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No. 23 (New Series)

FULL OF SCHOOL STORIES AND ARTICLES

April 3, 1920.



"SWOTTING" UNDER DIFFICULTIES!

(A Rousing Scene In Our Splendid, Complete School Tale.)

Our Photographic Supplement

Continued on Page 19

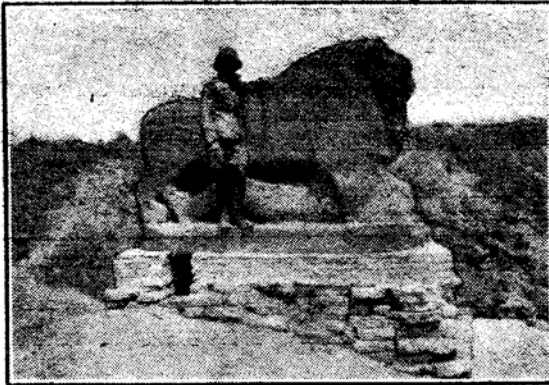
THE BOYS' PICTORIAL



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THE LION OF BABYLON.



In the excavations of ancient Babylon, in Mesopotamia, stands this monument. It is thousands of years old, and is said to commemorate the conquest of Egypt by the Babylonians.—Taken by A. E. Jameson, 46, Danberry Road, Clapton Park, N.E.

A NARROW SHAVE.



A British Army motor-lorry in a precarious position over a bridge near Salonika. It crashed into the parapet, where it stuck—fortunately for the two soldiers who were in it.—Taken by V. Watson, 82, St. Peter's Grove, Canterbury.

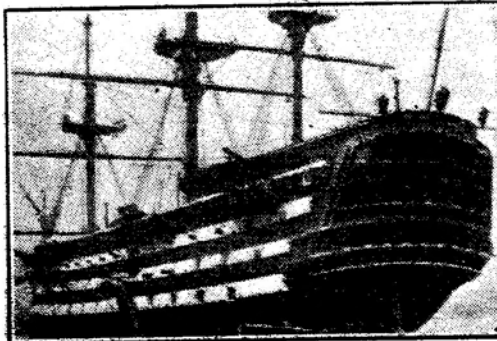


R. L. North (Rotherham).



Miss May Hardy (Cardiff).

BRITISH OAK.



A fine picture of the most famous of all the old "wooden walls" of England—Nelson's flagship, the Victory, in Portsmouth Harbour.—Taken by Frank Nicholls, 28, Harrogate Road, Caversham.

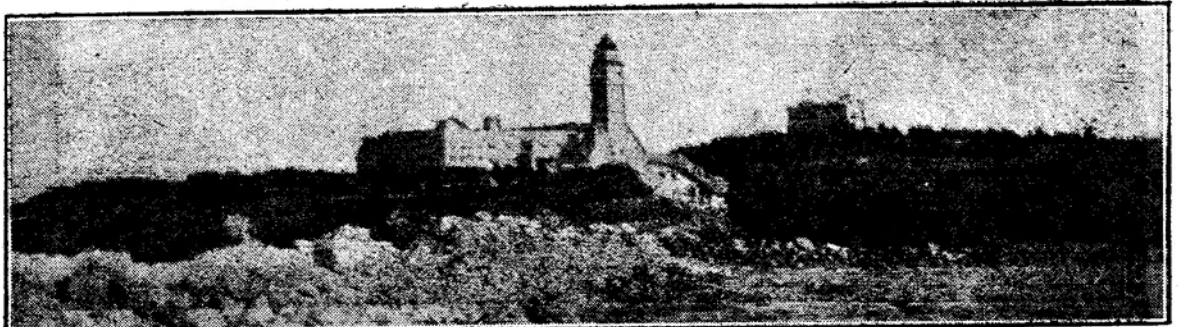


Miss M. Bagshaw (Sheffield).



Eric Dean (Manchester).

THE KAISER'S PALACE AT JERUSALEM.



Long ago the German ex-Kaiser made a State entry into the ancient city of Jerusalem, and his vanity was not satisfied until he had built himself a beautiful palace on the summit of the Mount of Olives near-by.—Taken by F. R. Norris, 2, Mount Terrace, Merthyr Tydvil, Glam.

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TUCK HAMPERS.

Portsmouth is pleased! One of the celebrated Tuck Hampers which travelled comfortably down to Pompey had a reception which will long be remembered. I found the following in my post-bag:

"Dear Editor,—It is with the greatest pleasure I write to thank you very much for the beautiful hamper which arrived safely on Monday. We are nine in our family and you can imagine the rapturous delight over the good things the hamper contained. Our family includes a Scout, aged eleven, who is very keen on puzzles. We trust that one day we may be successful again.—Yours faithfully, K. SWAIN."

Wellingborough was likewise delighted. A loyal reader in that town sent in his coupon in the name of his nineteen weeks old brother. Talk about young prize-winners! And that reminds me that a correspondent on the Mersey who won a hamper is gaining fresh readers every day.

CERTAINLY NOT!

Miss Biddy, of Leeds, asks me if I am annoyed with her. Answer as above! This reader is particularly keen on the HERALD, and is sorry I have to be in London now that spring is coming. I am sorry about this myself, but there is no help for it.

A WIN FOR THE HERALDITES.

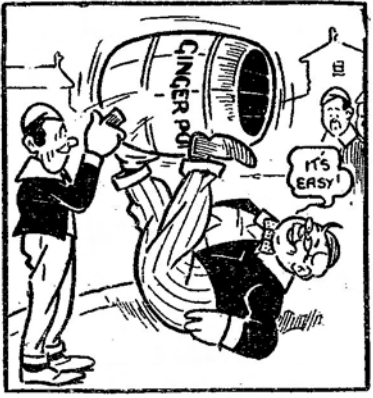
Willie Davies, of Wrexham, tells me that in a footer-match between the plucky Heraldites and Gemites the Heraldites won by 5 goals to 2. Willie played outside left and scored 2 goals. And this victory was gained despite a little difficulty in getting up a HERALD team. Wrexham, however, is now going strong for the GREY-FRIARS HERALD. New readers are coming in every day. Loud cheers for Wrexham!

HARRY WHARTON.

BILLY BUNTER'S CLEVER LITTLE "FEAT" - - - Drawn by FRANK NUGENT.



1. Whilst Billy Bunter was strolling through the streets of Courtfield the other day looking for someone to stand him a feed, he saw an advertisement for the local theatre. "What a simple trick!" he snorted. "I can do that myself!"



2. But though Oliver Kipps and other juniors laughed at him, Billy secured a barrel from behind the tuck-shop. "See here, Kippy," he said; "you stand me some ginger-pop, and I'll do the trick." "Agreed!" said Kipps, as he removed the bung.



3. And, alas and alack, when Billy Bunter rolled the barrel over with his number elevens, out poured the ginger-pop! "Wow! Garoogh!" he spluttered. "I'm drowned!" "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Kipps. "Have I stood you enough pop yet, porpoise?"

HARD PRESSED!

A splendid, long complete 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 Boy's Friend)

I.

Toodles the Musical!

"YOU fellows want the study this evening?"

Tuckey Toodles asked that question in No. 8 after tea. Jack Drake was already getting out his books, while Rodney cleared the study table. The chums of the Fourth were preparing for a "grind" when Tuckey Toodles propounded his query.

Drake glanced at him.

"Want the study?" he repeated. "Of course we want the study, fat-head."

"Well, you see——"

"You can get on with your prep.," said Rodney. "Plenty of room for three, Toodles. What are you driving at?"

"I'm not very keen on prep. No need for you fellows to begin prep, now, either. Lots of time for that."

"It isn't prep.; I'm working for the exam. next week," answered Drake.

"Oh, bother your exam.," said Toodles peevishly. "Blessed if I hear anything but exam., exam., exam., morning, noon and night. I must say I'm getting rather fed with your exam., Drake. Now, look here, the fact is, I'm going to do some practice."

"Eh? What practice?"

"Music!"

"Music!" repeated Drake blankly.

"That's it! I'd rather you fellows cleared out of the study; but if you stay you'll have to keep quiet. I can't be interrupted."

The chums of the Fourth stared blankly at Tuckey Toodles. Music was not a subject in the curriculum at St. Winifred's, and there was no musical instrument larger than a violin on board the old Benbow. Tuckey's statement was, therefore, surprising.

The grubby junior was opening a cheap leather case as he spoke. From the interior of the case he produced a concertina.

It was not an expensive concertina. There are concertinas from which sweet music may be extracted. But Toodles' instrument was evidently not one of that variety. It was of German manufacture, of the "cheap and nasty" kind. And even if there were sweet music to be extracted from it, Tuckey Toodles most decidedly was not the fellow to extract it. In the musical line Tuckey's education had been neglected.

"What on earth's that?" demanded Drake gruffly.

"My concertina," answered Tuckey Toodles proudly. "I play by ear, you know. I haven't played very much, so far, but I'm really going to



Rawlings "passed" the concertina, and Sawyer major took the pass, sending the instrument with a fine kick along the passage; where it was captured by Furlly, who passed again.

grind at it now I've got an instrument of my own."

"Grind at that—here?"

"Yes. I wish you fellows would let me have the study to myself for a bit. You're not musical, and your presence disturbs me. Still, if you keep very quiet——"

"Well, my only hat!" said Drake.

Tuckey Toodles drew out his fearsome instrument to full length and closed it again. There was a prolonged and anguished squeak, as if the concertina were painfully protesting against such usage.

"Shut up that row!" said Drake sharply.

Squeak!

"Do you hear, Toodles, you fat duffer? Do you think a fellow can work with that unholy noise going on?"

Squeak—squeak!

"Lovely tone, isn't it?" said Toodles. "Pity you haven't an ear for music, Drake. You'd enjoy it, if you had."

"Ass! You can't make that row in the study."

"I suppose I can do my music practice in my own study, can't I?" howled Tuckey Toodles indignantly.

There was a pause; and Drake and Rodney looked at one another in dismay.

Tuckey Toodles had a certain amount of right on his side.

It was his study; there was no mistake about that. And it was hard if a fellow couldn't practice his own concertina in his own study, if the spirit moved him to do so.

But "grinding" Latin under such an infliction was hopeless.

It really seemed that Jack Drake's difficulties in the way of steady work would never come to an end; and this was the last straw.

All through the term he had been aiming at steady-work for the exam., and one thing or another had cropped up to interfere with it. His old enemy, Daubeny of the Shell, had furnished most of the difficulties—chiefly in an underhand way that was hard to reckon with. Drake knew well enough, by this time, that Vernon Daubeny was determined to "dish" his chance of the scholarship if he could; and he was on his guard against the chief of the Bucks of St. Winny's. But so far he had not thought of Rupert de Vere Toodles as an obstacle.

The days before the examination were few now—alarmingly few; and Drake had lost time to make up for. One of his competitors, at least—Frank Estcourt of the Fourth—had been hard at it the whole term, and

it was doubtful whether he would beat Estcourt at the finish. And at this precise time, Tuckey Toodles found the spirit move him to develop his musical abilities.

Squeak—squeak—squaaaaaak!
 "Toppin', ain't it?" said Toodles enthusiastically. "What would you fellows like me to play? Name anything you like—I play by ear, you know."

"Toodles, you ass—"
 "Like 'The Conquering Hero'?" asked Toodles. "Listen to this!"

Squeak—squeak—squaaaaaak!
 Tuckey Toodles' fat face beamed over the concertina, as he dragged it out, and drove it in.

Apparently he was under the impression that he was playing a tune.

But if a tune was there, only Toodles' fat ear could detect it.

Squawk—squaaaaaawk!
 "Shut up!" roared Drake.

"Rot! You listen—"
 Squaaaaawk!

Jack Drake made a stride towards the musician, and raised his boot. The concertina flew over Tuckey's head the next moment, and Tuckey gave a loud yell.

"Oh! Yah! You cheeky rotter, if you've damaged my concertina—"

"I'll damage your silly head, if you kick up that row," exclaimed Drake angrily. "How's a fellow to work with that going on?"

"Blow your silly work! Go and work somewhere else! I gave ten bob for that concertina!" howled Toodles. "I got it cheap!"

"Tenpence would be nearer the value, I think," said Dick Rodney. "And where did you get ten bob from, you fat rascal?"

