fact is, we came a bit too much of a mucker over the Highcliffe match," said Daubeny. "A fellow has to do somethin'. I'm playin' Drake, an' I think it's a good move."

"Simply on his form?" asked Chilcot, staring.

"Exactly."

"Well, it beats me, then. I'd never have expected it of you. Drake's up against our crowd, tooth and nail, since he's chummed with that outsider Rodney."

"No reason why he shouldn't help us to beat Redclyffe."

"Oh, hang beatin' Redclyffe!"

And with that sportsmanlike remark Chilcot left the study.

Daubeny laughed, and blew out a little cloud of smoke. Torrence and Egan watched him uneasily.

"Now Chilcot's gone, I suppose you can explain," remarked Torrence. "We're to be in the know, I suppose?"

"There's somethin' behind it," said Egan sagely.

"Of course, I'm not keepin' any secrets from you two," said Daubeny quietly. "You know how to keep mum, and you don't like Drake any more than I do. He's going to leave St. Winny's at the end of the term if he don't bag the Founders' Schol."

"What's that got to do with football?"

"Lots!" answered Vernon Daubeny, smiling cheerily. "Have you fellows ever heard of Aesop?"

"Eh? An old Greek johnny who wrote fables?"

"That's the merchant. He spun a yarn of the wind and the sun havin' a contest to get a traveller's cloak off him. The wind blew as hard as it could, an' the merry traveller only hugged his cloak tighter. Then the sun came out smilin', an' the traveller threw his cloak off——"

"What the thunder are you pitchin' fairy-tales at us for?"

"By way of example. We've settled that Drake's not goin' to bag that schol; he's goin' to be rushed out of St. Winny's if we can work it. We've tried the rough game; we've ragged his study, and chucked away his books, an' mucked up his exercises, an' so forth. And the sappin' cad only sticks to it all the harder. Rodney thinks he's goin' to bag the schol, an' Rodney knows somethin' about it. I've thought of a new stunt. I'm tryin' the smilin' sun dodge."

"But how?"

"Drake's as soft as butter. Bully him, and he bucks up; treat him well, and he will feed out of your hand," said Daubeny contemptuously. "I'm givin' him a place in the junior eleven, and he's jumped at it. Can't you see the game? He's as keen on footer as mustard. He's goin' to play for St. Winny's; he's goin' to distinguish himself; he's goin' to be no end buttered on his form. He's goin' to be so much in demand that he can't miss a single match. He's goin' to be kept pretty hard at practice."

"Well?"

"And what becomes of swottin' for the scholarship exam, then?" asked Daubeny coolly.

"Oh!"

"That's the game!" said Daubeny, with quiet bitterness. "Soft sawder don't cost anythin'. I know Drake, I tell you. Give him his head, and he'll simply live and breathe and dream footer for the rest of the term. Swottin' will go by the board. He's goin' down for all the matches. If he thinks of cuttin' any, he'll be put on his honour to play, for the sake of the

side. After the fuss he's kicked up about losin' matches, he won't be able to refuse, even if he wants to. An' he won't want to—he will be as keen as mustard on it. And the schol. goes hang!"

"My hat!" ejaculated Egan, in great admiration. "You are a downy bird, and no mistake, Daub!"

"I fancy it will work," said Daubeny. "When the exam comes off, Drake will wake up suddenly an' find he's out of it. Estcourt would run him close, anyhow. Estcourt will bag it. He's a poverty-stricken rotter, an' needs it, so this will be rather a good deed."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The study door opened, and Chilcot put his head in.

"Fight on!" he said.

"Hallo! Who's goin' it?"

"Seeley's after Drake's scalp, in the common-room!"

"Oh, my hat! Come on, dear boys—we mustn't miss this!"

And Daubeny and Co. sauntered away to the common-room to see the fight.

By Proxy!

JACK DRAKE came into the common-room after tea with a very bright face. He had felt his exclusion from junior football keenly, and he rejoiced to have his old place again in the eleven. In his keen satisfaction, he was inclined to think better of Daubeny. He felt that he had not quite done old Daub justice.

Dick Rodney did not agree with him there; but he was glad to see his chum merry and bright, and his own expression was very cheery.

The two chums were chatting in a cheerful mood when Seeley of the Shell came in.

"Drake!"

Jack Drake glanced up calmly as the Shell fellow rapped out his name. He read trouble in Seeley's looks, though he did not yet guess the cause.

"Hallo!" he answered coolly.

"You've got my place in the eleven."

"Is that so?"

Seeley compressed his lips.

"I don't know how you got round Daubeny," he said, "but you've done it. Don't tell me he's playing you on your form——"

"I suppose he is."

"You know he isn't. Does Daub ever play a man on his form?" sneered Seeley.

"Well, as he's your pal, you ought to know him best," retorted Drake. "But I haven't got round Daub, as you call it. It was a surprise to me when he told me I was to play to-morrow."

"That's not true."

Drake sprang to his feet, his eyes blazing.

Seeley did not retreat a step. He pushed back his cuffs, and stood facing the Fourth-former grimly.

"I'm ready for you!" he said between his teeth. "You've got my place by some trickery, and you won't be in a condition to put up much of a show to-morrow, if I can help it."

"Shame!" exclaimed two or three voices.

"Come on, you rotter!"

"I'll come on fast enough," ex-

claimed Drake disdainfully. "I suppose a cad like you, Seeley, would suspect some sort of trickery. Put up your hands."

Dick Rodney caught his chum by the arm, and jerked him back into his chair. Drake sat down involuntarily.

"What the dickens—" he exclaimed.

"Sit there!" said Rodney coolly. "Seeley wants to knock you out before the footer-match. You can't play with a black eye and a blue nose, Drake. Leave Seeley to me."

"But—look here—" "Seeley's spoiling for a fight, and No. 8 Study can give him all the fight he wants!" said Rodney. "You sit where you are. You've got to be in good form to-morrow for the Red-clyffe match."

Drake burst into a laugh. "Much obliged," he answered. "I'll leave him to you, Rodney; but I warn you he's rather hefty, in his way."

"I don't mind. Are you ready, Seeley?"

Seeley gritted his teeth.

"I haven't come here to fight you, Rodney; I've come here to fight Drake."

"Not this evening!" smiled Rodney.

"Ha, ha, ha!" The juniors gathered round, chuckling. Daubeny and Co. had come in, and they looked on with interest.

"Go for him, Rodney, old fellow!" yelled Tuckey Toodles. "The cad smacked my head, you know, and bolted before I could smash him. I was going to make shavings of him, but I'll leave him to you, dear old boy. Give him socks!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Seeley, with a furious face, made a rush at Jack Drake, who sat calmly in his chair. Rodney interposed, and grasped the Shell fellow by the collar and swung him round.

"Let go!" yelled Seeley. "Rats!" "Then take that!"

The next moment a furious fight was in progress.

"Go it, Seeley!" sang out Daubeny of the Shell encouragingly.

"Give him socks, Rodney!" roared the Fourth-formers.

There were no rounds in the fight; it was hammer-and-tongs from start to finish. There was plenty of punish-

ment on both sides, but the finish came suddenly. Seeley rolled on the floor of the common-room, and when Daubeny picked him up he limped out of the room leaning on Daub's arm, without offering to renew the fight.

Dick Rodney stood panting for breath.

He blinked rather painfully at Drake.

Jack Drake squeezed his arm.

"Thanks, old chap!" he murmured.

"Hurrah!" roared Tuckey Toodles.

"Good old Rodney! That was what I was going to give him, if—if I'd had time."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Better come and bathe your eye, kid," said Drake. "I'm afraid you're going to have a blossom."

Rodney smiled faintly.

"Better me than you, under the circe," he said.

"You're a good chum, Rod."

