

CORGEOUS TUCK HAMPERS FOR READERS!

The Greyfriars Herald 1½^d Herald



No. 21 (New Series)

FULL OF SCHOOL STORIES AND ARTICLES

Mar. 20 1920.



WARNING THE NOISY FAGS AT THE REDCLYFFE MATCH!

Our Photographic Supplement

Continued on Page 19

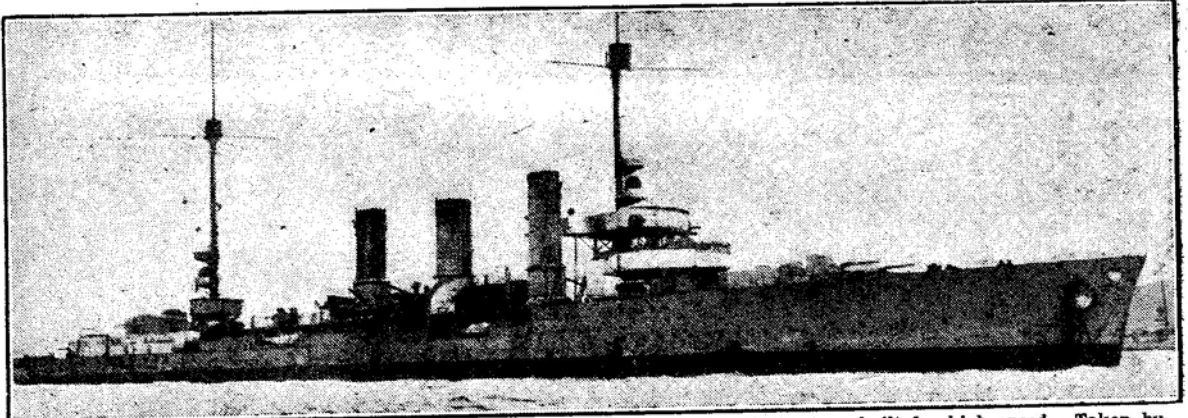
THE BOYS' PICTORIAL



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A GREYHOUND OF THE SEA!



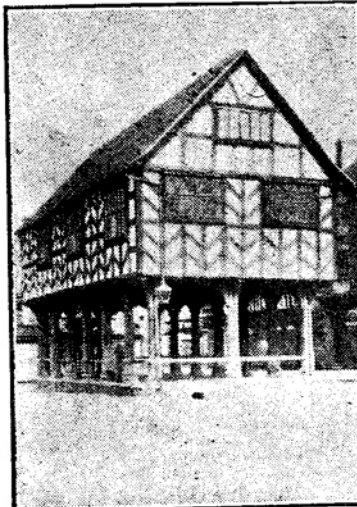
A fast German light cruiser which was surrendered to the British. She is of the type built for high speed.—Taken by J. S. Elliott, 33, Blacket Place, Edinburgh.

WEARING FATHER'S.



A bright little urchin, who is quite happy though garbed in father's out-down cast-offs!—Taken by Miss May Johnson, 21, Humpage Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.

YE OLDE TOWN HALL.



This old town hall and market-place at Ledbury, Herefordshire, smacks of the old coaching times rather than of these days of the aeroplane.—Taken by W. G. Gough, 276, Wyld's Lane, Worcester.

MR. STORK AT HOME.



A fine bird study obtained by a reader in the ancient and historical land of Palestine.—Taken by Max Booker, Fernlea, Glamis Street, Bognor.

FIVE OF OUR LOYAL SUPPORTERS!



Eric Neale (Lincoln).



Thos. Butterworth (Oldham).



Miss Louie Newton (Salford).



Stephen Seddon (Liverpool).



H. Williams (Dingle).



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Editorial

By Harry Wharton.

GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

It is with considerable pleasure I acknowledge the letters I have received from H. B. Oldham, "Two Paris Readers," "A Loyal Supporter," A. C. C., "An Old Heraldite," and many others. All these letters breathe good-will and congratulations on the success of our bright little journal, and have bucked me up considerably.

I wish, however, that all my chums would put their full names and addresses to their letters, so that I can reply personally to their good wishes, criticisms, or queries. Space, unfortunately, does not permit me to answer in THE GREYFRIARS HERALD all of you who request me to reply through this medium.

AN UNFAIR CRITICISM.

By now all readers should know that I do not mind honest criticism of THE GREYFRIARS HERALD. I like it; in fact, I revel in it, and try to learn your wishes from it. No reader, therefore, need be afraid of putting his name and address to the criticisms he sends me.

But one Liverpool critic conceals his identity under the pseudonym of "Wondering." He criticises the features of the paper generally; but that is not the bone I have to pick with him. In his letter, however, he writes:

"The persons down our way don't like your method because one of my chums has not received the Tuck Hamper he won in the first competition."

Let me tell "Wondering" this: Our competitions are conducted with absolute fairness, and all prizes are promptly despatched each week to the winners, from whom not a single complaint has yet reached me.

If "Wondering" will come out into the open, and give particulars of the case he refers to, I shall be glad to prove to him that he is mistaken.

HARRY WHARTON.



DICK PENFOLD



MURREE SINGH



BILLY BUNTER



TOM MERRY



JIMMY SILVER



ARTHUR A'DARCY

TEACHING THE FAGS A LESSON - - - Drawn by FRANK NUGENT.



1. When Mr. Twigg arrived in the Third Form-room the other morning, he discovered that the cheeky fags had broken the merry old globe. "Ha, ha, ha!" they chortled, as they vamoosed. "Now we sha'n't have to do the geography lesson!"



2. But Mr. Twigg was not such a chump as those kids believed. He simply rooted out a palette and paintbrush and proceeded to put in an artful bit of art-work on the giddy gatepost at the end of the school wall.



3. Then, when he had finished, he collected the Third-formers. Ah, now you twigg—I mean, twig—the wheeze! "Come, boys," tootled the Form-master, "I wouldn't deprive you of your lesson for worlds! Now Pigott, where's Vladispiffenhostock?"

FRIENDS OR FOES?

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

By **OWEN CONQUEST**

(Author of the Famous Rookwood School Stories)

CHAPTER I. Dark Doubts.

"**R**IPPING day for footer!" Jack Drake's face was very bright as he came out of the Fourth form-room after lessons on Saturday morning.

It was, as he said, a "ripping" day.

A cold, clear sunlight fell on the old Benbow, and on the glimmering waters of the Chadway. There were glimpses of early green among the thick woods along the banks of the river. Bright and clear the sunshine fell on the football-ground ashore, and Drake's eyes turned in that direction at once as he came out on the Benbow's deck from the Form-room.

"You're glad to be playing for St. Winny's this afternoon, old chap?" said Dick Rodney, with a smile.

"Yes, rather!" Drake drew in a deep breath of the cold, fresh air from the river. "It's jolly decent of Daubeny to put me in the eleven, considering—"

"Considering your form?" chirruped Tuckey Toodies.

"No, ass! Considering that his noble nose hasn't quite got over the last punch I gave it yet!"

"It would have been a bit more decent of him if he had put in a few more fellows who could play!" growled Sawyer major of the Fourth. "St. Winny's can't win! You and Daub are the only footballers in the eleven, and Daub's no great shakes."

Drake laughed.

"Better one than none," he remarked. "It's a sign of grace, at any rate, for Daub to leave out one of his own pals and put in a man who can keep his end up. I suppose we can't beat Redclyffe, but the game won't be such a walk-over for the enemy as the Highcliffe match was. Daub's showing more sense than I ever expected."

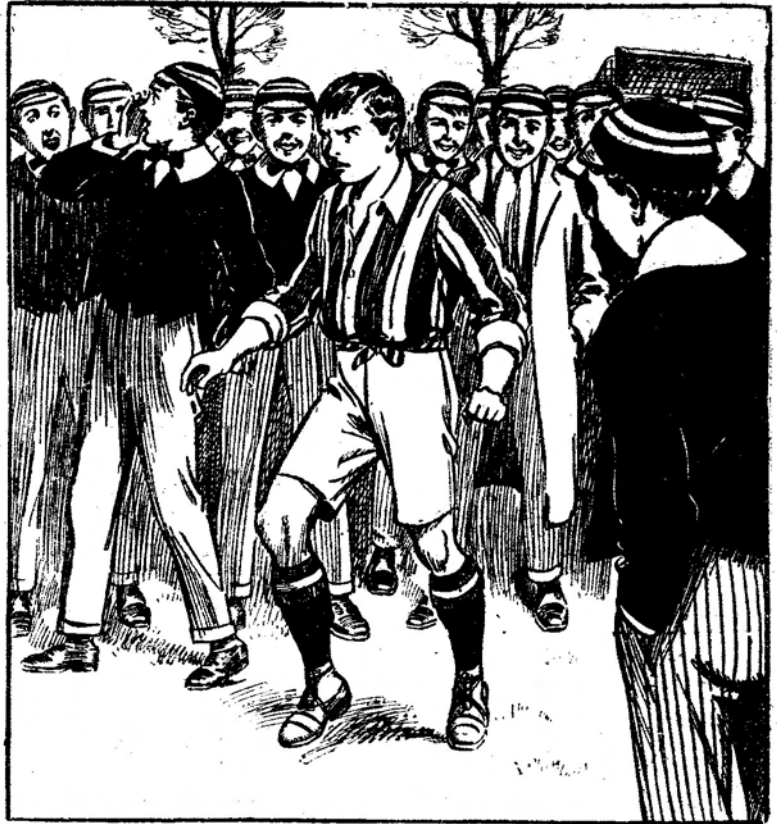
Rodney's face had a thoughtful cast. All Drake's thoughts now were given to football and the Redclyffe match, and his inclusion in the junior team had evidently made him think more kindly of his old rival and enemy, Vernon Daubeny, the junior captain. Rodney was far from shaving the easy and unsuspecting faith of his chum.

Drake turned to him with a smiling face.

"I can guess your thoughts, old scout," he said.

"Guess away!"

"You're thinking that I'm going to



Egan limped off, with a very exaggerated limp. "Ambulance! Ambulance!" yelled Sawyer major, "Egan's foot's been trodden on!"

forget all about slogging for the scholarship exam, now I'm playing footer for St. Winny's again. But it isn't so. Of course, there can't be any grinding this afternoon; there's the footer-match, and after that I sha'n't feel much like sapping. But let's have a dig before dinner."

"Oh, good!" said Rodney. "If you feel up to it, we can put in half an hour, and every half-hour tells."

"Fresh as a daisy!" answered Drake cheerily. "Let's get our books up into the maintop, where we sha'n't be disturbed."

"Right-ho!"

Rodney ran down to the study for the books, and Drake, with his hands in his pockets, looked away across the shining water towards the football-ground, with a cheery face.

Daubeny and Co. of the Shell came sauntering along from the direction of the Shell class-room.

Vernon Daubeny nodded pleasantly to Drake.

Judging by the great Daub's urbane manner, no one could have guessed that he had ever been on fighting terms with the Fourth-former. And Torrence and Egan were equally urbane.

"Feelin' fit for this afternoon—what?" asked Daubeny.

"Fit as a fiddle."

"That's good. We're relyin' on you in the front line," said Daubeny. "I don't mind tellin' you, Drake, that I'm jolly glad to have you in the team, and I think it's very decent of you to play up like this."

"Jolly glad to play for St. Winny's any day. I'd have played before it you'd asked me."

"Mea culpa!" said Daubeny gracefully. "Perhaps I shall ask you so often in future that you'll get fed."

"Not likely!" said Drake, laughing.

Dick Rodney came back, with a couple of volumes under his arm. Daubeny noted him and his volumes with the corner of his eye, as it were, though he did not seem to glance towards Drake's chum. He went on speaking to Drake, as if oblivious of Rodney's presence.

"I want to ask your advice about the team, Drake," he continued. "Will you step into my study for a little chat?"

Drake looked at Rodney.

"I was going—" he began.