"Daub lent it to me—"
 "What?"

"Daub!" ejaculated Drake.

"Why shouldn't my pal Daub lend me ten bob?" demanded Tuckey Toodles, examining his instrument to see whether it was damaged, with an anxious eye. "I think it was jolly decent of Daub. I happened to be short of money, owing to having a pound note blown away—"

"Daub!" repeated Drake.

"I'm very friendly with Daub," said Toodles loftily. "We've had our differences, but Daub's come round like a really decent chap. He thinks a lot of me. I dare say your jealous, Drake, because Daub won't speak to you. I suppose I can have pals in the Shell, if I like. You let my concertina alone."

"Look here, you ass—"

"Daub's a good sort," said Toodles. "I had quite a long jaw with him in his study to-day. He asked me whether I was musical, and I told him I was. Precious few things I can't do, if you come to that. He said he'd seen a concertina at a shop in Chade—only ten bob. And when I told him about my pound note being blown away, he offered to lend me the ten bob. Jolly decent, I call it."

Jack Drake burst into a laugh. He saw more in that friendly transaction than the obtuse Tuckey did. It was one more of Daub's astute moves for interrupting study in No. 8.

"Now I'm going to practice," continued Tuckey Toodles. "You fellows can listen, or not, just as you like.

But you're not going to stop me, Drake. You mind your own business!"

Squeak—squeak—squawk!
 The concertina was going again. Tuckey Toodles ground away at it industriously; glaring defiance at Drake and Rodney as he ground.

Music Hath Charms.

"**T**OODLES—"

"Shurrup!"
 "Look here, Tuckey—"

"Shurrup, I say! Don't you know better than to interrupt a musician? Haven't you any ear yourself, you blessed Philistine?" exclaimed Toodles warmly. "I'll play anything you like. Like some of Handel?"

Drake looked at Rodney.

"I suppose I'd better chuck the thing into the river," he said.

"Hold on," murmured Rodney.

"It's another of Daub's tricks—"
 "I know. But—"

"We can't work with that fearful row going on."

Squeak—squeak—squawk!
 "Let's get along to the Form-room," said Rodney. "After all, we can work there, and we shan't be interrupted. This is Toodles' study as well as ours, old fellow, and if he chooses to be an inconsiderate beast—"

"I promised Daub I'd stick to practice," said Toodles. "In fact, he lent me the ten bob on that condition."

"Oh, go and eat coke," growled Drake. "Come on, Rodney! I suppose we can work in the Form-room."

The two juniors gathered up their books, angrily. It was not agreeable to be turned out of their study like this, when they had planned an evening's "grind." But after all, Tuckey Toodles had his rights in the matter; and if he was a tool of the astute Daub, he was an unconscious tool.

"You fellows needn't go," said Toodles. "I don't mind you're staying here, so long as you keep quiet."

"Oh, rats!"

Drake and Rodney quitted the study with their books, followed by the wild wailing of the concertina.

Pierce Raik, of the Fourth, was in the passage outside, and he looked at them with a grin.

"What's the row?" he asked.

"Somebody killing a cat in your study?"

"Toodles has taken up music."
 "Oh, my hat! Ha, ha, ha!"

Drake and Rodney walked away to the Fourth-form room, aft on the main deck of the old warship. They were glad to get out of range of Tuckey Toodles' musical instrument.

Raik looked after them with a peculiar grin. It was probable that the cad of the Fourth knew more of Daubeny's little plans, than Drake was aware just then.

Raik looked in at No. 8. Tuckey Toodles was sawing away at the concertina with great industry.

"You can shut up that row, now," Raik remarked. "You've cleared them out."

Tuckey stared at him.

"What do you mean?" he snorted. "I was quite willing for them to stay

and hear the music. It's only their want of taste."

Raik chuckled.

"Well, shut up now—you set a fellows nerves on edge. You'll have all the Fourth down on you soon."

"Blow the Fourth!"

And Tuckey Toodles sawed away. Raik shrugged his shoulders, and lounged off.

But he was right, with regard to the Fourth. Tuckey's solo performance had not lasted ten minutes, when Estcourt came out of No. 4 Study, with homicide in his eye.

He put his head in No. 8, and shook a furious fist at the amateur musician.

"Stop it!" he shouted.

"Eh? Don't you like music?" asked Tuckey Toodles, in surprise.

"Music!" hooted Estcourt. "Do you call that music, you dummy?"

"Yes, I jolly well do!" said Tuckey warmly. "You've got no ear, Estcourt."

"Well, you've got a jolly big ear, and you'll get it pulled, if you don't stop that row."

"Can't a fellow play a concertina in his own study?" bawled the indignant Toodles.

"You can't, that's pretty certain. If you could play it, it wouldn't be so bad."

"Rats! Get out!"

See-saw, went the concertina. Tuckey was standing up for his rights. Estcourt seemed on the point of raving. He, like Drake, was working hard for the exam; he had been "grinding" with a wet towel round his head, when the sweet strains from No. 8 reached him, and called him forth. He shook his fist at Toodles again.

"Will you stop it?" he shrieked.

"No, I won't!"

"Then I'll jolly well stop you."

Estcourt was a peaceable fellow; seldom or never mix up with "rows." But the strains of Tuckey's concertina would have roused a Conchy to fighting pitch. Estcourt rushed into the study, and collared Tuckey Toodles and his instrument of torture together, and there was a crash as Tuckey rolled on the carpet, where he was belayed with the instrument.

The concertina was silenced. Not so Tuckey Toodles. He made more noise as he sprawled, than the concertina at its worst.

"Yaroooooh! Yow-ow-ow-woop! Oh! Ah! Yah!"

"Now keep quiet!" gasped Estcourt. "You begin that fearful row again, and I'll come back with a cricket-stump."

And he tramped out of the study, and slammed the door.

"Ow! Ow! Ow!"

Tuckey Toodles scrambled up breathlessly, and grabbed up his concertina.

Then he paused.

The poet has told us that music hath charms to sooth the savage breast. But there were evidently breasts in the Fourth too savage to be soothed by music—Tuckey's music at all events.

With great prudence, Tuckey Toodles locked the door before he restarted after the interval, so to speak.

Then he seized his instrument again, and the sweet strains rolled

forth, in an orgy of discord that would have excited the envy of the most modern of German composers.

Richard Strauss would have listened to it in admiring despair. Wagner would have stopped his ears; the most terrific eruptions in the "Götterdämmerung" were sweetly melodious in comparison. Tuckey Toodles seemed to be enjoying it. He was the only fellow in the Fourth-form passage who was, however; as a loud hammering at the study door soon testified.

"Stop that row!" yelled Estcourt, through the keyhole. "Unlock this door! I'll slaughter you! Let me in."

"Yah!"
Bang! Bang! Thump! Thump
Crash!

Tuckey Toodles grinned and continued his performance. Any amount of thumping on the door did not matter to him; it only made an accompaniment to his music, quite as musical itself.

"Shut up that row!" yelled Rawlings, outside.

"Scrag him!" howled Vane.

"Lynch him!"

"Toodles, you villain——"

"Toodles, you lunatic——"

"Toodles, you rascal——"

But Tuckey Toodles answered not, neither did he heed; and still the music streamed forth from the sawing concertina, while the Fourth-formers kicked, and thumped, and shouted outside the study.

Move On!

DRAKE and Rodney had settled down in the Form-room. They had the big room, with its windows over-looking the waters of the Chadway, to themselves, and they were out of range of the amateur musician.

But their "grind" in the Form-room was destined to be interrupted.

They had been at work about a quarter of an hour, when Pierce Raik sauntered in.

Chetwynd of the Fourth followed him in.

"Hallo, you fellows working here?" said Raik.

Drake glanced up.

"Yes; want anything?"

"Oh, no; we're only going to try my foils," said Raik carelessly.

"You've not come here to fence?" exclaimed Rodney.

"Yes, why shouldn't we?"

Drake and Rodney gave each other a hopeless look. Raik had a pair of wooden foils, with basket hilts, under his arm. There was no reason, certainly, why a couple of juniors shouldn't fence in the deserted Form-room, after lessons. But fencing with wooden foils was likely to disturb very considerably any brain work that was going on there.

Drake and Rodney had no special right to raise any objection, so far as they went; but it certainly looked as if they were "dished" again.

Raik and Chetwynd handled their foils, standing up to fence in the middle of the big room. There was a busy crashing of wood on wood, a tramping of feet to and fro.

Raik came staggering against Jack Drake's desk, giving it a jolt.

"Sorry!" he ejaculated.

"Sheer off!"

"Sorry, you know!"

Raik sheered off.

Tramp! Tramp! Crash! Clash!

Jack Drake rose to his feet, with a glitter in his eyes. It was quite impossible to work with that disturbance going on in the room.

"Look here, you fellows," said Drake as calmly as he could. "We've come here to work, and we were here first. Would you fellows mind fencing somewhere else?"

"No room in the study," grinned Raik.

"You can go into the gym, I suppose!"

"The fact is, we're not specially good at it yet, and we don't want to show off rotten fencing before a lot of fellows. That's why we've come to a quiet place!" exclaimed Raik.

Drake set his lips.

"We can't work with that row going on," he said.

"Clear off to your study, then."

"Toodles is kicking up a row there."

Raik shrugged his shoulders.

"That's not my fault. Come on, Chetwynd; we're wasting time."

Chetwynd chuckled, and the fencing recommenced. It was not so much fencing, as crashing, and clashing, and trampling. Jack Drake gave Rodney a bitter look.

"Is this another of Daub's tricks?" he asked. "They're friends of Daub's. This is the first I've heard of Raik taking up fencing."

Rodney looked troubled.

"I—I suppose they have a right here," he said. "I don't see how we can turn them out."

"It's either them or us," growled Drake. "If I were sure that Daubeny had put them up to it——"

"Oh, we'll find somewhere else," said Rodney. "We don't want a fight now; it will put you off your work, old chap."

Drake hesitated. He was strongly inclined to begin warlike operations; but he realised that Rodney was right. A fight was not the way to get himself in trim for work.

He controlled his temper, and gathered up his books once more.

The two chums left the Form-room, leaving Raik and Chetwynd still crashing and clashing. But the disturbance stopped as soon as they disappeared.

"Have a bit of a rest," chuckled Raik. "We can begin again if they come back."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Have some of this toffee, it's Daub's."

The two young rascals sat on a desk and ate toffee; waiting to see whether the unfortunate "saps" would come back. But Drake and Rodney did not return. With the crashing of wooden foils and the trampling of boots going on, the Form-room was no place for sapping.

With clouded faces, the chums of the Fourth looked for a quiet corner to work. Drake thought he could see the hand of his old enemy in what was happening, though he was not sure yet. But he was getting into a dangerous temper.

"This will suit us," said Rodney,

It was a quiet corner; a window-seat near the entrance to the canteen, amidships. There was no table, but the seat was ample, and the sunset streamed in at the window in the side of the old Benbow. The two chums sat down and deposited their books. It was not a very convenient place for study, but it was at least quiet.

But ten minutes had scarcely elapsed, when three Shell fellows came along, laughing and chatting together. They were Daubeny, Torrence and Egan. Drake knitted his brows; but the Bucks of the Shell pass on into the canteen, without glancing at the "saps" in the window-seat.

Their voices could be heard giving orders to Mr. Capps in the canteen, for a few minutes. Then they emerged, Egan carrying a bag of tarts, and Torrence a little tray with three glasses of ginger-beer on it. Daubeny had his hands in his pockets. He glanced round carelessly.

"Here you are, you fellows," he drawled.

And the Bucks sat down with their tuck in the window-seat, a yard or so from the unhappy "swets."

Quite a Success!

DAUBENY AND CO. did not even glance at the two Fourth-formers. They did not even seem aware of their proximity. But it was clear enough, to Drake and Rodney, that the Shell fellows had tracked them out, and had deliberately arrived in the window-corner to interrupt the study that was going on there.

They ate their tarts, and drank their ginger-pop, and talked in loud voices, keeping up an incessant buzz.

Drake's eyes had a dangerous glitter in them now.

