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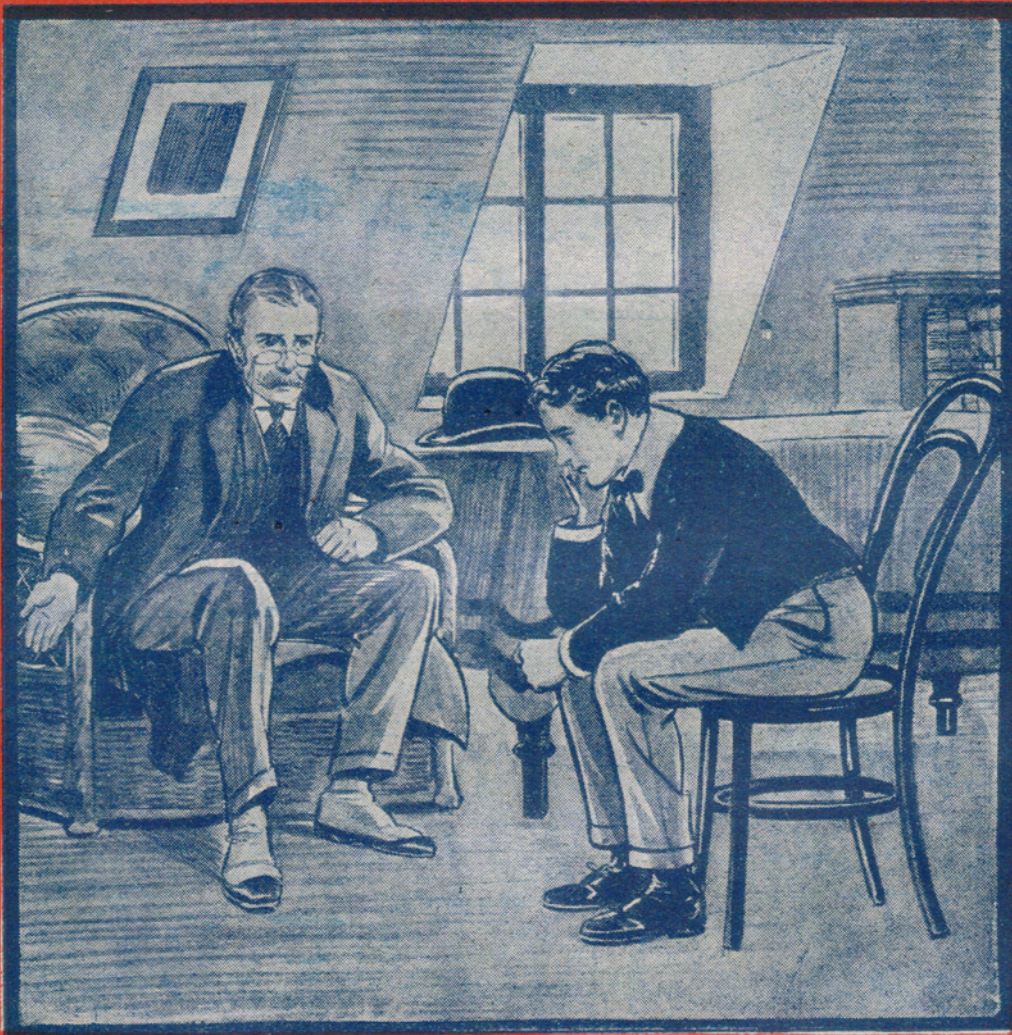
# The Greyfriars Herald $1\frac{1}{2}$ <sup>d</sup>



No. 22 (New Series)

FULL OF SCHOOL STORIES AND ARTICLES

Mar. 27 1920.



**MR. DRAKE REPROACHES HIS SON!**

*(See our magnificent, long, complete school tale).*

Our Photographic Supplement

# THE BOYS' PICTORIAL

Continued on Page 19

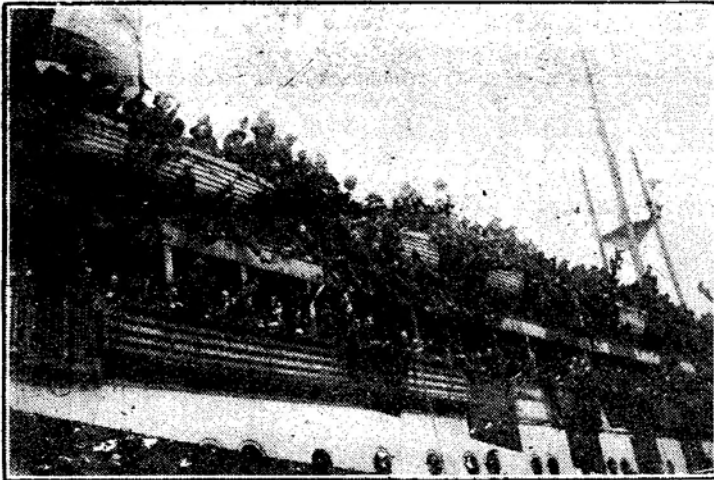


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## GOOD-BYE TO THE MOTHERLAND.



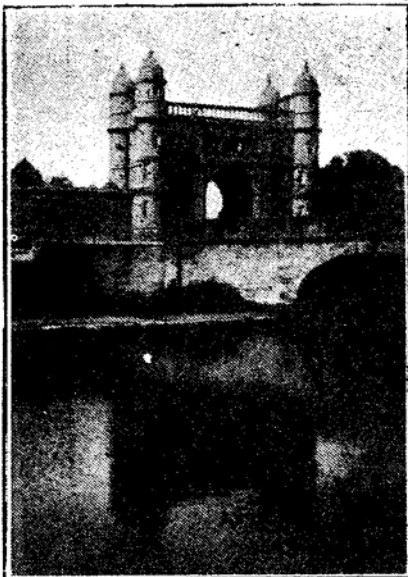
A large liner packed with the last of the Canadian soldiers leaving Southampton Docks for Montreal. But although the men themselves are now gone, the memory of them and of their splendid heroism at Vimy Ridge, the Ypres Salient, and other places, will live for ever in the memory of those in the Motherland.—Taken by R. Gould, 9, Handel Terrace, Polygon, Southampton.

## A DRAWER OF WATER.



A woman of the land of Egypt who has been to draw water from the well. The earthenware jar is of the identical type which has been in use for thousands of years.—Taken by M. Parsons, 37, Soho Street, Smethwick, Birmingham.

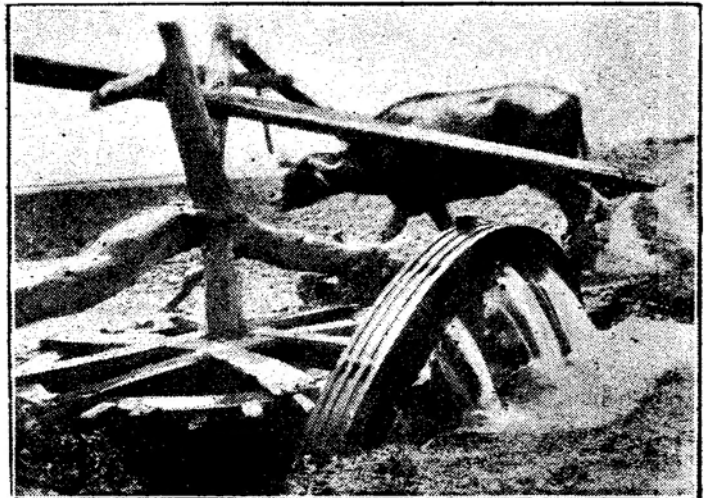
## A HISTORIC HOME.



The gates of Wollaton Hall, Notts, famous as the home of Sir Francis Drake. Many relics of the great seaman can still be seen there.—Taken by E. B. Berry, 3, Saville Street, Hyson Green, Nottingham.

## LET US SEE YOUR PHOTOGRAPHS

## IRRIGATION IN THE EAST.



In Palestine, Egypt, Arabia, and Mesopotamia, the above is the commonest method of irrigating the land for the raising of crops. The clumsy apparatus is worked by a plodding ox or donkey, which is generally blindfolded. It is not uncommon for one of these unfortunate creatures to be kept for hours at a stretch walking round and round performing its monotonous task.—Taken by H. R. Fox, Lynmead, Woodbridge Road, Ipswich.

The

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# Editorial

By Harry Wharton.

## ANOTHER GREYFRIARS CLUB FOR READERS.

It is a pleasure to hear of another Greyfriars Club. There is no better sign of popularity than this, and I must congratulate Mr. Alan S. Richardson, 16, Upper Winchester Road, Blythe Hill, Catford, S.E. 6, on the fine work he is doing on behalf of readers of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

Mr. Richards' G.H. Correspondence Club is making excellent headway. I cannot do better than refer my friends to this enthusiastic worker in the good cause.



DICK PENFOLD



TOM MERRY



MURREE SINGH



JIMMY SILVER



BILLY BUNTER



ARTHUR A D'ARCY

## PATIENCE, PLEASE!

Mr. Marmaduke Cutwater thinks I am a procrastinator. I can see this feeling is in his mind. But it is not so. I indignantly repudiate the insinuation. A procrastinator is said to steal time, and short though I am of the article in question, I never err in such a manner. Here is Marmaduke's letter:

"Dear Editor,—I send you my portrait. This is the third I have sent in three weeks. Why don't you put them in the GREYFRIARS HERALD? I am in a hurry. Kindly explain.

"Yours truly,  
"MARMADUKE CUTWATER."

Marmaduke, my chum, it can't be done, for we go to press three weeks in advance. The first portrait you forwarded was accepted, and will appear in due course. I use photographs strictly in order they come in—and I receive a good many each week—but, of course, it must take time to insert them all.

I hope my correspondent will see how things are. I am doing my best, and his picture will be published just as soon as can be managed.

HARRY WHARTON.

## FISHY FINDS A HUNDRED POUNDS - - - Drawn by FRANK NUGENT.



1. "I say, Fishy, old man," said William Wibley, "there's a hundred pounds under those bricks. I reckon that chap in the cape has been robbing a post-office or a tuck-shop or something! I daren't move the bricks in case he returns."



2. "I guess I'm on that!" muttered Fisher T. Fish, the American junior. "You go and hide your skeered face behind that fence!" "Oh, please be careful, Fishy," cried Wibley. "The desperado may come back and turn you into a sieve with his pop-gun!"



3. And after fifteen minutes' hard work the perspiring Fish found the hundred pounds! "Jumping snakes!" he gasped. "Waal, say, wouldn't that jar you some! I'll slaughter that Wibley for this!" But we must "weight and see!"

# DRAKE'S LAST CHANCE!

A splendid, long, colorful tale dealing with the adventures of the boys of the Benbow

By OWEN CONQUEST

(Author of the famous Rookwood school stories appearing weekly in the Boys' Friend)

I.

Daubeny Says, "No!"

"Oh, gad!"  
**O** Luck Rodney heard that exclamation, as he came along to No. 8 Study in the Fourth.

He looked in rather hastily. Jack Drake was standing by the study window, with a letter in his hand. There was an expression of great dismay on Drake's handsome face.

"Oh, gad!" he repeated. "That does it."

"Anything the matter?" asked Rodney, coming into the study. "I thought that was a letter from your father, Drake."

"So it is," muttered Drake.

"No bad news from home, I hope."

"N-no! But—I say, the pater's coming down to the Benbow this afternoon."

Drake looked almost helplessly at his chum. It was evident that he felt himself in an awkward situation.

Rodney seemed a little puzzled.

"Well, don't you want to see your pater?" he asked. "I'd like to meet him; I've never met him yet."

"Of—of course I want to see him. It isn't that! But—I'm playing in the football-match this afternoon. Daubeny asked me, and I'm in the team to meet Rookwood. And—and—you know what the pater will expect. I'm supposed to be putting in every extra minute now, grinding for the scholarship exam. He—he will think I shall leave my books for half an hour while he's here, and instead of that—"

"He will see you playing footer."

"Y-e-e-es!"

There was a pause.

"I—I was rather a fool to let Daub put me in the junior eleven," said Drake, colouring. "I was an ass! But I'm so keen on footer, and it can't be denied that St. Winny's wanted a good man or two in the field, considering what Daubeny's eleven is like. But—but I oughtn't to have given so much time to footer, with the exam. close at hand; in fact you've told me so."