And Jack Drake led his chum from the common-room, the cheers of the Fourth-formers following Rodney as he went.

Another splendid, complete story of Jack Drake in next week's "Greyfriars Herald."

Order early!

MAGNIFICENT COLOURED PICTURE TO BE GIVEN FREE

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



This is a small line drawing of the Plate to be Given Free. Actual size of Plate with engraving is 7 1/2 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." This is the last week of our great offer.

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



The GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

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



The Remove Petty Sessions on Saturday attracted an enormous crowd. Even Coker and Co. of the Fifth descended to be present.

Mr. Justice Wharton arrived late, having been detained in the Form-room to write an imposition.

A Short Way With Bolsover!

A formidable-looking ruffian named Percy Bolsover—otherwise known as Bolshevik major—was the first prisoner to be dumped into the dock.

Magistrate: What-ho! An old offender!

Mr. Cherry, K.C.: Not very old, your worship. He's only fifteen. (Laughter.)

Magistrate: What has he been doing of?

Mr. Cherry: Your grammer is rather faulty, your worship. You should say, Of what has he been doing? (Loud laughter.)

Magistrate: I was only joking, ass! I'm as good a grammarian as any other silly duffer in this court! (Renewed laughter.)

Mr. Cherry: The charge against accused is one of treachery and desertion.

Magistrate: Sounds bad!

Mr. Cherry: And it's every bit as bad as it sounds, your worship. On the 15th, ultimo—

Magistrate: What does 'ultimo' mean?

Mr. Cherry: I don't know, and I don't care! All I know is, that on the 15th, ultimo, the Greyfriars Remove played a football match with Rookwood, on the latter's ground. One of the regular members of our team—Mark Linley—was unable to turn out, and Bolsover was selected to take his place. Our team was dead out of luck. Rookwood started piling up the goals, and at the end of half an hour's play, they led by three to nil. At this stage, prisoner deliberately walked off the field, leaving his side in the lurch. (Shrill cries of "Shame!" "Lynch him!" "Mob him!" etc.)

Magistrate: Are there any witnesses?

Mr. Cherry (grinning): Two hundred and twenty-eight, your worship!

Magistrate: Help!

Mr. Cherry: Would your worship like them to be called in turn?

Magistrate: No, I don't think it matters!

Mr. H. Skinner, K.C., C. A. D., for the defence, said that prisoner had been perfectly justified in leaving the ground. The conditions were simply awful. It was pelting with rain, and the ground was a quagmire. Real football, in such circumstances, was im-

possible. Mr. Bolsover was very wise to go back to the dressing-room.

"There is no question of treachery and desertion," continued Mr. Skinner. "My client acted in a very sensible manner." (Cries of "Rats!" "Bosh!" "Go and eat coke!" and so forth.)

Asked if he had anything to say in defence of his conduct, prisoner replied that his worship was a fool, and the counsel for the prosecution was also an ass, and he would like to bash their silly heads together.

Magistrate: 'Nuff said! Gentlemen of the jury, consider your verdict!

Foreman of Jury: We have already considered it, your worship, and we have decided that prisoner is guilty of treachery, desertion, and contempt of court.

Magistrate: Excellent! I have great pleasure in sentencing prisoner to two hours' imprisonment, with hard labour, in the coal-hole.

Prisoner (excitedly): You silly chump! You'll make my togs all black—

Magistrate: But no blacker than your conscience! Take him away!

Six sturdy policemen promptly obliged.

REPORTS IN BRIEF.

Mr. Peter Todd sought a separation from his study-mate, Thomas Dutton, on account of the latter's aggressiveness.

"It's like this, your worship," said Mr. Todd. "He's as deaf as a doorpost, and he's always misunderstanding. Seven times already this week he has lost his temper, and dotted me on the nose; and I shall have no peace until he's moved into another study."

The magistrate instructed the Court Missionary to try and patch things up.

George Bulstrode, a sturdy youth, was charged with causing grievous, bodily harm to William George Bunter, by attacking him with a red-hot poker and a six-bladed penknife.

Prisoner declared that Bunter had pestered him for aims until he became "fed-up."

His worship, summing up, described Bunter as "a pest and a parasite on society," and he decided to dismiss the charge against Bulstrode.

The decision was greeted with roars of approval.

Fisher Tarieton Fish, who was charged with making himself a general and perpetual nuisance, was remanded until the Woodshed Assizes, bail being refused.

WHAT IS YOUR AIM IN LIFE?

"What do you hope to be and to do when you are grown up?" We have put this question to a selection of well-known people, whose intentions are given below.—Ed.

BOB CHERRY:

In the first place, I flatly refuse to grow up. I'm going to be a second edition of Peter Pan!

BILLY BUNTER:

My aim in life is to bekum a sheff at sum West End hotel, where I can scoopervise all the cooking, and have plenty to eat and drink.

N.B.—Bessie and Sammy could help, but I should not allow them to make beasts of themselves!

BOLSOVER MAJOR:

My greatest ambition is to become the hefty-weight champion of the world. I want to smash all the big prizefighters to a pulp. And I shall commence my career by administering the knock-out to Tubb of the Third!

HURREE SINGH:

My aimful purpose in life is to governfully rule the esteemed subjects of Bhanipur, my native state. When that happy day comes, all who declinefully refuse to do my bidding will go through the hoopfulness!

LORD MAULEVERER:

My aim in life is always to be up and doing—nothing!

CECIL REGINALD TEMPLE:

My next aim in life will be with a cushion—as soon as the editor of "The Greyfriars Herald" drifts into my study!

WUN LUNG:

Me tinkee my aimee in lifee is to choppee oftee headee of Quelchy for giving me imposition.

MARK LINLEY:

My aim in life is to become the controller of a Lancashire cotton-mill—but it's a long way off yet!

GERALD LODER:

I haven't any ambitions, and if I had I shouldn't confide them to the cheeky young cubs in the Remove!

DICKY NUGENT:

My aim in life is to be a grate soljer like Shakespeare, or a famus playrite like Olliver Kromwell. On 2kud thoughts, though, I think I'll bekum a tite-rope walker. I'm a dab at akrobattix.

PETER TODD:

My chief aim in life is to save up enough cash to purchase a megaphone, for the purpose of making Tom Dutton hear!

WILLIAM GOSLING:

Which wot I says is this 'ere: My aim in life is to 'ave five minutes with the young rip wot dug up my tomatoes afore they was ripe!

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 reader. Remember your joke should be written plainly on a postcard.—Editor.

Very Cutting!

Barber: Razor smooth, sir?
 Customer: If you hadn't spoken I wouldn't have known you were using a razor on my face.
 Barber: Thank you, sir.
 Customer: No, I thought it was a file!—Sent in by D. Carney, 1, Beaconsfield Terrace, Chiswick, W.4.

ON THE FACE OF IT!



"Why don't you punch him for making that nasty face at you?"
 "He's not making a face—that's natural!"

In a Fix!

Binks: What are you looking for, old man?
 Spinks: A piece of toffee.
 Binks: What! I'm surprised at you—a man of your age!
 Spinks: Oh, dry up! My false teeth are fixed to it!—Sent in by H. Driscoll, 60, Ravenscroft Road, West Ham, E.16.

The Retort Courteous!

Mrs. Murphy called about tea-time one day at the home of Mrs. O'Brien, and a trim maid opened the door.
 "Is Mrs. O'Brien in?" she asked.
 "Shure 'tis Mrs. Murphy that's calling!"
 The maid went into the house and returned a few seconds later.
 "Mrs. O'Brien told me to tell you she isn't in."
 "Oh, indeed!" snorted Mrs. Murphy, "thin you can tell Mrs. O'Brien from me that Oi've told you to tell her that Oi haven't called!"—Sent in by W. Myers, 61, Cooper Street, St. Helens, Lancs.