"I'm not quite satisfied with the team as it stands. I was thinkin' of shiftin' one or two men," said Daubeny calmly. "I'd really like your advice, Drake, if you can spare a few minutes before tiffin."

It was not easy to refuse.

"Do you mind, Rodney—" began Drake hesitatingly.

"Not at all."

"All serene, then."

Jack Drake walked away with Daubeny and Co., and Rodney was left with the books that were to have been "dug" into.

He looked after his chum, as Drake disappeared with the nuts of the Shell, very thoughtfully.

Then he slowly turned away, and went down to his study.

He laid the books on the table, and for some minutes he stood by the window, gazing out on the river.

His mind was uneasy. From the first Rodney had not trusted the great Daub, and he had wondered uneasily whether the dandy of the Shell had any concealed motive in his new cordiality to Drake, and his offer of a place in the junior eleven.

Whether Daubeny intended it or not, it looked as if his new interest would come seriously between Drake and his work for the scholarship examination.

On that examination, and its result, depended whether Drake was to remain at St. Winifred's after the end of the present term. It had been no secret—at least, until of late—that Vernon Daubeny would have been glad to see the last of the fellow he regarded as a dangerous rival.

Tuckey Toodles came into the study, grinning.

"Left over—what?" he remarked. Rodney turned from the window. "What's that, Tuckey?" he asked. The grubby junior gave a wink. "Left over—eh?" he said. "Marble eye! He, he, he!"

"I don't quite understand—"

"My dear man," said Toodles patronisingly, "I could have told you so. In fact, I did tell you so. Now Drake's getting thick with Daub again he won't bother about a half-pay bounder—you don't mind my mentioning it, do you? You see, Drake had to pal with somebody, and I dare say he found you useful in helping him mug up Latin—"

"Do you want me to kick you, Toodles?" inquired Rodney quietly.

Tuckey Toodles jumped back.

"N-n-no! Wharrer you getting your rag out for, I'd like to know? I haven't said anything to offend you, have I?"

"You fat chump!"

"As for mugging up Latin," continued Toodles, with a grin, "there won't be much more of that. Now Drake's got a chance at the footer again, he won't worry much about sapping. I know him, you see. I can't say I'm sorry; the study hasn't been fit to live in, with you two fellows always mugging over books, and shutting a chap up if he wanted to say a word. I say, Drake used to think that Daub was trying to dish him over the schol. Do you think that's why Daub's put him into the footer, Rodney?"

Rodney started.

The thought that had been lurking in his own mind had evidently occurred to Tuckey Toodles.

"Anyhow, you won't see much of him here, now Daub's taken him on again," grinned Toodles. "I must say it serves you right, Rodney. You fairly bagged my old pal Drake, and I never liked it. You're rather a pushing bounder, you know—Daub says so, and I quite agree with Daub. Here, I say, don't you chuck that book at me, you ass! Wharrer you getting waxy about?"

Rodney burst into a laugh.

"You fat duffer!" he said. "You're mistaken about Drake. He's gone to talk footer with Daub, and he will be back in a few minutes."

"Think so?" grinned Toodles.

"Yes, ass!"

Tuckey winked again—a knowing wink.

"Bet you two to one you don't see him again before dinner," he said.

"Oh, buzz off!" exclaimed Rodney irritably.

"Sha'n't!" retorted Tuckey Toodles, with great independence. "This is my study as well as yours, ain't it? I'll stay here if I like, and say what I like, and if you don't like it you can—Yarooooooh!"

The independent Tuckey dodged out of No. 8 Study just in time to elude a hurtling volume.

Rodney stood at the window, staring out into the sunny river, with a cloud on his brow.

The minutes passed, but Drake did not appear in the study.

Tuckey Toodles' prediction turned out to be correct. Dick Rodney did not see his chum again till they met at the dinner-table.

The Redclyffe Match.

"YOU'RE coming along, Rodney?"

It was close on time for Redclyffe to arrive, and Daubeny and Co. were preparing to go ashore. Jack Drake was with them, but he detached himself from the nutty footballers, to join Rodney on the deck. Rodney was leaning on the rail, staring rather glumly at the swift-flowing waters of the Chadway, as they whirled past the hull of the old warship.

Rodney looked up.

"Coming where?" he asked.

Drake's sunny face fell a little.

"I thought you'd like to see the match, as I'm playing," he said.

"Most of the Fourth are turning out."

"Oh, I'll come."

"I wish you were playing, old chap."

Rodney smiled rather sarcastically.

"I dare say I could put up as good a game as Torrence, or Egan, or Chetwynd," he remarked.

"Miles better, old chap. But you know Daub; he don't understand the first principles of a footer-captain's bizney."

"More fools the fellows to have him for skipper, then."

"But he is skipper, and the fellows won't turn him out," said Drake.

"We've got to take things as they are. I've been talking to him in his study, and I tried to get him to see sense; but he couldn't find a place for you in the team."

"He wouldn't you mean."

"Well, I suppose I do mean that Daub's an ass; there's no mistake about it. But he's put one good man in—little me, you know," said Drake, with a smile. "It's a beginning. Even Daub will see in the long run that he's got to strengthen the team. I'd be jolly glad if you and Sawyer and Rawlings were in. We might beat Redclyffe then. You don't feel inclined to waste time watching?"

"Oh, I'm coming," said Rodney.

"I hope you'll have a good game, old fellow."

Drake looked at him quickly, but Rodney's face was quite cheerful and smiling now.

Tuckey Toodles' insinuations were lingering in his mind, in spite of himself, but he put them aside firmly.

He would not spoil his chum's happiness that afternoon by any want of faith, or by nourishing a sense of injury or neglect.

"Come on, then, old scout," said Drake, much relieved.

The two juniors crossed the gangway to the shore together, Rodney in Etons, Drake with a coat and muffler over his football garb. Most of the Fourth Form, and a crowd of the Shell and the Third, gathered round Little Side to watch the game.

In the Lower School of St. Winifred's there was a strong opposition to the lofty rule of Vernon Daubeny, an opposition which was not yet great in numbers, but very loud and emphatic. But by playing Drake in his team, Daubeny had, as it were, drawn the teeth of the opposition, for Drake had been its acknowledged leader.

By playing Drake, in fact, the wily Daub was killing more than one bird with the same stone.

He was interrupting very seriously Drake's work for the exam—an interruption that might prove fatal to his success. He was silencing the opposition Drake had led. And he was adding to his chances of pulling off a victory, which would more effectually silence criticism. Vernon Daubeny felt that he was scoring all along the line, in fact, and he was in a very satisfied mood that afternoon. And his keen eye had already noted the beginning of a rift between Drake and his best chum, which was an added satisfaction to the excellent Daub.

Drake and Rodney were chatting by the ropes when Drake was called away by his skipper to join in punting about an old ball, till the Redclyffians arrived.

Dick Rodney stood with a group of the Fourth, looking on. There were many comments among the Fourth-formers on Daub's team of "fumbblers," as Sawyer major called them; but there was no doubt that adverse criticism had been to a great extent silenced by Drake's inclusion in the team. Drake was admitted to be the best junior footballer at St. Winifred's, and even one good man made a difference to the side.

But when Redclyffe arrived on the ground Sawyer major grew more sarcastic. Sawyer major was very sore at seeing the place he was entitled to filled by a duffer like Chetwynd.

"Redclyffe seem rather amused—what?" he remarked to Rodney.

"Look at their skipper, Fane, grinning like a Cheshire cat!"

"They know what to expect when they play St. Winny's," grumbled Rawlings. "It's always been the same since Daub was skipper."

Fane of Redclyffe was not exactly grinning like a Cheshire cat. But there was a slightly ironical expression on his face as he tossed with Daubeny. Slight as that expression was, the keen eyes of Sawyer major read it aright. The Redclyffians had come there for a walk-over, and they did not conceal the fact that they thought so. The last match had been played on the Redclyffe ground, where Fane and Co. had piled up five goals to nil. That recollection was sufficient to make Fane and Co. regard the return match with an ironical eye.

Daubeny won the toss, and gave

Redclyffe a rather keen wind to kick off against. The ball rolled, and the game began.

"Play up, St. Winny's!" bawled Sawyer major. "Wake up, Chilcot—goal isn't a sleeping-bunk! Keep both your eyes open! Take your hands out of your pockets—you'll need 'em soon."

Chilcot glared round at the juniors behind the goal, apparently not in the least pleased by Sawyer's admonitions.

Sawyer wagged an admonitory forefinger at him.

"Keep awake all the time!" he said. "You can take a nap afterwards, you know."

"Shut up, you cheeky fag!" howled Chilcot.

"And keep your eyes on the game!" continued Sawyer major calmly.

"Jever see a goalie play with his back to the game, you fellows?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Chilcot, thus politely reminded of his duty, turned back, and tried to turn a deaf ear to the comments that reached him from behind his citadel.

"Get up, Egan!" roared Sawyer major, as Egan of the Shell was left gasping on the ground from a Redclyffe charge. "You're not in your hammock now. Don't you know rising-bell's gone?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Play up, Daub—don't dodge 'em!" yelled Sawyer, warming to his work of friendly critic. "You'll never win a game by dodging a charge! Don't be afraid of getting your clobber dusted. Stand up to 'em!"

"Play up, Daub!" chorused Sawyer major's comrades. "Don't dodge 'em!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Wake up, Chilcot—you're wanted!"

Chilcot, in goal, was indeed wanted. Redclyffe had brought the ball up the field, against the wind, with a rush that Daubeny and Co. found no means of stopping. Shots rained in on goal; as fast as Chilcot fisted out the ball it came buzzing in again, and backs and halves seemed nowhere. There was a shout as the leather found a lodgement in the net.

"Goal!"

"Go home, Chilcot!"

It was first blood to Redclyffe, in the first ten minutes! Armitage of the Sixth, who was acting as referee, came along to speak to the noisy juniors behind the home goal.

"Shut up, you fags!" he called out. "Mustn't we speak, Armitage?" demanded Sawyer major, in a tone of great injury.

"I'll be among you in a minute, if you don't cheese it!" exclaimed the Sixth-former.

"Mustn't we even cheer Daub's goals?" inquired Sawyer; and there was a yell of laughter.

Armitage judiciously turned back to his duties. He was a prefect of the Sixth Form, but just at present the juniors preferred to regard him simply as a football-referee.

The sides re-formed after the goal, and there was no doubt that Redclyffe were grinning now.

A goal taken in the first ten minutes, against a keen wind, was a good augury for the result of the match—from the visitors' point of view. The

game was going to be the walk-over they had anticipated.

Jack Drake, at outside-left, had been given little to do, so far. There was no support for him in the front line, and there was nothing for him to support. He began to wonder whether he had acted wisely in consenting to play in such a crowd. He did not seem likely to be able to do very much for St. Winny's.

But Daubeny, at least, was playing up well now; and Daub could play well when he chose. The next attempt of Redclyffe to run the ball down to the home goal was foiled. Vernon Daubeny robbed Fane of the leather, and sent it to his inside-left, Torrence. Torrence fumbled with it, and a Redclyffian bowled him off before he could deal with it. But Jack Drake's chance had come now. He neatly deprived the Redclyffian of the ball, and ran it down the field with the wind.

He owed a good deal of his success to the fact that the Redclyffians made the mistake of despising their adversaries too much. They had not looked for a bold attempt like this; in fact, one of the backs was chatting with the visitors' goalkeeper, with his hands in his pockets, when Drake came down with a sudden spurt.

He was through the Redclyffians almost in a flash.

There was a frenzied roar from the St. Winifred's crowd.

"Bravo, Drake!"

"Go it, Jacky!"

"Kick, kick, kick!" raved Sawyer major. "Kick, kick, kick!"

There was nothing for the St. Winny's winger to do but kick, for his fellow-forwards were nowhere, and there was nobody to take a pass.

He kicked from the wing, with a deadly accuracy that left nothing to be desired.

The Redclyffe goalkeeper woke up from his chat with the Redclyffe back, to discover the leather whizzing over his shoulder.