Rodney smiled slightly.

Drake could always be depended upon to see the wisdom of good advice—when it was too late to act upon it.

"I—I never meant to let the work slide, as it's done," said Drake ruefully. "I—I'm afraid I've lost a good bit, the last two or three weeks—I haven't been sticking to it as I ought. Daub's wanted me to play in every match that came along, and after the way I've criticised his team, I couldn't very well refuse, could I?"

"I think I should have put the exam. first," said Rodney quietly.

"Well, of course, I meant to—that's



Mr. Drake shook hands with his son with a grave, pleasant smile. "Buck up, Drake," shouted the captain of St. Winny's, "we're waiting!"

understood. It's more than a week to the exam. now, though, and I was going to grind like thunder. But—but I'm afraid it will make a bad impression on the pater, seeing me in the footer-field this afternoon. He will ask some questions, that's certain, and—and he'll know—" Drake broke off.

It was not so much that his father would find him playing football, instead of "swotting" on a half-holiday; it was the consciousness that once more, he had let his work "slide," that was troubling him. The temptation had been strong, and he had fallen; scarcely conscious of it, till now. He felt ashamed to face the old gentleman who was relying upon him to do his best.

"I've been an ass, Rodney," he said at length. "I can see that now. You could see it all along. Look here, I'm not going to be playing games when the pater comes. I'm going to be at work. I don't mean humbugging, of course—I'm really going to work. I suppose Daub means well; but really, by getting me into the footer again, he's nearly dished me for the schol. That's what it comes to."

"I don't agree with you that Daubeny means well," replied Rodney drily. "I'm afraid he thought it was an easy way of dishing you for the schol."

Drake shook his head.

"You're too hard on Daub," he said. "I've told you so before, Rodney. He's got his faults, plenty of them; but he wouldn't play a mean scheme like that. Nobody would!"

"I think Daub would—and did."

"I can't think so. Anyhow, it's over now—I'm going to ask Daub to take my name out of the list for the match to-day. It will be rotten not to play against Rookwood—they're a good team, and I'd like it no end. But—that's what I'm going to do. I'll speak to Daub at once."

"Good!" said Rodney.

Jack Drake hurried from the study.

In spite of his refusal to believe in Vernon Daubeny's bad faith, it was possible that Rodney's opinion made an impression upon him. He knew that Dick Rodney was in the habit of thinking before he spoke; and not at all in the habit of condemning a fellow without grounds. In point of fact, Drake was conscious that he had rather deliberately shut his eyes to probabilities, in his reluctance to think badly of Daub or anybody else, and in his keenness to play for St. Winifred's on the football-ground.

But he had made up his mind now. So much depended on the winning of the Founders' Scholarship, that he could not give his father the impression that he was taking the matter

lightly. He was not, indeed, taking it lightly; he knew that without the scholarship, he could not remain at St. Winfred's after the end of the term. But certainly he had failed, of late, to give the exam: the first place in his thoughts. For a long time Dick Rodney's influence had kept him up to the mark; but Daubeny's latest cunning move had been too deep for Rodney.

Drake found Daubeny and Co. lounging upon the deck of the Benbow, and he came up at once to the junior captain of St. Winny's. Daubeny greeted him with a cheery nod and a pleasant smile. Since he had made his last move towards dishing Drake's chance of the scholarship, nothing could have exceeded Daub's urbanity to his intended victim.

"Feelin' fit, what?" he asked. "But I needn't ask you that—you're always fit."

"I'm fit enough," said Drake. "But I'm sorry, Daub, I sha'n't be able to play for you this afternoon."

"What?"

"I want to stand out."

A steely glitter came into Daubeny's eyes, and Torrance and Egan exchanged glances. The same thought came into the minds of the three Bucks at once: that the bird was breaking through the meshes of the net.

"You want to stand out?" repeated Daubeny.

"That's it!"

"Why, if your feelin' fit?"

"You're not going to leave us in the lurch, when we're meeting a crowd like Rookwood, Drake!" said Egan reproachfully.

"Too bad," said Torrance, with a shake of the head. "I really shouldn't have thought that of you, Drake."

Jack Drake coloured.

"The fact, is I can't help it," he said. "My pater's coming down here this afternoon; and he will get here just about the time we kick off."

"What does that matter? Your pater's got no objection to your playin' footer, I suppose."

"Of course not. But—I'm supposed to be sapping no end—the exam. comes off next week you know—"

"Sappin' on half-holidays isn't the way to win an exam. You want to keep yourself fresh."

"I—I know—but—I've been letting it slide lately, and I've got to make it up," said Drake hesitatingly. "The fact is I oughtn't to have taken up footer regularly this term at all. What with the matches, and the practise, and jawing on the subject, and the rest, I've hardly looked at a book outside the Form-room for weeks."

"That's too bad," said Daubeny, while Egan turned his head away so that Drake should not see his smile. "But I really can't let you off this afternoon, Drake. We want you!"

"But—"

"Rookwood is a strong team; you know what Jimmy Silver is like. You've said yourself that our crowd is weak for such a match. Now you propose to stand out, and leave us in the lurch."

"I don't want to leave you in the lurch, Daub," said Drake, sorely troubled. "But I really think I ought not to play. I sha'n't dare to face the

people at home if I don't pull off the exam."

"If you pull it off, the other fellows won't, and they'll have to face their people at home, I suppose."

"I mean, if it were my own fault. And besides, it's more important to me than to the other fellows who have entered. It's no secret that I have got to bag the schol. or clear out of St. Winny's at the end of the term. You see I can't afford to take risks."

"You're asking me to take risks with Rookwood. Look here, Drake, I can see that Rodney's been pullin' your leg again—"

"Nothing of the sort!"

"Well, that's how it strikes me. Your pater ought to be pleased to see you playin' for the school."

"He would be. Only—"

on you for the match. If you stand out at the last minute, your place won't be filled; and if we get licked, playin' a man short, that's your look-out. And that's my last word."

With that Daubeny walked away with his chums, leaving Jack Drake standing on the deck as if he were rooted there. His face was very troubled when he went down to his study at last.

**To Be or Not To Be!**

**JACK DRAKE** was looking far from happy at dinner that day.

It was a sunny spring day, cold but clear; and Jack Drake would have enjoyed the Rookwood match that afternoon more than anything else he could have named. He knew, too, that he was wanted in the team;



Vernon Daubeny stopped a couple of paces from Drake, and raised his hand and pointed to the ropes. "Get off the field!" he said, thickly.

"I can't let you off. You agreed to play, and I'm dependin' on you. It's not fair to back out now."

"Play Rodney in my place."

"Hang Rodney!" exclaimed Daubeny angrily. "I'm playin' you."

"You can't play me, Daub. I want you to scratch my name."

"Well, I won't!" said Daubeny coolly. "Your name stands. If you like to desert your colours at the last minute, you're at liberty to do so, and St. Winny's will know what to think of you."

"But—I tell you—" muttered Drake. "There's half a dozen fellows keen to play—good men, too. There are Rodney, and Sawyer major, and Rawlings—"

"I'm not playing them!"

"You'll have to play somebody in my place."

"Nothin' of the sort. I'm countin'

with the exception of Daub himself, he was the only really good man in the junior eleven. That was Daub's fault; there were plenty of men to choose from, if the great Daub would have condescended to choose from outside his own select circle of pals. But the fact remained that without Drake, St. Winny's already slim chance of a win would vanish into nothingness.

His name still stood in the list, posted on the notice-board on the main-mast of the Benbow.

Drake was sorely troubled in mind.

But for his neglect of the work for the exam., for the last few weeks, it would not have mattered so much; but he was forced to realise the fact now; he had neglected his most important work; and that made him shrink more than ever from the thought of his father's arrival finding him at play. So close before the examination, all

his thoughts should have been directed to the one end. A few questions from his father, would enlighten the old gentleman as to exactly how the matter stood, and Drake was very anxious to avoid any such questions. His father was sure to ask him what he was doing that afternoon; and he wanted to be able to reply that he was giving Horace a "grind."

His brow was troubled as he came out of the dining-room with Rodney, and strolled along the deck of the old warship. Daubeny and Co., leaning on the rail over the shining waters of the Chadway, smiled at one another as they observed him.

"Will he play, Daub?" murmured Egan.

Vernon Daubeny nodded.

"I think so. He simply can't leave the team in the lurch. I think I've got him fairly tight."

"He seems to have woke up at last as to how the matter stands," observed Torrence. "It's really a bit hard on the poor blighter. You're an awfully bitter beast, Daubeny."

Daubeny smiled, a very unpleasant smile.

"Drake's set himself up against me," he answered. "He's got to pay the piper. Suppose he bags the schol.; that sees him through at St. Winny's for three years. What will happen next term, when the cricket comes along? I can tell you, the first thing will be Drake settin' up for cricket captain. And I don't know that I shall be able to keep my end up against him—unless I alter my ways, which I am not goin' to do. I suppose you don't want to be left out of the cricket, Torrence, and Sawyer put in your place?"

"Not likely!"

"Besides, I hate the cad," said Daubeny quietly. "Even if he wasn't a dangerous rival, I'd be glad to see his back. He won't hang on at St. Winny's if I can help it. I shouldn't wonder if it's already too late for him to pull up the time he's lost."

"Shurrup!" murmured Egan. "Here he comes!"

Drake came over to the elegant group by the rail.

"Rookwood get here at three, Daub?" he said.

"That's so!"

"Have you found your new man yet?"

"I'm not findin' a new man. You're goin' to play, or else throw the match away."

Drake set his lips.

"There are plenty of chaps——" he began.

"I've heard all that before," interrupted Daubeny. "Your name's down, with your consent, and you're valued upon to play. I've been thinking it over very seriously, and there isn't a man to replace you—nothin' like your form. That settles it."

"Your jolly particular, for once, about the form of your players," said Drake tartly. "Why not leave out a few of your duds and improve the team all round."

"I'm not askin' for instruction in the business of footer-captain; I can manage that on my own. Keep your word; that's all I'm askin'."

Drake moved off without replying.

"I think we've got him!" murmured

Daub. "The dear old pater will find him playin' instead of sappin', and he will find out that the sweet youth has been slackin' for weeks. That's what he's afraid of. Well, a row between him and his pater will be all to the good."

And Vernon Daubeny, in a very satisfied mood, lounged away to his quarters to change for the match.

Jack Drake glanced at the notice-board again; his name was still in the list. He took a stump of pencil from his pocket, to cross it out—but refrained.

"After all, I suppose he has a right to say that I have given my word, Rodney," he muttered.

"You've a right to stand out if you choose," answered Dick Rodney. "It's simply obstinacy on Daubeny's part not to play another man, and it shows that he's no good. If the fellows had any sense, they'd shy him out of the captaincy in next to no time."

"It will come to that, sooner or later, I suppose."

"The sooner the better."

"But for the Rookwood match—blessed if I can make up my mind."

"I thought you'd made it up."

"Well, you see——"

Drake did not finish. He was feeling very uncertain. Daubeny and Co. came on deck again with their coats on over the green and white of St. Winny's.

"Better come along now, Drake," called out Vernon Daubeny. "Oh, gad, you're not changed! Go and get changed now."

And Daubeny strolled elegantly along the gangway to the shore, with his nutty footballers.

Drake glanced at his chum.

"After all, I could see the pater before the match," he muttered. "I—I could see whether—whether he was—was surprised, or—— He's at Chade station before this. I think I'll trot along the road and meet him on the way, you see."

Rodney was silent. His chum was in a difficult position; and Drake was not, perhaps, so well fitted for dealing with difficulties as Dick Rodney was.

"I may as well change," added Drake meditatively. "That won't do any harm, anyhow. If I'm going to play, I don't want to keep Rookwood waiting."

He went below.

Rodney waited for him, and in a very short time Drake reappeared with coat and muffler over his football garb. The two juniors left the ship together. They passed the football ground where Daub and Co. were idly punting about a ball, Rookwood not having arrived yet. But as they were starting up the lane towards Chade, a brake came bowling in sight, crowded with Jimmy Silver and Co. of Rookwood School. Jimmy Silver waved a hand to Drake as the crowded vehicle passed, and Drake waved back, and then stopped irresolutely.