Time!

Employer: How long were you at your last job?
 Applicant: Five years.
 Employer: What were you doing?
 Applicant: Five years.—Sent in by Wm. Bristow, 9, F Block, Peabody Estate, East Lane, Bermondsey, S. E.

A Long Drop!

Billy Bunter was holding forth in the common-room.
 "Yes," he said, "speaking of falls, I fell out of a window once myself, and the sensation was something awful. Really, I believe, I thought of every mean act I had ever committed."
 "Crumbs!" ejaculated Smithy; "you must have fallen from a skyscraper!"—Sent in by G. H. File, 65, Penfold Road, Folkestone, Kent.

A Different Matter!

"My dear," said the anxious woman, "our dear little Dick has been fighting again!"
 "He has, eh?" growled her husband. "Where's that stick? Got his face all knocked about, I suppose?"
 "No-o."
 "Clothes torn, maybe?"
 "No, he didn't get hurt this time. It was the other boy who got all the knocks."
 "Ah, well," said her husband, "boys will be boys, you know, my dear! Is supper ready?"—Sent in by G. Baines, 18, F Block, Sutton Dwellings, Cale Street, Chelsea, S.W.3.

The Obvious "Course!"

Mr. Quelch: Cherry, describe the way you would go to Bombay.
 Bob: I'd first proceed to Southampton—
 Well, and then?
 Then I'd go on board a steamer, sir, and leave the rest to the captain, who knows the way much better than I do, sir!—Sent in by R. Hughes, 9, Redland Street, Newport, Mon.

RAPID RETORT!



TEACHER: "This boat is used for shooting the rapids."
 BOY: "Please, sir, where's the gun?"

Absent-minded!

Skimpole suddenly threw his leg in the air in a vaulting movement the other morning, and crashed to the ground.
 "Hallo, deah boy! Pway, what is

the mattah?" cried Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, rushing to pick him up.
 "Dear me!" said Skimpole, recovering his spectacles. "I was just mounting my bicycle—I quite forgot I had not got it with me!"—Sent in by B. Hewitt, 29, Winson Street, Dudley Road, Birmingham.

A FEELING WISH!



FATHER: "I only wish I were a boy again."
 SON: "So do I dad—and a little smaller than me, too!"

A Fishy Tale!

Guest: Look here, waiter, this lobster is without a claw! How's that?
 Waiter: Well, you see, sir, these lobsters are so fresh that they are alive when they are brought to the kitchen, and sometimes they fight with each other.
 Guest: Then take this one away and bring me in one of the winners!
 —Sent in by F. Holgate, 3, Stoney Lane, Foulridge, near Colne, Lancs.

Not Quite Write!

Editor of the "G. H.": I have read your article on "grub," Billy, and I must say it shows a good deal of originality.
 W. G. Bunter: That's right, old man, I flatter myself rather on my opinions about tuck.
 Editor: Oh, I wasn't speaking of the composition, but of the spelling!
 —Sent in by R. Broadbent, 41, Markham Avenue, Harehills, Leeds.

Anxious Enquiry!

Mrs. Hawkins: And 'ow are yer feelin' now, Missis Spiker?
 Mrs. Spiker: Better, thanks, Mrs. 'Awkins.
 Mrs. Hawkins: An' are yer gittin' yer strength back?
 Mrs. Spiker: Oh, yes.
 Mrs. Hawkins: Then yer might bring back that there washin' tub yer borrowed last Wednesday, will yer?
 —Sent in by B. Sweetman, 220, Oldknow Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.

A False Note!

Little Bobby (dictating a letter to his small sister, whom he has "squared" to do it for him): "Dear Miss Brown,—Please excuse Bobby for not being at skool sinse Toosday, as he has had toothake, and or Wednesday he broke a arm, and he had to go to a party yesterday afternoon. If he does not turn up tomorrer it will be bekos a little boy threw a stone at his i, Yors trooly, Bobby's mother."
 —Sent in by V. Buckley, 77A, Crag Road, Windhill, near Shipley.



THE RED MAN'S TRAIL!

A stirring serial story dealing with adventures among Redskins

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

Kit and Joe looked to their rifles, the barrels of which Buck Dixie had made them rub over with a soft, ochreous clay, for he knew well the danger of the glint of the sun on weapons, which would likely be caught by the keen eyes of the Redskin scouts.

Then there was a low grunt from Prairie Wolf.

A Navajo horseman, looking no larger than a fly, had appeared on the top of the ridge, where he had reined in his pony, cautiously surveying all the country in sight.

The brave had appeared so suddenly that it seemed to the boys as though he had popped up from the earth itself.

Soon another horseman appeared by his side.

But, for all their sharp sight, these chosen scouts did not see a trace of the six figures and their horses which lay hidden in the innocent-looking clumps of golden rod.

Soon they were joined by the main body. Ten, twenty, thirty, forty braves were counted filing up on the ridge. Then another rearguard joined them, leading a drove of pack-ponies.

The band was bound for the scene of the front of the prairie fire, and, as Buck Dixie had surmised, they were going to seek any stray buffaloes or wild cattle which had been destroyed by the conflagration. And little did these dream of the enormous slaughter which had taken place in the Devil's Canyon, for they had with them but twenty pack-ponies, which could carry between them less than a couple of tons of meat.

They filed leisurely down the slope of the ridge, advancing almost directly on the spot where the little party was hidden.

They came so close that the boys began to hold their breath. They could see the gay chequered patterns of the Navajo blankets, and could distinguish the hideous markings of the war-paint on their evil faces.

But luckily they had no dogs with them ranging about ahead of the column.

On they came, nearer and nearer, till the boys could distinguish their deep, guttural talk.

Then their leader, a hideous-looking war chief, drew his pony up sharp. A long grass-snake had slid from under his pony's hoofs, and the pony, which, like all horses, hated snakes, had checked at its hissing.

It was a harmless grass-snake. But it was enough to check the whole of that oncoming column, for the snake is held sacred by the Navajo nations, and its presence in the track of an Indian column is held to be a portent.

An elderly Indian was called from the rear of the column, and came riding forward. By the red feathers in his headdress it was plain that he was the medicine-man, or combined chaplain and surgeon to the party. Then a great pow-wow ensued.

The medicine-man was evidently divining the portent of the snake in the path, and regulating the conduct of the party accordingly. By his advice the whole crowd turned sharply at right-angles to their previous course, and, greatly to the relief of the boys, rode sharply eastward.

The six lay there silent and immovable, till the boys' bodies were aching, and their arms and legs were full of "pins and needles." But they knew that they must not stir till Buck Dixie gave the word.

It was long after the last Redskin in the file had disappeared that he spoke.

"You can move now, boys," said he at last. And the boys sat up with a sigh of relief.

"What did it all mean?" asked Kit. Buck Dixie laughed.

"Why, it meant that there was a

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. A great prairie fire sweeps down upon them and destroys a hundred thousand head of buffalo and wild cattle in its course. The party escapes, but on the following day Buck Dixie announces that fresh danger threatens in the form of a band of Redskins.

snake in the path of the column, and I think we ought all to pass a hearty vote of thanks to that snake, for if he hadn't been there those rascals would have ridden right atop of us," said he. "As it was, they called up the medicine-man to read the sign, and he read it by the way the snake was lying. That's what made them all turn off to the right."

Uncle Baldy chuckled hoarsely.

"Good job for them Redskins that they listened to what their old snake was saying!" said he. "The varmints didn't think they wuz comin' on a real nest of worse'n poison than rattlers! Ther'd ha' been a few dead Redskins by now if it hadn't been for that thar snake. Only a grass-snake, too, that never bit anythin' more'n a frog! But it's strange what these hyar injun's believe in!"

But old Prairie Wolf grunted.