He could not doubt, if he had doubted before, that Vernon Daubeny had laid another of his little schemes; and that wherever he sought quiet to work, he would find Daubeny or his myrmidons in the way. Tuckey Toodles' concertina had driven him out of his study; Raik's sudden taste for fencing out of the Form-room. Now he was to listen to loud chatter in the window-corner, while he worked—if he could work under such conditions.

He couldn't; and besides, the annoyance and anger he was feeling, militated against study. It is never easy to work in a bad temper; and Drake's temper was growing very sore.

He remained silent for a few minutes, in the hopes that the Bucks would get tired of their peculiar amusement, and take their departure. But the Bucks showed no sign of getting tired. Seeley of the Shell came along and joined them, and a fresh supply of ginger-beer was brought out of the canteen.

Daubeny and Co. had evidently come to stay—so long as Drake and Rodney stayed, at all events.

Drake's eyes met Rodney's.

"Shall we shift?" asked the latter, in a low voice.

"What's the good?" answered Drake, breathing hard. "This kind of thing is going on, wherever we shift to."

"I—I suppose so. But—" said Drake, between his teeth. "We're going to shift them." "Oh, all right! I suppose it would come to that sooner or later." Drake rose to his feet. "Daubeny!" he said quietly. Vernon Daubeny was speaking to his comrades, and he did not heed. He continued to speak, taking no notice of the Fourth-former.

"Daubeny!" Still no reply. Drake did not waste time in further words. He stepped towards Vernon Daubeny, and grasped him by the shoulder.

"Out of it!" he said. Then Daubeny spun round towards him. "Let go my shoulder, you cheeky cad!" he shouted furiously.

"Get out!" "What the thunder do you mean?" exclaimed Daubeny, jerking his shoulder away savagely. "I suppose I can sit here if I like."

"You've come here to interrupt my work—" "What rot! You shouldn't be working here," answered Daubeny. "Fellows come here to chat, not to work. I'm certainly stayin'."

"I should think so!" exclaimed Seeley. "Oh, quite!" grinned Egan. "You're not stayin'!" shouted Drake, his anger getting the upper hand at last. "You're going, or you'll be kicked out."

"By gad! We'll see about that." "Are you going?" panted Drake. "No fear!"

Drake strode at him, and the Buck of the Shell shouted to his comrades, as a powerful grasp closed on him. "Back up, you fellows!" "You bet!"

Egan and Torrence and Seeley rushed to their leader's aid. Rodney sprang to back up his chum.

The next moment, a terrific combat was in progress. The Bucks were two to one; but Drake and Rodney were the heftiest fighting-men in the Lower School of St. Winifred's; and the Bucks were anything but hefty in that line.

The odds were heavy; but the Fourth-formers quite held their own. Egan was soon on the planks, and he seemed to prefer to stay there.

Rodney had closed with Seeley, and had his head in chancery; and Drake was attacking Daubeny and Torrence so savagely that they gave ground before his lashing fists.

In the midst of the uproar, Lovelace and Armitage, of the Sixth came along to the canteen.

The two prefects stopped, and fairly glared at the struggling crowd of juniors. "My hat!" ejaculated Lovelace. "Stop that! Do you hear? Stop it at once!"

And as the excited juniors did not stop, the two big Sixth-formers rushed into the fray, cuffing vigorously right and left.

The combat ceased then—quite suddenly. "Now, what is this row about?" exclaimed the captain of St. Winifred's, as the junior's stood gasping round him.

"Not our fault, Lovelace," panted Daubeny. "The cads wanted to clear us out of here—for nothin' at all."

"We, were doing our work here," began Drake, "and—" Lovelace interrupted him. "This isn't the place for doing your work. What the thunder do you mean? You were turning these fellows out—"

"Yes, we—" "Like your cheek!" exclaimed Lovelace. "I've never heard of such cheek! Take fifty lines each, and clear off to your study. Now, then, don't jaw; clear off, or I'll warm you."

Drake and his chum gathered up

"I'll deal with Toodles." The strains of the concertina were going strong, as the chums came back to their own quarters. The crowd had cleared off, as the merciless musician was not to be got at; they had howled blood-curdling threats through the keyhole before they went. But Tuckey Toodles did not seem to mind; he was sawing away at his instrument of torture, in a perfect ecstasy of discords.

Only Estcourt remained, still breathing threats through the keyhole, which fell upon deaf ears within.

Drake thumped on the door.



The concertina was silenced. Not so Tuckey Toodles. He made more noise as he sprawled, than the concertina at its worst.

their books, hopelessly, and cleared off. There was nothing else to be done. The word of the captain of the school was law; and Lovelace's decision was just, so far as he was aware.

Daubeny and Co. grinned, as Lovelace and Armitage went on into the canteen. The elegant Bucks were rather dusty and dishevelled, and Daub was wiping a nose that streamed crimson; but he was feeling satisfied all the same. His latest scheme seemed to be working quite well.

Terrible For Toodles!

"**W**HERE now?" asked Rodney. Drake knitted his brows. "Come along to the study," he answered. "But Toodles—"

"It's locked," said Estcourt. "When I get at the villain—" "Toodles!" shouted Drake. "Hallo, is that you, Drake?" "Yes, let us in you fat idiot!" "That depends," answered Tuckey Toodles cautiously. "Are you going to interrupt my music practice?" "Let me in, you idiot!" "On the whole, Drake, I think I prefer to be alone while I'm playing the concertina." "Get a chopper or something, Rodney," said Drake, breathing hard. "I'll break the lock." "Here, I say, don't you damage your own study, Drake!" exclaimed Tuckey Toodles, in alarm. "I don't mind letting you in, old chap, if you won't interrupt the music." "I give you one second!" howled

Drake. "If I have to break the lock, I'll break you too, I give you my word on that."

"I—I say, old fellow—"

"Get the chopper, Rodney—"

"It's all right—I'm opening the door, dear old scout!" exclaimed Tuckey Toodles, and he turned back the key at last. "No larks you know. I'm going on with my music."

Drake and Rodney strode into the study, and thumped down their books on the table. Toodles eyed them rather uneasily.

"Now look here, you fellows—" he began. "Yaroooh!"

The grubby junior was suddenly interrupted.

Estcourt had followed the chums in; and he did not waste time in speech. He seized Tuckey Toodles by the collar.

"Yow-woop! Leggo!" howled Toodles. "You cheeky beast, this ain't your study!"

Tuckey's voice died away in a breathless howl, as Estcourt shook him furiously.

"Groogh! Ow! Wow! Drake, lend a hand—yoooooh—Rodney, you rotter, help me—groooh—stand up for your own study—wow-wow—"

"Shake—shake—shake!"

"Yoooop!"

Drake and Rodney did not lend a hand; far from that. Estcourt was welcome to handle Rupert De Vere Toodles as he liked; and he seemed to like to handle him roughly. And he did.

Drake picked up the concertina, and hurled it into the passage. It fell with a crash.

"There, you noisy rotter!" panted Estcourt. "Now, you kick up any more row, and I'll come back and burst you!"

And Estcourt stamped away.

"Ow—ow—ow!" gasped Toodles.

"Look here, Drake, I'm going to play my concertina in my own study—"

"Bring it into the study again, and it goes out of the window," said Drake.

"Look here—"

There was a shout from the passage. The crash of the falling concertina had made several fellows look out of their doorways. Rawlings rushed at the instrument.

He reached it with a bound, and landed on it with both feet.

There was an agonised squeak from the concertina; probably the last squeak it was capable of.

"Pass!" yelled Sawyer major.

Rawlings "passed" the concertina, and Sawyer major took the pass, sending the instrument with a fine kick along the passage, where it was captured by Furlly, who passed again. The juniors seemed to have mistaken Tuckey's musical instrument for a football.

"My concertina!" howled Tuckey.

He rushed out of the study to the rescue of his beloved instrument.

But it was too late for rescue. The concertina was going through an exciting career as a football, in the midst of a chortling crowd of juniors.

"Shoot, Sawyer!" yelled Rawlings.

"Ah, that's the style!"

"Please, you fellows," wailed Tuckey Toodles, "give me my concertina! I—Ooch!"

His last remark was caused by the instrument, propelled by the foot of Sawyer major, catching Tuckey a terrific blow in the region of his waistcoat-button.

"Ha, ha, ha! You've got it now!" roared Rawlings.

"Good shot!"

"Well stopped, Tuckey!"

But next moment a crowd of juniors were "on the ball" again, and the concertina re-started on its gay career.

It was passed, and stopped, and jumped on, and was fast losing all appearance of a concertina. Tuckey rushed into the crowd, and found himself lying breathless on his back the next moment. While he lay and gasped, the concertina went through the final stages of its short, but eventful history.

There was peace in No. 8.

Drake and Rodney were at work, at last; though it was now time for prep, and extra study for that evening had to be given up. The two juniors had settled down to work, when a dusty and dishevelled figure came panting into the study—holding up a thing that looked like a concertina as it well could look.

"Look at it!" moaned Tuckey Toodles. "Only look! I—I—I can't get a note out of it—not a note!"

"Hurrah!"

And Drake and Rodney went on with their prep.; while Tuckey Toodles regarded his dilapidated instrument of torture, that was never to torture again, with a look like unto Rachel of old, who mourned and could not be comforted.

THE END.

Another rattling, complete story of the Boys of the Benbow in next Tuesday's "Greyfriars Herald."

RESULT OF TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION.—No. 18.

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

A. TOOZE,

27, Smith Street,

Kennington Park, S.E. 5.

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

Paul E. Morton-George, 9, Belgrave Rd., Wanstead, E. 11; Nancy Baxter, 250a, Arkwright St., Nottingham; W. J. Fenner, 191, Cromwell St., Birmingham; I. Anderson, 20, St. James Place, Plumstead, S.E. 18; A. Swales, 15, Mantland St., Bedford.

CORRECT SOLUTION:

Dear All,—The new series of comic sketches by Frank Nugent have proved a splendid draw—er, I mean a big attraction. Threatening letters have been received from Skinner, Gossy, and Snoop, but we shall continue to wield the pen—and the ink—in our usual bold style.

YOURS,

WHARTON.

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY

This week:

By DICKY NUGENT

Monday.—i rose early, and washed my nekk. i ordered young tubb to do the same, but he refewsed, so i biffed him in the i in the aproved jack jonson stile. he was karefull to keep out of my way for the rest of the day.

Tuesday.—That beest twigg gave me a good licking in claes for riting poortory about him. The 1st verse ran as folloes:

"Mister twigg is a prussian pig,
and a tirant born and bred;
he cawses pane with his beestly cane,
and he fills our harts with dredd."

young tubb larfed at me when I went back to my place, skweezing my hands, so after lessens i gave him dnuther black i.

Wednesday.—That cheeky ass tubb is kwite outside the pail. he kalled me a konseated ass, so I chaleneged him to a fite. Of course, i karried off all the onners, and the others karried off tubb!

Thursday.—Had a grate feed in the faggs' kommon-room this evening. We fride a lot of herrings, and had a high old time. tubb deklared he was the fownder of the feest. i deklared he was nuthing of the sort. Result—we had anuther bout of fistycuffs.

Friday.—My majer invited me to tea in number 1 studdy, remove passidge. Had a glorious tuck-in, and felt kwite billyus at the finish. young tubb kalled me a glutternus beest in the dorm. to-nite, so I waded in and slawterted him.

Saturday.—The mortle remanes of george tubb were konveyed to the sannytorium. i am trying to think out a sootable epitaff!

THE VANISHING TRICK!

A capital, complete tale - - By BOB CHERRY

"IT'S the absolute giddy limit!" said Johnny Bull. And we heartily agreed with him.

It was a Saturday afternoon, and we, the members of the Remove eleven, had just returned from an away match at Rookwood.

Jimmy Silver and Co. had invited us to tea, but owing to the fact that we had a train to catch we were unable to stop. The result was that we were pretty well famished by the time we got back to Greyfriars.

We were simply ravenous—and there was nothing to eat!

During our absence from the school Billy Bunter had been busy. He had raided Study No. 1 and Study No. 13; in fact, there was scarcely a study he hadn't raided.

Before we went to Rookwood Harry Wharton's study had resembled a land flowing with milk and honey. And now—the cupboard was bare!

The same remark applied to my study, and to Toddy's, and to Vernon-Smith's.