St. Winifred's roared and howled.

"Goal! Goal! Goal!"

"Bravo, Drake!"

"Well kicked, man—well kicked!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was a goal, and the expression on the Redclyffe custodian's face was, as Sawyer major remarked, worth a guinea a box. Fane dropped back to goal to have a little heart-to-heart talk with his goalie, and the goalie's expression revealed that he did not enjoy it.

"It's catching!" remarked Sawyer major.

"What's catching?" inquired Rodney.

"Fumbling!" explained Sawyer. "Redclyffe have caught it from Daub's crowd. Jever see a goal fumbled like that?"

But, however it had happened, it was a score for St. Winny's, and that success put new heart into Daubeny's team. At half-time the score was still unaltered, goal for goal.

Not So Bad!

JACK DRAKE came along to the ropes to speak to Rodney in the interval. There was a rather rueful smile on his handsome face.

"What do you think of it so far, old scout?" he asked.

"I won't tell you what I think!" said Rodney, laughing. "The English language isn't equal to it. But that was a jolly good goal of yours."

"The Redclyffe man was caught napping; he could have stopped it if he'd tried."

"No doubt; but you had to play on your own. Yours was the only green-and-white jersey on their side of the half-way line."

"They are an awful crew, and no mistake," Drake confessed. "Even Daub seems rather ashamed of them. But this isn't such a walk-over as the Highlife affair, at any rate. We've broken our duck, at least."

The whistle went, and the sides lined up again. Daubeny's merry men looked rather winded, and one or two of them were limping. Egan had a very sulky look. Daubeny was keeping him up to the game, and Egan did not like it. He preferred to lounge elegantly through a match, regarding little where the ball went. But Vernon Daubeny seemed more in earnest than usual, and he was doing his best to keep his men up to the mark. A hint from him that further slacking would lead to changes in the team inspired the Bucks of St. Winifred's to do their best—for what that was worth.

With the wind in their favour, Redclyffe seemed irresistible in the second half. They came down the field like cavalry at the charge, and the nutty footballers of St. Winifred's were hopelessly scattered. Drake, too, found that he was a marked man, and a couple of Redclyffians made it their business to see that he had no chance again. In ten minutes the ball was in the goal, and Chilcot tossed it out ruefully, amid caustic remarks from Sawyer and Co., who had changed ends along with the players. And that goal was followed by another in a few minutes.

"For goodness' sake, pull yourselves together, you fellows!" Daubeny exclaimed irritably, as the breathless Bucks limped back to the centre of the field. "Do you want to make Redclyffe a present of the match?"

A question which elicited only scowls from his overworked Bucks!

Redclyffe were grinning widely when the ball rolled again, and they came on as vigorously as before. The St. Winny's forward line crumpled up, and the halves were scattered. Three of the forwards were on the ground, and they seemed in no hurry to rise; possibly they found a little rest, in the midst of such a gruelling game, grateful and comforting. Jack Drake fell back to defend, and almost in the goal area he robbed Fane of the ball, and spun it away past the half-way line. There it landed, greatly to the surprise of both sides, and there Daubeny pounced upon it and rushed it away. Daubeny's luck was good for once; he beat the Redclyffe backs, and slammed the ball in.

"Goal!" yelled Sawyer major, rubbing his eyes in exaggerated astonishment. "Did you fellows see that? Daub's bagged a goal! Daub, you know!"

"Hurrah!"

"Goal! Goal!"

"Who said the age of miracles was past?" gasped Sawyer major. "Daub's taken a goal! Who'd have thought that Daub could put the ball into goal, without wheeling it up on a wheelbarrow?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Good man, Daub!" exclaimed Jack Drake, as he joined his leader in the centre of the field.

Daubeny smiled loftily. That captured goal had raised the leader of the Bucks very much in his own estimation, and it was agreeable to him, too, to hear the cheers of the St. Winifred's crowd. It was an unaccustomed sound in his ears.

"Oh, we'll pull through," he said. "H'm! I hope so," remarked Drake doubtfully. "We'll do our best, anyhow."

"Where are you goin', Egan?"
Egan gave his leader a black look. "I'm goin' off," he answered.

"What?"
"My ankle's crooked—I've had a kick."
"Look here—"

"I can't play."
Egan limped off, with a very exaggerated limp. He was "fed" with football of this strenuous nature. If Daubeny was going to make work of it, Egan was prepared to leave him the work to do.

"Ambulance! Ambulance!" yelled Sawyer major. "Egan's foot's been trodden on! Ambulance! Ambulance!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
Egan bestowed a fierce scowl upon the lively Sawyer, and limped away out of sight, followed by jeers from Sawyer and Co.

Ten men lined up to face the Redclyffians.
Two more goals followed for the visitors, and then again fortune, for a moment, smiled upon St. Winifred's, in the shape of a goal from Jack Drake.

That was the finish.
Five goals to three was the final result, Redclyffe going off victors by that comfortable margin. Few, if any, of the St. Winifred's fellows had looked for a victory for the home team, but at all events the defeat was not so overwhelming as it might have been. Daubeny slipped his arm through Jack Drake's as the footballers came off.

"Thanks no end, Drake," he said cordially. "I don't think anybody will deny that I was right to play you, now. Will you play for us again on Wednesday?"

"Like a bird!" said Jack Drake cheerfully.

"Done, then."
"If you'll let me make a suggestion, Daub—"

"Go ahead."
"Couldn't you find a place for Rodney? He's a good man."

Daubeny's expression was very wry for an instant; then he smiled again.

"I'll see what can be done," he answered.

And Jack Drake went off, hoping for the best.

The Little Supper!

"HALLO, Rod!"
Dick Rodney glanced up as Drake came into No. 8 Study, a few hours later. Rodney had his books on the table, though there was no prep. that evening.

"Going it, as usual?" asked Drake.
"Well, I was going to put in an hour. What about you?"

Drake sat on the corner of the table, swinging his legs. He coloured a little.

"I don't feel much like sapping this evening," he confessed. "A tough game rather puts you off books, doesn't it?"

"I suppose it does," agreed Rodney.

"After all, a fellow can overdo sapping," said Drake argumentatively. "You yourself told me I was rather

"Why should I?"
"Well, of course, there's no reason why you should," said Drake, more brightly. "No harm in Daub standing a little feed to the members of his own eleven, is there?"

"Not that I can see."
"If it wasn't specially for the eleven, of course Daub wouldn't have had the cheek to ask me without my pal," said Drake.

"No doubt."
"But, you see, it's a football-supper—"

"I see."
There was a short silence, which seemed rather uncomfortable. Rodney was turning the leaves of his Horace. Drake broke the silence by repeating his former remark:

"You don't mind, old scout?"
"Of course not."



Drake kicked from the wing, with a deadly accuracy that left nothing to be desired. The Redclyffe goalkeeper woke up from his chat with the Redclyffe back, to discover the leather whizzing over his shoulder. "Goal!"

going it, and suggested a bit more time given to footer."

"So I did."
"Daub's giving a little celebration in his study," said Drake, without looking directly at his chum. "Over the match, you know."

"Celebrating a defeat? Nothing novel about that for Daub, is there?"

"H'm! Well, we were licked, of course. But I think St. Winifred's put up a better show than usual. Anyhow, there's a bit of a celebration going on, and Daub's asked me, as a member of the team."

"Oh."
"It's limited to members of the team, you see," explained Drake.

"Daub's study won't hold all St. Winifred's."

"I see."
Rodney spoke very quietly, and turned to his books again. Drake shifted rather uncomfortably.

"Do you mind if I go?" he asked.

"Well, all serene, then," said Drake, slipping off the table. "You wouldn't care for those chaps' society, anyhow, I know."

"That's quite true."
"They won't do me any harm, old fellow. I'm not going to Daub's study on the old footin', of course. It's simply a football-supper."

Rodney looked up at his chum. If he was hurt, his face did not show it. His expression was friendly and grave.

"You're your own master, Drake; you know I wouldn't want to interfere with you in any way. But I don't trust Daubeny. Are there going to be any cards after the supper?"

Drake flushed.

"If there's anything of that sort I shall clear off, of course," he said. "I'm done with that kind of rot, for good."

"Well, off you go, old fellow; I hope you'll have a good time."

"Dash it all," said Drake irreso-

lutely. "I—I won't go! I'll send Tuckey to tell Daub I can't come. After all, I don't care about it."

"Bosh!" said Rodney, with a smile. "You're not in trim for sapping this evening, and I dare say it will do you good. Ta-ta!"

"Oh, all right, then."

And Drake left the study. Dick Rodney remained with his books—and with a growing cloud on his brow. Vaguely, imperceptibly, he felt that Daubeny was drawing his chum away from him, and that he did not mean it for Drake's good. Rodney's heart was heavy as Jack Drake made his way aft for that merry little supper in Daub's study.

But in Daub's quarters all was merry and bright.

It was quite a happy gathering, of six or seven members of Daubeny's wonderful eleven, and though some of the members seemed surprised to find Jack Drake there, there was general urbanity, and the Fourth-former felt quite at home and at his ease.

After supper, several of the guests dropped off, and Drake found himself left with Daubeny, Torrence, Egan and Chilcot. He had risen to go with the other parting guests, but Daubeny would not hear of it.

And Drake found himself too comfortable to be anxious to go. He sank back again into one of Daub's luxurious armchairs.

Daubeny produced a box of cigarettes, which were handed round. The Bucks began to smoke, only Drake declining, with a rather flushed cheek. The slightly ironical look on Daub's face as the junior refused a cigarette was not agreeable, and Drake almost altered his mind. But not quite, and the four Bucks filled the study with cigarette-smoke without his assistance.

The talk ran on football for a time, and on next Wednesday's match, and Drake found his opinions listened to with unexpected respect. He could not help thinking that he had been rather hard on "old Daub" in some ways.

"I don't want to appear too pushing, Daub," he said, "but I do wish you'd find a place for Rodney in the team. He's a jolly good man, as you know, and his inclusion would strengthen the side no end."

"We'll see what can be done," replied Daub, in a non-committing way. "Anyway, I want you to play, and you must turn out at practice, and help to get the forwards working together better."

"Right-ho, old man!" said Drake. "Though I may not be able to give as much time to it as I should like."

It was Egan who first produced a pack of cards from the table drawer, and suggested a little game.

"Good egg!" said Daubeny heartily. "You'll take a hand, Drake? It'll be like old times, begad!"

Drake shook his head.

"Not much use my taking a hand," he answered, smiling. "My dear man, I couldn't pay if I lost. You know how I'm fixed."

"That's nothin'! Among friends I O U's are good enough."

"Oh, quite!" said Egan.

"Thanks, but I'd rather not."

"My dear man—" began Daubeny.

Drake rose to his feet.

"I think I'd better be cutting now," he remarked, though his glance lingered on the glimmering cards.

"Thanks awfully for a jolly supper, Daubeny. So-long, you fellows!"

And, with a nod to the Bucks, Jack Drake stepped out of the study.

There was a silence as the door closed after him. Then Torrence laughed softly.

"N. G.!" was his remark.

Daubeny knitted his brows.

"My dear chap, I told you it was no good," said Egan. "He's too safe under Rodney's thumb for that. Rodney's his father-confessor, and he wouldn't dare to confess that he was in debt again. The cards are no good with Drake. Stick to the footer wheeze—you've got him there."

Vernon Daubeny muttered an oath. "Turned down, by that penneils cad!" he said. "By Joye! But let him wait—let him wait! This is going to be his last term at St. Winny's—by hook or by crook!"

There was a smile on Jack Drake's face as he came into No. 8 Study, where Rodney was putting away his books.

"Had a good time?" asked Rodney.

"Topping! I say, Rodney, old Daub isn't such a bad sort. I really think we've been rather rough on old Daub. He's got some rotten ways, but in other ways he's not such a bad sort."

To which Dick Rodney made no reply.

THE END.

