

GRAND EASTER TUCK HAMPERS FOR READERS!

# The Greyfriars Herald 1½<sup>d</sup>



No. 24 (New Series)

FULL OF SCHOOL STORIES AND ARTICLES

April 10, 1920.



**VERNON DAUBENY TAKES HIS TURN!**  
*(An Exciting Scene in our Splendid Complete School Story by Owen Conquest.)*

Our Photographic Supplement

# THE BOYS' PICTORIAL

Continued on Page 19



Readers of The GREYFRIARS HERALD are invited to send up their Amateur Photographs and Snapshots. Full prices will be paid for all Photos used.

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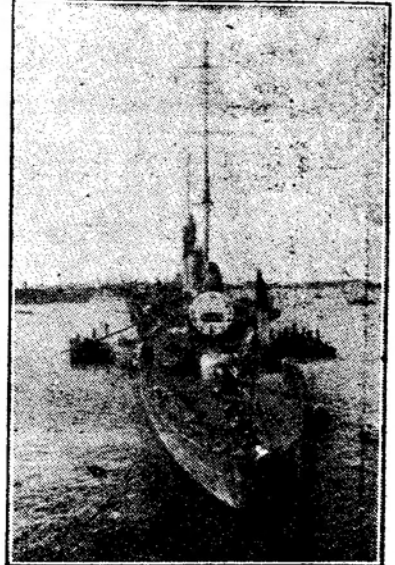


THE IDOL OF THE PEOPLE.



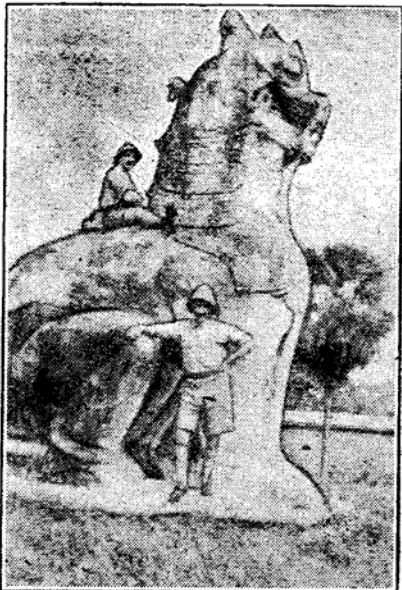
That national hero, Earl Haig, (saluting), who did so much towards winning the war, is here seen being followed by an admiring crowd during a visit to Glasgow.—Taken by L. Aubrey, 329v, Hope Street, Glasgow.

A FAMOUS WARSHIP.



H.M.S. Sydney coaling at Port Said at the entrance to the Suez Canal. The Sydney, it will be remembered, was the Australian warship which destroyed the German armed raider, Emden, during the war. Note the big white "clock" amidships, marked to 9,000 yards, which aids the gunners by indicating the ranges.—Taken by Harry Lill, 60, Castle Hill, Huddersfield, Yorks.

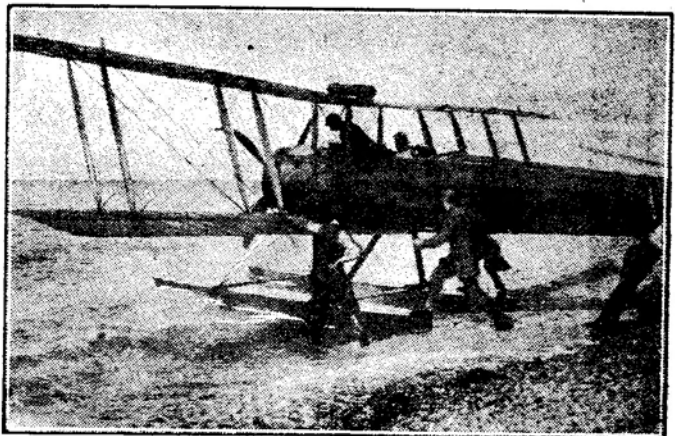
THE IDOL'S GUARD.



One of the four "lions" which surround an idol in far-off Burmah. But it has no terrors for our Tommies.—Taken by W. Kibel, 3, Kilburn Square, Kilburn, N.W. 6.

**SEND ALONG  
YOUR  
HOLIDAY SNAPS**

A GUINEA A FLIGHT!



An Avro seaplane at Brighton just about to start on a flight with a passenger. For a guinea one may have about a quarter of an hour of thrills between earth and sky. Flying over the sea has a sensation all its own, as many small air-pockets, created by the action of the waves, are encountered. The sudden falls of varying distances resulting are commonly known in the Air Service as "bumps," and tend to send the inexperienced passenger's heart into his mouth.—Taken by H. B. Levey, 29, Church Lane, Leytonstone, E. 11.