Our supplies of tuck had vanished! "That fat porker wants pulverising!" said Nugent savagely. "He's absolutely cleaned us out!"

"We're as hungry as hunters, and there isn't even a crust of bread to eat!" said Toddy.

"There's the tuck-shop," said Dick Penfold hopefully.

"Tuck-shop's closed," said Wharton.

"Oh, crumbs!"

We surveyed each other with gloomy faces.

"What's to be done?" asked Bulstrode helplessly.

"There's only one thing to be done, at the moment," I said. "We must find Bunter, and teach him a sharp lesson. He's got to learn to keep his hands from picking and stealing!"

"Hear, hear!"

With grim faces we went in search of William George Bunter. We expected to find him fairly easily, but our expectations were not realised.

Bunter wasn't the sort of fellow who could conceal himself in a very small place. But although we hunted everywhere we failed to find him. He wasn't in the junior common-room, nor the library, nor the gym. And he wasn't taking refuge in the Close. He seemed to have vanished into thin air.

"Never mind," said Wharton; "he won't be able to dodge us for long. We shall collar him in the dorm."

"And make him restore some of the stolen property," said Nugent.

"That will be quite impossible," I said. "You can bet he's wolfed the grub by now."

"All of it?" gasped Johnny Bull.

"Yes; you know what Bunter is. He doesn't do things by halves, when it comes to eating."

Bedtime came at length, and we were ripe for vengeance as we trooped up to the Remove dorm.

But our vengeance had to be deferred.

Billy Bunter was already in bed. He was writhing and squirming, and ever and anon a hollow groan escaped him.

"You fat young thief!" roared Toddy. "What do you mean by raiding our tuck?"

"Ow!"

"We'll jolly well slaughter you!" exclaimed Nugent.

"Groo!"

"What the thump are you 'groo'ing about?" demanded Wharton.

"Yow! I—I'm ill!"

"Serves you jolly well right!"

"I—I'm dying, I think!" moaned Bunter faintly.

"Well, buck up and die, then!" said Squiff unsympathetically.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter was very far from dying, but he was certainly suffering a great deal of anguish. He had eaten not wisely, but too well, and after the feast came the reckoning, in the form of a severe bilious attack.

"We can't touch the fat worm tonight," said Wharton. "But he's not going to escape. We'll deal with him as soon as he gets well."

"Yes, rather!"

Next morning Bunter was himself again. He ate a tremendous breakfast, and he probably thought we had forgotten our threat of the previous night—but we hadn't!

It was Toddy who suggested an ingenious method of getting even with Bunter.

"Tell you what, you fellows," he said. "We'll invite Bunter to a top-hole feed in the cricket-pavilion—"

"What!" shouted Wharton.

"And we'll give him the shock of his life," continued Toddy. "The grub will be attached to thin wires, which somebody can manipulate from the loft above the pavilion. Imagine Bunter sitting down to a first-rate spread, and seeing the cakes and the jam-tarts vanish suddenly into space!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's an awfully cute wheeze," said Wharton. "But there's one drawback."

"Namely?" said Toddy.

"Bunter will see the wires."

"Oh, no, he won't," said Toddy, with a chuckle. "He's much too shortsighted. And besides, it will be twilight when we work the jape. Bunter will think there are spooks about!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

We entered into the scheme with zest.

After dinner that day, half a dozen of us approached Billy Bunter in the Close.

The fat junior eyed us with suspicion.

"What do you fellows want?" he asked uneasily.

"We've come to apologise, Bunty," said Wharton humbly. "We were

very rude to you last night, when you were ill."

"Abominably rude," said Nugent. "And we wish to make amends," I added.

"And therefore," said Toddy. "we're arranging a nice little feed for you this evening, in the cricket-pavilion."

Billy Bunter's little round eyes fairly glistened.

"This is awfully decent of you fellows!" he said. "But why can't I have the feed in the study?"

"Because you'd have all sorts of people interrupting you, and you wouldn't like that," said Toddy. "In the pavilion you'll be able to stuff yourself to your heart's content."

"And when's the feed coming off?"

"At eight o'clock."

"Oh, good!"

Billy Bunter had swallowed the bait more easily than we had imagined. His fat face beamed like a full moon as he rolled away.

When afternoon lessons were over we purchased a supply of tuck from the school shop, and set it out on the little table in the pavilion. Then we attached the wires, and Toddy went up into the loft and tested his scheme. It worked like a charm.

We retired from the pavilion, locking the door after us, and it was nearly eight when we returned.

A whole crowd of us clambered up into the loft, where we waited, with many chuckles, for the Owl of the Remove to appear.

Boom!

The first stroke of eight sounded from the old clock-tower. It was followed almost immediately by the entry of Billy Bunter.

The fat junior rolled into the pavilion, and his eyes glistened as he surveyed the good things which had been set out for his benefit.

"My hat! This is prime!" he ejaculated. "It's very rude of those fellows not to be here to welcome me. But never mind. I must make allowances for their poor breeding."

There was a growl from the loft above, but fortunately Billy Bunter failed to hear it.

Seating himself at the little table, the Owl of the Remove ran his eye over the tempting array of eatables. He seemed to be wondering where to make a start.

"Think I'll sample that rabbit-pie first," he murmured, smacking his lips. "It looks top-hole!"

Picking up a knife and fork, Billy Bunter prepared to carve the pie. But before he could commence his excavation work the pie began to soar upwards.

Slowly—very slowly—it ascended into space.

Billy Bunter blinked at the vanishing pie in fearful fascination.

"M-m-my hat!" he muttered.

The pie continued its ascent, and presently disappeared altogether.

The glutton of the Remove, baulked of his first course, was shivering like a table-jelly. He imagined that some supernatural agency was at work.

"Must be a spook in this pavilion!" he murmured. "Groo!"

However, Bunter's appetite was keen—so keen that he fought down his desire to flee, and remained seated at the table.

"That plum-cake looks jolly good!" we heard him exclaim.

As he was about to cut the cake, however, it followed the example of the pie, and rose from the table.

Billy Bunter made a slash at it with the knife, but missed; and the cake shot upwards with startling swiftness, and became invisible.

The fat junior's nerves were in rags by this time. He blinked around him in the gloaming, as if expecting to see a white-robed spectre.

"This is simply awful!" he muttered, with chattering teeth.

Bunter was torn between two desires. He wanted to escape from that ghostly and mysterious scene. On the other hand, he badly wanted the feed—or the balance of it.

"I know what I'll do!" he said. "I'll collect up the remainder of the tuck, and bunk!"

Having formed this resolve, Billy Bunter attempted to put it into execution. He made a grab at some jam-tarts, and with one accord they rose up from the dish—up and up, out of the fat junior's reach.

Trembling with fright, Bunter extended a plump hand towards the doughnuts, and they, too, were whisked upwards with uncanny suddenness.

In a few moments nothing remained on the table save a number of empty dishes and plates.

The entire feed had disappeared, and Billy Bunter had not had a single mouthful!

And then, from the upper regions, came a hollow, mocking laugh.

That sound thoroughly unnerved Bunter. With a scream of terror he turned and fled.

Seldom had the fat junior been known to travel so swiftly. He raced towards the school building like a champion of the cinder-path.

Biff!

A tall form loomed up in the darkness, and Billy Bunter collided with it.

"Ow!"

"Oh!"

The exclamations burst simultaneously from the lips of the victims. And then, when he had sorted himself out, Bunter became aware of the fact that Quelch was addressing him.

"Bunter! How dare you? What is the meaning of this unseemly haste?"

"Yow! I—I've just seen a ghost, sir—"

"Nonsense, boy!"

"A ghastly spectre, sir, clanking in its chains!"

"You are utterly absurd, Bunter!"

"I'm not, sir! I can assure you that I'm telling the truth!"

"You would never do that, except by accident," said Quelch. "Where is this ghost that you allege you saw?"

"In the pavilion, sir."

And then Bunter described to the Form-master how the various edibles had been spirited away.

"You are an amazingly stupid boy, Bunter," said Quelch, scarcely able to repress a smile. "It is only too apparent that you have been the victim of a practical joke. The food in question was removed, not by ghosts, but by your own schoolfellows, who evidently wished to teach you a salutary lesson."

"Oh, crumbs! You'll lick them, of course, sir, for japing me like this?"

"No, Bunter, I shall not 'lick' them, as you call it! If there is any chastisement necessary, you appear to be the deserving object! Go back into the building, and let me hear no more of this wild talk about ghosts."

The Owl of the Remove promptly scuttled away. He had received a terrific fright that evening, and it would take him some time to get over it.

Had he returned to the cricket-pavilion, and ascended into the loft, he would have found a bumper feast in progress.

But, needless to state, Billy Bunter did not return!

THE END.

My Weekly Interview

By the Special Representative of
"The Greyfriars Herald"

This week: **BOB CHERRY**

"**M**IGHTY chief," said I, strolling into the editor's sanctum. "Who would you like me to interview this week?"

"Oh, rats!"

"Very good," I said, "I'll get a lantern, and nip down to the cellars. I believe I shall find dozens of redents down there."

"You'll find a thick ear if you're not careful! Buzz off!"

"All right!" I said aggressively. "It will mean a blank page in 'The Greyfriars Herald' if there's no interview, and you'll have only yourself to blame if your readers turn round and mob you!"

The editor looked up from a three-hundred-and-forty-eight page manuscript of Alonzo Todd's, which he was reading.

"You're a beastly nuisance!" he growled. "Go and interview the kitchen cat, or the gardener's bulldog, if you like!"

"Talking about bulldogs," I said, "supposing I interview our Fighting Editor?"

"Good wheeze! And I hope he wipes up the floor with you!"

"You are very kind!" I said.

And I went off in search of Bob Cherry.

Most of my previous interviews had, I regret to say, been stormy ones; but I anticipated no trouble at all with the genial Bob. Were we not colleagues on the staff of the same paper? Were not our views and our ideas identical?

I ran Bob to earth in his study—No. 13 in the Remove passage.

Had I stopped to think, it would have occurred to me that thirteen was an unlucky number. But I never

stop to think. That's why I often go about with a bulbous nose or a pair of black eyes.

Bob Cherry was alone. I saluted him cheerfully.

"In me," I said, "you behold the special representative of 'The Greyfriars Herald'—"

"Ass!" snorted Bob. "As if I didn't know who you were! What do you want with me?"

"I want to ask you a few questions," I said, groping for my notebook and pencil.

"Well, buck up, then!"

"First of all, what would you do if you were the Head?"

"But I'm not the Head!"

"I know you're not. But assuming that you were, what would you do?"

"Nothing!"

"Eh?"

"I wouldn't do a stroke!"

"Oh, but that's all rot!" I protested. "Surely you'd introduce some reforms of some sort?"

"Well, perhaps I should," said Bob Cherry reflectively. "In the first place, I should abolish Form-masters—"

"Yes?" I said, scribbling hurriedly.

"And I should also abolish prefects—"

"Go on!"

"And I should make drastic changes in the school routine. Rising-bell would sound at mid-day, and there would be no morning school. Come to think of it, there would be no afternoon school, either. Instead of making lessons compulsory, I should make games compulsory. Fat and flabby fellows like Bunter would be made to do physical jerks at least a dozen times a day."

"And what about the grub?" I queried.

"In that respect, too, I should make drastic alterations," said Bob. "There would be a fifteen-course lunch every day, and I should engage the services of trained waiters from the Ritz and Carlton."

"Excellent!"

"So far as holidays were concerned, any fellow who fancied a month at home could take it. I shouldn't stand in his way."

"Any other reforms?"

"Yes. I should arrange for the tuck-shop to be kept open day and night. And I should have a cinema built, and a skating-rink, and possibly an aerodrome."

"Anything else?"

Bob Cherry reflected a moment.

"One other thing," he said at length. "I should exterminate all undesirable aliens."

"Eh? What do you mean by that?"

"I'll show you!" said the obliging Bob.

And, striding up to me, he seized me by the collar, and swung me towards the open door. I travelled out into the passage at express speed, with Bob Cherry's boot behind me.

"Yaroooooh!" I yelled.

"Want any more?" Bob asked.

I limped sadly away to the editorial sanctum, and resolved to ease my ruffled feelings by slaughtering the editor.

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 Help Required.