He glanced up the road towards the village, but there was no pedestrian to be seen. If Mr. Drake's train had come in, he had not yet had time to walk to the school.

"I'll tell you what, Rodney, old chap——"

"Yes?" said Rodney.

"How'd you like to cut along and meet my father, and bring him to Little Side. I may have a chance of speaking to him before the match. After all, he can't mind my playing for St. Winny's. I don't see why he should deduce from that that I've been slackin'," said Drake, argumentatively. "You—you might do anything you can——"

"Rely on me," said Rodney quietly. "Thanks, old chap!"

With that, Jack Drake ran lightly back to the football-ground, leaving Rodney to walk up the road by himself. Rodney went on his way with a thoughtful and rather gloomy brow. It was not the first time he had observed the irresolution in his chum's character, but he liked him none the less for it; indeed, it made him all the more determined, if that were possible, to be steady and loyal in the friendship that Jack Drake needed so much.

#### Ordered Off!

DAUBENY was talking to Jimmy Silver of Rookwood when Drake arrived on the ground and joined the footballers. Daubeny did not look at him, but a slight smile played over his face for a moment. Drake had come to heel after all—that was how Daubeny regarded it. Egan gave Drake a rather ironical smile.

"Playin' after all?" he remarked.

"Yes," said Drake shortly.

"Oh, good! I shouldn't wonder if we beat Rookwood, now."

"I hope so."

Drake was looking towards the road as he answered Egan. He was wondering whether he would see his father before the match began. Tuckey Toodles, who was in the crowd gathering on the field, called out to him.

"Here's your pater, Drake."

Rodney had not had far to go; evidently he had met Mr. Drake a few minutes after parting with his chum. He came on Little Side now, piloting a rather tall, handsome gentleman with a grave face. Jack Drake ran to the ropes to greet him, his cheeks flushed. Then Daubeny looked round.

"Get into line, Drake!" he called out.

"Wait a tick! Here's my father!" answered Drake, over his shoulder without looking back.

"Well, buck up!"

Mr. Drake shook hands with his son, with a grave, pleasant smile. Jack eyed him eagerly, as he noted a change in his father's appearance. The last time he had seen his father, Mr. Drake had been looking pale and careworn, the result of the fall from fortune that had now so changed his position, and his son's prospects. But there was a change now in his looks—a change for the better.

"You're looking well, dad," said the junior, brightly.

"I am feeling well, my boy," answered Mr. Drake, with a smile. "I did not know you were playing in a match to-day."

"Daub wanted me, father," said Drake, colouring. "He wasn't willing to let me off. But, if you like, I'll tell him I'm out——"

"Not at all. I can talk to you

after the match. I am not pressed for time," answered his father. "I am glad you are keeping up your football. I know it will not make you neglect your studies."

Drake's heart smote him. "I shall be seeing the Head, and I want a talk with Mr. Packe, your Form-master," continued Mr. Drake. "I will see you in your study after the match, Jack. Come there when you are free."

"Yes, father," muttered the junior. He wondered miserably what report the old gentleman was going to get from Mr. Packe. He was only too conscious that he had "dodged" extra "toot" with Mr. Packe on several occasions of late, and he could not expect that to have pleased his Form-master.

"Drake!" shouted Daubeny, impatiently.

"Go now! Your friends are calling you, Jack."

Drake rejoined the footballers, who were lining up, Daub having tossed with Jimmy Silver. Mr. Drake waited to see the kick off, and the first exchanges, and then walked away to the Benbow, and disappeared over the gangway to the ship.

Rodney remained watching the game.

Jimmy Silver and Co. were in great form, and they did not seem to make very much of the St. Winny's opposition. And it was soon to be seen that Drake, usually a tower of strength to his side, was not in his accustomed form. Playing with Daubeny and his "fumblers" was not easy work at any time, and Drake seemed to be falling into the way of the slackness round him.

Rodney could guess the reason easily enough.

His chum was troubled and could not put his thoughts into the game as usual.

The consciousness of neglect of duty weighed on him, and uneasy forebodings of what Mr. Drake might, even at that moment, be hearing from the master of the Fourth.

In the first half, Rookwood put up two goals to nil from St. Winny's. In the interval, Daubeny called sharply to Jack Drake.

"For goodness' sake, pull yourself together, Drake!" he said. "What's the matter with you?"

"What's the matter with the whole team?" growled Drake, not at all inclined just then to accept "chin" from Vernon Daubeny. "You should put in some fellows who can play, if you want to stop Rookwood."

"I don't want any lip!"

"Same here!"

Daubeny gritted his teeth. "You're off colour," he said. "You told me you were fit, or I shouldn't have played you. If you don't pull yourself together, I shall send you off the field."

"It wouldn't make any difference to the result! Rookwood are going to walk over you, anyhow!" retorted Drake.

"Is that the way you talk to your skipper?" roared Daubeny.

"You're not a skipper—you're a silly dummy!" said Drake. "I was an idiot to play in such a set of fumbling asses!"

There was a loud chortle from the fellows round the ropes who overheard that remarkable dialogue. Certainly it was not the way for a winger to talk to his captain; but Drake's temper was not at its best. The fumbling play of the Bucks of St. Winfred's had irritated him, in his present worried mood, and Daub's calling him over the coals was the last straw. Poor as he was for once, his play was leagues ahead of that of any other man in the team, as Daub. well knew.

Daubeny's eyes glittered at him. His trick of weaning Drake away from his work by the attractions of football had been a success; but he was aware that it was to come to an end now after his father's visit, and with the exam. so close at hand, it was not likely that even the rather thoughtless and reckless junior could be further inveigled away from his duty.

As Daubeny had, after some reflection, decided that that was the case, he had no further object in continuing his urbanity to the junior he detested. He had found it rather a strain, anyway.

As the little comedy was to end, he was glad of a chance to end it in the greatest possible discomfort for his dupe; and Drake's reckless retorts gave him the opportunity.

To order the only good man in the team off the field in the middle of a match was what even Daubeny could scarcely have ventured to do, but Drake had fairly asked for it now, and Daub proceeded to give him what he had asked for, so to speak.

"Listen to old Drake!" Sawyer major was chuckling to a group of juniors behind the goal. "He's telling Daub the frozen truth! How do you like the frozen truth, Daub?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Drake! You cheeky cad!" began Daubeny, through his set teeth. "You dare to talk to me, your skipper—"

"Oh, give us a rest!" answered Drake, impatiently. "If you want to find fault, there's plenty of fumblers here for you to talk to! Ask Chilcot what he passes the ball into the goal for? Anybody but a born idiot would have stopped both those goals!"

"I'm not askin' your opinion about that. You're playing rottenly, an' I believe you're doin' it on purpose—to dish us!" exclaimed Daubeny.

"You don't believe anything of the kind!" answered Drake coolly. "And I'm putting in the only good play on the field—and you know it!"

"Hear, hear!" roared Sawyer major.

Some of the Rookwood fellows, who overheard the talk, looked at one another oddly, but they made it a point to appear as deaf as possible.

Daubeny, his face almost pale with rage, came closer to Drake. For a moment it looked as if he would hurl himself upon his winger.

Drake clenched his hands.

If Daubeny had carried out his first intention the Rookwooders' would have been treated to the extraordinary sight of the St. Winny's captain being knocked spinning by his outside left.

Fortunately, Daubeny restrained himself.

He stopped a couple of paces from Drake, and raised his hand and pointed to the ropes.

"Get off the field!" he said thickly. Drake shrugged his shoulders.

"It won't make any difference," he said. "You're licked, anyway. I was a fool to play with such a set of dufters, and I never will again!"

"Get off!" roared Daubeny furiously.

"Oh, I'm going!"

And Jack Drake walked off the field.

**The Last Chance!**

**D**ICK RODNEY joined his chum, as he threw on his coat and left Little Side.

St. Winny's lined up a man short after the interval. It made no difference to the certain result, as all the onlookers knew. Jimmy Silver and Co. were "walking" all over the Bucks of St. Winfred's. But Drake's face was clouded as he walked back to the Benbow with his chum.

It was not pleasant to be ordered off the field; and now that he had cooled, he realised that he had played into Daubeny's hands, and that he was, moreover, in the wrong to a large extent. Whatever the provocation, Daubeny was his captain, and should not have been talked to as Drake had talked to him, on the field of play.

"Everything seems to be going wrong, now," muttered Drake, as he crossed the gangway with his chum to the old warship. "I oughtn't to have let myself go like that, I know. But Daub's enough to provoke an angel."

"I fancy he was looking for a chance to play that trick on you, you innocent old duck!" answered Rodney.

"It's a bit of a change from his manner lately, isn't it?"

"I suppose he thinks he's done the mischief now, and can come out in his real colours."

Drake made a grimace.

"I—I suppose you're right," he said. "He's been pulling my leg all the time. But who'd have thought any fellow could be such a deep cad. I say, I've been a silly ass, Rodney, all along the line. I suppose nothing ever will go right for me."

"Cheer up, old fellow, you're going to bag the schol. yet," answered Rodney, more confidently than he felt. "That's the important thing, after all."

"I know it is, but I don't feel so jolly sure about it," said Drake despondently. "I've lost a lot of time, and—and old Packe has been awfully good, giving me extra toot, and—and I've been dodging a bit. I—I wonder what he's been telling the pater?"

"You'll soon know."

Drake looked into No. 8 Study as soon as he was on board, but his father was not there. The old gentleman supposed he was still on the football-field and was apparently still chatting with Mr. Packe. Drake went away to change, and when he came back to the study, it will still empty. He took out his books, and made an attempt to "grind," with the idea

of saving time—time that had been allowed carelessly to elapse for some weeks now. But he could not put his thoughts into Q. Horatius Flaccus.

There was a step outside No. 8 at last, and Mr. Drake appeared in the doorway. Rodney left the study, to leave father and son together. Mr. Drake glanced at his son in some surprise.

"I expected to wait for you," he said. "Is the match over?"

"N-no; I've left it, that's all, dad."

"Not injured?"

"Oh, no! I—I had a bit of a dispute with my skipper," said Jack, flushing.

"Indeed?"

"It—it really wasn't my fault—not wholly, anyhow," muttered Drake. "Won't you sit down, father?"

Mr. Drake sat down.

His manner was very grave and quiet, and the junior's heart sank as he noted it. Evidently Mr. Packe's report had not been a particularly flattering one.

"What—what has Mr. Packe told you, dad?" asked Jack, breaking the rather painful silence at last.

"Very little that was gratifying," answered his father. "Mr. Packe has been kind enough to give you help with your work for the examination, Jack; but it seems that you have lost your keenness of late. You have not always taken in your exercises, though he was willing to give up his leisure time to correcting them."

"I—I—" The junior stammered in confusion.

"It is not my intention to reproach you, Jack," said his father quietly. "When you came back to school this term, I told you what depended on your working for the scholarship. Can you tell me honestly that you have tried your hardest to succeed?"

"I—I—I mean to," muttered the junior miserably. "And—and I have, too, only there's been lots of difficulties, and—and—I—I say, father, there's more than a week yet. I'm going in to win. I really am. I—I won't speak a word to any chap but Rodney. He helps me no end. I shouldn't have had the ghost of a chance but for him. I really mean it, father. If I've got it in me at all, I'm going to bag the school. I—I haven't forgotten the promise I made to the mater. I'm going to keep it."

"I hope you will keep it, Jack," said his father. "We shall see. I hoped to hear something very different from your Form-master, when I saw him. But it was not only for that that I came to-day. I had some news for you—"

"News!" repeated Jack.

"Yes—but on reflection. I shall not tell you yet. I prefer to see whether you have the strength of character to keep your word to your mother," said Mr. Drake, with an unwonted sternness in his voice.

Jack gazed at his father in wonder. What the news was—that he was not now to hear—he could not even remotely guess. Nor could he see how, whatever it was, it affected the matter of the examination. But his father evidently did not intend to explain. He was not angry with his

son. It would have relieved the junior if he had been.

"I—I say, dad, I really do mean it," muttered the junior. "And I've only been slacking just a bit lately—and I never meant to, either. You'll see that I shall make a good show at the exam., even if I don't bag top marks. But—but I hope I shall!"

"I hope so, too, Jack." Mr. Drake rose to his feet. "I shall not see you again before the examination; you know your duty."