Don't miss the rattling complete story of the boys of the Benbow which will appear in next Tuesday's "Greyfriars Herald!" When you have finished with this copy lend it to your non-reader friends. You will earn the thanks of your chums and of your Editor.

RESULT OF TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION.—No. 16.

In this competition one competitor sent in a correct solution of the pictures. The First Prize of £2 10s. has therefore been awarded to:

DOROTHY WILLMER,
18, Oak Road,
Upper Caterham, Surrey.

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

R. W. Stratton, 63, High Street, Whittlesea, Cambs.; Edith M. Longman, 19, Bernard St., Southampton; W. A. J. Thomas, 35, Horley Rd., St. Werburgh's, Bristol; James Lynch, 8, Greenhough St., Ancoats, Manchester; Cecil Bell, 66, Mayors Walk, Peterborough; Gladys Todd, c/o Mrs. J. W. Robson, Brayton, Westfield Rd., Bishop Auckland.

CORRECT SOLUTION:

Dear Chums.—Each week I receive letters from those of you who win our Prize Hampers, telling me how much better they are than was expected. One lucky young lady was so pleased with hers that she exhibited it in a shop-window for three days, and thus secured a large number of new readers for us.

HARRY.

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY

This week:
By Mr. PROUT

Monday.—My pupils have been very trying to-day. They always are! Coker has been the chief offender. His density and stubbornness—to say nothing of his atrocious spelling—are fast driving me to distraction. I am beginning to think that Coker must be suffering from mental derangement, and I consider that the Colney Hatch authorities should be communicated with. I must mention the matter to Dr. Locke next time I see him.

Tuesday.—Coker was more obstinate than usual to-day, and it became necessary for me to chastise him. His yells of anguish were hideous, which proves that I am still somewhat of an athlete!

Wednesday.—Ah! A welcome relief from the fusty Form-room! Played golf with Quelch this afternoon, and inadvertently hit him on the head with my mashie. Fortunately, I was able to render first aid, and Quelch resumed play. He is a poor sportsman, however, for he lost the ball, his temper, and the game! I shall not play with Quelch again until he has learned the value of self-control.

Thursday.—My motor bicycle, which has been under repair, was restored to me, and I intend going for a spin on it to-morrow; wind, weather, and tide permitting. (I mention tide because it is more than possible I may find my way into the sea.)

Friday.—This entry in my diary is being penned in the Cottage Hospital, to which I have just been admitted, suffering from concussion, shock, and numerous minor injuries. During my spin through the country lanes I encountered a brewer's dray, driver of which was ignorant concerning the rule of the road. There was a grinding collision, and I remembered no more until a few moments ago, when I found myself in this ward.

Saturday.—On inquiring for my beloved motor-cycle, I am informed that it is hors de combat. Alas, it has shared the fate of its owner!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

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

The New Dress Regulations!

To the Editor of "The Greyfriars Herald."

My Dear Editor,—As your fashions expert seems to be asleep, and has seldom or never contributed to "The Greyfriars Herald," I thought I would step into the breach and suggest some new dress regulations for schoolboys.

The conventional Eton suit is much too sober and plain for the modern boy. It makes him look like a juvenile undertaker! What we want is more colour and sparkle. I suggest, therefore, that Etons should promptly be ruled out of fashion, and fancy costumes worn instead.

Think how ripping it would be if we were to wear ruffles and knee-breeches and cravats, like they did a hundred years ago! We should look so dignified and imposing that the masters wouldn't dare to lick us, or give us impets.

After studying this subject for some years, I have come to the conclusion that fellows should be permitted to wear their hair long, like girls—or, rather, like the cavaliers used to. A present, with our hair cropped short, we look a set of convicts.

I hardly know what to suggest in the way of headgear, but something gaudy, with plenty of plumes, ought to fill the bill.

Shoes with dainty buckles should be worn, and prefects should be allowed to carry small-swords, to denote their rank.

This is merely a rough outline of my scheme, and I shall esteem it a personal favour if you will obtain the signatures of everyone at Greyfriars agreeing to these changes. I will then place the matter before the authorities, and I have no doubt that these new dress regulations will come into force within a month from now.—Believe me, dear boy, Yours ever,

ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY.

(Certainly, Gussy! I shall have great pleasure in collecting the signatures of the Greyfriars fellows in favour of your being sent to Colney Hatch with as little delay as possible! —Ed.)

Skinner's Startling Suggestions!

To the Editor of "The Greyfriars Herald."

Sir,—I consider that public schoolboys don't get half enough privileges. They are tied by stupid restrictions, and treated like convicts—or, at any rate, like beastly slaves.

To begin with, why shouldn't we be

allowed to smoke? I know the Commandments by heart, but I do not remember that "Thou shalt not smoke" is one of them. I think that every fellow who feels so disposed should be allowed a cigarette after brekker, a fat cigar after dinner, and a couple of pipes of mellow mixture in the evening.

Of course, there are certain prigs who wouldn't want to smoke—yourself, for instance. But you and all your anti-smoking pals could amuse yourselves with chewing-gum.

In addition to the privilege of smoking, I consider that whist, nap, and poker should be included in morning lessons. They teach you how to think and act swiftly and decisively. They also teach you how to "do" your companions with the least possible effort. Nap for penny points would, to my mind, make a jolly good substitute for Roman history. And it would be great fun if Quelohy happened to be one of the losers!

I also suggest that a billiard-table should be installed in the junior common-room, and that a selected number of fellows should be allowed to visit the big race-meetings each week.

The life of a public schoolboy would be bettered, brightened and beautified to a considerable extent if these suggestions were carried out.

What, sir, is your opinion?—Yours faithfully,

HAROLD SKINNER.

(My opinion, Master Skinner, is that you are an undesirable alien, and not a nice person to know. I propose to drop into your study at the earliest opportunity with a cricket-stump!—Ed.)

Rookwood Shout the Odds!

To the Editor of "The Greyfriars Herald."

Rookwood.

Sir,—We, the undersigned, being confident of our ability to put it across allcomers, challenge the members of the Greyfriars Remove to a sports tournament, comprising footer, rowing, running and boxing.

This challenge has already been issued to St. Jim's, and also to Highcliffe, and both schools have accepted it. It now only remains for Greyfriars to enter the fray.

It is true that in the past your fellows have gained a few fluky victories over Rookwood, but we mean to alter all that, and if you accept this challenge you'll find we are out for scalps. If you decline to accept it, we shall know that you are suffering from cold feet.

You are requested to publish your

answer to this challenge in "The Greyfriars Herald."—Yours loftily,

JIMMY SILVER.
ARTHUR EDWARD LOVELL.
ARTHUR NEWCOMBE.
GEORGE BABY.
TOMMY DODD.

(Needless to say, we jump at the challenge, and we will jolly soon prove that we are superior to Rookwood all along the line—save in the art of blowing our own trumpet!—Ed.)

A Timely Warning!

To the Editor of "The Greyfriars Herald."

My dear Ed.,—I should like to take this opportunity of publicly warning all potty poets and soft-headed scribes that if they dare to enter the editorial sanctum of "The Greyfriars Herald" with their priceless perpetrations they will be ejected forthwith on their necks, without being given the option of going out by the door or by the window!

Constant and idiotic interruptions on the part of the tame lunatics aforementioned are a serious menace to the production of "The Greyfriars Herald," and I feel that it is time to take strong action.

I have been developing my muscles lately by means of exercise with the punching-ball, and I never felt more fit in my life.—Yours sincerely,

ROBERT CHERRY,

Fighting Editor.

(I advise all unwelcome contributors to take Bob's hint!—Ed.)

The Law of the Tuck-Shop!

To the Editor of "The Greyfriars Herald."

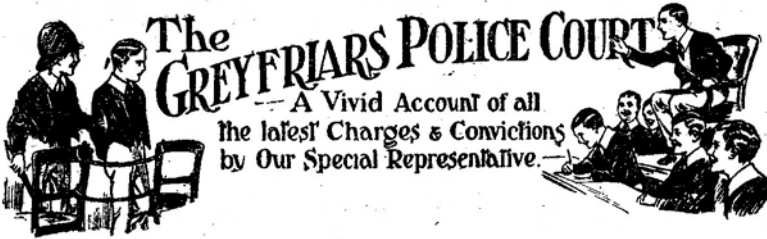
Dear Master Wharton,—I should like it to be clearly understood by the young gentlemen who patronise my establishment that no credit is allowed. Cakes, tarts, etc. MUST be paid for at the time of purchase.

I mention this because Master Bunter—and others—seem to be under the impression that they can order what they like, and pay for it when they like! This is not so. If I allowed this sort of thing my profits would soon be absorbed, and I should quickly be in debt.

I hope your readers will understand that all tuck-shop transactions must be carried out on a strict cash basis.—Yours respectfully, JESSIE MIMBLE.

Proprietress, School Shop.

(Bravo, Mrs. Mimble! There's nothing like speaking out. The next time any fellow asks for something "on tick," kindly refer him to our Fighting Editor!—Ed.)



The GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

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

At the Woodshed Assizes on Saturday quite a crop of interesting cases were brought before Mr. Justice Wharton. His worship appeared with a bandaged face—the result of a lively altercation with the court usher. The kick-off was at three o'clock.

PRISONER'S GRAVE APPEAL!

Corpulent Criminal Heavily Sentenced
William George Bunter surrendered to his bail, and rolled into the dock amid intense excitement. There were suspicious smears of jam on prisoner's cheeks.

Magistrate: I seem to have seen you before!

Mr. Cherry, K. C.: This is his ninety-ninth appearance in the dock, your worship.

Magistrate: I thought his face was rather familiar. What's he been up to this time?

Mr. Cherry: He pinched a pot of strawberry jam.

Magistrate: From my study?

Mr. Cherry: No, your worship.

Magistrate: Then the case is dismissed.

At this, shrill cries of protest arose. "Shame!" "Don't let him off!"

"He's a fat thief!" "He's a burglar!" "See that he gets his deserts, your worship!"

Magistrate: Prisoner doesn't appear to be popular! (Laughter.) Whose pot of strawberry jam did he purloin?

Mr. Cherry: Mr. Wingate's, your worship.

Magistrate: Do you mean my pal Wingate, of the Sixth?

Mr. Cherry: Yes, that's the gent.

Magistrate: What does the prisoner plead?

Prisoner: Guilty, under extreme population, your worship.

Magistrate: What on earth do you mean?

Mr. Cherry: Ha, ha! He means 'provocation' (Laughter.)

Magistrate: What was the nature of the provocation?

Prisoner: I was wasting away, your worship, owing to lack of nourishment. I'd only had three extra helpings of pudding at dinner-time, instead of the usual dozen, and I was absolutely famished. So I went along to Wingate's study, and took the jam, which was the only eatable thing in the cupboard. Of course, being an honourable fellow, I intended to replace it.

Magistrate (sarcastically): Oh, of course! (Laughter.)

Prisoner: I consider I was quite justified—

Magistrate (sharply): There is no justification for theft. I am determined to put a stop to these acts of petty pilfering. Without consulting the jury, I shall sentence you to six strokes with a cricket-stump.

Prisoner (excitedly): I wish to appeal against the sentence!

Magistrate: On what grounds?

Prisoner: I'm not fit to stand corporal punishment.

Magistrate: Rats! What's the matter with you?

Prisoner: I suffer from shooting, stabbing pains—

Magistrate: Where?

Prisoner: In every part of my anatomy, your worship. I am also a sufferer, at various times, from measles, mumps, whooping-cough, violent spasms, infantile paralysis—

Magistrate: My hat! Anything else?

Prisoner: I'm a chronic antiseptic, your worship.

Magistrate: A—what?

Mr. Cherry (smiling): I think prisoner means he's a chronic dyspeptic, your worship. (Loud laughter.)

Magistrate: We will have prisoner overhauled, and test the accuracy of his statements. Is the doctor present—or a veterinary surgeon? (Renewed laughter.)