Wife: John! John! There's a burglar downstairs stealing the silver, and another one in the pantry eating my pies! Shout for help, quickly!

Husband (opening the window and putting his head out): Police! Doctor!—Sent in by Miss Alice Rae, 21, Waterloo Place, Baynmill, San Swansea.

Quietly Sticking It.

Ma (calling out to little Johnny who is in the next room): What makes baby so quiet? I hope he isn't into any mischief!

Johnny: Oh, no, ma, he's just playing with the fly-papers, that's all!—Sent in by J. Johnston, 2, Malden Road, Fairfield, Liverpool.

An Assinine Answer.

Teacher: What's a furlough, Willie?
Willie: Please, teacher, a mule!
Teacher: A mule? Why, whatever put that idea into your head?

Willie: Please, I saw it in a book at home last night. There was a picture of a soldier riding on a mule, and underneath it said: "Going home on furlough!"—Sent in by Fred Allen, 28, Nelson Place, Brighton.



YOUNG JOHNNIE (to sister's young man, who is amusing him until she comes): "Jump about a little bit more, Mr. Spooner, you'll be more like a real donkey then."

Of Course!

Mrs. Smart: Do you know, I was reading in the paper this morning that a baby that was fed on elephant's milk gained 20lbs in one week.

Mrs. Dart: Nonsense! Whose baby was it?

Mrs. Smart: The elephant's!—Sent in by E. Butcher, 17, Upper Market Street, Hove, Brighton.

Got the Bird.

Billy Binks once had a parrot that wouldn't talk, but his chum, Jimmy Jinks, betted that he could teach the bird to say "Hallo" in less than an hour.

Accordingly Jinks took his seat near the parrot's cage and began saying: "Hallo! Hallo!"

For half an hour the parrot took no notice, but at last it turned its head, and said in a weary voice:

"Aw, ring off—number's engaged!"
—Sent in by P. Mansfield, 109, Grey-stone Road, Carlisle, Cumberland.

Fo(u)r Feet!

Irate Farmer: What the dickens do you mean by charging me ten shillings for keeping a goat?

Tax-collector (drawing a card from his pocket): Here it is, in the municipal bye-laws: "For any property abounding or abutting on the King's highway—2s. 6d. per foot!"—Sent in by H. Hassam, 321, Roundhay Road, Leeds, Yorks.

STUMPED!



UNCLE: "Well, Tommy, if you can ask me a question I can't answer, I'll give you sixpence."

TOMMY: "Righto, Nunky! Can you tell me where music goes after it's been played?"

A Dead Cert!

A quack doctor, standing on a soap box, was telling the audience of villagers about the wonderful "cures" he was selling. After a long and eloquent flow of oratory, he finished up by saying:

"Yes, for twenty years I've sold these infallible cures and never had a complaint from anybody! Now, ladies and gentlemen, what does that prove?"

And up piped a voice from the crowd:

"Dead men tell no tales!"—Sent in by G. S. Baker, 166, Lea Road, Wolverhampton, Staffs.

The Question!

The reading class, termed the "Etymological Division" in the prospectus and prize-list, had come across the word "recuperate" in "Oliver Twist," and wanted to know what the dickens was meant by it.

"Well," began the teacher, "let us take the case of your father, Tommy Waddles. He's a hard-working man, is he not?"

"Yes, 'm!"

"And when night comes he returns home tired and worn out?"

"Yes, 'm!"

"Well," continued the teacher, "his work being over and he being tired—what does he do?"

"Quite so, 'm," answered Tommy, "that's what ma wants to know!"—Sent in by J. Archibald, 53, Wharton Street, South Shields.



SAMBO: "Say, Millicent, when is a sailor like timber?"

MILLICENT: "Dunno', Sambo!"

SAMBO: "Why, when he's a-board!"

Woe Betide Next Time!

Little Max: What time does the tide come in here, please, sir?

Ancient Mariner: Why, you young rascal, I've already told you three or four times! At five-fifty-five!

Little Max: Yes, I know, but I like to see your whiskers waggle when you say "Fifty-five!"—Sent in by A. Reader, 104, Conduit Road, Stamford.

How He Knew!

A certain attorney was examining a witness as to the character of the deceased.

"Ah," murmured the witness, "he was a man beloved and respected by all, honest and upright in character, generous-hearted, kindly in thought, delighting in good deeds and—"

"One moment," said the judge. "How do you know all this?"

"I read it on his tombstone," answered the witness.—Sent in by S. Simson, 19, Withnell Road, Old Swan, Liverpool.

(B)ready Retort!

Mr. Quelch: Really, Bunter, your spelling gets worse every day. Now let me hear you spell "bread."

Billy Bunter: B-R-E-D.

Mr. Quelch (sarcastically): The dictionary spells it with an "A," Bunter.

Billy Bunter: Yes, sir, but you didn't ask me how the dictionary spells it—you asked me how I spelt it!—Sent in by M. R. Turner, 82, Norfolk House Road, Streatham, S.W. 16.



The GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

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

Long before the *Gymnasium Petty Sessions* opened on Wednesday last, a lengthy queue, extending from the gym to the gate-porter's lodge, lined up in the hope of getting seats on the box-horse or the parallel-bars.

There was a great stir when the various prisoners arrived, and the cameras of the Press photographers clicked incessantly.

SERIOUS RAID ON THE SCHOOL TUCK-SHOP.

Old Offenders in the Dock.

Hoots, groans, and hisses greeted the arrival in the dock of William George Bunter (15), Samuel Tuckless Bunter (12), Fisher Tarleton Fish (15), and Wun Lung (age uncertain).

Prisoners were charged with being concerned in a raid on the school tuck-shop on the evening of the 32nd instant.

Detective-Inspector Penfold, giving evidence, described the case as one of the worst which had ever been recorded at Jotland Yard.

"The prisoners are a bad lot," remarked the witness. "At least two of them are of foreign extraction, and they ought to have been sentenced to deportation long ago. If it wasn't for our sleepy old magistrate—"

Magistrate: Shush, sir, shush! Do you want to be called upon to defend an action for libel?

Detective-Inspector Penfold: Nunno! Magistrate: Stop being personal, then, and stick to the points of your evidence!

Shrill voice from the gallery: All right, old Rip Van Winkle!

Magistrate: Usher! Where are you, usher! Put that female out of the Court!

Usher: It isn't a female, your worship—it's Nugent minor!

Magistrate: Well, take him away and tie him to a tree, or suffocate him in the laboratory or something! (Laughter.)

Detective-Inspector Penfold, resuming his evidence, stated:

"On the evening of the 32nd, your worship, I was in the Close, disguised as a small pebble, when I saw the four prisoners slinking towards the tuck-shop, with intent to raid same. The older Bunter appeared to be the ringleader. I heard him say, 'Come along, you fellows! Mrs. Mible's gone down to the village, and there isn't a soul about. We'll nip in through the window, and pinch as much tuck as we can carry!' To which the prisoner Wun Lung replied, 'Goodee eggee!'"

Magistrate: Go on! This is getting interesting!

Detective-Inspector Penfold: The prisoners pulled down the shutters, and were about to open the window of the tuck-shop, when I arrested two of them. The other two, however, man-

aged to clamber through the window, and they did considerable damage to the doughnuts and cream buns.

Magistrate: The two who succeeded in forcing an entry were the Bunters, I presume?

Detective-Inspector Penfold: That's so, your worship.

Prisoner W. G. Bunter (excitedly): I can assure you, your worship, that we didn't act from interior motives! (Loud laughter.)

Magistrate (sternly): Is it correct that you laid your grimy paws on the doughnuts and cream buns?

Prisoner: Yes, your worship, but only to protect them from Penfold. He wanted to pinch them! (Laughter.)

Magistrate: How dare you bring such a base insinuation against a prominent Jotland Yard official?

Prisoner Fish: I kinder calculate that Bunter is telling the truth for once, your worship.

Magistrate: And I kinder sorter guess and calculate this tuck-shop raiding must be put down with a firm hand. The jurymen having gone to sleep, I will bring in the verdict myself. Needless to state, it is "Guilty." The prisoners Bunter, being old and hardened offenders, will be put on the rack for an hour. (The two Bunters were hereupon lifted on to the rack containing the Indian clubs.) The prisoner Fish will be sent back to the sea to join his brethren; and the Chinese gentleman is hereby sentenced to forfeit two inches of pigtail! (Loud applause.)

Prisoner Fish: I guess I'll appeal!

Magistrate: You can appeal till you're black in the face, Fish, but you're going back to the sea!

Prisoner Fish: I'm not a blessed octopus!

Magistrate: No, but you're a beastly little sprat, and will be dealt with as such. Take him away, Court Usher! And don't be afraid to handle him. He can't bite.

The Prisoner Fish, on being dragged from the dock, roundly abused the magistrate. Fortunately, however, his worship failed to understand a word of what was said, the abuse being couched in the finest American language!

A FAG'S FINANCIAL AFFAIRS.

A defiant-looking youth named Richard Nugent was blown into the dock by a powerful gust of wind. He was charged with having made himself a general nuisance.

Magistrate: To whom has he made himself a nuisance?

Mr. R. Cherry (for the prosecution): To everybody, your worship, but particularly to his elder brother.

Magistrate: Do you mean old Franky?

Mr. Cherry: That's the merchant, your worship! On the 1st inst., prisoner wrote the following letter to Frank—

Prisoner (excitedly): I object to my private correspondence being read in Court!

Magistrate: Constable Bull! Silence that brat!

P.-c. Bull: Shall I gag him, your worship?

Magistrate: Yes, yes—any old thing, so long as it stops him from squeaking.

Prisoner having been effectively silenced, Mr. Cherry declaimed the letter:

"Dear Franky,—I shall esteem it a grate faver if you will lend me 5 bob, as my wite mice are in a famished kondishun and i want to buy sum grubb for them."

Magistrate: A very laudable motive!

"If you can grant me this rekwest, Franky, please send the 5 bob to me by speshul messinjer.

Your loving brother,
"DICKY."

Magistrate: Did the elder Nugent advance the sum asked for?

Mr. Cherry: Yes, your worship. But the matter did not end there. On the following day, prisoner wrote a further letter to his brother, saying that he wished to borrow a bob for the purpose of going to the pictures.

Magistrate: Another very commendable motive! I go to the pictures myself sometimes, to witness the antics of a certain gentleman known as "Fatty" Arbuckle.

Voice from the gallery: Why go to see Fatty Arbuckle, when you've got Bunter at Greyfriars? (Laughter.)

Mr. Cherry: Had prisoner been content with extorting from his brother the sums of five bob and one bob respectively, nothing would have been said. But he wasn't content. The very next day he sent another letter to Frank, asking for six bob.

Magistrate: What was that for?

Mr. Cherry: To purchase half a dozen collars, your worship!

Magistrate: A still more commendable motive! Prisoner has not, to my certain knowledge, worn a clean collar since Armistice Day. (Laughter.)

Mr. Cherry: On top of the request for the six bob came further demands for money. Prisoner required two-pence-ha'penny for chewing-gum; five bob in order that he might get his bike repaired, and thirty quid for the purpose of buying a motor-scooter.

Magistrate: Did the elder Nugent hand over the amounts asked for?

Mr. Cherry: Yes, your worship—with the exception of the thirty quid. He wrote and told his minor that he couldn't possibly pay, and that he would bring the matter into Court.

Magistrate: I don't think I'll disturb the gentlemen of the jury on this occasion. They may remain curled up in the fireplace. I consider that these brotherly disputes should be settled out of Court, and I decline to sentence the prisoner. You may remove the gag from his mouth, Constable Bull, and throw him gently out of the window.

P.-c. Bull promptly obliged.

THE JAPE THAT FAILED!

The story of a Third-Form Rag - - By FRANK NUGENT

I.

ALL was dark in the Third Form dormitory at Greyfriars, and sounds of slumber permeated the atmosphere.

Suddenly a match was struck, a candle lit, and George Tubb, the leader of the fag tribe, sat up in bed and called forth in loud tones:

"Tumble up, chaps!"

Upon the word, several sleepy voices, proceeding from beneath the bedclothes, inquired:

"Whassermarrer?"

"Get up!" said Tubb persistently.