Jack Drake left the Benbow with his father, as the footballers were coming off the ground.

"Four goals to nil!" called out Sawyer major, as he passed. Drake did not need to ask which side had taken the goals.

Dick Rodney had tea ready in the study, when his chum returned from seeing his father off at the station.

"You've kept us waiting, Drake," said Tuckey Toodles reproachfully. "That beast Rodney wouldn't let me begin. I suppose I can begin now, Rodney, you beast!"

And Tuckey Toodles began, without waiting for Dick Rodney to reply in the affirmative.

Drake spoke little during the meal, but when it was over and Toodles was gone, he pulled out his books.

"Sapping this evening?" asked Rodney, with a smile.

Drake nodded.

"Like thunder?" he said. "I've been a silly ass, old chap—as I think I've told you before. The poor old pater was disappointed—and he didn't bag me a word. I'm going to show him that I've got some stuff in me all the same. I'm going to bag that schol., or burst something."

THE END.

Another ripping, complete tale of Jack Drake next week. Look out for it!

#### RESULT OF TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION.—No. 17.

In this competition no competitor sent in a correct solution of the pictures. The First Prize of £2 10s. has therefore been awarded to:

HERBERT SIMMS,  
37, Laburnum Road,  
Brook Road,  
Gorton, Manchester.

whose solution contained one error.

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

Annie Cave, Woodlands, Ordsall Park Rd., Retford, Notts; Alfred Mack, 165, Birkin Avenue, Hyeon Green, Nottingham; Rowland D. Osborne, 16, Approach Road, Margate, Kent; James Harris, 38, Milton Terrace, Swansea; C. Hulls, 139, Bracebridge St., Aston, Birmingham.

#### CORRECT SOLUTION.

Dear Chums,—Numbers of parents and schoolmasters, in their appreciations of our journal, praise the fine photographs which appear. I welcome all snaps, but please don't forward cuttings from the daily newspapers, like Billy Bunter does!

Yours,

HARRY.

## EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY

This week:

By GERALD LODER

Monday.—Went to the Cross Keys this evening. Played exciting game of billiards with Jerry Hawke, and was licked. Had to pay up and look pleasant. It was my last quid that I parted with. "Never mind, sir," said Hawke. "I can put you on to a good thing for the Dishem Stakes on Saturday. You'll be able to win back this quid, with interest." "Oh, good!" I replied. "What's the name of the horse?" "Gay Minstrel," said Hawke. "You can place your wager with me, if you like." I agreed to do this, and put five pounds on the beast Hawke had mentioned. I hadn't a fiver, of course, but Hawke accepted my note of hand. Went back to Greyfriars feeling very bucked, with visions of roping in about fifty quid when Gay Minstrel romped home.

Tuesday.—Lay low this evening. Didn't think it advisable to break bounds two nights running. Feeling very excited about next Saturday's race. Good old Gay Minstrel!

Wednesday.—Fell into a trap this evening. Those cheeky young cubs in the Remove played a practical joke at my expense. As I clambered through the box-room window, a pail of whitewash descended upon me from above. I couldn't possibly have gone out after that, or Jerry Hawke might have mistaken me for a snowman! Sat up half the night waiting for the whitewash to dry, so that I could get it off my togs. These Remove kids deserve to be flayed alive!

Thursday.—The day of the race draws near. In my mind's eye I can see Gay Minstrel flashing past the winning-post in great style. Roll on, Saturday!

Friday.—In a fever of excitement all day. Visited the Cross Keys this evening, and Jerry Hawke assured me that Gay Minstrel was the dearest of dead certs. Hurrah!

Saturday.—My fag has just returned with a copy of the afternoon paper. Result of Dishem Stakes greets my frenzied eye. 1st, The Hustler; 2nd, Lady Jane; 3rd, Irish Pride. Also ran—Gay Minstrel! And I owe Hawke a fiver! Help!



# BILLY BUNTER'S BARGAIN!

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—The following correspondence has been unearthed from Billy Bunter's belongings, and we have pleasure in giving it to the world for the first time.—H. W.

**I.**

Billy Bunter, Greyfriars School, to Messrs. Leen & Lankey, Ltd., London.

Dear Sirs,—I have seen yore advertisement in "The Weekly Joker," and shall be glad if you will send me, karridge pade, one of yore celebrated wate-reducing apparatusses.

The fact is, I am just a trifle plump, and I am ankshus to work off sum of my sooperfluous fat.

Kindly put the apparatus on rale with all speed, addressed to W. G. Bunter, Esq., Greyfriars School, Friardale, Kent.

And don't forget to send it karridge pade!—Yores trewly,

W. G. BUNTER.

**II.**

Messrs. Leen & Lankey, Ltd., to Billy Bunter.

Dear Sir,—We are in receipt of your esteemed favour, applying for a weight-reducing apparatus.

If you will give us the name of some responsible person as a reference, we shall be happy to carry out your wishes with the utmost despatch.—We are, dear sir, Yours faithfully,

LEEN & LANKEY, LTD.  
per. pro. A. Skellington.

**III.**

Billy Bunter to Messrs. Leen & Lankey, Ltd.

Dear Sirs,—In anser to yore komunikashun, I hereby give you the name of Doctor Locke, Headmaster of Greyfriars, as a reference.

Please buck up and send the wate-reducing apparatus, as I can feel myself growing plumper evvery minnit.—Yores trewly.

W. G. BUNTER.

**IV.**

Messrs. Leen & Lankey, Ltd. to Billy Bunter.

Dear Sir,—We have this day despatched to you, carriage paid, a weight-reducing apparatus, which we trust you will find entirely satisfactory.

The price of the apparatus is two pounds, and we shall be glad to receive your remittance for this amount by return.—We are, dear sir, Yours faithfully,

LEEN & LANKEY, LTD.  
per. pro. A. Skellington.

**V.**

Billy Bunter to Messrs. Leen & Lankey, Ltd.

Dear Sirs,—I have reseved the apparatus in good order and kondishun. Menny thanks for same

With regard to payment, I must rekwest you to be good enuff to wait a few days, as I am ekspecting a postal-order from one of my titled rrelations, and it has not yet terned up. As soon as it comes I will send you yore wack.—Yores trewly.

W. G. BUNTER.

**VI.**

Messrs. Leen & Lankey, Ltd., to Billy Bunter.

Sir,—A month has now elapsed since you last wrote, but we have not yet received your remittance for the weight-reducing apparatus.

We are not prepared to give you any further grace, and unless the sum of two pounds is remitted by return of post, we shall have no alternative but to refer the matter to Doctor Locke, whose name you gave as a reference.—Yours faithfully,

LEEN & LANKEY, LTD.  
per. pro. A. Skellington.

**VII.**

Billy Bunter to Messrs. Leen & Lankey, Ltd.

Dear Sirs,—Yore wate-reducing apparatus is a fraud! I have used it evvery day since I had it, and instedd of reducing my wate, it has cawsed me to devellopp another six lbs. In view of this fat—I mean, fact—I deklined to pay you a single penny. I regard you as beestly extorshuners. Yah!

W. G. BUNTER.

**VIII.**

Messrs. Leen & Lankey, Ltd., to the Headmaster of Greyfriars.

Dear Sir,—Over a month ago one of your pupils—W. G. Bunter—ordered from us a weight-reducing apparatus, which was duly despatched. Your name was given as a reference.

Up to the time of writing, we have not received a remittance from Master Bunter, and we are, therefore, obliged to report the matter to you.

Kindly let us know what action you propose to take.—We are, dear sir, yours faithfully,

LEEN & LANKEY, LTD.  
per. pro. A. Skellington.

**IX.**

(Scene—the Head's study. Enter Billy Bunter. The Head asks questions. Billy Bunter tells falsehoods. The Head asks further questions. Billy Bunter tells further falsehoods. The Head finally administers six cuts on each hand.

Final chorus: "Yow-ow-aw-aw-ow! I'll never order a beestly weight-reducing apparatus again—never!")

## IN THE GOOD! OLD DAYS

A Ballad of the Past

By PATRICK GWYNNE

When I first came to Greyfriars School  
—A youngster small and shy—  
The grub was great; it was just first-rate!  
And cooked by a chap called Pye.

Bill Pye, it seemtd, had been a chef  
At some West End hotel,  
Where the bill of fare was from here to there,  
And the list of drinks as well.

He worked such wonders in the Hall  
That when we came to dine  
We declared his tart was a work of art,  
And his dumplings were divine!

The Head took off his mortar-board  
When having table d'hote;  
And a kid like Tubb, when he came to grub,  
Turned up in his Sunday coat!

No fellow went to his dorm. at night  
Until he had quaffed a brew  
Which Bill served up in a magic cup.  
We christened it "Greyfriars stew."

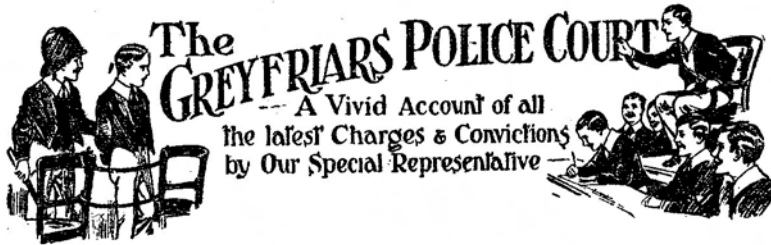
We lived like fighting-cocks, those days!  
It was great, upon my soul!  
We got so plump that to walk or jump  
Was imposs., so we had to roll!

Man wants but little here below,  
And we had a sight too much!  
Till a squib went bust in the pudding-crust,  
And that was the final touch!

Bill Pye stood close to the tempting dish,  
And he vanished into space!  
Then he came out green from the soup-tureen,  
And you should have seen his face!

He gave in his notice on the spot,  
And staggered out of Hall.  
The Head in vain called him back again;  
He was gone beyond recall!

From that time forth the food went off,  
No need to ask my why,  
For someone else "went off" as well,  
And his name was William Pye!



## The GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

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

Mr. Justice Wharton conducted the police-court proceedings this week in his usual comic manner.

The members of the public were discreet enough to laugh loudly at his worship's feeble jokes.

### SHOCKING BURGLARY AT GREYFRIARS!

#### Prisoner Sobs on Hearing Sentence!

William George Bunter was the first prisoner to be rolled into the dock.

Mr. Mark Linley, K.C., the prosecuting counsel, said that a serious charge of burglary had been preferred against prisoner.

Magistrate: Hallo! Whose study has he been looting now?

Mr. Linley: Yours, your worship.

Magistrate: Mine? Great Scott! What has he taken?

Mr. Linley: Everything he could lay his hands on, your worship. Your cupboard was absolutely cleared out.

Magistrate (rolling up his sleeves): Let me get at him! I'll wipe up the dock with the fat pilferer!

Mr. Linley: I am thankful to say, your worship, that owing to the vigilance of Detective-Inspector Penfold, the whole of the stolen articles have been recovered.

Magistrate: Good old Pen! Jotland Yard seems to be waking up at last!

Detective-Inspector Penfold then gave evidence.

"Shortly before midnight last night, your worship, I was awakened by a deafening earthquake. It was caused by prisoner getting out of bed and putting his boots on. Realising that he was up to no good, I disguised myself as a pillow, and kept him under close observation. I saw him put on his togs and steal out of the dormitory."

Magistrate: I suppose he stole out of the dormitory in order to steal out of the dormitory?

Detective-Inspector Penfold: A very clever joke, your worship! Excuse my not laughing, but I've got a cracked lip.

Magistrate: That's the worst of you Jotland Yard officials. You all seem to be cracked. (Laughter).

Detective-Inspector Penfold: Leaping out of bed, I followed prisoner down the stairs and along to the Remove passage.

Magistrate: Still disguised as a pillow?

Detective-Inspector Penfold: No, your worship. I assumed my natural shape and form until I arrived at No. 1 Study, when I disguised myself as a small cobweb.

Magistrate: What happened then?

Detective-Inspector Penfold: I saw prisoner ransack the cupboard. He placed all the stolen articles—including a tin of choice seventeenth-century sardines—on the table, and he

was about to scoff the whole lot when I arrested him.

Magistrate: Good man! Help yourself liberally from the Poor Box!