Occasional Contributors from GREYFRIARS

Occasional Contributors from Other Schools

# Editorial

By Harry Wharton.

## THE CLUBS OF GREYFRIARS.

More and more GREYFRIARS HERALD clubs are springing up all over the country, and just to hand are letters from C. H. Pugh, Northwick House Lodge, near Worcester, who wants to hear from readers and from Harold Chilton, 46, Buchanan Street, Yarm Lane, Stockton-on-Tees, who asks those wishing to join to forward him the GREYFRIARS HERALD Editorial Page signed across the top. Well, the more of these clubs there are the better for all of us, and I wish the organisers every success.

## GRUNDY.

Grundy is still clamouring for the editorship, but so far he has not succeeded in his ambition. Well, you know what Grundy is. I am not disparaging him. He is just Grundy. And an editor has to be calm and to wear the easy smile of the generous minded—he must not be irritating. He is not permitted to drop pitying sighs when he does not like contributions. None of these things are allowed him, and Grundy would most likely be dropping the office furniture after he had been in the editorial chair for a week.

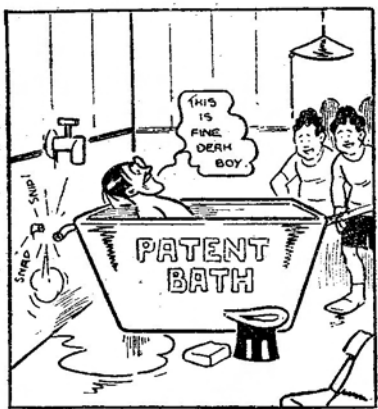
## BUT JUST LOOK AT THIS!

It comes from W. O. Holmes of Palmer's Green. "Reading in your paper that Grundy is keen on being editor, I would like to place before you a little idea. Why not let him do the editing for one week! Or perhaps he might have one or two pages, and I think the effect produced would be very novel and humorous." The answer is in the negative. It would not do. I have no objection to giving Grundy a light easy job as chucker out, or he can have a little health-giving exercise breaking up the coal for the editorial fire. But Grundy's reformed spelling wouldn't do for the paper!

HARRY WHARTON.



## GUSSY'S PATENT BATH - - - Drawn by FRANK NUGENT.



1. With the last fiver he received, Arthur Augustus D'Arcy invested in a new, patent rubber-bath. Then after a cross-country run one day he stretched it out and asked Cardew, Clive, Levison and the other fellows what they thought about it.

2. "Topping ideah, deah boys," he murmured as he got into it. "Plenty of woom to splash about, eh, what?" But our only aunt! One of the strands which held the bath out was a bit groggy and suddenly went with a snap!

3. And that patent bath concertina'd with lightning rapidity! "Ow!" shrieked Gussy; "the beastly wubbah swap's bwoken, I do believe! Stop laughing, you wottahs, and extwact me! Oh, deah!" But, the] juniors merely laughed draughtilly!

# THE SCHEME THAT FAILED!

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 Boys' Friend)

## I.

### Daub's Great Wheeze!

"ONE after another!" said Vernon Daubeny.

"Ahem!" remarked Torrence dubiously.

"Hum!" murmured Egan.

Vernon Daubeny leaned back in the luxurious arm-chair, in his study on the old Benbow, and regarded his chums with a sarcastic smile through the curl of smoke from his cigarette.

Generally, his faithful followers were prepared to back him up; the word of the great Daub was a law unto the Bucks of St. Winifred's. But now there seemed to be considerable doubt in the matter.

"One after another!" repeated Daubeny. "Us three first—then Seeley and Chilcot can take a hand

"But—who's goin' to begin?" asked Egan.

"One of us," answered Daubeny carelessly. "We'll toss a penny for it if you like?"

"That's all very well; but you know how jolly hefty Drake is," said Egan, still more dubiously. "Dash it all, you know that from experience; he made a wreck of you when you tackled him."

"I wasn't in my best form," said Daubeny frowning.

"All the same if you had been!"

"Well, even a lickin' is worth while, to carry out the scheme, isn't it?"

"Yes, if you get it, old chap. If I get it, I don't know."

"Oh, rats!"

Vernon Daubeny blew out a little cloud of smoke, irritably. Daubeny's active brain had thought out a new plan for dealing with Jack Drake, his former pal, and present foe; and the hesitation of his followers was rather annoying.