"We're going to work off a jape on young Dicky Nugent and Co. to-night!"

Instantly, tousled heads bobbed up, and eyes blinked open to gaze inquiringly upon Tubb.

"A jape on Dicky Nugent and Co!" exclaimed Paget. "What's the wheeze, Tubb?"

"It's a jape to pay these cheeky kids out for the jape they played on us yesterday!" explained Tubb. "You remember, they locked us in the woodshed, burnt some smoke bombs inside, and kidded Gosling to turn the fire-hose on us, believing the woodshed was alight!"

The Third-Formers looked wrathful at the remembrance of this outrage perpetrated upon them by Dicky Nugent and Co., the enterprising valiants of the Second.

"Well," went on Tubb viciously, "we haven't had our own back on 'em for that, yet!" Young Dicky Nugent thinks too much of himself, and imagines he can jape us with impunity—the cheeky ass! It's up to us to put him and his gang in their places, and, by gum, we'll do it!"

"Yes, that's all very well," said Bolsover minor, scratching his head, "but how is it to be done?"

Tubb reached underneath his bed, and pulled forth a large bag.

"What on earth have you got there, Tubby?" inquired Paget.

"Sawdust!" grinned Tubb.

"Eh?"

"That's a bag of sawdust!" chuckled Tubb. "Look here, chaps, there are fifteen of us, and only a dozen Second Formers. My idea is for us to raid the Second Form dormitory, nab young Dicky Nugent and Co., and plant sawdust in their beds—right under their noses! Then we'll pull their bedsteads down, and let 'em spend the rest of the night on the floor in sawdust—I reckon they'll enjoy their beauty sleep, eh, what?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The heroes of the Third Form entered enthusiastically into their leader's idea.

They all sprang out of bed, and, by the fitful light of a candle, they hastened into some warm clothes.

Then, hissing unto his faithful followers a warning to be very quiet, Tubb led the way from the dormitory.

The Second Form dormitory was next door to the Third-Formers' sleeping apartment. Proceeding with infinite caution, the fifteen Third Form fags crept up to the door of their rivals' dormitory.

From within there proceeded various and mingled sounds of slumber, indicating that Dicky Nugent and Co. were in the arms of Morpheus.

"Hark at young Sammy Bunter snoring!" chuckled Wingate minor. "They're all asleep!"

"Yes—bles 'em!" grinned Tubb, peering in at the dormitory door. "Now, steady with that bag of sawdust, young Paget! Quiet, chaps—select your men, and drop on 'em like thunderbolts!"

With great stealth the Third Form marauders entered the Second Form dormitory.

Dicky Nugent and his fellow fags were fast asleep.

Suddenly, with the swiftness of an avalanche, the Third-Form raiders fell upon them, smothering them with their own bedclothes, and taking them completely by surprise.

"Yow-ow-ow!" gurgled Dicky Nugent, glaring up at the grinning face of his rival. "Yerrugh!"

"Got you, old son!" chuckled Tubb. "This is where we get our own back!"

Sounds of muffled expostulations came from every bed in the raided dormitory.

Sammy Bunter was wriggling like an eel in the grasp of Paget and Bolsover minor, but, with a bolster jammed over his face, his howls were stifled.

One by one the Second-Formers were dragged from their beds, and tied up on the floor by means of their own sheets.

"Good!" chuckled Tubb, surveying the result of his handiwork with immense satisfaction. "We've got you in a cleft stick now, my hearties. You didn't expect us, did you, Dicky Nugent?"

Dicky Nugent's looks spoke volumes, and the homicidal looks he darted at his enemies were quite as eloquent as any words would have been, were he able to utter them.

"This is where we score!" said Tubb. "Hand out the merry sawdust, Paget! We'll visit each of their beds in turn, and dose 'em with sawdust!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There's plenty of sawdust, chaps," chuckled Tubb, "so pile in! Don't stint the beds, you know—we haven't got to sleep in 'em!"

The prostrate Second-Formers gazed, with horrified looks, as their nocturnal visitors took great handfuls of sawdust and deposited them into the beds ranged along the walls of the dormitory.

As Tubb had remarked, there was plenty of sawdust, and his gallant henchman used it liberally.

Within the space of ten minutes, every bed in the dormitory had been treated with sawdust.

Dicky Nugent and Co. lay upon the floor of their dormitory and writhed. They gurgled and they grimaced, but to no purpose.

"Go it!" said Tubb encouragingly. "You'll burst a boiler in a minute, young Bunter! Ha, ha, ha!"

"We've planted the sawdust in their beds, Tubby!" grinned Paget.

"Yes!" said Tubb, a wide grin overspreading his visage. "Now, chaps, just take their beds to pieces—remove the mattresses from the framework, and make 'em sleep on the floor!"

"What-ho!" chortled the cheery Third-Formers.

Dicky Nugent and Co. watched, with feelings that sent their blood to boiling-point, whilst their relentless rivals set about taking their beds to pieces.

The spring mattresses were removed from the framework of the beds, the frames taken to pieces and stacked up at one end of the dormitory, and the beds themselves placed upon the floor.

Whilst these operations were in progress, Dicky Nugent, the valiant hero of the Second-Formers, and accredited leader of the fags of Greyfriars, felt his feelings getting the better of him.

The intensity of his wrath seemed to give him strength unbounded, and as he writhed and wriggled and tugged at his bonds, he found that he was able to gradually release himself.

With gleaming eyes and working tensely, Dicky Nugent strove to free himself, and little by little he succeeded.

Deeming his prisoners quite safe, Tubb himself was assisting his form fellows in the task of taking the Second-Formers' beds to pieces.

He did not notice Dicky Nugent slip the gag off his mouth, so that he was able to speak.

Dicky Nugent did not raise his voice and shout aloud—oh, no!

He leant over and whispered a few words to Gatty, his chum, who was lying next to him.

Gatty was surprised to hear his chum speak to him—still more surprised was he when the nature of Dicky's communication dawned upon him.

His eyes opened wide, and a ray of hope entered them. Then they looked towards the window.

Dicky Nugent and Gatty were lying on the floor, near the window. Dicky's eyes also sought the window, then he turned to survey the marauders of his dormitory.

Tubb and Co. had very nearly finished.

There were a dozen beds in the dormitory, and ten of them had been taken down, and the bedding planted on the floor.

"Carry on, lads!" chuckled the enterprising Tubb. "My word, this

will put the kybosh on young Nugent and his gang properly. They—why, my giddy aunt! Hi, Nugent!"

This latter exclamation escaped Tubb's lips as his startled eyes beheld Dicky Nugent suddenly fling his bonds from him and dart to his feet.

"Collar him, chaps!" howled Tubb excitedly. "Don't let him get to the door!"

But artful Dicky did not make for the door. Such an exploit would have met with instant disaster. He dashed for the window, flung it open, and, before the Third-Formers had time to recover from their amazement, he had scrambled through.

"Mum-my hat!" gurgled Tubb wonderingly. "What on earth is he up to? Stop him, boys!"

A rush was made to the dormitory window, and startled heads were craned outside to see whither Dicky Nugent had gone.

They were just in time to see a figure clamber along the parapet that ran longside the wall just below, and disappear into the next window.

"Gug-good lor!" ejaculated Tubb, blinking at his Form-fellows in alarm and consternation. "He—he's climbed along the parapet and into our dormy!"

"Great pip!"

"What's his little game, I wonder?" gasped Paget. "Hadn't we better go along and see, Tubby?"

"Ye-es!" replied Tubb bewilderingly. "Never mind about those other two beds. Release these chumps and let's get back to our own dorm. as quickly as we can."

II.

HASTILY the Third-Formers released their vanquished rivals, and, not stopping to expositate any longer, they rushed from the Second Form dormitory in a body.

"Anyway," said Paget, as they hurried along the corridor, "our jape on them has worked fine, hasn't it? Ten of their beds are on the floor, and they're all full of sawdust! They'll have a jolly uncomfortable night of it, whatever happens!"

"Rather!" said Tubb, arriving at the door of the Third Form dormitory. "Here we are, and—oh, crumbs! He—he's locked us out!"

Tubb dragged at the door, but in vain. It was securely locked from the inside.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a mocking laugh from the other side of the closed door. "You're done in the eye, aren't you, Tubb? It's no use you trying to open this door—it's impossible, unless you bash it down and wake up the masters! Ha, ha, ha! Don't say such naughty things, Tubb, old scout!"

For Tubb was uttering lurid threats upon the devoted head of Dicky Nugent.

"It's no go, old sports!" chuckled the hero of the Second, from the interior of the Third Form dormitory. "You can't come in!"

"You—you—you—" stuttered Tubb. "What's the game, young Nugent?"

"Ah!" grinned Dicky Nugent, in tantalising tones. "Wouldn't you like to know, Tubby?"

The Third-Formers out there in the passage fairly coked.

Dicky Nugent had turned the tables on them properly, although, for the life of them, they could not imagine what he intended doing—unless it was to "rag" their dormitory whilst he kept them outside.

Meanwhile, Gatty and Myers and the rest of the Second-Formers were getting busy.

As soon as the Third-Formers had left the dormitory, Gatty sprang to his feet.

"Up, boys!" he cried excitedly. "If we hurry, we'll turn the trick properly on those cheeky Third Form rotters! We've got to follow Dicky!"

"Wha-a-at?"

"We've got to follow Dicky along that parapet, and into the Third Form dormitory!" said Gatty swiftly.

"Don't you see Dicky's idea? He's locking Tubb and the others out of their dormy, and keeping them out all night. While he keeps them there, arguing, we've got to hop out of this dormitory, too, climb along the parapet outside and get in at the Third Form dormitory window. We're going to sleep in the Third-Formers' beds to-night, and they'll have to sleep in ours—the ones they've just mucked up! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Second-Formers, as the full beauty of the scheme dawned upon them.

"I—I say!" bleated Sammy Bunter, blinking round him in alarm. "I'm not going to climb along that beastly parapet! It's too jolly risky! I don't want my neck broken!"

"Funk!" snapped Myers witheringly. "Why, it's as easy as winking. There's a wide ledge above, that you can hang on to, while you walk along the parapet. You won't fall, you chump!"

"Anyhow," said Gatty, "Bunter can stay here if he likes, until Tubb and his crowd come back. We've got to hop out as quickly as we can! Follow me, chaps!"

"What-ho!"

Gatty was the first through the window, and one by one the others followed.

After many protestations and demurs, Sammy Bunter ventured out, and he was assisted along the ledge by Myers and Sylvester.

The task of climbing along the ledge, and thence into the Third Form dormitory window, was not a difficult one, and the heroes of the Second accomplished the feat without mishap.

Dicky Nugent greeted them with cheery grins as one after another they tumbled in at the window.

Outside the door chilling fears began to gnaw at the hearts of George Tubb and Co.

"I—I say, 'Tubb," said Paget, as sounds of many feet became audible, proceeding from within the dormitory, "there are others in there as well. I—I wonder—"

"They're follerin' young Nugent along the ledge outside the window!" exclaimed Bolsover minor, lapsing into his old talk in his excitement. "They're all climbin' into our dormy!"

Tubb looked wildly round him. "Nugent!" he hissed through the

keyhole in tense accents. "What are you up to?"

"Snuff!" retorted Dicky Nugent cheerfully from behind the door.

"Eh?"

"We're up to snuff!" chuckled Dicky. "I say, Tubb, old top, hadn't you better be getting back to bed—you'll catch cold out there!"

"Let us in!" hoated Tubb wildly. "How the dickens can we get to bed when you won't let us into our dormy?"

"Oh," came Dicky's voice from within, "you've got to sleep in our beds to-night, old sons!"

"Wha-a-at?"

"We've evacuated our dormy in your favour, Tubb!" chuckled Dicky Nugent. "You see, we're going to change over for to-night. I hate sleeping on the floor, with sawdust in my bed, and so do my chums. You've worked the giddy trick on us—but we're not having any. What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, you know, and you've got to sleep in our beds and make the best of it!"

"You—you—you—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a chorus of merriment from within the dormitory.

The Third-Formers looked, with sickly looks, at each other.

Tubb's face was truly a picture to behold, for upon it were writ dismay and horror and fury unbounded.

"Now, toddle off like good chaps!" came Dicky Nugent's voice in cool, persuasive tones. "See you in the morning, old sons—good-night!"