Detective-Inspector Penfold: Somebody appears to have done that already, your worship. The box is empty! (Laughter).

Mr. Harold Skinner, K.C., C.A.D., for the defence, said that the charge against prisoner was absurd.

"This," said Mr. Skinner, "is clearly a case of somnambulism—"

Magistrate: Eh?

Mr. Skinner: Any ass can see that Bunter was walking in his sleep!

Magistrate: You're the only ass present in court, then! (Laughter).

His worship, summing up, said that this was a very bad case, and in view of prisoner's shocking record, he would be sentenced to take a daily dose of Antipon until he was reduced to a skeleton.

Voice from the gallery: In other words, he'll have a "thin" time! (Laughter).

Prisoner sobbed wildly on hearing the sentence, and the Court Usher came forward with a fire-bucket!

### TOM DUTTON GIVES EVIDENCE!

#### Amusing Scenes in Court!

A learned-looking youth named Alonzo Todd was the first prisoner. He was charged with swallowing a dictionary.

Magistrate: Where did this wonderful feat take place?

Mr. R. Cherry, K.C.: In No. 7 Study, your worship.

Magistrate: What on earth did prisoner want to swallow a dictionary for?

Mr. Cherry: I can only assume that he was feeling ravenous, your worship.

Detective-Inspector Penfold, who was chief witness against the accused, then gave evidence.

"I was in No. 7 Study at the time the offence was committed, your worship. Prisoner made use of a number of jaw-breaking words, and I promptly taxed him with swallowing a dictionary, and took him into custody."

Magistrate: Tell me one of the jaw-breaking words he used.

Detective-Inspector Penfold: "Hallucination," your worship.

Magistrate: Help!

Mr. Thomas Dutton, the next witness, was then called.

Magistrate: Did you hear prisoner make use of the word "hallucination"?

Witness: I've never met the girl in my life!

Magistrate: Eh?

Witness: I've never even heard of her! Who is Miss Lucy Nation?

Magistrate (warmly): Ass! I said "hallucination!" Did you hear prisoner make use of that word?

Witness: Oh, she's a bird, is she? Where does she come from?

Magistrate (snorting with wrath): You don't seem to have the savvy of a mouse!

Witness: She's at Cliff House, did you say? I suppose she's a new pupil?

Magistrate: Your deafness, Dutton, is a grievous affliction—

Witness: My hat! First you tell me she's a girl at Cliff House, and now you say she's a character in fiction!

Magistrate: Alas!

Witness: Yes, I know she's a lass. But is she real or fictitious?

Magistrate: I wish your confounded deafness was fictitious! (Laughter). Look here, you human doorknob, I want to know if prisoner made a remark—

Witness: Afraid of the dark, is she? Well, I'm not surprised. Most girls are.

Magistrate: Fetch me a megaphone, somebody! This imbecile is driving me to despair!

Witness: Good! I'm awfully glad to know that she's thriving and fair. Perhaps you'll give me an introduction?

Magistrate: I'll give you a thick ear if you don't look out! Constable Bull! Kindly bellow my original question into witness's ear!

P.-c. Johnny Bull obliged, exerting his lung-power to the utmost.

Witness: I wish you'd stop whispering, Bull. Why can't you speak up?

P.-c. Bull: Well, I'm beat!

Magistrate: Remove that witness! He's too hopeless for anything!

Mr. Thomas Dutton was hereupon hauled out of the witness-box by the scruff of his neck.

Magistrate (to prisoner): Do you plead guilty to the charge which has been brought against you?

Prisoner: No, your worship. I emphatically deny the unwarrantable asseveration!

Magistrate: My hat! He's actually started swallowing dictionaries in this Court! Gentlemen of the jury, what is your verdict?

Foreman of the Jury: Horribly guilty, your worship!

Magistrate: That's the style! Prisoner will be sentenced to a week's hard labour. In other words, he will fag for the Famous Five!

Voice from the gallery: I expect he'd rather fag for Lucy Nation! (Laughter).

### REPORTS IN BRIEF.

Lord Herbert Plantagenet Mauleverer was charged with showing contempt of Court by going to sleep whilst the magistrate was speaking.

Prisoner was sentenced to receive a prod in the ribs with the Court poker every time he yawned.

For stealing three cricket stumps, the property of the Remove Cricket Club, Sidney James Snoop was remanded for the Woodshed Assizes, bails being refused.

**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.

**The Limit!**

Mark Twain, the famous American humorist, once claimed to have discovered the meanest man alive.

The man was a farmer, who lived near the Mississippi in Marion County, and this is how Mark described him:

"The farmer sold his son-in-law the half of a fine cow, and then refused to share the milk with the young fellow, on the ground that he had only sold him the front half. The son-in-law was also compelled to provide all the cow's fodder, and to carry water to her twice a day. Finally, the cow butted the old farmer through a barbed-wire fence, and he sued his son-in-law for fifty dollars damages!"  
 —Sent in by S. Jackson, 32, Slater Street, Oldham Road, Manchester.

**A "Cold" Reception!**

Footman (to the great politician): A newspaper reporter wishes to interview you, sir.

The Great Man: Did you not tell him I am too hoarse to speak?

Footman: Certainly, sir. But he assured me that he would only ask questions which you could answer by a nod or a shake of the head.

The Great Man: Then go and tell him I've got a stiff neck!—Sent in by M. Lewis, 40, Grove Road, Pontardawe, Glam.



**TAILOR:** "Shall I pad the shoulders for him, ma'am?"

**TOMMY:** "Ma, tell him to pad the trousers."

**A Proper "Cell"!**

Kindly Lady (visiting inmate of prison): Remember, Mr. Kelly, that "stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage!"

Kelly: Be jabbers, thin they've got me hypnotised, that's all!—Sent in by Miss Cecilia Jancourt, 302, London Road, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex.

**A Firey Retort!**

The village fire brigade, consisting of the captain and one man, had arrived at Farmer Hayseed's hayloft, in answer to an alarm of fire.

"I can't see anything of it, Bill," said the fireman, poking his head out again after an investigation.

"Well, I don't expect you can!" cried the captain irritably. "For goodness' sake, strike a match and look for it instead of poking about like that in the dark!"—Sent in by F. S. Broad, Glen May, Waverley Road, Kenilworth, Warwickshire.



**SCOTTIE:** "Say, Scout, when is a fall not a fall?"

**SCOUT:** "Givitup."

**SCOTTIE:** "Why, when it (s)ne(w)fall."

**Cheerful!**

Passenger (to aeroplane pilot at 5,000 feet): This is exciting! D'you know, this is my first flight!

Pilot: That's funny—it's mine, too!  
 —Sent in by F. Wilson, 72, Langley Street, Luton, Bedfordshire.

**Took the Cake!**

A village postmistress was strongly suspected of tampering with the mails, particularly the parcels entrusted to her care.

One day a rosy-cheeked youngster entered the post-office with a large slice of wedding-cake and offered it to the woman with his sister's compliments.

"How very kind of her to remember me," she said. "Tell her I wish her a happy married life. I suppose she knows of my weakness for wedding-cake!"

"You bet she does!" replied the youngster; "so she sent you some before she posted any to her friends!"  
 —Sent in by W. L. Dacey, 68, Inverness Place, Roath Park, Cardiff.

**No Earthly Good!**

Irritable Diner: I say, waiter, this coffee is just like mud!

Waiter: Well, sir, it was "ground" only this morning!—Sent in by C. Stubbs, 10, Chitty Street, London, W.

**His Taking Ways!**

Nurse (in military hospital): Tell me, Binks, did the orderly take your temperature?

The Patient (uneasily):—I dunno, miss, but I shouldn't be surprised—he took the next bloke's baccy!—Sent in by G. Brookes, The Yew Trees, St. Mark's, Cheltenham.



**BOY:** "I've never known it to rain fish, sir."

**FISHER:** "What do you mean, lad?"

**BOY:** "This pond only came here last night when it rained."

**Wouldn't Wash!**

Billy Bunter (firing off the first excuse that entered his head): No, sir, I'm not dirty by choice—I'm bound by honour. You see, when I was only ten, I wrote a testimonial for a certain soap, and promised to use no other.

Mr. Quelch (fingering his cane): H'm! And why do you not use that?

Bunter: 'Cause, sir, the firm that made it went smash just before I came to Greyfriars!—Sent in by G. Storey, 12, Hope Cottages, Maud Street, New Basford, Notts.

**A Trained Growth!**

Facetious Country Porter: What-ho! Where did you get yer whiskers, mate?

Amiable Foreigner: That I cannot tell. I come here—I wait for ze train—and ze whiskers grow!—Sent in by W. R. Patterson, 157, Derwentwater Road, Gateshead.

**Hard Words!**

"Do I understand that your husband assaulted you?" asked the magistrate of the banded lady who had come to ask him for a summons.

"'E did that, sir," replied the applicant. "Bashed me over the head wiv a motter, 'e did!"

"With a what?" asked the magistrate.

"A motter, your worship. One of them things what you 'angs on the wall with a frame round it, and with 'Bless Our 'Appy 'Ome' in the middle!"—Sent in by D. Powell, 450, Forest Road, Walthamstow, E.

**A Nasty Reflection!**

Bunter: I say, Cherry, old fellow, it refers in this book to "a pictorial comedy." What does that mean?

Bob Cherry: You go and look in the looking-glass, old man, and you'll find the solution to the mystery all right!—Sent in by E. E. Higgs, 7, Wendover Road, Harlesden, N.W.10.

# My Weekly Interview.



By the Special Representative of  
"The Greyfriars Herald"

This week:  
**Fatty Wynn**  
(of St. Jim's)

"YOU will run over to St. Jim's" began the editor.

"You seem to regard it as a foregone conclusion," I said. "Supposing I tell you that I refuse?"

"Then I shall ask you to tender your resignation," said the editor, with asperity.

"Bah!" I exclaimed. "You know jolly well that you won't be able to find another fellow who will be willing to act as a special representative."

"Oh, yes, I shall," was the calm retort.

"But whom can you get to do it? Nobody in the Remove wants to take on an all-work-and-no-pay job of this sort."

"If it comes to the push," said the editor, "I shall take on the job myself."

"Oh!"

"So you'd better make up your mind to do my bidding. You'll run over to St. Jim's—"

"I sha'n't," I said. "I shall go by train."

"In that case, you'll crawl!"

"And what have I got to do when I get to St. Jim's?"

"Interview Fatty Wynn."

I brightened up at once. I had often watched Fatty Wynn keeping goal for St. Jim's, and I confess that I regarded him with a certain amount of hero-worship. What could be nicer than to go over to St. Jim's and have a pleasant chat with him?

"Give me my railway-fare, and a bit over, and the deed shall be done!" I said.

Very reluctantly, the editor handed over a grubby ten-bob note.

"What's this?" I asked, handling it gingerly.

"A Bradbury—or, rather, a Fisher."

"Well, it looks as if it hasn't washed its neck for the last month!"

The editor glared.

"I'll have it back, if you like—"  
he began.

"You jolly well won't!" I said. "Toodle-oo!"

And, donning my tattered raincoat and my battered topper, I set off for St. Jim's.

On the way, I planned what I thought would be a nice little surprise for Fatty Wynn. I knew that he had a great weakness for grub, and I resolved to purchase a quantity of tempting tuck such as would delight his heart.

On reaching St. Jim's, therefore, I went first of all to the tuck-shop. Tom Merry and Co. were within, making purchases.

"Welcome, little stranger!" said Monty Lowther. "May we treat you to a glass of weak lemonade? What's that? You're a teetotaler? Shame!"

I advanced towards the counter, and Dame Taggles bustled towards me.

"I want ten bobs' worth of the choicest tuck you have, ma'am," I said.

"Very good, sir."

"Laying in for a siege?" inquired Tom Merry.



## "The Hooded Man!"

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"No," I said. "I'm going to stand treat to Fatty Wynn."

"My hat!"

I collected my purchases, and went along to the Fourth-form passage in the New House.

This was not my first visit to Fatty Wynn, and I knew the number of his study.

The fat junior was alone. He was floundering in the armchair, and he didn't look best pleased to see me.

"Good-afternoon, Fatty!" I said. "I have called in the capacity of special representative of 'The Greyfriars Herald'—"

Fatty Wynn gave a hollow groan.