"'Twas well," said he. "The snake told the truth, and thereby saved Redskin and Paleface from death. Wah! I have spoken!"

Baldy winked to the boys.

"That means that he won't speak till he's had a bite o' something to eat. We'll feed now."

And he drew dried meat from their saddle-bags, handing it round with biscuits.

Their steeds did not seem a bit inclined to rise from their comfortable beds amongst the tall, nodding golden rod. So they were allowed to bide where they were whilst their masters ate their frugal meal and watched the kites and hawks flying against the blue sky, all working in one direction—towards the scene of the great disaster of the previous night.

And when they had finished their meal Uncle Baldy raked in his saddle-bags, producing a number of queer-shaped blocks of leather and wood.

He grinned as the boys looked on these objects with wondering eyes.

"What are you up to now, Uncle?" demanded Kit.

Uncle Baldy grinned.

"I'm gwine to blind the trail!" said he. "This is eye-dust for the Redskins!"

For a moment the boys could not understand the meaning of these queer-looking objects, which looked more like boots for horses than aught else.

But when Uncle Baldy lifted up Starlight's foot they realised his game, and rolled over amongst the golden

rod, convulsed with laughter. It was another of Uncle Baldy's inventions!

On the Trail of the Navajoes!

UNCLE BALDY was going to fit their horses with boots, and the object of the boot was to make a hoof-print that was reversed so that any Redskin, picking up their trail, would follow it the wrong way and read it upside down.

But Buck Dixie did not laugh at this latest invention of Uncle Baldy's. Neither did old Prairie Wolf.

He examined one of the boots which was a thin plate of hard wood admirably carved with the print of hoof and frog, shaped as carefully as a dentist's cast for a set of false teeth.

And these plates were secured about the real hoof by a thin glove of leather, which laced tight about the fetlock.

Prairie Wolf's face was a study as he examined this invention of the great Uncle Baldy.

"Lo!" he remarked at length. "He of the scapless head is more cunning than the snake. So the trickery of the Paleface blinds the eyes of the Red Man. Wah! Uncle Baldy is a great medicine-man."

Uncle Baldy smiled at these unwilling compliments wrung from his old enemy.

"It's a little idea o' my own, Grandpa," said he modestly, "an' like most ideas, it was pinched from someone else. I got this notion from a English brave called Hereward the Wake, the last of the English, who, closely pursued by the Normans from the Isle of Ely where he had taken refuge, shod his horses the wrong way about so that he mixed the trail for them in the snow!"

"Wah!" grumbled Prairie Wolf. "The Ingliz are cunning people amongst the Palefaces. Who can stand against them?"

"The Americans!" answered Uncle Baldy, with a wink at the boys. "A Britisher's got to get up early in the morning to prevent a Yankee selling him wooden nutmegs!"

He proceeded with the shoeing of the horses, and produced a pair of shoes that altered the print of the hoofs of Maud the mule to the exact forgery, in reverse of the tripping tiptoe track of a heavy laden Indian pony.

And when the prints had been tried on a patch of moist ground, even Buck Dixie, practised scout though he was, had to admit that they would deceive him.

Uncle Baldy was very elated. Now, without danger, they could strike into the trail of the party which had just passed them and follow it back to the place which Buck Dixie was seeking, the secret stronghold of the Navajo tribes.

This place was a mystery even to the most practised scouts, and over and over again had Buck himself tried to locate it. But the trails were lost on hard and sandy ground and the most careful tracking had led him but into a labyrinth from which he had had some difficulty in escaping.

But Baldy's stratagem offered them at least the chance of following back

the trail of the foraging party, and of gaining before sundown to the fringe of the country where the secret refuge of the Navajoes was hidden.

And, soon, Buck and his party were on their way up the slope of the ridge over which the Redskin foraging party had made their appearance.

The fresh track of the Indians was quite plain and Buck had no difficulty in tracing it back.

It led them over a great, undulated stretch of country where the prairie gave place to the foothills, and at sunset the boys found themselves amongst tall hills and deep, winding valleys where the rocks began to crop out of the hills in great castellated masses,

It was limestone country, not at all unlike the Peak district of Derbyshire, but on a grander scale, for some of the great hills rose against the sunset to an elevation of some thousands of feet.

ahead of his little column; after Uncle Baldy had muffled the hoofs of their horses.

Buck had let his reins fall loose on Starlight's arched neck. In the dark, he was leaving the tracking to Starlight, who followed the trail of the Indian ponies by scent alone.

And the boys looked up in wonder as they saw the great dark crags of limestone closing nearer and nearer upon them as they turned and twisted through the great gorges under Starlight's leadership.

Considering the roughness of the country, the going was not bad, for the trails in the bottom of these valleys were smooth, as though they had been trodden by many feet for hundreds of years.

But the place was a perfect labyrinth.

Over and over again, their way split and devided, offering paths that



One by one the Redskin party disappeared into the very depths of the earth, until at last only the medicine man was left.

The trail was fairly visible till they got into these hills. Then the ground grew hard and rocky, and the fine grass growing close on the surface of the rock, drawing its moisture mostly from the dews that fell amongst the hills, failed to take the imprint of the trail.

But, till the blue shadows rose in the valleys and the stars began to shine out in the violet sky overhead, Buck Dixie managed to pick clue after clue which told him they were yet in the trail used by the Redskins as they passed in and out of this fastness.

A hair from the tail of an Indian pony caught in a thorny bush, a fragment of old mocassin, cast away many years before, a broken bowl of an old calumet carelessly thrown aside by some Indian rider, all told their tale to the scout as he felt his way into the labyrinth of the hills and valleys which grew steeper and deeper as they advanced.

And when night fell, Buck rode

they might have followed between these immense cliffs.

But Buck Dixie trusted entirely to Starlight, who, now and again lifted his head and snuffed softly to catch the scent of the trail.

Now and then, the wise old horse would hesitate at the parting of the ways when some narrow gorge opened like an alley into the cleft they were pursuing.

And, all the while, the boys could see that they were being led deeper and deeper into the hills.

Looking upwards they could see the stars shinning between the beetling crags that almost closed over them.

And not a word passed between the riders as they sat silent in their saddles. This was certainly the queerest country they had ever been in. It was fissured and cleft as though it had been split by some mighty earthquake.

But this was not so. This wonderful patch of country, which was over a hundred miles in extent had been

cut up in this fashion purely by the action of water, which had flowed down from the snows and the rains from the distant mountains.

Once old Prairie Wolf chuckled under his breath.

Prairie Wolf had not assisted on the trail. Not by a sign had he indicated whether Buck was going right or wrong. The secret of the trail was known to him alone of the party, and he knew that Buck and his horse, between them, were tracking the Navajo nation to their lair.

But Prairie Wolf held his peace. The old Redskin had his own ideas of right and wrong, which were much higher than those of most of his fellow warriors who had cast him out, from amongst them.

He would not actively betray the Navajoes to these Palefaces who had saved his life and who had trusted him; but he would see to it that they did not lose their own lives in this venture.

So, bunched up on Maud the mule, looking like some old gipsy vagrant in the gloom, old Prairie Wolf, jogged along behind the party, keeping his ears open lest any wandering war-party or cavalcade of foragers, should be following them up.

Prairie Wolf had a certain amount of self interest in this for he knew well that he might expect scant mercy if he were caught in the company of these Palefaces. The stake and a lingering death by torture would be his lot.

The boys could not help feeling the profound silence and stillness of these gloomy gorges.

Kit started as a great white owl, hawking along the gorge in search of the small rock mice and lizards, flitted close over his head with a shrill "Tu—whoo!"

And old Prairie Wolf made a sign to avert the evil eye.

According to his beliefs, the white owl was Manikataho, the friend of the Palefaces who are so wise, and the evil spirit of the Navajoes. He was perfectly certain when the owl flitted over their heads that the dread "Buk Diksee" would not fail in his errand whatever it might be.