"You beasts!" hooted Tubb, waxing very wrath. "You rotters—"

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Dicky Nugent in tones of horror. "Listen to the naughty names he's calling us. Chaps, let us get into bed, and not hearken unto their heathen chatter. Bid them good-bye-eee!"

"Good-bye-eee-eee!" came in a gleeful chorus from within.

Tubb and Co. looked at each other sorrowfully.

"Well," said Tubb at last, gazing forlornly at the closed door, "there's no help for it, chaps—we've got to sleep in the Second Form dormy to-night. If we kick up a dust, we'll wake the masters, and then there'll be a shindy! Come on—we'll have to grin and bear it!"

Tubb crawled away, and his Form-fellows crawled after him.

Fury and resentment were burning in their breasts.

Arriving back in the Second Form dormitory, they gazed at the scene of ruin displayed before their optics, and they groaned.

"Oh, dear!" muttered Tubb. "There are only twelve beds—and there are fifteen of us!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

Paget turned a haunted face towards his leader.

"Tubb," he said, in a voice that was concentrated with exasperation and passion. "Tubb, you—you howling maniac! You burbling jossler!"

"Look here—" began Tubb in alarm, as he saw the lowering brows of his Form-fellows.

"It's all your fault!" hissed Paget.

"Oh, let's bump him, boys! Go for



THE RED MAN'S TRAIL!

A stirring serial story dealing with adventures amongst Redskins

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

THE rush of the water had worn the rocky roof as smooth and clean as the lining of a pipeway.

There was only a matter of a foot clearance between the prow of the canoe and the highest point of the arched roof and a swerve to either side, of three or four feet, would have brought them into collision with the stone roof. As they were travelling at a speed of nearly twenty miles an hour, this would have at once caused the canoe to capsize, and their bodies would be swept down that terrible flume, pulled under by the immense suction.

The boys could hardly breathe for the friction of the fast travelling water in this narrow tunnel set up an actual steam which filled the air with an oppressive heat.

Buffalo Bill had laid down in the stern, and, with his arm projecting only over the gunnel of the little craft, steered her true and straight through the middle of the tunnel.

Old Prairie Wolf's head lay close by Kit.

"We sha'n't be long getting into the valley at this rate!" shouted Kit cheerfully in the ancient warrior's ear.

"Huh!" replied Prairie Wolf gloomily. "Me tink we get along Happy Hunting Ground, heap quick."

But Prairie Wolf's prognostications were not to be fulfilled.

There was a rapid bump, bump, bump!

The canoe was apparently jumping down a number of stairs of water, and that threatening roof lifted and grew ragged again in the light of the torch as it flew past.

They were out of the narrow flume, and were coming to the end of the caves.

They felt a breath of fresh air through the steam, as the canoe danced and bumped down a series of swiftly-running cascades.

Then a shower of spray swept her from stern to stern as she gave one violent lurch.

The boys, who had lifted their heads, saw a dark starlit open space before them, and a great fall of water over which the canoe was leaping.

They felt her leap straight out in the air and fall, as it seemed, twenty feet or so through sheer space. She

plunged through another sheet of spray which wetted them to the skin, and for a few seconds they saw Buffalo Bill and Buck Dixie in a cloud of spray, paddling wildly as she bounced along.

Then, with a smack of his wet paddle, Buffalo Bill extinguished the torch behind him, and the canoe shot into a calm wide eddy of water that was overhung by thick tall willows.

And over these were the stars.

The boys had a glimpse of the place from when they had come before the swift current of the river swept them round a wide bend. It was a huge cave out of which the full volume of the river roared in one mighty low unbroken fall, a sort of natural water chute.

They both drew a long breath of relief and old Prairie Wolf sat up and looked back grimly at the terrible tunnel through which they had come.

"Him heap bad place!" said he, shaking his head. "Manitou, him heap good to us!"

The boys clapped him on the back.

All's well that ends well. They had passed through the Roaring Waters safely, and they were now in

the stronghold of the enemy, the Secret Valley of the Navajoes.

Buffalo Bill and Buck Dixie ceased paddling and allowed the swift current of the river to sweep them down the valley. They knew that they were safe enough here, for the underground river was regarded with superstitious awe by the Indians, who always gave it a clear berth, especially at nights, since they held that the river was peopled by the evil spirits of the mountains.

The boys breathed deep and long of the pure fresh night air. They felt as if they could never get their lungs full again after the stifling atmosphere of that narrow tunnel through which their canoe had been washed like a straw through a drain.

The river was well covered by thick growths of willows. But as it swept round in great serpentine bends they gained here and there a glimpse of the great valley, for the moon was rising in the sky over the tall crags that encircled it.

On the slopes of the valley they could see long lines of camp-fires burning in red dotted lines of flame, and they could make out the regular rows of painted deerskin lodges ranged almost like a military camp.

There were large bonfires burning before the camp, and by the light of these, they could see the Redskins swarming like ants.

Buffalo Bill gave a sweep or two of his paddle and held the canoe against the current of the dark river at a spot where they could obtain a glimpse of these lodges and the open space in front through the trees.

"They are going to dance the Sun Dance and the War Dance to-night," he whispered. "And look at the disposition of the fires and of the Ring Stone. That means there is going to be a human sacrifice to-night. The scoundrels have got a prisoner!"

The boys did not know what the Ring Stone meant. But they could see a great round stone like a huge grindstone, with a hole in the centre, lit by the fires which were over half a mile away.

Now and then they could hear a whooping and a yelling which showed that a feast was taking place, and that the firewater of the Palefaces was circulating freely amongst the Red Men.

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! The party enter the secret passage through the rock and embark in a canoe on a roaring underground river.

The truth was that the war chiefs of the Navajoes had released a lot of their store of captured spirits, which were under the custody of the medicine-men for a settled purpose.

The Navajoes were cast down by their two signal defeats, and they were now being worked up again to pull themselves together for a formidable tussle against the troopers of the Dandy Fifth, who had invaded their country.

Messengers were rising north, south, east, and west, calling in the scattered war parties to mobilise for war in this safe retreat, and messengers had been sent to the Apaches of the Borderline, with offers of loot and plunder if they too would join in the War Dance of the Navajo braves, and lift the snake head of an Indian rising against the Government of the United States.

Buffalo Bill produced a small but powerful pair of glasses from his breast, and signed to Buck Dixie to bring the canoe to the bank.

There was more moving in this matter than he had thought for.

He stepped lightly out of the canoe, as it touched the bank of the river, and opened a way silently through the thick willows till he came upon a large table of rock.

Here he lay watching the Indian camp through the glasses, giving his attention more especially to the dozen lodges that were erected at the end of the camp and which were of a slightly different shape to the rest.

The famous scout read at a glance that these were no Navajo lodges. They were great deerskin tents of Apache make, and before these stood the totem poles of the chiefs who inhabited them, tall, carved and painted figures, gorgeous in gold and blazonry.

There is a superstition amongst the trappers and cow-punchers and the humbler folk of the trail and prairie that these totem poles are idols.

But Buffalo Bill, well versed in the heraldry of the Redskin, knew better than this. He knew the blazonry and meaning of each of these barbaric signs, which were no more and no less than the armorial bearings of their owners.

Just as the knights of old, to distinguish their persons in battle and camp, painted their armorial bearings on their shields and standards to make a rallying point for their followers, so did their Redskin chiefs display their totem poles and painted their cognisances on the walls of their tents.

This was why Buffalo Bill was so intensely curious to see who was who in this savage camp.

He silently called Black Dixie to his side and gave him the glasses.

And as soon as Buck brought these to bear on the great winged pole, representing a kite, which stood outside the first tent, he whistled under his breath.

It was the silver kite, which was the war sign of Chief Two-Axe, one of the leading chiefs of the Northern Apaches. But six weeks before Chief Two Axe had smoked the Pipe of Peace with Buffalo Bill himself, and had put his mark to a treaty of peace

with the Government, whereby he had promised that not a brave should move within his borders against the Government for a space of five years. He had accepted a present of ten thousand dollars and firewater.

And here was Two Axe on the war-path, hand in glove with the Navajoes, who were openly at war with the United States Government.

Buck Dixie laughed quietly as he peered through the glasses.

"Yonder is the sign of Two Axe, Billy Cody!" he whispered to Buffalo Bill. "What is he doing, rowing in this galley. I thought you and he had buried the war hatchet and had smoked the Pipe of Peace together but six weeks since."

Buffalo Bill's face was grim as he peered over the rock.

"The Chief Two Axe shall have a new name when I have finished with him! He shall be called Chief Double Face, and he shall die!" he muttered.

"Had I known that he was going to play me false like this, he should have had his ten thousand dollars melted and run down his lying throat! And what do you make of the totem next door, Buck?" he added.

"Horse's Skull!" replied Buck, without hesitation. "There is no mistaking the trade mark of that old scoundrel!"

Buffalo Bill nodded grimly.

"I don't wonder so much about him!" he said in a low voice. "Chief Horse's Skull was always a treacherous dog. His own people call him Chief In and Out, or Chief Two Tongues. And the next?"

"Chief Man Who Smiles!" pronounced Buck, referring to an Apache chief of great power, whose face was twisted into a perpetual grin by an old knife scar.

The Medicine-Men!

BUFFALO BILL grunted as Buck Dixie confirmed his readings of the totems and the paintings on the high tents.

"This is going to be a big thing," said he. "Man Who Smiles never takes the warpath unless he thinks he is on a pretty safe thing, and unless he is well supported by the Paramount Chiefs of the Apaches. There is big trouble here. This means war—Indian war. North, south, east, and west, Buck! We did not expect that the Apaches would get on the move for another five years."

"We have caught a dozen of them red-handed!" Buck Dixie replied. "There is enough in this to hang the owners of every one of those totems. It is a big thing, as you say, Billy Cody, and we'll get the news through to Washington as swiftly as possible. It is no small rising which can be tackled by a few frontier troops, but war—big war!"

Buffalo Bill shut up his glasses with something like a sigh.

"Then it's good-bye to my Wild West Show for a bit!" said he. "I had a hunch that something of this sort was coming along. But I did not expect to find all the big men of the Northern Apaches making medicine long with the Navajoes. It was a lucky adventure that led us into

this place, and we must learn something more about it.

The two scouts stole back to the canoe, which the boys were holding to the bank by the tough stems of the long, sweet grass.

Then, with their paddles, they pushed off and allowed the canoe to go on floating down the starlit river.

Both Buffalo Bill and Buck Dixie were silent and thoughtful. They had entered into this stronghold with the notion that they might pick up some of the plans of the Navajoes for the near future. They had discovered that they were implicated in the beginnings of the biggest Indian rising in the United States since the Great Sioux War of 1863.

Prairie Wolf must have had eyes like telescopes. He had not had the advantage of glasses, but he, too, had not missed the sight of those distant Apache lodges and their totem poles in the Navajo camp.

"Big war him come heap quick!" said he generally, as he squatted on the floor of the canoe.

"How do you know that, Wolf?" asked Buffalo Bill, unable to believe that those sunbitten old eyes had seen what they had seen.

"When the grey wolf sits down with the coyote, when Two Axe and Horse's Skull and Man Who Smiles pitch their lodges with the Navajoes, then let the Paleface look to his arms!" replied Prairie Wolf, speaking in the Navajo tongue. "Lo, I have seen what I have seen to-night. These people dance the Sun Dance and the War Dance together, and there is a victim to die. And, after that, there will be great war, for Chief Two Axe is better named Chief Two Face, and, where Chief Horse's Skull plants his lodge, there lives treachery. Lo! I have spoken!"

Buffalo Bill was almost startled at the insight of Prairie Wolf. He had summed up the situation to a nicety.

There was a sort of I-told-you-so expression on Prairie Wolf's face as he squatted on the bottom of the canoe and made medicine with his fingers, which meant that he rapidly pointed north, south, east, and west, and to the Pole star, to avert evil and to bring good fortune in the coming war.

And he made a sign which the keen eyes of Buffalo Bill saw in the darkness under the willows, and which caused the scout to release his grip on the keen hunting knife at his belt.

Very few people in the world knew that sign save the great war chiefs of the Indian nations, and Buffalo Bill, and Buck Dixie, two of the greatest Indian scouts that have ever lived.