"You don't seem at all bucked on beholding my honest visage," I observed. "In fact, you look as if you'd like to sling me out on my neck. I think I'd better trot out my peace-offerings."

So saying, I opened the parcel of provisions which I had purchased at the tuck-shop.

I expected Fatty Wynn's eyes to glisten, and his mouth to water, but I was disappointed.

"Try some of these doughnuts, Fatty!"

"Groo!"

"There are some ripping jam-tarts here!"

"Ow! Take 'em away and bury 'em!"

"Won't you try some of these chocolate eclairs?" I urged. "I got them specially for you."

"Ugh!"

Fatty Wynn viewed my purchases with loathing and revulsion. And instead of thanking me on bended knees for my great kindness, he gave me a savage glare.

"Clear out!" he growled.

"Really, Fatty," I protested, "I can't think what's come over you today! I go and do the good Samaritan stunt, and you repay me by telling me to clear out!"

At this juncture Figgins and Kerr stepped into the study.

"Hallo, you fellows!" I exclaimed. "What's the matter with your prize porpoise? I can't get it to eat, and I can't get it to be civil."

Figgins gave a chuckle.

"Poor old Fatty doesn't feel much like eating at the moment," he said. "He's ill."

"Ill!"

"Yes—at any rate, he's got a bilious attack."

"My hat! And I've been and bought all this tuck for him!"

"Better hand it over to us," said Kerr. "We'll dispose of it."

"Rats!" I retorted. "As Fatty isn't capable of eating it, I'll cart it back to Greyfriars with me, and give a study feed this evening."

But that study feed never came off.

When in the dusk of the evening, I strolled in at the gates of Greyfriars, I suddenly recollected, to my horror, that I had left the parcel of provisions in the train!



A stirring serial story dealing with adventures amongst Redskins

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

**T**HE entrance of Buffalo Bill into their little party seemed to give everyone new life.

The boys, who had been feeling rather stiff and weary after their long ride and the trying experience of the prairie fire, now felt fit for anything, and even Buck Dixie seemed glad to leave the enterprise to such a leader.

Buffalo Bill swiftly laid his plans. Teekoopi and Uncle Baldy were to stay with the horses in the shadow beneath those great cliffs, whilst he, with Buck, the two boys, and Prairie Wolf, would enter the Navajo stronghold by the secret caverns.

Buffalo Bill's plans were bold and simple. He knew that there would be feasting amongst the Navajos tonight—feasting and firewater. His intelligence was far-reaching, and he knew that a few weeks back the Navajos had cut off a couple of bull-teams from a convoy which were heavy-laden with drink of all kinds.

And where feasting is going forward vigilance is relaxed.

The Golden Fleece which Buffalo Bill desired to get hold of was to be found in the teepee of the medicine-man of the Navajo tribe, which held the archives of the nation.

"It is their Records Office, boys," explained Buffalo Bill, "and it stands far apart from the rest of the lodges, surrounded by a wide circle of skulls. And no Redskin who does not belong to the medicine or the chiefs' lodges dare step inside that ring of skulls. Now, my plan is this. We will get into the valley, and will drop down on to that medicine lodge unseen. Then we will collar the medicine-men undisturbed, for they feast apart from the rest of the tribe. And once in their lodge we can soon turn ourselves into Navajo medicine-men, and walk boldly into the Great Lodge. Then we shall hear what's doing, for Redskins are no different from Palefaces. When the wine is in, the wit is out, and tongues wag freely. Now, from the look of the stars, the time has come for us to take our trip underground and through the mountain. We shall arrive when the feast is at its height."

Prairie Wolf was delighted at the plan.

There were six medicine-men, and

Prairie Wolf had an old score to pay off with the whole lot.

Prairie Wolf had never been popular with the medicine-men. He had laughed at their mysteries, and he had resented their spying on his movements. For a Redskin, Prairie Wolf was far in advance of his tribe and his times, and the medicine-men had quickly seen that either they had got to get Prairie Wolf thrown out of the Great Council of the Navajo nation or they would be thrown out themselves.

So for years they had plotted against the tough old war chief, and Prairie Wolf had laughed at them, and had made mockery of their most profound tricks.

A few of these, simple conjuring-tricks which would have only amused a Sunday-school class of Paleface children, he had exposed, to the tremendous wrath of the medicine-men.

And, worse still, Prairie Wolf had set up for a bit of a medicine-man himself. He had charmed away warts with a stick of lunar caustic, which had burned without fire and had cured the warts. He had surprised a travel-

ling conjuror in a bull-wagon on the plains, and, instead of scaping him, had made the man of magic teach him a few simple tricks of the Paleface "medicine."

So Prairie Wolf had gone back to his tribe, and had electrified the medicine-men by taking dollars out of their ears, and by swallowing dollars himself and taking them out of the fringe of his moccasins.

This was real big medicine to the simple Redskins. Na-tu-ka-huwqua, or Tired Cow, head medicine-man of the tribe, had tried to do the dollar trick. He had swallowed the dollar all right. But he could not get it out of his socks, and he had died two days later of a strange internal complaint, caused by the dollar sticking somewhere inside him.

So the medicine-men of the tribe had laid for Prairie Wolf, and had stirred up evil against him, so that he had been turned out of his tribe.

So it may be readily imagined that Prairie Wolf was eager to get a bit of his own back on the Royal College of Surgeons of the Navajo nation, and greatly approved of Buffalo Bill's plan.

The names of his enemies were Hairy Bear, Big Eagle, Crouching Panther, Tall Bull, Spotted Tail, and Hot Feet, and Prairie Wolf had put his mark on the lot. He was out for their scalps!

But before Buffalo Bill opened the secret entrance to the subterranean passage he turned to old Prairie Wolf, whose eyes were gleaming with a queer light which the great scout did not mistake.

"Listen, O Prairie Wolf," said Buffalo Bill, speaking in the Navajo tongue, and using the name by which he himself was known to the Redskins. "It is I, Prairie Chief, who fought against Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse, who speak. I, who took the scalp and war-bonnet of Yellow Hand, son of Cut Nose, chief of the Cheyennes! Lo, there shall be no taking of scalps in this raid. We seek but the Golden Fleece, which shall discover to us the place where the Apaches have hidden the father of these Paleface boys, who come from beyond the Black Waters to seek their father. Therefore must we move swiftly and silently,

**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 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. Whilst in hiding one day they see a band of Redskins approach, raise a huge slab of rock, and disappear into a great cliff. Buck Dixie and party are joined by a rider, who turns out to be none other than Buffalo Bill! He tells them that to find the boys' father they must first secure a yellow cloth written over by Indian writing, known as the Golden Fleece.*

and there must be no killing. I have spoken!"

That queer light died out of Prairie Wolf's eyes, and he made a gesture of assent.

"Thy servant Prairie Wolf understands and obeys, O Prairie Chief whom men call Buffalo Bill!" he answered. "By the spirits of my fathers who are in the Happy Hunting Grounds there shall be no scalping. I have quarrel with these medicine-men, but I will pay my debts after the passing of many moons, and not to-night will I seek my vengeance. I have spoken!"

"Thy counsel is good," answered Buffalo Bill. "Now we will open the mystic door which leads into the stronghold of the Navajoes. Stand back!"

They all stood back from the great ledge of rock, whilst the scout studied it closely.

Then he called to them, and bade them stamp on one spot.

They gathered together, and, lifting their feet, brought them down together in one movement.

"Again!" urged Buffalo Bill.

Once more their feet were lifted, and they stamped on the ledge. Then they felt the rock move slightly under their feet.

"I thought I had made no mistake," said Buffalo Bill, with great satisfaction. "Now come here, boys, and lift all together."

They gathered round the edge of the rock, and, getting their shoulders under the ledge, which had lifted slightly, they heaved it up.

Though it weighed many tons, it was so balanced that it rolled up smoothly and slowly, and they discovered that the great slab on its under side was cunningly balanced and counter-weighted, and ran in carved bearings that were heavily greased with tallow.

Then Buffalo Bill produced a folding lantern of horn plates from his saddle-bag, and, placing a candle in it, lighted it.

They took only their revolvers and hunting-knives, and Prairie Wolf armed himself with a tomahawk, which was his favourite weapon of defence. Then the boys shook hands with Uncle Baldy and Teekoopi, and they entered the sloping tunnel which opened before them, whilst the rock slab which had given them entrance to the caverns slowly slid down into its place again.

They found themselves in a series of tunnels, which were partly natural and partly artificial.

It was plain that they were in the same sort of limestone formation as that of the Derbyshire Peak district, of the Caves of Ham in Belgium, and of the Mammoth Caves of Kentucky. It was a tangle of underground rivers and limestone caves.

Everywhere they could hear the tinkling and rushing of waters, but by the faint light of Buffalo Bill's lantern they could see that they were following a plainly beaten trail, which had been much used by the Indian ponies.

This wound round between pillars and walls of rock, and dived through narrow passages, which had been widened out here and there, with picks

and chisels, large enough to pass the packs of a laden horse or mule.

Buffalo Bill pointed this out to the boys.

He spoke in low tones, for the sound of a voice echoed far through these galleries, which at this point were like the workings of a mine.

"See, boys," said he, "this is an old trail. Look how the low roof here is marked by the smoke of torches, and how the walls have been cut into and hollowed out to pass the laden animals. But there is queerer country ahead of us."

Soon a vast cave opened before them, and the boys gave a gasp of admiration. It was a real stalactite cave of the right limestone formation. From the roof hung down huge, frosted stalactites and crystals, which glittered like jewels in the faint light of their lamp. Some of these dripped slightly with water, which, eternally dripping, added to their growth till they reached the floor of the cave, the stalagmite formation rising up from the floor to meet the pendent stalactites, and joined thus in vast transparent pillars, some of which were tinged red and blue and emerald by the minerals of the strata above.

The cave was like a great cathedral, and the boys were quite awed as they followed Buffalo Bill through it, dodging round and in and out of the crystal columns which supported the roof.

"We are three thousand feet below the mountain here," whispered Buffalo Bill, "and soon we shall have to look out for a guard. The ponies are stabled but a few hundred yards away. Take hold of this lariat, and follow me silently."

He lifted a coil of fine raw-hide lariat from his shoulders, and, uncoiling this, passed it to the boys. Then he blew out the candle in his lamp, and they went forward through the darkness blind, and following their leader.

There seemed to be some foundation for the prevalent Redskin superstition which held that Buffalo Bill, the famous Paleface scout, had taken the eyes out of a living lynx, and had put them in his own head, so that he could see in the dark.

Buffalo Bill did not hesitate as he led them through the intense blackness of the cave, and, holding on to the lariat which threaded their Indian file together like a string of beads, they crept on through the darkness.

Presently they could smell the savour of sweet grass in the air, and could hear the occasional scrape of a pony's hoof on the rock.

There was no mistaking the sweet scent of the Indian grass. Everyone knows the smell of a fresh-cut stack of sweet clover hay. That of the sweet grass is the same, but more powerful. It is of this grass that the Indians weave mats and baskets that retain their scent, like a lavender-sachet, for years.

Then their eyes caught the red gleam of a fire reflected plainly amongst the shining, ghostly pillars. They were close on the Indian ponies, which were stabled underground, like mine ponies.

Taking cover behind the innumerable points and slabs of rock, which

littered the ground like great masses of rock salt, they approached closer and closer to the Indian stables.

There was one guard, and he had three fires blazing, placed in the form of a triangle, to keep away evil spirits.

They could see him sitting between the fires, taking refuge thus in the magic triangle. And it was plain that he had been sharing in the feast that was going on in the valley behind the mountains, for an empty bottle of firewater lay by his side, and another broken bottle glittered close by the fires.

The ponies were tethered to long ropes, quietly munching the sweet hay and regarding their drunken guard with solemn eyes.

Now and then one of these would lift his high-bowed nose and give a little whinny of contentment, for there was a large heap of fodder before them, whilst in a side cave was heaped a huge stack of the sweet-smelling hay.

Buffalo Bill made a sign to his companions to stay where they were whilst he secured the sentry.

It was a revelation in scoutcraft to the boys to see the great scout move forward, taking cover amongst the rocks.

He got close up to the dazed sentinel; then, stepping forward, silent and swift as a panther, he leaped through the fires upon him, pinning him tight before he could even cry out.