For three solid hours the little party twisted and turned amongst those tremendous cliffs and hills of limestone.

Occasionally, between the towering crags, they got a glimpse of the Great Bear and the North Star which sometimes were before them, and sometimes behind them, as the gorges through which they passed, twisted north, south, east and west.

To the boys it seemed that they were hopelessly lost in the hills, but Starlight showed no signs of hesitation as he pricked his way through the labyrinth.

And it was nearly ten o'clock at night when the gorge they were traversing suddenly widened into a great bowl or funnel in the hills. The cliffs here fell back to a mile apart. This was the diameter of the bowl, and the bare limestone crags about them were a couple of thousand feet in height.

Starlight paced steadily across the bottom of this strange valley without hesitation, and came to a standstill

before a great, black cliff which barred their path.

Prairie Wolf grunted as the party closed up.

"Lo, Buk Diksee, great Paleface scout, and enemy of the Navajo nation, which has cast me out!" said he, in a low voice. "Maniton, the great spirit, be witness that I have not helped thee in thy tracking. But now thou art on dangerous ground—thou, and Kit, and Joe, and he who has no scalp, and this one, Teekoopi, who is of the Red Men. Wherefore thou shalt trust me now with thy lives!"

Buck Dixie nodded.

"'Tis well, Prairie Wolf!" he replied. "Take thou the lead!"

"We must hide for a space!" said Prairie Wolf, speaking in his own language. "The hunters of meat are returning!"

He turned the head of his mule and rode along the cliff face amongst the broken ground which was full of deep hollows and dells. And, at last, when they had entered a space that looked like some old pit or quarry, Prairie Wolf slipped from the back of Maud the mule, who at once started cropping the short sweet grass that grew in the hollow.

"We may eat, but we may not make a fire!" said Prairie Wolf.

They accordingly seated themselves on the grass in the darkness, and snatched a hasty meal of dried meat and biscuits.

Then, picking up their weapons, they stole from the dell.

The Secret Stronghold!

PRAIRIE WOLF evidently knew his way about in this strange place, for in the narrow entrance of the dell he fumbled in the darkness for some iron rings that were bolted into the limestone rock, and, running a raw hide lariat through these, rigged a sort of fence or gate that would prevent their steeds from straying.

Then padding along as softly as a leopard, he led the way back to the rock face where the trail had ended.

Here were large masses of rock which had fallen from the cliff face piled up in huge fragments and, moving very silently, Prairie Wolf took up his position amongst these and motioned to his companions to crouch down alongside him and wait.

Buck Dixie and Baldy and Teekoopi seemed to have no difficulty in squatting still as statues behind those rocks, peering into the darkness.

But the boys, who had not yet learned the patience and impassiveness of the hunter, suffered a good deal in the half-hour's wait that followed.

Kit felt as though invisible hands were playing the piano all the way down his spine. Then his nose started to tickle, and he felt as if he must sneeze.

But he knew that a sneeze must sound like thunder in that vast amphitheatre of rock which was full of echoes.

And Joe felt a tickling on the sole of his foot, which told him that he was going to step on new ground. He could not help thinking of rattlesnakes, and wondering whether any of these dangerous reptiles were hidden amongst

those tumbled rocks behind which they were taking cover.

Once a lizard ran swiftly over his hand and he came near crying out aloud.

But old Prairie Wolf did not move a muscle. Joe could just see the outline of his profile against the stars, so immovable that he looked as though he were carved out of the solid rock itself.

Prairie Wolf was listening intently to every sound of the night. For there were all sorts of sounds even in this silent place. They could hear the musical tinkle of falling water, for the limestone rock around them was riddled by underground streams. There was also the chirping of the cicadas or grasshoppers, and the deep croaking of some bull frogs who were hidden in one of the shallow ponds of this open space of the hills.

And the American bull frog makes an extraordinary amount of noise for its size. The croaking of the frogs sounded more like the baying of a pack of hounds to the boys' unaccustomed ears, than the mere croaking of a few small frogs.

Presently Prairie Wolf gave a low hiss of warning.

Somebody was coming along the trail.

The boys could hear nothing, but Teekoopi stiffened and fitted an arrow silently to his bow. His ears and those of Prairie Wolf were both quicker than those of the Palefaces. They could hear men and horses on the trail by which they had come.

And presently the boys, too, could hear the sounds, the clatter of the unshod hoofs of the Indian ponies on the hard trail.

Their enemies were approaching.

They were full of excitement to know what was going to happen.

They were quite in the dark, for the trail ended at that wall of rock. Yet they felt certain that this lonely spot could not be the end of the trail.

The spot in which they were hiding was about a hundred feet from the trail, and they looked down from the pile of rock, on a small open space of flat ground, where a pool of water welled up from the base of the cliffs, reflecting the stars on its calm surface.

Soon they could hear voices, and could see one or two small sparks moving in the darkness.

The Redskins were smoking as they came along, sure sign that they suspected nothing, for no Redskin would dream of smoking if he thought that enemies were on the trail.

The boys could smell the tobacco smoke as a light draught of night breeze blew it down towards them. It was the real Indian mixture of the Paleface tobacco and the inner bark of the Willow with which the Redskin mixes his tobacco and ekes it out.

And Buck Dixie smiled grimly in the darkness, as he caught the whiff of this mixture, which betrayed more than anything how the Redskin was always at war with his tobaccoist, the Paleface.

Presently they could hear the guttural voices of the braves, and one by one dark patches appeared on the trail, little groups of riders who rode up to the cliff face and dismounted.

Soon the space below them was filled with dark, shifting figures. The Redskins were slipping from their ponies and leading them down in bunches to drink at the pool.

Then there sounded the clink of flint on steel, and a small red puff of flame showed in a bunch of dry grass, its red light reflecting on the hideous faces of the painted braves, who were crouching round it.

These had unloaded some faggots of wood from one of the pack ponies, and bit by bit they built up a fire, stick after stick, till a ruddy blaze lit the face of the cliff and showed the watchers nearly a hundred Indians; moving about, hobbling their ponies and removing heavy packs of buffalo meat from their backs.

It was the same foraging party which had nearly surprised them, and they had found their way to the scene of the great catastrophe in the Devil's Canyon, for every pony was heavily laden with meat.

This party had moved quickly, and Buck Dixie was sure that they had come back by some shorter cut through the labyrinth of the hills, than he knew of. For most of the ponies were loaded with buffalo humps and tongues, which showed that the Redskins had cut up the carcasses of the victims of the prairie fire with all their old wastefulness, only taking the choicest parts.

But the amount they had brought with them showed that they had many mouths to provide for, and that they were bound for the central stronghold of the Navajoes where they would have their store of salt for the preserving of this windfall of provisions.

They were sharp set and even suffering from hunger, too, otherwise they would not have stopped thus on the trail to have lighted cooking fires.

For fire after fire was started till eight fires were burning, fed by the faggots which they had cut and had brought into these hills where there was no wood.

And by the fires they cooked their meal, roasting the great lumps of buffalo meat in the same style as the Guachos of the Llanos of the Argentine roast their "cane en cuerno," or meat in the skin.

The hide was let on these joints so that it would catch all the juices of the meat, and around the fires the Redskins squatted like a lot of hungry wolves, waiting till the meat should be partially cooked.

It was a wild scene, as the firelight reflected on those fierce, red faces, with their hideous bars of war-paint, and the boys, seated crouching behind their rock shelter, had a good chance of studying the Red Man at close quarters.

There was very little talk amongst the braves for they were morose and hungry, and they were all depressed and angry by the defeat they had suffered at the Deer Springs, and the loss of the rich plunder of the convoy which they had counted as good as won.