Dr. S. Q. I. Field, an amateur practitioner, came forward and made an examination of prisoner.

Magistrate: What's the verdict?

Dr. Field: I find the prisoner perfectly sound in wind and limb. He is suffering slightly from over-indulgence in unwholesome pastry; otherwise, there is nothing the matter with him.

Magistrate: Then the sentence will be duly executed.

Prisoner: Oh, help! Don't execute me, your worship. Anything but that! (Laughter.)

Magistrate: Hand me a cricket-stump, somebody!

The six strokes were administered, and the court usher telephoned for the local ambulance!

REPORTS IN BRIEF.

A whimpering child named Richard Nugent was charged with removing six rashers of bacon from the frying-pan in No. 1 Study; and George Tubb was charged with being an accessory after the fact.

There were many previous convictions against prisoners, who were recommended for deportation to Dartmoor. His worship, permitting himself a joke, remarked that they could not have done a "rasher" thing.

Mr. Wun Lung, a gentleman of Chinese extraction, was charged with having failed to register under the Aliens' Registration Act. He was remanded, and ordered to appear at the Box-room Assizes. Bail was allowed in sureties of fourpence and tyopence-halfpenny respectively.

Who is Your Favourite Hero?

(We have put this question to several well-known persons, with the following result.—Ed.)

BOB CHERRY:

My favourite hero is Toddy, of the Remove. The other day he risked a terrible death by tackling a slab of Billy Bunter's home-made toffee!

BILLY BUNTER:

The Dook of Wellington is my favorite hero. He rekkernized the fact that an army marches on its stummack, and he beleeved in laying a sollid fowndashun. Good old Wellington! He was a chap after my own hart.

MARK LINLEY:

I have two or three favourite heroes, but I think I must give the palm to Sir Philip Sidney—"a very gallant gentleman."

BOLSOVER MAJOR:

My favourite hero is Ned Nockout, the world's welter-weight champion. He can tackle anything on two legs, and he's in the very front rank of prizefighters. Being a prizefighter myself, I naturally have a fellow-feeling for such a marvellous and mighty man.

FISHER T. FISH:

Guess my favourite hero is Silas K. Slick, of Noo York City. He made a fortune of ten million dollars in just under five minutes, during the recent boom in monkey-nuts. I sorter calculate that this was moving—some! Gee! Wish I was Silas K. Slick's son and heir!

DICK PENFOLD (Out-Tame Poet):

I am asked to name my hero; Well, it's neither Quelch nor Nero. When my spirits are at zero I prefer a seaside pierrot!

DICKY NUGENT:

I think my faveritt hero is the chap who swam the Channell all but an inch, and then had to tern back agane. Ruff luck, that!

GEORGE TUBB:

My favouritt hero is Wellington Bonypart, the cove who diskovered Amerika.

WUN LUNG:

My favourlite is a velly nice gentleman ancestor of mine, Chokee Wun Lung, who lived heap long time ago—two or tlee thousand years, I tinkee—and who choppee plenty much pigge-tails off his no goodee enemies!

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

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

Airy Wit!

At a certain hotel in Liverpool, an Englishman, a Scotsman and an Irishman were arguing as to which of their respective countries had the lightest men.

The Irishman opened the argument. "We have men of Cork," he said. "That may be," said the Scotsman, "but we have men of Ayr." "Well," said the Cockney, "that is very light, but we have lightermen on the Thames!"—Sent in by F. Meachin, 19, Bishop Road, Anfield, Liverpool.

His Job!

Employer (to new office boy): Has the cashier told you what to do this morning?

Youth: Yes, sir, I'm to wake him up whenever I see you coming!—Sent in by W. Court, Cronan, 4, Cornhill Terrace, Perth, Scotland.

The Limit!

Gaoler (coming into the prisoner's cell): You're free, the other fellow has confessed!

Victim: Good egg!

Gaoler: And the governor of the gaol told me to give you this.

Victim (looking at the document): Why, it's a bill! What's this for?

Gaoler: Board and lodging for one month!—Sent in by Percy Marks, 46, Height Street, Doornfontain, Johannesburg, South Africa.

COULDN'T CATCH HIM!



SCHOOLMASTER: "Now, Johnny, what is the centre of gravity?"
 JOHNNY: "The letter 'V,' sir!"

Very Mean!

A certain merchant named Flint, who was noted for his meanness, was asked to subscribe to a deserving charity. Though wishing the charity every success he refused to give anything.

But he had cause to regret his meanness when the list of subscribers appeared, for this is how the first three names ran:

John Jones—Three guineas,
 James Brown—Three guineas,
 Joshua Flint—Three cheers.—

Sent in by A. Gilmour, 234, Tarbray by Cobbinshaw, Lanarkshire, Scotland.

A GOOD DUSTING!



"Say, ma, remember what the doctor said about getting dust on your lungs."

A Dead Certainty!

Pat (to Riley who has fallen five storeys): Are yez dead?

Riley: Oi am.

Pat: Shure, but ye spake such untruths that Oi don't know whither to belave ye or not!

Riley: Thin, begorra, thot proves Oi'm dead, for ye wouldn't dare to tell me thot to me face were Oi aloive!—Sent in by W. Collier, 12, Springmill, Milnsbridge, Huddersfield, Yorks.

Easily Answered!

Assistant Editor: Here's a farmer writing to ask how to treat sick bees.

Editor (busy as usual): Oh, tell him to treat 'em with respect!—Sent in by E. H. Cartwright, 63, Bondgate, Bishop Auckland, Co. Durham.

Not Far Wrong!

Tourist: Five miles to the village! Whatever made them build the station all that distance from the place?

Porter: I'dinna ken, sir, unless they thoot it might be mair used down here by the railway!—Sent in by J. R. Lee, 35, Dove Street, Kingsdown, Bristol.

Would Stake on it!

Waitress: And what will you have to follow, sir?

Customer (regarding steak narrowly): Indigestion, I think!—Sent in by G. Smart, Coaltown Balgonie, Markinch, Fife.

A Shrewd Blow!

Chumley: So you are going to play the cornet? D'you think your wind is all right?

Lumley: Oh, I can blow the thing quite O. K.

Chumley: Yes, but I mean, do you reckon you could escape all pursuers?—Sent in by S. Willis, 8, Wallis Street, Old Peshaw Fence Houses, Co. Durham.

Put Him Wise!

Officer (inspecting privates' mess-room): Any complaints?

Private Perkins: Yus, sir, the spuds is awful!

Officer (to sergeant): What does the fellow mean by "spuds," Bouncer?

Sergeant Bouncer: Oh, that's only 'is higgerance, sir,—'e means taters.—Sent in by W. Clark, 12, Thorpe Street, Newton Heath, Manchester.

Gave Them the Needle!

Friend (noticing the confused heap of goods of every description scattered about the shop): Great Scott! What's happened? Have you had burglars in the place, been taking an inventory, or are you going to move out?

Draper (wearily): Nothing of the sort, old man. We've merely been waiting on a lady who dropped in for a packet of pins!—Sent in by F. E. Smith, 8, Eden place, Austin Street, Nechells, Birmingham.

The Burning Question!

Cannibal King: What on earth was in that stew you served up just now?

Chief Cook: Stewed cyclist, your majesty.

Cannibal King: Well, it tasted very burnt.

Chief Cook: Well, he was scorching when we caught him, your majesty!—Sent in by B. Niblett, 78, Shortlands Road, Kingston-on-Thames.

STRATEGY!



TRAMP: "Would you like a nice piece of jam-tart, sonny?"

WILLIE: "Not half!"

TRAMP: "Well, go and ask your mother to give me one, and I'll give you a piece."

A Sight Indeed!

Bunter (in the outfitters): I'd like to see a shirt to fit me, please.

Shopkeeper: So would I!—Sent in by Miss M. Richards, 75, Maury Road, Stoke Newington, N.15.

My Weekly Interview

By the Special Representative of "The Greyfriars Herald"

This week:

Miss Marjorie Hazeldene



"PUT on your best bib and tucker!"

It was the editor who thus addressed me

"Wherefore this thushness?" I inquired.

"I want you to carry out an extra special interview this week."

"Oh! You'd like me to go to Buckingham Palace and call on the Royal Family, I suppose?" said I, with crushing sarcasm.

"Don't be funny," said the editor severely. "You're a big enough comedian in the ordinary way, without straining after effect."

"Whom do you want me to interview, Mighty One?"

"Miss Marjorie Hazeldene, of Cliff House."

"Oh, good!"

After a succession of stormy interviews with various people, I was quite relieved at the prospect of calling on the fair Marjorie.

A visit to Cliff House was always a delightful experience. I began to conjure up visions of a cosy armchair in Marjorie's study, and of graceful, girlish forms flitting to and fro with laden trays, catering for my appetite.

There would probably be hot muffins, and tarts, and several kinds of cake. Oh, yes! It would be ripping to interview Marjorie. The editor hadn't made such a happy suggestion for months.

I went to the dormitory, and changed into my Sunday best. I donned a spotless suit of Etons, a snow-white collar, a flaming necktie, a pair of patent leather shoes, striped socks, and, finally, a shining silk topper.

It was a very slow process, and it was not until I had cracked a couple of stiff shirt fronts—plus half a dozen looking-glasses—that I was satisfied with my personal appearance.

By the time I had finished, I must confess I looked a perfect "knot." I hardly knew myself when I gazed at my resplendent figure in the sole surviving mirror.

Mauly has the reputation of being a great dandy, and so has Gussy of St. Jim's. But at that moment I out-Maulyed Mauly and out-Gussied Gussy.

Having borrowed somebody's swag-ger stick, and somebody else's kid gloves, I ect out for Cliff House.

Gosling, the porter, was so startled and impressed by my appearance that he quite failed to recognise my identity. He touched his forelock, and said "Good-afternoon, sir!" in tones

of awe and respect. I believe he thought I was at least a prince.

With a light heart, I swaggered along the dusty road.

The keen March air, I reflected, would give me a big appetite; and once again the vision of hot muffins, tarts and cakes rose pleasantly in my mind.

"Ye gods!" I murmured delightedly. "Who wouldn't be a special representative? It's a job that kings might envy!"

Presently, the familiar gateway of Cliff House came in sight.

And then a startling thing occurred.

I stopped short in my stride, as half a dozen fellows, almost as elegantly-attired as myself, sprang out from their ambush behind the hedge. They were Ponsonby and Co. of Highcliffe. And I reflected, with a shiver of apprehension, that Greyfriars was at war with Highcliffe.

Then, before I could speak or act, Ponsonby rapped out a sharp command.

"Greyfriars cad! Seize him!"

Pon's followers needed no second bidding. They closed in upon me, and I was swung off my feet.

And then—horror of horrors—I heard the amiable Ponsonby say:

"Bring him along to the duck-pond!"

What followed was like a nightmare. I was rushed along the road for some distance; then my captors

halted, and I was sent whizzing through the air.

I landed with a splash in the middle of a slimy and stagnant pond.

It took me quite a long time to sort myself out, and when I emerged from the pond, covered from head to foot with reeds and ooze, my assailants had disappeared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Their gloating cackle floated back to me from the distance.

"The cads!" I muttered, savagely.

"Ten minutes ago, I was as emaculate as Beau Brummel; and now, I'm a complete wreck! I shall have to give Cliff House a miss, and get back to Greyfriars."

I was about to start on my journey, when a slim and graceful figure approached. With a groan, I recognised Marjorie Hazeldene.

"Who—what——" began Marjorie, in amazement.

"I—I'm awfully sorry——" I faltered.

"Who are you?" gasped Marjorie.

"I am the special representative of 'The Greyfriars Herald.'"

"My goodness! You look like a particularly disreputable edition of Father Neptune!"

The words stung me like a lash.

"May—may I converse with you on various subjects, Miss Marjorie?"

"Some other time," replied Marjorie.

So I turned, and limped sadly away in the direction of Greyfriars, leaving a trail of ooze and slime behind me.