The ponies looked on solemnly whilst Buffalo Bill did his work single-handed in the firelight. Swiftly, and as though by a conjuring-trick, he had the astonished brave gagged and bound in a few seconds.

The brave's eyes rolled in his head with terror, for he thought that some evil spirit had passed through his magic fires.

Buffalo Bill took his feathered war-bonnet and his deerskin jacket, for the fellow was an under war chief, no one below this rank being entrusted with the guardianship of the ponies.

Then, lifting his man in his arms as easily as if he had been a child, the scout carried him to the haystack, and hid him under the piles of sweet hay.

Then he signed to his companions to come along to the fires.

"That fellow was the only lion in our path," said he, "and the road is all clear. But I am not going by the usual path."

He held up six beads strung on a small string of deer sinew.

Both Buck Dixie and Prairie Wolf gave a grunt at the sight of this. It was the sentry's tally, and it told them that the usual route, through a long string of caverns, was heavily guarded that night, for there would be six guards to be dealt with, and some of these might not be so well supplied with firewater as this first sentry.

"We must pass by the Roaring Waters," said Buffalo Bill briefly.

Prairie Wolf grunted again at this. It was plain that he did not like the sound of this trip at all.

"Wah!" said he. "It is a brave man who runs the Roaring Waters. I have passed once, and I swore by the Three Great Stones and by the White Buffalo that never again would I trust

myself on the river that flows to the under-world. But if the great Prairie Chief leads, there will Prairie Wolf follow. I have spoken!"

This was Prairie Wolf's way of saying that he had no stomach for the boating trip in prospect, but that if Buffalo Bill was going to take the canoe through the terrible underground rapids of the subterranean river, he was game to go with him.

Buffalo Bill laughed.

"Have no fear, O Prairie Wolf," said he. "We are great canoe-men, Buck Dixie and I, for we have used the black waters of the northern rivers, and have learned the lore of the Siwash people, and the Athabascas, and of the Innuits, who steer their kayaks on the icy seas of the north, and who have no fear of fighting the great water-bison which is called the walrus. And where a canoe can go there will we pass, and we shall not deliver thee to the water-spirits of the under-world. Lo, I have spoken—I, Prairie Chief, whom men call Buffalo Bill!"

Then he called the boys to follow him, and led them to a small cave by the side of the great recess in which he had hidden the bound and gagged sentry under the sweet hay.

It was plain that this stable was also a sort of munition store of the Navajoes, for here were stored kegs of powder, and spare blankets, and dresses, and resinous torches.

Here the boys hastily changed their clothes, dressing themselves as young Navajo braves, and taking a supply of the torches, which were made of fine grasses steeped in resin. Then they followed Buffalo Bill as he led the way onward out of the end of this great cave.

They found themselves in another cavern as large as a huge cathedral, and, passing through this, entered again a series of passages and caverns like the workings of a mine, which seemed to trend down lower and lower into the bowels of the earth.

And as they passed through these they could hear the sound of many waters echoing as though through a great space, and this grew louder and louder as Buffalo Bill led them down a sort of stairway of rough steps, which brought them into a cavern so large that they could see neither the walls nor the roof.

The stairway ended at the edge of a large black sheet of water, which was evidently a sort of underground lake.

Buffalo Bill had lit his lamp again, but this gave little light in the great space, its faint beam only falling on a couple of light canoes which were moored to a post at a rocky landing.

"This is one of the underground rivers," said Buffalo Bill. "We cross the river with the two canoes. Then we have to carry one over a divide on the other side, and launch it in the big river that leads through the Roaring Waters. Then, boys," he added, "you shall have the fastest five miles in a boat that you have ever travelled, and once through Roaring Waters we are in the stronghold of the Navajoes!"

The boys were quite elated with this news. But Prairie Wolf only grunted as he stepped into the canoe.

"I am an old, old man," said he, "and what matters it if I go to the Happy Hunting Grounds by way of the under-world, or seek my death in the open on the prairies? But I love not water!"

The boys laughed at this. They had seen old Prairie Wolf wash himself, and they knew that he loved neither water nor soap.

They stepped into the canoes, and Buffalo Bill and Buck Dixie taking the paddles, they swept out on to the dark river, which flowed but sluggishly.

Soon they were floating in absolute darkness, and the boys judged that the river was about three hundred yards wide, having regard to the time that it took them to cross.

But they came to a similar landing-place and mooring-post on the far side as that which they had left, and Buf-

"Thus have I seen the Palefaces carry one another to burial!" said he.

"Cheer up, old funeral face!" replied Kit cheerfully. "It's plain that you are not fond of boating. But we'll show you how to paddle a canoe!"

It was hard work carrying the canoe up the steep slope of tumbled rock on the far side of that dark river. They could not see much where they were going in that intense darkness. But sometimes the rocks rose before them in huge stairways, each step of which was five or six feet in height. And up these gigantic steps they had to lift the canoe carefully, pulling her and hoisting her tenderly, lest they damaged her frail ribs and tender skin.

The boys calculated that they climbed up nearly three hundred feet in this fashion, and that this great stairway of rock was the side wall of



The canoe seemed to leap forward—with a strong sweep of the steering-paddle Buffalo Bill brought its bow dead to the centre of the narrow gateway.

falo Bill, making his canoe fast, selected the canoe which Buck Dixie had paddled, as the largest of the two, and the one that was most suitable for taking the whole of their party down the other river.

It was a fine canoe, large and staunch, which had evidently been acquired from some tribe of Indians farther north, for the workmanship and building was far beyond the skill of the Navajoes, who, being horse Indians, had but little turn for canoe work.

As they looked over it by the light of the little candle-lamp, Prairie Wolf gave a grunt of satisfaction. The little raft had eyes painted on its bows, like a Chinese junk, and this fact comforted the old Redskin, for he felt that the canoe would be able to find its way through the darkness of the Roaring Waters.

For its size the canoe was very light, and they lifted it on their shoulders, carrying it like a coffin.

This similarity seemed to strike Prairie Wolf.

the cavern through which the river flowed.

Then they came to a small, round hole in the rock, through which Buffalo Bill climbed in advance of his party.

It was just a round hole artificially bored in the rock wall, and led into a narrow passage. There was just room and no more to pass the canoe through this narrow place; then they picked it up and carried it between them by the gunwale.

"Now we are well off the Redskin track," said Buffalo Bill cheerfully. "The guards are posted on the other trail, that runs through from the river to the cliffs of the valley. No Redskin ever comes this way by the tunnel of the Roaring Waters. And you can talk as much as you like here, boys," he added. "There is no one to hear you."

"Do all the rivers run underground here, sir?" asked Kit as they marched along in step through a wide passage, carrying the canoe between them.

"It's the Death River that runs

through these hills," answered Buffalo Bill. "It comes out on the prairie about twenty miles from here, rising up in a lot of springs from the earth, and it flows into what is called a 'swallow,' fifty miles away to the northward."

"I've never heard of a river doing that before," said Joe.

Buffalo Bill laughed.

"You boys come from London, don't you?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied Kit.

"Then you have just such another river," replied Buffalo Bill. "It runs through Surrey, and it is called the Mole, and it is a tributary of the Thames. It pops underground somewhere by Box Hill, near Dorking, in Surrey."

The boys were surprised at the scout's knowledge of their own country.

"Have you ever been there, sir?" asked Joe.

"No, my boy," replied Buffalo Bill; "but I am fond of reading, and I have read of that river in your great poet's works—Keats—he writes of the Mole in his poem called *Endymion*, which I have often read by my campfire on the prairies. He talks of the 'mouling Mole which burroweth underground,' and I know that he wrote that poem at Burford Bridge, close under Box Hill."

Then Buffalo Bill laughed.

"I am going to England one of these days, boys," said he. "I have a notion that the people there would like to see some of our doings with Redskins and cowboys in the life that we are living here now. I've a mind to get some of the boys together when this Indian fighting is over, and take them across in a great Red Indian show, which we will call the 'Wild West Show.'"

"Go easy, boys!" called Buck Dixie, who had gone ahead of the little party through the passages. "The path runs down hill here."

And, sure enough, the path took a deep dip through a string of small caverns, which succeeded one another like a lot of cellars.

And up from this rugged stairway came the deep booming of many waters, with a breath of fresh air that showed how the swift passage of water was driving air through the caverns.

It was like the descent of an interminable staircase, and the narrow rock passage seemed to have no end to it; but at last the air freshened, and the thunder of the waters increased in their ears, till they had to shout to one another to make themselves heard.

Buffalo Bill lit one of the torches, which flared up in a ruddy glow, showing them the rugged walls of the narrow passage, and a great black hole which marked its exits.

They handed the canoe down ledge after ledge of rock, and were perspiring through their shirts when at last the passage-way opened in a great cavern, through which a huge river roared noisily, and found themselves at the edge of the water, which was roaring past in a swift current.

They laid the canoe on a ledge of rock, and old Prairie Wolf lit his pipe, pointing with its stem to the four points of the compass, for luck.

It was plain that Prairie Wolf meant to have a smoke before he was drowned!

There was an eddy in the river behind a large heap of rocks which jutted out from the bank, and into this the canoe was placed.

Buffalo Bill placed his torch in an iron holder at the stern of the canoe, so that its light should not fall on his eyes. Then he seated himself in the stern, and took the steering-paddle, whilst Buck Dixie took up his place in the bows of the little craft, which rocked and wobbled uneasily in the fretting of the agitated water.

"Keep your heads well down, boys!" cried Buffalo Bill, to make his voice heard above the roaring of the torrent. "We are about a mile above the Roaring Waters here, and the roof of the caverns is high. But farther down there is not so much head-room."

The boys stepped into the canoe and squatted down, and Prairie Wolf, commending his spirit to Manitou, slid in between them, puffing stoically at his calumet, and firmly persuaded that this was his last trip on earth.

"All ready!" called Buffalo Bill. His eyes were aflame, and his face showed keen and clear-cut, like a black silhouette, against the glare of the torch.

He gave a swift stroke with his paddle, and the canoe shot forward from the eddy, and in an instant was caught by the swift current that piled up in broken waves out in the stream.

The boys could not see the further side of the great cavern through which this underground river ran.

The light of the torch was faintly reflected on the roof of the series of vast caverns, and they saw this flying past overhead like the roof of some vast tunnel that they were traversing with railroad speed.

There was no need to paddle the canoe on that rushing current.

All that Buck Dixie and Buffalo Bill did was to keep her bow directed down the river, whilst the black stream roared along, whirling them like a straw in its torrent.

Presently Buck Dixie gave a shout, and paddled hard.

He had caught a glimpse of the Devil's Doorway, a spot where the rock walls of the cavern narrowed to two great walls, between which the river was pressed in a roaring chute.

The canoe seemed to leap forward as it approached this, and with a strong sweep of the steering-paddle Buffalo Bill brought its bow dead to the centre of the narrow gateway.

Then down they plunged. Actually the river here rushed out of one vast cave into another cave at a lower level, and the water raced through this narrow gateway like a mill-stream.

The boys, crouching on the floor of the canoe, felt her quiver and thrum with the vibration of the water as it pressed against the outer skin. She was lifted up on a crest or comb of water, created by the immense pressure of the side walls, which were hot and steaming with the friction of the water.

Down, down they went, travelling at a tremendous speed, and descending over two hundred feet in the five hundred yards of this flume.

Now they were in the Roaring Waters. The river widened out in a large cave, and became white and broken with great, rolling waves, on which the light of the torch glimmered red as they curled over.

The canoe rocked and vibrated, checked, and bucked like a living thing.

Looking astern, they could see a great wall of white water chasing up behind like a roller of the sea, and both the boys closed their eyes, for it seemed that nothing could save their frail craft from being overwhelmed in these terrible rapids.

The canoe bucked and plunged and slewed and side-slipped on that tremendous rush of water.

But Buffalo Bill and Buck Dixie were past masters in this sort of work. With quick strokes of their paddles they kept the frail little craft riding on the ridge in the centre of the torrent where the water was pressed up into a hill.

Here was the deep water of the subterranean river, free of the rocks that broke it on either hand.