The little talk that there was amongst them was of this fight, and many were the oaths of vengeance, deep and dire, that sworn to the tortures that they would put the hated

"Buk Diksee" to when they caught him.

It was the younger braves who talked mostly in this strain. The older ones were silent. They were the wise heads and they knew that it was easier to kill the dread "Buk Diksee" with the mouth than with the bullet.

These murmured amongst themselves that "Buk" was defended by the amulet of the famous Laughing Cloud that turned bullet and arrow from his breast. But they told one another how the chief medicine man of the third nation of the Navajoes had discovered in consultation with the spirits of the dead, that "Buk Diksee" might be killed by a golden bullet or by a golden barbed arrow since the charm of the dead Laughing Cloud had made him proof against iron and lead. And, even now, the sorcerers of the tribe were busy casting bullets of gold!

Little did those who talked, dream that every word they spoke was heard by the prospective victim of those golden bullets and arrowheads, and that Buck Dixie had already made up his mind to pay an early visit to the sorcerers workshops and to secure these golden munitions of war.

One brave rose from the groups about about the fires and advanced straight towards the spot where Buck Dixie and his little party were hiding.

This brave had broken his stone pipe in a fall, and was seaching about by the red glow of the cooking fires for suitable nodule of stone to shape a new bowl, whilst the meat was cooking.

The boys eyed his black figure aghast as he approached their hiding place, casting about like a hound on the scent, stooping now and then to pick up little fragments of rock and throwing them away again with a dissatisfied grunt.

Their hands closed on their rifles. This stray brave would stumble on their hiding place and give them all away.

But old Prairie Wolf was equal to the occasion.

As the brave approached, climbing up the first pile of the fallen rock, Prairie Wolf hooted twice in the exact call of the hunting white owl.

"Tu—whoo! Tu—whoo!" he whistled.

The imitation was perfect.

It was the call of the white owl that haunted those valleys—the call of the dead spirit, Manikataho, the sign of ill-omen to the Navajo Indian.

The brave turned back hastily to the ring of the firelight. He had no desire to meet Manikataho. And, furthermore, the appetising odours of roast buffalo drifting from the cooking fires told him that the meal was ready.

He joined the throng of Redskins about the fires, greatly to the relief of the boys, and was soon busy with his knife at the scantily cooked roast.

The Redskins ate ravenously, and it was plain to Buck Dixie that there was little food in their stronghold and many mouths, and that the camp which had been surprised by his cowboys and the Dandy Fifth had held a large part of the Indians' store of provisions.

To the boys it seemed that these wild men, whose rations are as irregular as

those of wild, hunting animals, must learn to feed for two or three days and that the life of the savage has ever been an alternation of starvation and plenty.

So fully an hour passed before all the meat was finished, and nothing was left of the feast, but the charred wrappings of buffalo hide, which had served as baking-tin and dish.

Then the loads of meat were again placed upon the backs of the tired Indian ponies being lashed to their backs by thongs of raw hide.

The Redskins were on the move again, and the boys were dying of curiosity to know where they could go to on this broken road, that ended off as short as a railway terminus at the foot of a sheer cliff of limestone rock, which beetled against the sky in a crag of two thousand feet of sheer precipice.

They had not long to wait.

The medicine man who accompanied the foraging party stepped forward, carrying a few small bunches of faggots and dried grass, and the Redskin braves stood back respectfully as he went through some mumbo-jumbo business; muttering incantations, and giving now and then wild cries as he planted his bunch of faggots in a circle on the rock.

Then he lit these little fires from a brand which he took from the one camp-fire which had not been used for cooking, and which was, therefore, undefiled and sacred fire.

The Navajo braves shrank back from the circle, and a deep-throated "Wah!" went up from them as the medicine man called to six of them to step forward into the circle.

But six braves, bolder than the rest, at last, stepped forward in response to the orders of the harsh voice, and joining their arms in a circle, commenced a low and monotonous chanting, stamping at intervals, bringing their right feet down heavily on the bare rock.

And presently the medicine had effect and the miracle worked, a great flat ledge or shelf of rock tipped up sideways revealing, as it were, a great trap in the rock.

The slab stood up about six inches and the braves were called forward to heave it up further.

They approached timidly, encouraged by the guttural cries and mockery of the medicine man, and, between them, they slowly heaved up a huge slab of rock, disclosing the entrance to a subterranean passage, which seemed to pass into the living rock of the cliff itself.

Then, one by one, the ponies were led forward, and the boys looked on spellbound as, by the ruddy glow of the fires, they saw the Redskin party disappear, one by one, into the very depths of the earth.

The medicine man only was left. He looked round, and scattered the ashes of his magic fires.

Then he, too, disappeared into the mouth of the chasm, and the great stone slowly closed down leaving the lonely valley deserted.

Another long, stirring instalment of this splendid Redskin serial in next week's issue of "The Greyfriars Herald."

Order your copies early!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The views of my readers, given below,
Are not necessarily mine, you know!—Ed.

A "Heated" Suggestion!

To the Editor of "The Greyfriars Herald."

Sir,—I write to say that I approve of everything in "The Greyfriars Herald," with the exception of the Editorial, the Police-court News, the Weekly Interview, the stories, and the rest of the contents. In other words, I consider that your trashy rag is utterly useless. It pollutes the minds of the young, and is the cause of many a poor fag straying from the path of virtue.

You, as editor of this pernicious publication, deserve to be flayed alive, and when the next issue of your rag is printed I am going to advocate a public bonfire in the Close!—Your inconstant reader, HAROLD SKINNER.

(And I, in turn, intend to advocate a public licking for Skinner!—Ed.)

Bunter's Tale of Woe!

To the Editor of "The Greyfriars Herald."

Sir,—I rite to komplane of the pore kwality of the grubb which has been dished up in Hall resently. Yesterday the koffee tasted like Irish stew, and the stew tasted like nutlun on earth. This morning's brekker wasn't fit to set before a hogg. The bakon was burnt, and the eggs came out of the Arc with Noer.

When you kousider that our people pay hansomly for us to be fattened up, it seems a grate shame that we kannot be studded more in the matter of newtryment.

The grubb is awful, and what I want to no is, are you going to take it lying down?—Yores indignantly, W. G. BUNTER.

(No, Billy; we prefer to take it sitting, as usual!—Ed.)

Cheek From St. Jim's!

To the Editor of "The Greyfriars Herald."

Most Illustrious Scribe,—Permit me to congratulate you upon the all-round excellence of "The Greyfriars Herald," which is far and away the best boys' paper ever published, with the exception of "Tom Merry's Weekly," "The Magnet," "The Gem," "The Boys' Friend," "The Penny Popular," and "Chuckles."

The only eyesore in your paper is the photograph of the editor, on the first page. Can't you cut out your face, and substitute a drawing of a cabbage? The latter would be equally intelligent in expression!—Yours humorously, MONTAGUE LOWTHER.

(I refuse to remove my face to suit the whim of my correspondent, but I shall be happy to remove his face next time I get within punching distance!—Ed.)

A Cliff House Grievance!

To the Editor of "The Greyfriars Herald."

Dear Editor,—We, the undersigned, hereby beg to express the opinion that "The Greyfriars Herald" would be a much better and brighter paper if you cut out all the silly twaddle about boys—which nobody wants to read—and made it a girls' paper, containing thrilling stories and articles dealing with the Cliff House pupils.

Unless you want your circulation to dwindle away to nothing, you will carry out this suggestion.—Yours faithfully, MARJORIE HAZELDENE.

CLARA TREVLYN.

PHYLLIS HOWELL.

PHILIPPA DERWENT.

(Sorry, dear girls, but your suggestion leave us cold!—Ed.)

Nothing Doing!

To the Editor of "The Greyfriars Herald."