"Now, look here," he said, "you know how the matter stands. The exam, for the Founders' Scholarship comes off soon, and if Drake doesn't bag it, he goes. His father can't pay his fees here next term. If only we can dish him for the exam, we're clear of the cad for good. I tell you he's got to be dished. We've tried more than one way—"

"And failed in all!" put in Torrence.

"We sha'n't fail this time. This is a corker," said Daubeny impressively. "We've got plenty of causes for quarrelling with Drake, and no fellow can find fault with being asked to have it out in the gym. He's criticised your football, Egan—said some awfully pointed things about it. That's a reason for challengin' him."

"Hum!"

"He's called you a tailor's dummy, Torrence—"



"Oh, I'm game!" said Egan, with a flush. "Here you are, Torrence!" He threw up a penny. "Head!" cried Torrence, hopefully.

"Let him!" said Torrence philosophically. "I don't mind!"

"It's good grounds for challengin' him."

"H'm!"

"And he's said that you're no good as junior captain, Daub," observed Egan. "You can challenge him on that. And we'll come and see you through."

"Hear, hear!" grinned Torrence. Daubeny did not heed.

"With a fight on his hands every day, how is he going to 'grind' for the exam?" he went on. "Besides he won't be fit. It's a splendid wheeze, now the time's gettin' close. He simply won't have a look in when the papers are handed round by old Packe."

"Too jolly palpable!" said Egan. "Why, every fellow on the Benbow will tumble to the game, when Drake's had a fight or two."

"Let 'em tumble! If Drake doesn't want to be called into the gym, he should keep a guard over his tongue," said Daubeny, with a sneer. "He's called up names enough for us to get waxy. In fact, some of his friends hint that we have shown the white feather in not callin' him to account."

"H'm!"

"Suppose he hands out some ficks-in's," went on Daubeny, evidently much taken with his great idea.

"What's the harm? I suppose you fellows ain't afraid of getting knocked about a bit?"

"No need for us to get knocked about," said Egan, determinedly. "You can take on Drake, as it's your idea."

"One after the other, as I said—it's got to be kept up, or the game's no good."

"And you're goin' to begin?" persisted Egan. "I'll stroll along to Drake's study, and carry your challenge now, if you like, Daub."

Daubeny knitted his brows. Excellent as his scheme was for spoiling Jack Drake's chance of winning the examination, he did not seem eager to carry it out personally.

There was no doubt that Jack Drake, though a peaceful fellow enough, was a fearfully hard hitter on occasion. That, undoubtedly, was a drawback in Daubeny's little scheme.

The three Bucks agreed that the idea was a good one, so far as that went; the scheme of the offensive was all right; but nobody in the study was anxious to get into the draft for the front, so to speak.

"We'll toss up for first man in," said Daubeny, at length. "That's fair play all round. You fellows toss, and the loser pays. I'll toss with the loser."

"That's all very well—"

"Oh, he sports!" urged Daubeny. Egan and Torrence looked at one another.

They could not help feeling that it was up to Daub to carry out his scheme himself, or at least to set a glib example.

"I'm goin' to take my turn with the rest, of course," said Daubeny. "Fair play all round. Toss up for it."

"Oh, all right," said Torrence, at last.

"Turn out a coin, Egan, and look a bit more cheery about it."

"I think it's rather too palpable," said Egan. "Mr. Packe might notice what's goin' on, an' interfere—"

"What rot!"

"The prefects wouldn't allow anythin' of the kind, if they knew."

"They won't know."

"Well, I think—"

"Are you goin' to toss with Torrence, or are you funk'in'?" asked Daubeny scornfully.

Egan flushed.

"Oh, I'm game," he said. "Here you are, Torrence."

He threw up a penny.

"Head!" said Torrence hopefully.

Head it was! Torrence breathed a bit more freely. He was much more inclined, now, to back up Daubeny's idea with some enthusiasm. For the first fight with Jack Drake rested between Egan and Daubeny now. Torrence was prepared to back up either with great heartiness.

Egan looked moody, however.

"Cheer up, Egan," said Daubeny sarcastically. "Even if you scrap with Drake, you're not goin' to a funeral, you know. Besides, you might lick him."

"Oh, rats!" grunted Egan.

Daubeny took a shilling from his waistcoat pocket.

"Heads I win, tails you win," he said. "Right?"

"Yes, if you like; throw it clear," added Egan suspiciously. "Let it roll."

"Certainly, old top!"