To the boys, lying in the bottom of the little craft, it felt as though giant hands were plucking at the canoe to pull her under. She quivered and she checked as eddy after eddy caught her, and the flaring torch that was propped in the holder behind Buffalo Bill swung high and swung low, like the stern lamp of a ship in a heavy sea way.

The roaring of the river through the hollow caverns was so loud that they could not hear one another speak.

Old Prairie Wolf crouched down by the boys, mumbling and grumbling. He was reciting a long Redskin charm against the evil spirits of the water world and on his forehead he had tied a tiny dried sea-horse as a charm against drowning.

For Prairie Wolf was a true Navajo and a true horse Indian. He did not like water, and he did not like canoes. In short, water was not Prairie Wolf's element.

The boys could see the ragged roof of the cave passing overhead in the red glare of the torch, with tremendous speed. It was just as though they were running through a tunnel in a fast train.

And the roof grew lower and lower as the canoe sped on whilst the rush of the water increased.

But the water was calmer now, and the great plunging waves and broken eddies of the large caves were left behind.

Presently Buffalo Bill ducked his head.

"Keep your heads down!" he shouted in a voice that was heard above the thundering rush of the water.

The boys needed no bidding to do this. They had seen the roof of the waterway closing down on them, and they waited for the crash that seemed inevitable!

Another long instalment of this stirring story of Redskin and Paleface in next Tuesday's "Greyfriars Herald." Order your copy in advance to avoid disappointment.—Editor.



# The Ancients of Greyfriars!

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—Several critics having complained from time to time that we Greyfriars fellows never seem to get any older, we have invited Mr. Frank Richards to appease the aforementioned critics by writing a yarn dealing with the Greyfriars characters in their dotage.—HARRY WHARTON.

IT was the Year of Grace 1980. In the Remove Form-room at Greyfriars, Mr. Quelch, a toothless old gentleman, aged a hundred and five thereabouts, presided over his bright, young pupils, whose ages ranged from seventy to seventy-five.

For some moments, no sound disturbed the stillness of the Form-room, save the scratching of pens, and the creaking of bath-chairs.

Presently, however, there was a dull thud.

Mr. Quelch looked up sharply. "Bunter!" he wheezed.

"Yessir?"

"What are you doing?"

"Ahem! I—I dropped my crutch, sir."

"Then pick it up at once!"

"Ow! I can't, sir."

"What do you mean, boy?"

"I'm suffering terrible aches and pains. I'm twisted and tortured with rheumatics, sir!"

"Pick up that crutch, at once, Bunter, or I shall deprive you of your old-age pension!"

Billy Bunter bent down, his joints creaking horribly as he did so. He picked up the crutch, and resumed his seat.

Shortly afterwards, a loud snore boomed through the Form-room.

"Mauleverer!" said Mr. Quelch, in his asthmatic tones. "How dare you go to sleep in the middle of the lesson?"

There was no reply.

"Bolsover!" rapped out Mr. Quelch, addressing the bald-headed bully of the Remove. "Kindly restore Mauleverer to an animated condition!"

Bolsover major prodded the school-boy earl in the ribs with his gnarled and knotted hand, which was clenched.

"Yarooooh!" yelled Lord Mauleverer, awaking with a start.

"What do you mean by slumbering in the Form-room, Mauleverer?" demanded Mr. Quelch.

"Ow! My doctor says I'm always to have a nap after brekker, sir!" replied Mauly.

"Do you not sleep well at night?"

"No, sir! I'm kept awake by memories of the past. My mind wanders back over the last sixty years, and—"

"Silence, Mauleverer! But for the fact that you are suffering from senile decay, I should cane you severely. I will trouble you to pay attention to the lesson."

Ten minutes later, Billy Bunter rose in his place.

"Well, Bunter?"

"May I go up to the sanny, sir?"

"The sanny! Do you mean the sanatorium?"

"Yessir!"

"Why do you wish to go there?"

"I'm ill, sir," said Bunter. "I can distinctly feel a sort of creeping paralysis coming over me."

"Nonsense, Bunter! You are certainly less plump than you were fifty years ago, but you are still sound in wind and limb. Sit down—sit down at once you doddering, decrepit dolt!"

As Bunter resumed his seat, a terrible crash was audible.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Mr. Quelch, clutching at his flowing beard. "What was that?"

"It's all right, sir," said Bob

Cheery cheerfully. "It's only Toddy's false teeth have fallen out!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!" rumbled Mr. Quelch, glaring at the class with his sound eye. "If there is any more unseemly laughter, I will belabour the culprits with their crutches! Fish! Stand up, sir! Why were you muttering in your beard?"

"Oh, crumbs!" said the Yankee junior, heaving himself to his feet with a tremendous effort.

"I guess I was talking to Skinner, sir."

"What were you saying to him?"

"I asked him if he'd like to buy some of my balsam of aniseed, for his hacking cough, sir."

"Am I to understand, Fish, that you have concocted a remedy for coughs?"

"Yep! Would you like to try some, sir? It's a complete cure for coughs, colds, and catarrh, and chicken-pox, sir."

"Nonsense, Fish! Do you mean to say that you could completely cure a hopeless case like myself?"

Fisher T. Fish gave a croaking laugh.

"If it didn't cure you, sir, it would kill you. And I guess that wouldn't matter very much. You can't live much longer, anyway."

"Boy, you are impertinent! You will write out a hundred times, 'Young lads of seventy-five must not insult their elders.'"

"Oh, Jerusalem crickets!"

"As for your self-made balsam of aniseed, Fish, you may feed it to the kitchen cat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Quelch's bony hand strayed



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towards the pointer and the laughter subsided suddenly.

Morning lessons proceeded without a hitch for an hour. Then Mr. Quelch's solitary gimlet eye lighted upon Bob Cherry.

"Cherry! Stand up, sir! What have you got in your hand?"

"My pipe, sir."

Mr. Quelch frowned.

"How many times have I warned you not to smoke in class, Cherry? Only yesterday I caught you puffing at a calabash on the sly. What sort of tobacco do you smoke?"

"Mimble's Mellow Mixture, sir."

The Form-master's mouth watered.

"Bring your pouch to me, Cherry!"

"Oh, crumbs! Why, sir?"

"I intend to confiscate it!"

"But—but there's nearly an ounce of tobacco in it, sir—"

"That is precisely why I wish to confiscate it!"

There was a hollow chuckle from the class as Bob Cherry, leaning heavily upon his crutches, hobbled up to the Form-master's desk.

"Thank you," said Mr. Quelch grimly, as he took possession of Bob's tobacco-pouch. "I am surprised at you, Cherry! How old are you?"

"Seventy-two, sir."

"A boy of your age ought to know better! You have been a perpetual nuisance for the past fifty-seven years!"

"Oh!"

"If I have any further trouble with you, I shall report you to the hearty and venerable headmaster! You may go to your place."

Bob Cherry stamped sulkily back to his seat.

There were no more disturbances in class, and at length the welcome word of dismissal came.

With the aid of their crutches and bath-chairs, the juniors proceeded out into the Close, where they sat sunning themselves until dinner-time.

Dinner in hall consisted of thin gruel, of which Bunter had fifteen helpings.

"It's a half-holiday this afternoon, thank goodness!" said Johnny Bull. "I shall sit in the study, and nurse my gout. What are you fellows going to do?"

"We're playing bowls against Coker and Co. of the Fifth," said Wharton.

"And we shall make rings round them!" said Bob Cherry.

"Rats!" growled Bolsover major. "You fellows can't play bowls for toffee. You're a set of duds, and Bob Cherry's the biggest dud of the lot!"

"My hat!" gasped Bob. "I haven't been checked like that for thirty years! I'll trouble you to meet me in the gym, Bolsover!"

"Certainly!" said the bully of the Remove. "I'll fight you as soon as you like—with or without crutches!"

Bob Cherry rose to his feet.

"We'll have it out right away," he said. "Will you act as my second, Franky?"

"Can't, old chap," mumbled Frank Nugent. "I've got to go to the dentists, and have my sole surviving tooth extracted."

"Rough luck," said Mark Linley.

"Never mind, I'll be Bob's second!"

"It ought to be a great scrap,"

said Squiff, pausing in the act of lighting his pipe.

"Where's my bath-chair attendant? Oh, there you are! Shove me along to the gym—and put a jerk in it!"

In a very short space of time the gym was packed.

Bob Cherry and Bolsover were old rivals, and great was the speculation as to who would win. Bob was undoubtedly the better fighting-man, but he was suffering from slight touch of palsy, and this was likely to affect his form.

There was a great shout as the two combatants faced each other.

"Go it, Bob!"

"Polish him off, Bolsover!"

"Mind your carpet slippers don't come off!"

Harry Wharton directed the proceedings from his bath-chair.

"Seconds out of the ring! Time!"

Bolsover levelled a fierce blow at Bob Cherry with his crutch.

Fortunately Bob happened to fall down at that moment, and Billy Bunter, who was hovering near, had the full benefit of the blow.

"Yaroooh!" roared the aged Owl of the Remove, caressing his worn and wrinkled face.

"Serve you jolly well right!" croaked Peter Todd. "You should get out of the way!"

The fight was resumed with fierce gusto.

Bob Cherry scrambled to his feet, and drove his opponent round and round the ring, amid frantic cheers of delight.

"Good old Bob!"

"Give the beggar beans!"

Bob Cherry set up a fierce bombardment, which Bolsover withstood, but not for long. He received a prod in the ribs, which caused him to over-balance, and descend with a crash to the floor.

"Hurrah!"

"Licked, by Jove!"

Harry Wharton counted ten, and the prostrate bully did not even hear him. He lay like a log, and made no effort to rise.

"Poor old chap!" said Billy Bunter sympathetically. "You won't be able to go and draw your old-age pension this afternoon. Shall I go and draw it for you?"

"No!" roared Bolsover, suddenly recovering the power of speech.

The fight over, Harry Wharton applied sticking-plaster to Bob Cherry, and the juniors hobbled away to the bowling green.

Billy Bunter followed quickly on his stout crutches.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo,!" said Bob

Cherry, stopping short. "What's up with you, old porpoise?"

"I want to borrow a bob," explained Bunter. "Lend me a bob, Bob!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll pay it back to-morrow morning, without fail," said Bunter. "My postal-order's due to arrive then."

"That postal-order of yours has been due to arrive every morning for the last sixty years!" said Nugent.

"Ahem! The—fact is, there's been a delay in the post. I sent a written complaint to the Postmaster-General in 1920, but he hasn't replied yet. These Government departments move slowly."

"And you'll move quickly, if you don't stop babbling about your blessed postal-order!" growled Wharton. "Come on, you fellows! Coker and Co. are waiting."

The bowls tournament resulted in a handsome win for the Remove. It always did. The greybeards of the Fifth were rank duffers at every form of sport. True, they had beaten the Upper Fourth at quoits on one memorial occasion; but that was a pure fluke.

There was a magnificent spread in No. 1 Study that evening. Supplies of bread-and-milk and barley-water were unlimited; and at the conclusion of the feast, the light-hearted youngsters got their pipes going, and puffed away merrily until a veteran with a long snowy beard appeared in the doorway.

"Bed-time, you kids!"

"All right, Wingate, old sport!"

"Keep your hair on!"

"I've none to keep on," said the captain of Greyfriars.

Half an hour later, the Removites were resting their weary limbs in bed.

"I'm fed-up with being old!" said Bob Cherry.

"Hear, hear!" said Harry Wharton. "Frank Richards is a bit of a magician, and I shall ask him to make us young again."

"Good!"

"I say, you fellows," said Billy Bunter, "wouldn't it be ripping if I had all my teeth restored? I should be able to eat two dozen jam-tarts at one sitting, like I used to in the old days."

"Same old greedy gormandiser!" said Peter Todd. "Always thinking about your inner man. I wonder you haven't snuffed it ages ago!"

"It will be simply topping to be able to play footer once more!" said Frank Nugent. "Why I feel young at the mere thought of it! Bowls is much too slow for my liking."

"The only drawback in being made young again," said Mark Linley, "is that Quelch will also be made young a proportion, and he'll be able to smack us a good deal harder than he does at present. However, we can't have everything we want—in this world."

"I only hope," said Bob Cherry, "that Frank Richards agrees to put the clock of our lives back sixty years or so."

"Yes, rather!"

Needless to state, Bob Cherry's hope will be realised!

THE END.

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