My dear Old Thing,—I have often thought what a toppin' idea it would be if the Greyfriars fellows went to bed four hours earlier, and got up four hours later. I am also strongly in favour of a two-hour day, so far as lessons are concerned.

I am aware, old bean, that you possess a great deal of influence, and I was wonderin' if you would care to put my proposition before the Head.

Under the present system, quite a lot of us are suffering from insomnia. We don't get nearly enough sleep in the daytime, begad!

Excuse more. I'm feelin' rather drowsy. Yaw-aw-aw!—Yours languidly, HERBERT MAULEVERER.

(Your proposition, Mauly, is quite a sound one, but I think you'd better put it before the Head yourself. I'd do so like a shot, but I'm not sickening for the sack!—Ed.)

A Challenge From Grundy!

To the Editor of "The Greyfriars Herald."

St. Jim's.

Dear Sir,—I notiss that a lot of you Greyfriars chaps have been swanking a grate deal resently konserving yore abillity at the noble art of self-defense. When I was last at Greyfriars I herd you yoreself make a statement to this effect: "The Remove is ritch in fiting-men."

Of course, such a statement is absolutely ridikulus. The Remove feloes mite be hot-stuff at hop-scotch or marbles, but they can't fite for toffy. And to prove what I say, I hearby challenge any chap in the Greyfriars Remove to come over to St. Jim's and meat me in fistick kombat. And if I don't sukseed in nocking him into the

middel of neckst weak, I'm a Dutch-man!

Send along yore very best fiting-man, and I will garantee to redewce him to a pulp!—Yores in kontempt, GEORGE ALFRED GRUNDY.

(Pip-pip-please spare us, Grundy, old man!—We shudder at the prospect of getting within range of your four-point-seven punch! Joking apart, though, we shall be delighted to accept your challenge, on condition that the fight takes place at Greyfriars instead of St. Jim's.

If you decide to come over and meet our selected champion, you will be expected to provide your own ambulance and your own surgical bandages!—Ed.)

The Vanishing Trick!

To the Editor of "The Greyfriars Herald."

Dear Sir,—I should like to give publicity to certain mysterious occurrences which have puzzled me for some days.

On Friday last a large pot of strawberry jam disappeared from my cupboard. I questioned my fag concerning the matter, and he gave me his word of honour that he knew nothing about it. As he is thoroughly honest and straightforward, I saw no reason to doubt his word.

On the following day a large tin of pineapple-chunks mysteriously disappeared. I had invited a couple of prefects to my study to tea, and great was my chagrin on finding that the pineapple-chunks were missing.

Yesterday I purchased a dozen doughnuts from the school shop. This morning, on going to my cupboard, I was greeted by the sight of an empty paper bag.

Now, I am no believer in spiritualism. Moreover, I am aware that a pot of jam, not being endowed with legs or wings, could not vacate my cupboard on its own initiative. The same remark applies to the tin of pineapple-chunks, and to the twelve doughnuts. I am convinced that all these things were removed by some human agency, and I shrewdly suspect that the raider is a person who occupies a study not a hundred miles from the Remove passage. This being the case, I should like to warn this unscrupulous marauder that if he transgresses again it will be a case of robbery with violence—and the violence will be on my side!

I trust that the publication of this letter in "The Greyfriars Herald" will make the culprit think twice before carrying out a further raid on my supplies.—Yours faithfully,

GEORGE WINGATE,
Captain of Greyfriars.

(William George Bunter, take warning!—Ed.)

BUNTER'S REVENGE!

A capital, complete story

By MICKY DESMOND

I.

IT isn't often that Bob Cherry gets in a temper; but when he does, the wisest thing to do, if you are in the vicinity, is to take to your heels and run. Raging lions aren't in it when Bob gets on the warpath.

He was on the warpath now. He swept into the junior common-room like a cyclone. There was fury in his face, and a cricket stump in his hand.

So sudden and unexpected was Bob's entry that Inky and Johnny Bull, who were playing chess, upset the whole box of tricks between them. Pawns and rooks and bishops went flying in all directions.

"Faith, Cherry, darlint, an' ye seem a trifle ruffled!" I observed.

Bob Cherry paused, breathing hard. "My cake!" he spluttered.

"Eh?"
"My new plum cake—hot from Mrs. Mumble's oven!"

"Well, what about it?"
"It's been pinched—looted—raided—stolen!"

"My hat!"
"And I'm looking for the fellow who bagged it! If he happens to be here"—the speaker glared round the common-room—"I'll trouble him to own up!"

There were about twenty of us present, but nobody seemed in a hurry to come forward and confess.

"I bought the cake only this afternoon," said Bob Cherry. "I put it in the cupboard in my study and when my back was turned just now, some raiding rotter came in and bagged it."
"Shame!"

"If I can only find out who did it," continued Bob, in measured tones, "I—I'll burst him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"It's no laughing matter," said Bob angrily. "The fellow who has put himself outside my cake is going to get it in the neck!"

Then up spake Skinner, the cad of the Remove.

"Are you prepared to offer a reward for such information as shall lead to the conviction of the guilty party?" he asked.

"Eh? Say that again!" said Bob Cherry. "And put it in plain English."

Skinner chuckled.
"If I tell you who bagged your cake will you give me sixpence?"

"No!"
The cad of the Remove shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, very well," he said. "I'll keep mum!"

Bob Cherry glared at Skinner.

"You mean to say you know who pinched my cake?"

"Sure!"

"Then you'll jolly well tell me who it was!"

"For sixpence!"

Bob Cherry hesitated. Then he produced a coin from his pocket, and tossed it to Skinner.

"Now give me the fellow's name!" he said.

"Certainly!" said Skinner, pocketing the sixpence with a grin. "It was Bunter!"

"Oh, really, Skinner—" protested the Owl of the Remove, who was present.

"You're sure of what you say?" demanded Bob Cherry of Skinner.

"Quite! I was walking along the Remove passage, and Bunter bolted out of the study with the cake under his arm. He cannoned into me, and I tried to lay hold of him, but he bunked."

"That's a whopper!" declared Billy Bunter indignantly. "I can't think how you can stand there and tell such awful fibs, Skinny! I'm quite positive the passage was deserted when I bunked out of Bob Cherry's study with the cake under my arm!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter had given himself away completely. Bob Cherry was upon him in a moment.

"So it was you, was it?" he shouted. "You fat, young thief! I suppose you've wolfed the whole of the cake by now?"

"Every crumb!" said Bunter, who was so confused that he scarcely knew what he was saying.

"On second thoughts, though, I didn't even touch the cake. In fact, I didn't know there was such a thing in your cupboard."

Bob Cherry asked no further questions. He was evidently a believer in the axiom that actions speak louder than words. He wielded the cricket stump with great vigour, and Billy Bunter received a terrific drubbing.

The chorus went something like this:

"Ow! Yow! Yowp! Yaroooh!"

Bob Cherry was panting and perspiring by the time he had finished.

As for Bunter, he looked as if he had been trying conclusions with a steam-roller.

The fat junior was feeling decidedly sore—mentally and physically, and as he limped out of the common-room he vowed vengeance on the fellow who had sneaked.

II.

QUELCHY'S on the warpath!" muttered Bolsover major.

Quelchy certainly was. Morning lessons were in progress in the Remove Form-room, and Quelchy was doling out lines and lickings right and left.

"I can see breakers ahead!" murmured Snoop.

"Yes, rather!"

Quelchy looked up sharply.

"Somebody was talking, in spite of my repeated injunctions to silence!" he exclaimed.

Snoop remained silent, and so did Bolsover major. But a chorus of voices, apparently from the back of the room, became suddenly audible.

"It was Skinner, sir!"

Quelchy frowned.

"Skinner!" he rumbled. "You will take a hundred lines!"

The cad of the Remove looked completely flabbergasted.