And my feelings towards Ponsonby and Co. of Highcliffe, were most homicidal.

A PICTURE PAPER FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

TIGER TIMS 1/2

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THE RED MAN'S TRAIL!



A stirring serial story dealing with adventures amongst Redskins

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

THE boys were quite speechless when they saw the foraging-party of Navajos disappear, as it were, into the very depths of the earth, the great rock closing down on them like a trap-door.

And for a while all that little party hiding in the rocks held their peace.

It was Buck Dixie who spoke at last.

"Well, boys," said he, "what do you think of that?"

"It's wonderful!" gasped Kit.

Uncle Baldy shook his head.

"I paid to see a show like that in a theatre once," said he. "Twas called Ally Barber an' the Forty Thieves. But though I've knowed the Red Injuns these many years, I never knew they played at Ally Barber afore!"

Prairie Wolf only grunted.

He was the one person of the party who had known of this secret entrance to the stronghold of the Navajos, and he would not have betrayed it even to his friends. But Buck Dixie had found it for himself. It was fair hunting. That was all Prairie Wolf cared about it.

"Now we can have supper," said Buck Dixie cheerfully.

The boys and Uncle Baldy looked at him, astonished. To have supper they must light a fire, and to light a fire in the heart of a hostile country was against all the rules of Indian warfare. It was suicide, according to their notions.

"It's all right, boys," said Buck Dixie reassuringly. "You need have no fear that anyone else will pass this way. That door in the ground yonder can only be opened by the chief medicine-man of the Navajo tribe. There is only he and one other man in the world who hold the 'Open Sesame,' the secret of opening and closing it."

"And who is the other man?" asked Kit.

"He will be here soon after we have had supper," replied Buck Dixie, with his quiet smile, "and I guarantee that he's a man that either of you two boys would give your ears to meet up with."

The boys were very curious to know who this stranger was. And so was Uncle Baldy. But Uncle Baldy knew better than to ask questions of Buck Dixie, who always kept his counsel.

"You need not be afraid of lighting a fire here, boys," continued Buck

Dixie. "The Redskins are well in the heart of the mountain now, and they won't come out for two or three days again. They'll stay and feast on that buffalo-meat till there is no more buffalo-meat left. That's the way with the Redskins. He's the most improvident rascal under the sun. Now let us see if the Redskins have left us some kindling. There are a few red ashes lying about, which will serve to light us a fire."

The Red Men who had so mysteriously disappeared into the closed subterranean passage had left quite a fair number of faggots of firewood behind them, and the boys, raking the scattered ashes of their fire together, soon had a good blaze going on the self-same slab of rock under which the foraging-party had disappeared.

Uncle Baldy produced a fine joint of buffalo-hump, and the tongue which they had taken from the bison which had so nearly killed Joe. And whilst these were broiling at the blaze he pulled out his pipe.

But Prairie Wolf had also taken his calumet from the beaded pouch at his belt, and made a sign that Uncle Baldy was not to light his own pipe till he had smoked the pipe of peace with his party.

"What does he mean by that?" asked Kit, looking back from the fire at Prairie Wolf's face, which glowed in the reflection of the flames as though it were red-hot.

"Why," said Uncle Baldy, "the old cayuse wants to smoke the pipe of peace, to show that though we are going to have our supper, as you might say, in th' lion's mouth, he's not goin' to help the lion to bite our heads off!"

Old Prairie Wolf grunted assent to this remark. He lit his pipe, then, taking a whiff after saluting the sky, the earth, and the cardinal points of the compass, Redskin fashion, passed it round the company.

Of course, the boys had to take a whiff, though the reek of Prairie Wolf's tobacco nearly choked them. Prairie Wolf, like most Redskins, smoked some queer stuff mixed with his plug tobacco—willow bark and desert sage, and all sorts of rubbish.

But the boys were careful not to cough, or to make any signs of dislike of the acrid smoke, for the smoking of the pipe of peace with a Red Man is a very solemn pledge, and the Redskin is swift to resent any ill manners.

"Lo," said Prairie Wolf, "the Palefaces have smoked the pipe of peace with Prairie Wolf, and all is peace between us." Then he subsided into silence, looking up at the stars which were shining brightly in the violet night sky overhead.

"There is one coming who rides a yellow horse!" remarked old Prairie Wolf, after a while.

Buck Dixie almost started at these words.

"How do you know that, O Prairie Wolf?" he asked.

"Behold, I read it in the stars," answered the old chief. "Am I not called Cay-u-ta, the wolf who watches?"

"How do you get your name, Prairie Wolf?" asked Kit.

"Why," said Uncle Baldy, answering for him, "all these hyar Redskin gentlemen are called by their names from some peculiarity. Prairie Wolf is the coyote. That's the small wolf that runs the prairie. He's nothin' like so big as the big grey wolf that uses the timber country, and stand three feet high at the shoulder. But he's mighty artful, and runs like lightning. Old Prairie Wolf can't run

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. They ride to the mountains to discover the secret retreat of the Navajo Indians. Whilst in hiding one day they see a band of Redskins approach, raise a huge slab of rock, and disappear into the wall of a great cliff!

so fast now as when he got his name, but he's still as artful as a barrow-load of monkeys."

Prairie Wolf nodded at these words. "He of the scalpless head speaks truth. I was a great runner in my youth, and could outstrip the horse. Wherefore I was called Prairie Wolf. It is the same with thee, O scalpless one. Art thou not called 'Baldy' by the Palefaces?"

The boys laughed at this knock from the old Redskin, and Uncle Baldy grinned.

"That's the way of it, boys," he explained. "These Redskins, like a lot of us Palefaces, get their names from some little out-o'-the-way peculiarity in their ways or bodies or their dress. There was Ba-oo-kish, or Closed Hand, the great chief o' the Crow Indians. He was called Closed Hand because when he was young he burned his hand so badly that the muscles of his palm contracted, and pulled the fingers right down on the palm o' his hand. If there had been a good doctor around to look to his hand, 'twould never have happened, but as it was Closed Hand's fist was all contracted for the rest o' his life, an' so he got his name."

Uncle Baldy took a puff at his pipe. "I've known some Palefaces called Ba-oo-kish, or Closed Hand!" said he with a grin. "But they were called Tight Fist, because their hands closed on the dollars!"

Buck Dixie laughed at this.

"I knew another Crow chief called White Forehead," said he. "He was called White Forehead because he always wore a white band round his head, to hide a wound that his squaw had given him. She hit him over the head with a cooking-pot, and he wasn't proud of it."

Uncle Baldy nodded.

"Then there was the big Sioux chief Mock-pe-lu-tah," said he. "That means Red Cloud in the Sioux talk. Red Cloud was also known as Bloody Hand, because of his deeds of blood, and the red blankets that his followers always wore got him the name of Red Cloud, because he had so many men on the border that when his braves were on the move they looked like a red cloud. Then there was Ta-shunk-ah-ko-pah-pe, or Man Afraid Of His Horses. He was called that because he captured so many horses that he was always afraid he would lose them, and once, when the Soshones attacked his camp, he left his family in the hands of the enemy so that he could run off with his horses. Didn't he, Teekoopi?"

It wasn't often that Teekoopi laughed. But he was a Soshone Indian, and he knew the old tribal chestnut about Man Afraid Of His Horses.

"And we mustn't forget Ta-ton-ka-ig-oton-ka, the great Sitting Bull, the most vindictive and determined enemy the whites have ever had!" said Buck Dixie. "He's called Sitting Bull because once, after having shot a buffalo, he jumped straight from his horse astride of the animal, to skin it. But the buffalo wasn't dead, and he sat up with the Redskin on his back, and that is how Sitting Bull got his name. But there will be a man along soon who can tell you more about Sitting Bull than I can," added Buck Dixie.

"And he shall ride a yellow horse," said old Prairie Wolf grimly.

Buck Dixie looked sharply at the old Redskin, wondering how much he knew. For the man who had taken over the horse that was to become famous as Buckskin, and which was to carry the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia on his one buffalo-hunt, had only just been acquired by his master from the Pawnee brave who was his first rider. Buckskin was a Government horse, even to this moment, and belonged to the Fifth Cavalry.

But Prairie Wolf was not going to give away his own secrets. If Buck Dixie were Sherlock Holmes of the Palefaces, he was the Sexton Blake of the Redskins. And, as Uncle Baldy feelingly remarked, there was "more under Prairie Wolf's hat than hair!"

The boys, too, were puzzled about the yellow horse. There was one yellow horse that they had ever heard of, and this was the horse ridden by Monsieur D'Artagnan, of the "Three Musketeers," when he rode into Paris on his first adventures. This was the only book they possessed, and they had read it over and over again with increasing delight. D'Artagnan of the Musketeers, next to Buck Dixie himself, was their hero. But little did they dream that this very night they would meet the D'Artagnan of the Wild West.

Had they known who was coming they would not have been so calm as they moved about the fire, listening to old Prairie Wolf, who, to cover his talk of reading the coming of the yellow horse and its rider by the stars, suddenly got quite talkative for a Redskin, and started gassing away at his own Indian notions of the movements of the celestial bodies.

According to Prairie Wolf, the sun rules the heavens. He is a big chief, and his squaw is the moon, and the stars are his children. The sun devours his children whenever he is able to catch them. They are constantly afraid of him as he is passing through the sky. The sun gets up very early in the morning. His children, the stars, fly out of sight and hide themselves away in the blue sky, and are not seen again until the greedy sun has gone to bed in a deep hole in the ground. When the sun goes to his hole in the ground he creeps and crawls and sleeps there all night. The hole is so small that he cannot turn around in it, so he is obliged, when he has had all the sleep he requires, to pass on through the earth, and in the morning he is seen in the east again.

That's what Prairie Wolf said, and the boys encouraged him to talk as they basted the buffalo-hump, which was cooking in fine style, and filling the air with an appetising odour. There was nothing they liked better than to learn all these old Redskin traditions, and even Buck Dixie listened intently as old Prairie Wolf got off his bit of Redskin astronomy.

"The moon has a great love for her little stars," said Prairie Wolf, "and she is ever happy to be travelling up in the sky where they are. Her children feel perfectly safe, and smile as she passes along. But she cannot help one of them being devoured by the sun every month. For lo, it is ordered by Pah-ah, the Great Spirit who rules

the skies, that the sun must swallow one of his children every month. Then the mother moon feels very sad, and she must mourn according to the custom of squaws who lose their papooses. She paints her face black, and sallows. But the heart cannot mourn for ever," added Prairie Wolf. "Wherefore, moon forgets her sorrow, and her face becomes all bright again. Lo, I have spoken!"

Thus Prairie Wolf explained according to Redskin belief the sunrise and sunset, and the falling of the lunar months.

And when he had finished he laid his ear to the ground.

"These things," said he, "I learn from the stars when I sit outside my lodge and talk with them in the great night on the prairie. And they tell me other things that are true. Behold, the man who rides the yellow horse comes even now. He is a dark man, and his hair is long and black, though he is a Paleface. He is a great chief; but he has not reached the fullness of his greatness. Not till he is dead shall the whole wide world know of him for a great chief. Then he and old Prairie Wolf will ride together in the Happy Hunting Grounds, and there shall be no more killing between Redskin and Paleface, but both shall sit down together, and shall smoke the pipe of peace in the Great Lodge of Pah-ah, the Supreme Spirit, who made Paleface and Redskin alike in his image. Lo, I, Prairie Wolf, war chief of Navajoes, and friend of the Palefaces, have spoken. And because of Buk Diksee, and of the man who comes riding on the yellow horse, will I be such a friend to the Paleface nations as Jim Beckwourth, chief of the Crow nation."

The little party listened solemnly to Prairie Wolf's declaration. Uncle Baldy and Buck Dixie knew well who Jim Beckwourth was.