Only in a full meeting of a lodge of chiefs of the Redskin nations could that sign be learned.

It was the sign of Ishmael. The sign of casting out. And once a Redskin had made it, he had cut himself off from his nation for ever. He was outlaw. It was the sign of the Wolf Man, the oldest tradition of the Redskins, and the Red Men are like the ancient Romans, who held that they were descended from Romulus and Remus, who were brought up by a wolf.

So believe the Redskins, who hold

that they are all descended from the Wolf Man, who was cast out by his tribe, and who ran with the wolf packs. This man fell into a wolf trap and was pulled out by the wolves. Amongst these was a blind wolf, who had powerful medicine. He cured the man of his hurts, and by magic made his head and hands look like the head and paws of a wolf. And the man ran with the wolves and helped them to steal meat, and spring the traps that were laid in their ways. And he was the Father of all Redskins.

It was the wolf sign which Prairie Wolf had made with his fingers. And this was why Buffalo Bill's knife was slipped back quietly into its sheath. He had thought that Prairie Wolf, who, after all was a Navajo and a war chief of Navajoes, might betray them at this moment. If they were betrayed and killed just now, it would mean that thousands of whites would be massacred, and women and children would be slain and tortured for lack of warning.

This was why Buffalo Bill was ready to sacrifice Prairie Wolf until his eyes caught that almost imperceptible sign of the old warrior's fingers. He had thought that it was better that Prairie Wolf should die than that golden scalps should hang at the belts of the Apaches, and that white babies should be murdered in their cradles.

But at the sign the knife was slipped back.

Prairie Wolf was safe. He would die with his Paleface friends rather than betray them, for a Redskin chief never goes back on the wolf sign as he hopes for the Happy Hunting Grounds.

And if Buffalo Bill's eyes were like the eyes of a cat in the dark, so were those of Prairie Wolf.

The old man chuckled.

"Lo!" he muttered. "'Tis true—this the Red Men say of Buffalo Bill. He has caught a lynx, and has changed eyes with the beast. Fear not, Buffalo Bill. I have made the wolf sign. I am outcast now from the Navajo nation, who made their ears deaf as the adder to the counsel of old Prairie Wolf, and whose hearts are turned from the Palefaces. I have fought the Palefaces, and have fought them fairly. Never have I taken scalp of child or woman of the Palefaces, and lo, I have counselled the Navajo tribes to follow me in this, and to smoke the Pipe of Peace with the Palefaces, who are a strong people. Wherefore my people have cast me out, and now I have cast myself out from amongst them, and am no longer a Navajo, but a Lone Wolf. I have spoken!"

Buffalo Bill nodded. Prairie Wolf had not missed that movement of the knife.

Presently, as they rounded a bend in the river, Prairie Wolf gave a low hiss.

Buffalo Bill replied in the same fashion to indicate that he saw and heard.

Close by the river bank rose a large lodge of painted deerskin. It was far remote from the camp, and was painted in the fringe of square

lozenge patterns which betokened that it was the medicine lodge of the tribe.

Prairie Wolf's eyes glittered, and his grip tightened on his tomahawk as he gazed at the great lodge which was faintly lit by the rising moon.

Here were quartered the six chief medicine-men of the Navajo nation, the six men he most hated in the world, for they had led his nation astray against his counsels, and had caused him to be cast out of the Great Lodge of Chiefs.

Their names were Tall Bull, Spotted Tail, Hot Feet, Crouching Panther, Hairy Bear, and Big Eagle; and Prairie Wolf had his knife out for the lot.

Medicine-man, amongst the Redskins, is, in a way, a false word. It was the name given to these prophets or priests of the tribes by the early French voyageurs, and is based on the French word *medecin*, or doctor. But the Redskin form of government is

skin was the first step to delivering their father out of his bondage.

There was no fire burning outside the tent, though a faint blue curl of smoke issued from the smoke-hole, which is left at the top of all Indian lodges.

Perhaps the wise men of the tribe were deep in consultation within and making medicine by their secret fire. Perhaps they had merely shut themselves in the tent against the mosquitoes and midges, which were pretty plentiful in the bushes and long grass of the river side.

And there was no one about in the vicinity of the medicine lodge. About it was drawn a huge circle of whitened skulls, the grim trophies of many a Navajo victory and raid.

And many were the tales of murder and treachery that those hundreds of skulls could have told had they but tongues.

Buffalo Bill barely looked round as



The five Navajo-clad scouts crept up to the medicine lodge unheard and unseen—Buffalo Bill bravely leading the way.

government by a dreamer or a prophet, and the medicine-man is the high priest. He foretells the future, and his dreams and prophecies are held sacred by the people. If the dreams don't turn out right, the medicine-man is quick to tell the people that this is their fault. If by accident his prophecies turn out true, the confidence of the tribe in their medicine-man is beyond all belief.

Besides the gift of prophecy, the medicine-man undoubtedly have great knowledge of herbs and curing, and of setting bones and healing wounds. And they are also the keepers of the records of their tribes.

So it was in this tent that Buffalo Bill expected to find the Golden Fleece, that would tell them of John Desmond's whereabouts, and the boys' hearts beat high as they looked at the painted lodge.

For this they had crossed the Pah-guampe, or the salt water, and they knew that the possession of the sheep-

he steered the canoe in to the river bank and stepped ashore. Well he knew that not a brave or squaw of the Navajoes would dare to come near the medicine tent. And the yells and shouts from the camp up the hill reassured him that the Navajoes were fully occupied in the feasting and drinking that was to work them up for the sacred Sun Dance and War Dance, which, if their Apache visitors joined them, would mean war to the knife against the Palefaces.

It was the cabinet of the nation which was deliberating and plotting in that closed tent in its wide circle of skulls.

The rest followed Buffalo Bill out of the canoe. It had served their purpose. They could not go back by the way they had come. So a swift stab and rip through the side and a couple of big stones sank it in the deep water under the bank.

Buffalo Bill was too old a scout to leave a trail behind him.

Then, in Indian file, they moved through the willows by the river bank and stepped lightly over the ring of skulls.

Their mocassined feet made no sound in the soft lush grass, indeed, every sound was drowned by the deep croaking of the bull-frogs which were, after the custom of their kind, raising their evening song in the damp grass.

A bull-frog is not a large frog, but he makes a noise large enough for an ox.

So the five Navajo-clad scouts crept up to the medicine lodge unheard and unseen.

From the inside of the lodge came a grunting and a snoring, which showed that some of the medicine-men, at any rate, had been indulging in the strong waters of the Paleface.

But there were voices also.

Two harsh grunting voices were demanding information, speaking in Navajo dialect. But these were answered in English.

"I ain't a denyin' that you got me fixed Big Eagle, and you, Tall Bull. But you can light your old fire at my feet and burn my toes off. You kin take me up to the Ring Stone and split my chest like a sixpenny had-dock. But I'm English, I am—a real Hampshire hog from Gosport, and I won't give nothin' away! I'm wise that this ain't the hollow tree for this coon," added the voice, "but here we are, an' we must make the best of it, as the grizzly said when he fell inter the trap. I'm Jake Bellew by name, and England is my nation, an' you can burn my feet to stumps you Red-skin scoundrels, an' you won't get more than silence talk from me. Wah, you Navajo dogs, I have spoken!"

Buffalo Bill started.

So the Redskins had got hold of old Jake Bellew, one of the characters of the West; hunter, trapper, pioneer, and half a Redskin himself by his long years of residence amongst the tribes. Jake was a wanderer on the face of the earth since his old wife, who was a Cheyenne princess, had died.

And Jake, surprised and taken prisoner by some wandering party of marauders, was being threatened with torture if he did not divulge information which the medicine-men were trying to get out of him.

"Listen, Jak Ballu!" grunted Big

Eagle within the lodge. "Count the soldiers and the guns, and thou shalt go free. Tell thy Red brothers the secrets of the fort and the strong houses, and thou shalt feast with Navajo and Apache this night. But if thou keepest the silence, thy feet shall be burned off by this fire, and thy heart shall be slit at the Ring Stone as a sacrifice of war!"

"Better a split heart than a black one, ye dogs!" answered Jake Bellew boldly. "Do your worst! I married a Redskin, but her heart was white, and her spirit would haunt me if I betrayed the Palefaces, who are my brothers."

There was a tiny hole in the deer-skin of the lodge, and Buffalo Bill peeped through this.

Four of the medicine-men were, according to their own way of putting it, communing with the spirits in dreams.

As a matter of fact, they had been communing with the spirits in bottles, as a number of empty bottles scattered about in the lodge betrayed.

And, lashed by many bonds of raw hide to a great carved post that was set deep in the ground in the centre of the lodge, was old Jake Bellew.

Before him squatted the medicine-men, evil, black silhouettes against a brazier of red embers of charcoal.

Jake looked a regular tramp. He wore an old shabby army hat and a ragged blue army overcoat, a buckskin shirt which had seen better days, and a pair of greasy buckskin pants that, having shrunk in the wet, barely reached his knees.

And his boots were no protection to his feet, for the soles were gone.

With a grunt of malignity, Tall Bull pushed the flat brazier forward till it was close on those naked toes.

"Jak Ballu will not speak!" said he. "Lo, the Red Flower shall make him speak!"

And nearer and nearer he pushed the glowing embers to Jake Bellew's naked toes.

"Mum's the word, ye dogs!" said Jake Bellew, undaunted.

Another long instalment of this thrilling Redskin tale in next Tuesday's issue of "The Greyfriars Herald." Order your copy in advance.—Editor.

THE JAPE THAT FAILED

(Continued from page 14.)

him baldheaded, and give him the bumping of his life!"

Violent hands were laid on Tubb, and he was swept off his feet, struggling in vain.

Bump! Bump! Bump! Bump! "Yarooogh!" howled the suffering Tubb. "Oh, crumbs! Yah!"

"There!" panted Paget, glaring at Tubb. "Let that teach you not to try any more japes at night time, you thundering cuckoo! Look at what we've got to sleep in!"

They looked, and they moaned in anguish of mind and spirit.

But there was no other way than for them to make the most of a bad job. They turned out as much sawdust from the beds as they could. They had not the heart to build up the beds again, so they undressed and crawled into the beds, just as they were, on the floor.

Some of them had to sleep two in one bed, which made matters more uncomfortable, for, despite their activities, much of the sawdust still remained in the beds.

The beds were by no means soft or downy, and bitterly the Third Formers mourned over their "hard" lot as they lay down and sought slumber.

But it was some time before slumber, under these circumstances, came. And, when it did come, George Tubb and Co. dreamt dreams that made them writhe and kick each other, and roll out of bed upon the floor.

It was a night of misery for the hoodwinked Third-Formers.

Dicky Nugent and Co., however, snugly ensconced within their rivals' warm beds, chuckled mightily over the manner in which they had turned the tables on Tubb and Co., and slept the sleep of the just.

When the rising-bell clanged out, fifteen members of the Third Form, weary in body and sore in spirit, trooped down to breakfast.

And many were the savage glances bestowed on George Tubb, the originator of the jape that failed!

THE END.

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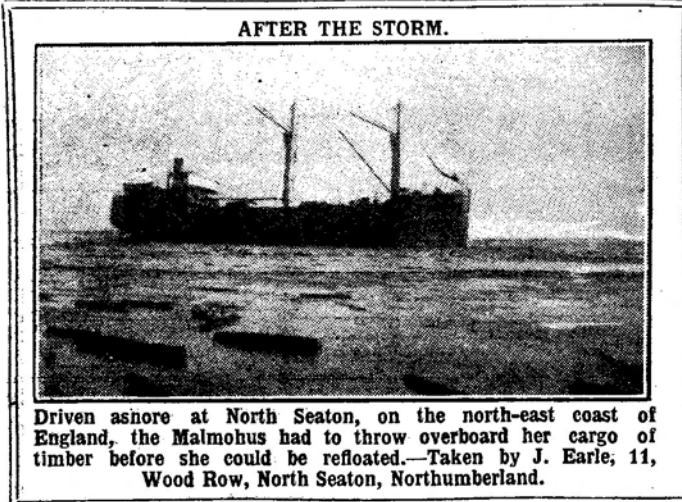
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