"But, sir—" he expostulated.

"Not a word, Skinner!"

"But, I assure you, sir—"

"Take an addition hundred lines, Skinner!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

The lesson proceeded without disturbance for half an hour.

Then, whilst we were bending industriously over our books, a sudden peal of laughter rang through the Form-room.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Quelchy looked up with a brow like thunder.

"Who was that?" he rapped out.

And from the back of the room came the brisk reply:

"It was Skinner, sir!"

Quelchy compressed his lips.

"You appear to be quite incorrigible this morning, Skinner!" he exclaimed.

"Your imposition of two hundred lines is increased to five hundred!"

Skinner jumped protestingly to his feet.

"You've made a mistake, sir!" he said. "It wasn't I who laughed—on my honour!"

"Your honour is a very flimsy thing, Skinner," said Quelchy drily.

"I do not believe you. And if you utter another word I shall cane you! Sit down at once!"

Skinner resumed his seat, and once again thirty-nine heads were bent over thirty-nine books.

The fortieth head—belonging to Bob Cherry—was not bent.

Bob was fingering his peashooter. Unobserved by the Form-master, he took careful aim at Wun Lung, who sat in the front row.

The little Chinese must have had a premonition of what was going to happen, for he suddenly ducked his head.

The result was appalling.

The hard, round pea, which had been intended for Wun Lung, smote Quelchy under the chin, and he gave a yelp of anguish.

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"I've fairly done it this time!"

Quelchy's gimlet eyes glared round the room.

"What boy had the effrontery to discharge a peashooter at me?" he demanded, in tones of thunder.

"Please, sir," came the instant reply, "it was Skinner!"

Quelchy grew purple in the face, and I thought he was about to have an apoplectic fit.

"Come out here, Skinner!" he rumbled. "I will cane you severely!"

Skinner darted a glance of wild appeal at the Form-master.

"I'm innocent, sir—"

"Come out herè!"

Bob Cherry was on his feet in a moment.

"It wasn't Skinner, sir," he declared. "It was I!"

"You, Cherry?"

"Yes, sir. Of course, I didn't mean to hit you—not for a moment, sir. It was a pure accident."

Quelchy looked bewildered.

"But I distinctly heard several voices at the back of the class name

Skinner as the culprit!" he ejaculated. "Will the boys who gave me that information stand up?"

No one stirred. "Bless my soul!" murmured Quelch. "That is an extraordinary thing—most extraordinary! I distinctly heard voices, yet nobody admits having spoken. It would almost seem as if a ventriloquist had been at work—"

Even as he spoke, the truth dawned upon Quelch like a flash. He had quite overlooked the fact that Billy Bunter was a skilled ventriloquist.

"Bunter!" he said sharply. "Come out before the class!"

Billy Bunter smiled feebly. "You've made a mistake this time, sir," he said. "I assure you that it wasn't me! I haven't even opened my mouth, sir."

"It is not necessary for you to open your mouth, Bunter, in order to ventriloquise. Come out here at once!"

Quelch's hand strayed towards a pointer, and Billy Bunter trembled like a table-jelly.

"Ow! I hope your not going to lick me, sir, for something I haven't done! I was merely having revenge on Skinner, and I guarantee you'd have done the same, sir, if you were in my place!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Billy Bunter had given himself away so completely that we couldn't help laughing. Even when Quelch rapped sharply on the desk with his pointer, the giggling did not subside. "Bunter," said Quelch sternly, "you have done your schoolfellow a grave injustice. Hold out your hand!"

The fat junior reluctantly obeyed, and for the next few moments there was a sound of steady swishing in the Form-room, accompanied by the victim's yells of anguish, which rose to a shrill crescendo.

Bob Cherry was dealt with next. But Quelch was so limp after the execution of Bunter, that Bob got off very lightly.

Skinner was relieved of his impot. of course; and it was agreed on all sides that Billy Bunter's revenge had completely missed fire.

THE END.

OUR PERSONAL COLUMN

With acknowledgments to the Daily Newspapers)

By **BOB CHERRY**

Miss Bessie Bunter, of Cliff House, celebrates her fifteenth birthday tomorrow. A magnificent repast will be held, to be paid for out of Billy's postal-order—when it comes!

Mr. Cecil Ponsonby, of Highcliffe, is reported to be suffering from brain-fag. Mr. Ponsonby being addicted to cigarettes, we can quite understand the "fag" part of it; but how can his brain be affected when he hasn't got one?

Another Highcliffe celebrity—the Caterpillar—announces his intention of turning into a butterfly shortly.

The vicar of Friardale will conduct a fancy-work bazaar on Friday next. Those who don't fancy work are advised to keep off the grass!

Order Your Copy To-day!

Outlaws

I Have

Met

By **TOM MIX**



The King of Cowboys tells readers of this week's **BOYS' CINEMA** some thrilling true stories of his exciting encounters with notorious outlaws in the Wild West.

"Man of Might"—a stirring new serial story featuring the famous Vitagraph Star **WILLIAM DUNCAN** also begins on Wednesday in the

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The Great Cinema Adventure Paper.

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY

This week:

By **HURRÉE SINGH**

Monday.—Awakefully roused by the first strokeful clamour of the esteemed and ludicrous rising-bell. After dressfully completing my toilet, went down into Close and took part in snowful fight with Upper Fourth. The number of casualties was terrific!

Tuesday.—Nothing of special note to recordfully jot down.

Wednesday.—What the poet would call "a perfectful day." Half-holiday this afternoon. Enjoyed myself skatefully on Friardale Lake, and had tea at Cliff House with our esteemed girlful chums. Concludefully wound up the day with a fancy-dress ball. Wharton was a gay cavalier; the Cherryful chum was a Roundhead, and Johnny Bull was a fathead! I was an esteemed dusky warrior. The fat and ludicrous Bunter was Falstaff. "Everything in the garden was worth two in the bush," as the English proverb has it.

Thursday.—Quelch imparted to me the lickfulness, on both hands, for mutterfully talking in class. Went for bikeful ride on my jigger this afternoon.

Friday.—Received fat and welcome remittance from my native land. Treated all my esteemed chums to a studyful feed. The table groanfully collapsed beneath the weightfulness of the goodly viands. The ludicrous Bunter came in afterwards to pickfully gather up the crumbs!

Saturday.—Shot for goal kickfully in the matchfulness with Highcliffe. The Remove triumphed winfully, and the excitement was terrific!

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IN THE SCHOOLROOM.

Some of the schoolfellows of Fred Jones, whose portrait appears elsewhere on this page, whom he has induced to become readers of "The Greyfriars Herald." Fred's motto is, "The More the Merrier," and I hope all my chums will bear his slogan in mind.



Richard Berry (Ashford).



A Bromley Reader of the "Herald."



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TUCK HAMPERS AS PRIZES!



GREAT-NEW COMPETITION.

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

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

Should more than 5 readers qualify for the tuck hamper prizes, these will be added to.

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

Write your solutions IN INK on a clean sheet of paper, fill up coupon below, and pin to this, and address to: No. 20, TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION, "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4, so as to reach that address not later than Tuesday, March 16th.

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

I enter "The Greyfriars Herald" Tuck Hamper Competition No. 20, and agree to accept the published decision as absolutely binding.

Signed.....

WRITE CAREFULLY.

Address.....

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m c G 3 R 7 int Ue T @ 20 CWT. Mr White. of R. JONES Greens 1.6 Fruit 5.0 Potatoes 1.0 OF the

We had a TEMPESTUOUS Channel crossing 6 a.m. 5 p.m. GET. GET. LET m t LU

It was a nonsensical thing to do THE 'S O r fault # AA he

This minute OUR EMPLOYEES ARE OBTAINING HIGH WAGES 2 1/2 A WFK X TR A 4 HI HI trash,

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