Jim Beckwourth was one of the greatest figures of Redskin history, and a great friend of the Paleface. As a matter of fact, he was not a Redskin at all, but a mulatto, born in Virginia in 1798. But he was one of the greatest warriors that the Sparrowhawk Indian nation, or the Crows, ever brought out. And to this day the chiefs of the Crows declare that a Crow Indian has never been known to kill a white man, save in self-defence.

Prairie Wolf's quick ears had caught the sound of horse's hoofs advancing up the canyon long before any of his companions had heard the hoof-beats.

But soon they came nearer and nearer. Then into the circle of the fire rode a man seated on a yellow horse—a swarthy, dark-haired man, who sat his horse like a centaur, a man who was not unlike Buck Dixie.

His black eyes flashed in the firelight as they swept the group.

And instinctively the boys, who were squatting by the firelight, sprang to their feet.

Some instinct seemed to tell them that they were standing in the presence of a hero, though they did not know the truth of the words that old Prairie Wolf had spoken—"Not till he is dead shall the whole world know him for a great chief."

For the rider who sat there on the

yellow horse, with his gloved hand resting lightly on his hip, was none other than Bill Cody, Pony Express rider, hunter, trapper, Indian scout, afterwards to be known to countless generations of boys as the D'Artagnan of the Wild West, under the nickname which had only just been given to him—Buffalo Bill.

The Golden Fleece!

EVENING, Buck!" said Buffalo Bill. "That was a neat trick of yours, mixing the trail. It came near deceiving me when I picked up your track at sunset. I tracked you to the golden rod clump. Then for a bit I was at fault, and began to think that five horses and a mule had jumped off the face of the earth!"

Buck laughed at this. "It wasn't my notion, but Baldy's here. Baldy is full of those tricks," said he.

Uncle Baldy grew very red and confused. He was quite overcome by this sudden meeting with the great scout.

"It was a little notion of mine, sir," said he. "But I see that it did not deceive you."

Buffalo Bill smiled as he slipped from his horse.

"I should have been taken in if I had not been following you up before you met that foraging-party on their outward journey. That was a pretty narrow escape you had, young gentleman," said he, turning with a pleasant smile to the boys. "If that snake had been lying in another direction, the Navajoes would have ridden right over you as you lay hidden up amongst the golden rod."

The boys were speechless with surprise.

Buffalo Bill spoke as though he had been present at their close shave with the Redskins, and had seen everything. They realised the tremendous genius of this scout, who could, by the faint trail of a snake and a few hoof-marks on the ground, reconstruct, hours afterwards, the scene which had taken place.

Teekooipi stalked forward to take the horse, and to lead it away with the other horses in the corral.

He looked with awed eyes at the great scout, for he, too, had heard of the growing fame of Buffalo Bill.

"Give him a good rub down, Teekooipi," said Buffalo Bill. "He has travelled forty miles. But he is not so tired as his master, who has travelled a hundred miles to-day."

"A hundred miles, sir?" gasped the two boys.

Buffalo Bill stretched himself by the fire.

"A hundred miles is enough to make a man want his supper," said he, with a pleasant laugh, "but it's not such riding as I used to get when I was a youngster on the Pony Express. Then the mail was carried between Sacramento and New York by train and steamer and Pony Express riders in eleven days, and the Express riders had two thousand miles of the journey, mostly running the gauntlet of the Redskins!"

The boys thrilled at hearing the story of the famous Pony Express from the lips of a man who had ridden in this wild race across the continent of America.

"How many of you carried the letters—that is, over the two thousand miles, sir?" asked Kit.

"There were eighty riders, my boy," replied the famous scout, "and each rider was supposed to ride thirty-three and one third miles. For this he had three ponies. The ponies employed on the service were splendid specimens, and they were looked after well at the hundred-and-ninety stations which were the stables for the relay. There was no time lost. Ten miles was taken at full racing speed out of each pony, and a rider and pony were waiting at every station to take the saddle-bags with the mail. The bags were two pouches of leather, and the letters were written on tissue paper, and the postage on each was five dollars, or a pound sterling. But

took the route to Friday's Station, crossing the eastern summit of the Sierra Nevada. Then Sam Hamilton took it and rode on to Genoa, Carson City, Dayton, Reed's Station, and Fort Churchill, seventy-five miles.

"The entire run of one hundred and eighty-five miles was made in fifteen hours and twenty minutes, and this included the crossing of the western summit of the Sierra Nevada, through thirty feet of snow. Robert Haslam took the trail from Fort Churchill to Smith's Creek, one hundred and twenty miles through hostile Indian country. From that point Jay Kelley rode from Smith's Creek to Ruby Valley, Utah, one hundred and sixteen miles.

"Then the mail went on, handed from rider to rider, from Ruby Valley



Then into the circle of the fire rode a man seated on a yellow horse, a swarthy, dark haired man who sat his mount like a centaur—a man who was not unlike Buck Dixie.

we were never allowed to carry more than twenty pounds of letters in the mail, and all the arms we had were a pistol and a bowie-knife. Some parts of the journey were ridden at twenty-five miles an hour."

"Twenty-five miles an hour!" gasped the boys, unable to believe their ears.

"Yes, boys," replied Buffalo Bill. "On the third of April, eighteen-sixty, at noon, Harry Roff left the Pacific side carrying the first mail to cross the United States in his saddle-bags. He covered the first twenty miles, including one change, in fifty-nine minutes. On reaching Folsom he changed mounts again and got to Placerville, at the foot of the Sierra Nevada, having ridden fifty-five miles at full speed. He handed over the mail to a fellow called Boston, who

to Deep Creek, to Rush Valley and old Camp Floyd. From Camp Floyd to Salt Lake City the last fifty miles was ridden by George Thacher. And so it went on, past Fort Bridger and Fort Laramie, over the old Salt Lake trail to the Missouri, where the steamer and the train took it over for New York. That was the pony post, my boys, and only the crossing of the continent by the telegraph-lines has stopped it."

The boys listened spellbound to Buffalo Bill's description of the famous Pony Express.

Their hearts beat fast, and they seemed to feel the racing of the ponies in their veins.

"Were you ever chased by Indians, sir?" asked Kit, giving the meat a twist and a turn at the blaze.

"Lots of times!" replied Buffalo

Bill, laughing. "Once I was jumped by a band of Sioux from a sand-ravine nine miles west of Horse Creek, which was on my stage. But luckily I was mounted on the fleetest horse in the service of the Express Company, and the Redskins were only armed with pistols. So I got away."

"And which was the furthest you ever rode, sir?" asked Joe, entranced.

Buffalo Bill smiled at this question. "Three hundred and twenty-two miles," he said. "And that stands in the records as being the longest Pony Express journey ever made."

The boys stared at the great scout in wonderment, and almost in disbelief. Such a feat beat Dick Turpin's famous ride on Black Bess from London to York hollow.

But Buck Dixie was nodding gravely as he listened. He knew of Bill Cody's famous ride well enough.

"It was when I was riding the stage from Red Buttes on the North Platte to the Three Crossings of the Sweetwater," said Buffalo Bill. "That was a distance of seventy-six miles, and I took the east-bound mail, got a rest, and returned with the west-bound. But it so happened one day that when I galloped into Three Crossings I found that the rider who was to take over the mailbags on my arrival had got into a drunken fight the night before, and had been killed. This left that division without a rider, and no other man could be secured in his place. The distance to the next station, Rocky Ridge, was eighty-five miles, and lay through a very bad and dangerous country; but the emergency was great, and I concluded to try it. I therefore started at once from Three Crossings, without more than a moment's rest. I pushed on, keeping the mail on time at every station, and accomplished the round trip of three hundred and twenty-two miles back to Red Buttes without a mishap, and on time. And that's the record."

The boys' faces showed their admiration of this tremendous ride.

But the great scout was quick to add stories of other great rides, notably that of James Moore, the first post trader of Sidney, Nebraska, who rode two hundred and eighty miles in fourteen hours and forty-six minutes, and that of Charles Cliff, who took the mails from St. Joseph to Seneca and back on alternate days. Cliff was attacked by Indians at Scott's Bluff, receiving three bullets in his body and twenty-seven in his clothes. But, none the less, he beat his Redskin pursuers, and, wounded though he was, brought the mail through safely.

But now the buffalo-hump and the roasted bison tongue were ready.

And whilst they ate their supper Buffalo Bill was as taciturn as old Prairie Wolf, who was never behind the door when the great slices of the sweet, coarse-fibred buffalo-meat were being served round.

Prairie Wolf's table-manners were dreadful. In the Navajo nation, fingers were made before forks.

But the boys were almost too excited by meeting Buffalo Bill to eat their suppers. This was indeed an adventure before which all their previous

(Continued on page 18, col. 2.)

FIGGY'S FOLLY!

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

By RALPH RECKNESS CARDEW
(of St. Jim's)

"WAININ', bai jove!"
Arthur Augustus D'Arcy spoke mournfully. He stood on the School House steps, and watched a steady drizzle descending from the overcast skies.

Others watched it, too; and there was a chorus of dismal ejaculations.

"Blow the beastly rain!" growled Tom Merry.

"It's bound to come down like this, on the day of the House match," grunted Manners.

And Jack Blake, clenching his hands, remarked that he would give anything to be able to have five minutes with the clerk of the weather.

It was really a nuisance that the skies should be weeping on this day of all days—the day of the great footer match between School House and New House.

"P'r'aps it'll clear up later on," suggested Talbot hopefully.

"P'r'aps!" snorted Manners.

"More likely to get a thousand times worse!"

"Well, you're a cheerful cove, and no mistake!" said Clive. "Going to be an undertaker when you grow up?"

"B-r-r!" growled Manners, whose temper is always adversely affected when the climatic conditions are beastly.

"We must hope for the best, dear boys," said Gussy.

"And when you do that, you nearly always get the worst!" said Manners.

As the morning advanced, the drizzle developed into a deluge.

The rain lashed against the windows of the Form-room, and we could hear it splashing on to the flagstones in the quad. It was coming down by bucketfuls.

When morning lessons were over, we noticed that numerous pools and puddles had formed in the quad.

And the rain still fell relentlessly. The clerk of the weather seemed determined that the House match should not be played.

After dinner, the conditions did not improve. They got steadily worse. And Tom Merry, skipper of the School House team, shook his head, and groaned.

"No go!" he said gloomily. "We can't possibly play under these conditions. They're all right for a swimming gala or a water-polo match, but as for footer—"

"I suppose it means scratching the match, Tommy?" said Jack Blake.

"Afraid so. We'll pop over to the New House and tell Figgins."

The members of the School House eleven wended their way to the rival House—which they usually referred to as a casual ward or a home for incurables.

Figgins was run to earth in his

study, where he was chatting with Kerr and Fatty Wynn.

"Welcome, little strangers!" said the New House skipper. "Ready for the fray?"

"There isn't going to be any fray, fathead!" growled Tom Merry. "We shall have to postpone the match. The playing-pitch will be under water."

Figgins nodded.

"The pitch will certainly be a bit sloshy," he said. "But we needn't postpone the match on that account."

Tom Merry stared. So did his followers.

"Are you potty, Figgy?" asked Monty Lowther.

"Not a bit!" said Figgins. "That's where I've always differed from you!"

"Ha, ha, ha,"

"Look here," said Tom Merry irritably, "there's nothing to cackle about! The match is mucked up, and it will have to be cancelled—or postponed, at any rate."

"Rats!" said Figgins.

"Do you mean to say," gasped the captain of the Shell, "that you want to wallow on a rain-soaked pitch?"

"No, and I've no intention of doing so," said Figgins. "My idea is this. We can't play on the footer ground, owing to the beastly conditions so I vote we play the match indoors."

"What!"

"My hat!"

The School House fellows blinked at George Figgins, concerning whose sanity they were beginning to entertain grave doubts.

"Weally, Figgy!" said Arthur Augustus, at length. "I have nevah heard of anythin' so utterly widiculous!"

"Figgy's got bats in his belfry!" declared Jack Blake.

"I haven't!" said Figgins warmly.

"I'm the sanest fellow present. What's wrong with indoor footer, anyway?"

"It—it's impossible!" exclaimed Tom Merry.

"Have you ever taken part in an indoor match?"

"Never!"

"Then don't say it's impossible till you've tried it. To my mind, it's quite a sound notion."

"Hear, hear!" said Wynn and Kerr, in unison.

"But—but how's it going to be done?" gasped Talbot.

"Easily enough," replied Figgins.

"The best place is the common-room. We can heave all the furniture out of the way, and make a clear space. Then we chalk goals on the wall at each end of the room. The spectators can perch themselves on the window-sills."

"Of course," said Kerr, "there will be disadvantages and drawbacks, but it will be the same for both sides."

"And supposing a master comes in?" said Tom Merry.

"That's not likely."

"Isn't it, by Jove? The thudding of the footer will be heard all over St. Jim's."

"We must take our chances," said Figgins. "Of course, if you School House fellows are funky—"

That settled it.

Rather than run the risk of being dubbed funks, the School House fellows decided to fall in with Figgins' suggestion. After some discussion among themselves, Tom Merry said:

"Very well, we'll play!"

"Good!" said Figgins.

"It's a hare-brained idea, all the same. And there'll be no end of damage done to the windows."

"I'd already thought of that," said Figgins. "And I've got another suggestion to make."

"Figgys' simply bursting with suggestions this afternoon," said Monty Lowther. "Get it off your chest, old son!"

"I suggest that the losing team clubs together and pays for all damages. Are you agreeable?"

"Oh, quite!" said Tom Merry.

He felt quite confident that the losing team would be the New House. In which case, it would be rather amusing to see Figgins and Co. in the unenviable position of having to pay for damages.

"Weally, Tom Merry," protested Arthur Augustus, "I consider you have done a vewy wash thing. As a fellow of tact an' judgment, I am stwongly opposed to playin' footah in the common-woom."

"We've got no choice in the matter," said Tom Merry. "If we don't play, we shall be branded as a set of funks."

"Tommy's right," said Jack Blake. "We'll play—and we'll lick these New House beggars to a frazzle!"

"If you can!" chuckled Figgins.

"Are we to play in footer-clobber?" inquired Talbot.

Figgins shook his head.

"We'll just take off our coats, and rolled up our sleeves," he said. "That's all that's necessary."

"And what time's the kick-off?" asked Manners.

"Two o'clock."

"Good!"

The news of the novel football match spread through both Houses like a fire through bracken.

The excitement was intense.

Figgys' scheme was certainly a

breathless one, and we all wondered how it was going to pan-out.

By two o'clock, there was a tremendous crowd in the junior common-room.

Willing hands cleared all the lumber away, leaving an open space for the players to disport themselves in.

The rain pelted down outside; but nobody seemed to care now. The enthusiasm was as great as if the match were actually taking place on the footer-ground.

When the rival elevens appeared on the scene, the commotion waxed louder than ever.

"Here they are!"

"Good old Figgys!"

"Bravo, Tom Merry!"

The referee—a Fifth Form fellow—carefully closed the door, and Tom Merry and Figgins tossed for choice of ends. The former won.

"We'll kick towards the fireplace," he said.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The window-sills were crammed with spectators, who waited eagerly for the ball to be set in motion.

Fortunately, the junior common-room is a spacious apartment, and the twenty-two players had plenty of scope for their activities.

The referee blew his whistle, and the ball was kicked off.

"Play up, School House!"

"On the ball, New House!"

The ball bumped and skidded on the hard floor, and it took the players a long time to adapt themselves to the conditions.

The first sensation was caused by Figgins.

Figgins was playing at full-back for the New House, and he took a mighty kick, which sent the ball the whole length of the room. It struck the wall inside the chalked lines which indicated the goal, and there was a yell of delight from the New House supporters.

"Goal!"

"Good shot, sir!"

The ball was kicked off again from the centre of the room, and a wild melee followed.

The players were soon dusty and dishevelled, and in some cases almost unrecognisable. And the pace was fast and furious.

Fortunately, however, it had been mutually agreed to play only twenty minutes each way, instead of the usual forty-five.

Presently, Tom Merry sorted himself

out from a frenzied, struggling mass of humanity, and, with the ball at his feet, he made tracks for the New House goal. He was wildly cheered but the School House partisans.

"Shoot, Tommy!"

"Drive it home!"

Tom Merry obliged. He sent in a terrific shot, which Fatty Wyna failed to save. The ball crashed against the improvised goal; then it shot off at a tangent, and there was a terrific splintering of glass. One of the window-panes had "gone west."

"Goal!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well played, Tommy lad!" said Monty Lowther. "If we continue to smash up the happy home like this, the New House fellows will have to part with a small fortune to pay for the damage!"

When the referee blew the whistle for half-time, the scores were level.

It was amazing that no master or prefect had yet put in an appearance. But perhaps they had all gone out for the afternoon. Had they been on the premises, they could not have failed to hear the rumpus.

The second half started at a terrific pace.

There was a good deal of wild kicking on the part of the players—with disastrous results!

George Alfred Grundy, who occupied a prominent position on one of the window-sills, receiving the ball full in the face, to the amusement of the crowd, and the wrath of the great Grundy.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Wilkins.

"Why didn't you duck, old man? Yaroooooh!"

Wilkins broke off with a wild yell. He happen to be the human target this time. The ball smote him under the chin with an impact which made his teeth rattle.

The spectators began to feel uneasy, and their uneasiness grew as the game advanced.

The ball whizzed from side to side of the room in a highly dangerous manner; and the number of casualties was appalling.

And the trouble was not confined to the spectators.

Crash after crash heralded the smashing of sundry panes of glass, until not a window in the common-room had its full complement of panes.

The referee suggested to Tom Merry that things had gone far enough, and that it would be a wise thing to abandon the game.



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But the joy of the battle had the players in its grip, and they had no intention of stopping until the specified time.

With five minutes to go, Redfern put the New House ahead with a tremendous drive.

"Bravo, Reddy!"

The School House, appalled at the prospect of having to pay for all the damage, played up desperately.

Talbot bowled two opponents over, and lobbed the ball across to Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, who scored a sensational goal in the last minute, making the score 2-2.

No sooner had the referee sounded the final whistle, than the door of the common-room was thrown open, and an imposing figure in gown and mortar-board swept in, surveying the strange scene in undisguised horror.

It was the Head!

The pandemonium subsided as if by magic, and a hush fell upon players and spectators alike.

The footballers exchanged quick glances. They began to wish that the floor would open and swallow them up.

"Boys!" gasped the Head. "What is the meaning of this outrage? Is it possible that a rebellion has broken out in the school?"

"No, sir," stammered Tom Merry. "Not at all, sir. We were—ahem!—merely playing football, sir."

"Football?" echoed Dr. Holmes, surveying the broken windows. "It would appear to be a Bolshevistic outburst—a deliberate campaign of destruction!"

"Pway excuse me, sir," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, "but the fact is, we couldn't play outside owin' to the inclement weathah, so we decided to play the House match in the common-room."

"It was my suggestion, sir," said Figgins gallantly.

The Head frowned.

"Do you realise what colossal damage you have caused by this horse-play?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir," answered Figgins, "and we've arranged to pay for it."

"You will pay for it," said the Head, "in more senses than one! Every boy who has been taking part in this brawl will follow me to my study!"

So saying, Dr. Holmes withdrew, and the footballers reluctantly followed.

The Head's study was a fairly spacious apartment, but it was not equal to accommodating the School House and the New House elevens.

Half a dozen juniors entered, and the others lined up in the corridor.

Dr. Holmes selected a stout-looking cane, and started operations on Figgins.

The New House leader received three stinging cuts on each hand; and he went through the ordeal without flinching.

The rest of the delinquents were dealt with in turn, and those who came last were lucky, for the Head was very much out of breath, and his arm was almost limp.

Nevertheless, there was quite a chorus of groans as the victims emerged into the quad.

"Yow-ow!" gasped Fatty Wynn. "This is all your fault, Figgy!"

"Hear, hear!"

"I wegard you, Figgins," said Arthur Augustus, squeezing his hands tightly together, "as a cwass ass!"

"Look here—"

"Oh, bump him!" said Tom Merry impatiently.

"Hold on!" exclaimed Figgins in alarm. "I don't see why—"

Bump!

The promoter of the indoor football match was bumped unceremoniously into a puddle. No sooner had he scrambled to his feet than he was again forcibly floored.

"Yaroooh!" roared Figgins.

"Serve you jolly well right!" growled Jack Blake. "You ought not to be at large. A padded cell is about your mark!"

And the exasperated footballers tramped into the building.

"And about the damage to the merry windows?" asked Monty Lowther.

"We shall all have to stump up, as the match ended in a draw," said Tom Merry. "It means going without pocket-money for goodness knows how long!"

"Cheer up!" said Talbot. "It might have been worse. The School House would have had to bear the whole of the expense if Gussy hadn't scored that last-minute goal!"

"Yes, rather!"

A certain amount of consolation was derived from that reflection. But Tom Merry and Co. solemnly vowed that they would take part in no more indoor footer matches!

THE END.

THE RED MAN'S TRAIL

(Continued from page 16.)

experiences seemed small and insignificant.

They were rather at a loss to know what was happening. Their trail had come to a dead stop at this stone lid which covered the entrance of this "Forty Thieves" cave, and they did not know what was to happen.

It was not until the supper was finished that Buffalo Bill spoke.

Then his piercing eyes turned on the two boys.

"So these, Buck, are two boys you spoke of?" said he. "The sons of John Desmond, who was taken captive by the Navajoes, and handed over to the Apaches."

Buck Dixie nodded.

"They are the boys, Billy," he answered. "And they are doing well. They have seen some hard fighting already, and they have helped to save Silas Cobb's bull outfit from just such another business as the Mountain Meadows massacre. They are taken into the Dandy Fifth now. That seemed to me the nearest trail to find their father. We are at peace with the Apaches now, but sooner or later they will dig up the hatchet, and the Fifth Cavalry will be the first to get up against them."

Buffalo Bill nodded.

"That is why I have come here," said he. "John Desmond will never be found without the help of the Golden Fleece!"

"What is that?" asked Buck Dixie curiously, for even he, with all his knowledge of the Navajoes and their secret lore, had never heard of the Golden Fleece.

"Why," replied Buffalo Bill, "it is the receipt for the prisoner, written on lambskin in Indian signs, and only the man who holds it and who can read it can find the place where John Desmond is held prisoner. The lambskin is dyed yellow with saffron, and the writing is in blue and red dyes, in picture-talk."

"And where is this Golden Fleece?" asked Buck.

Buffalo Bill tapped the rock on which they were sitting.

"It is kept by the chief medicine-man, in the archives of the Navajo nations, and under this stone lies the road into the Navajo stronghold," said he. "We have got to get in there to-night, through the caves and under the mountains. It's a difficult road, but I know the way. So does old Prairie Wolf here."

Prairie Wolf grunted. He had been over this subterranean trail only too often for his liking.

"Heap bad trail!" said he. "Kill plenty Red Man."

Buffalo Bill smiled as he turned to the two boys, who were listening, mystified.

"You see, boys," said he, "the entrance to the great valley in these hills, in which the Navajoes have their secret stronghold, is only by this subterranean path, and by two other bolt-holes. They live in a great valley surrounded by high cliffs, not at all unlike this bowl in the hills in which we are now sitting. But their valley is a wide one, with plenty of feed for ponies and captured cattle. And it is to this place, which is known as the Valley of the Moon, that they bring their loot. There are two entrances by which cattle may be driven into the valley. But they are twenty miles away through the mountains, and, needless to say, they are watched day and night by powerful bodies of Redskins, to guard against a surprise, both in war and peace."

Then he tapped the great rock on which they were sitting.

"But this is the back door of the Valley of the Moon," he added, "and we are going in by it to-night to get the Golden Fleece, by which alone we can find out where your father is kept prisoner in the land of the Apache nation."

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