Vernon Daubeny threw up the shilling, and it struck the planks overhead. Then it dropped to the floor, struck a chair-leg, and rolled over. Evidently there was no deception about that pitch.

Egan looked at it, and scowled. Daubeny leaned over and smiled at the coin, which presented King George's head to the view. Daubeny had won the toss. He picked the shilling up, and slipped it into his waistcoat pocket again.

"You're the man, Egan!"

Egan grunted an ungracious assent. And Daubeny smiled sweetly. It was not the first time that his double-headed shilling had come in useful.

**On the Warpath!**

**T**UCKEY TODDLES came into No. 8. Study in the Fourth with a grin upon his fat and grubby face. Jack Drake and Dick Rodney were in the study, comparing notes on Horace. Tuckey Toddles interrupted them without ceremony. He was not interested in Drake's work for the scholarship exam. In fact, Tuckey had stated candidly, more than once, that he was "fed" with the whole bizney.

"I say, Drake—"

"Shurrup!"

"Daub's coming here."

"Bother Daub!"

"But he's coming!" said Tuckey Toodles. "I say, I've heard him in the common-room. Did you say that Egan played like a sack of coke in the Redclyffe match, Drake?"

"I dare say I did. Dry up!"

"Well, Egan's going to wallop you for it."

"Eh? What?"

Tuckey Toodles chuckled. He had succeeded in interesting his study-mate at last. Even Dick Rodney forgot Q. Horatius Flaccus for the moment.

"What's that?" repeated Drake, in astonishment. "Is Egan looking for trouble with me?"

"Daub's going to bring you his challenge."

"How do you know, ass?"

"He was saying so, in the common-room, before a lot of fellows. Daub's very indignant," said Tuckey impressively. "He says that it's been hinted that his pal, Egan, had cold feet, because he let you run on about his footer. Now Egan's calling you to account."

"What rot!" said Drake impatiently. "Everybody knows that Egan plays footer like a born dummy. I suppose half St. Winifred's called him names over his last exhibition. Is he going to fight the whole school?"

"He's goin' to fight you, Drake," said a cool voice in the doorway. And Vernon Daubeny's eyeglass glimmered into the study.

Jack Drake looked round.

"What's this game, Daub?" he snapped.

Daubeny strolled gracefully in. Torrence was with him, and two or three of the Fourth had followed from the common-room.

Most of them were grinning.

Egan of the Shell had never been suspected of being a hero; and his challenge to Jack Drake came as a great surprise. Sawyer major opined that Daubeny had bullied him into it; there really seemed no other way of accounting for Egan's looking for such trouble otherwise.

"I'm actin' as Egan's second in this matter, Drake," Daubeny explained.

"You've been callin' him names—"

"Rot!"

"Criticisin' him—"

"Bosh!"

"Unless you take back what you've said, and apologise—"

"Rats!"

"You refuse?"

Drake laughed impatiently.

"I'm blessed if I remember half I've said on the subject," he exclaimed. "Egan plays footer like a born idiot, and I dare say I've said so—and so has every chap in the Fourth, I suppose."

"You've accused him of foul'in'—"

"I haven't accused him; I've stated the fact. A dozen fellows saw him foul in the Redclyffe match, and disgrace his school."

"Well, havin' said all that, I suppose you are not going to refuse to put up your hands to the fellow you've insulted?" said Daubeny, with a sneer.

"Not at all. If Egan wants a

lickin', he can come along here and take one. I've got five minutes to spare."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a loud laugh from the juniors gathering in the passage. Daubeny compressed his lips.

"Brag's a good dog!" he remarked.

"Oh, I'm not bragging; you know I could lick Egan, and he knows it, and I'm surprised at his askin' for it," answered Drake. "But the fact is, Daub, I'm not takin' your word for it. If Egan is lookin' for trouble with me, he can come and say so himself."

"I'm his second—"

"Oh, rats!"

"I've brought you his challenge—"

"More rats!"

Daubeny's eyes glittered. This was really a very disrespectful way of treating an ambassador bringing a declaration of war. But Drake had no patience to waste on the Bucks. He had more important matters to think of than Daubeny and Co.

"Will you fix a time an' place for meetin' Egan, Drake?" he snapped.

Drake shook his head.

"No, I won't," he answered.

"You want to crawl out—"

"Oh, cheese it!" interrupted Drake unceremoniously. "I'm workin' for an exam, as you know. You've tried to muck up my sappin' often enough. I'm not goin' to make any arrangements. If Egan wants any trouble, let him come here, and I'll step out into the passage and deal with him. That's all I've got to say."

"Look here—"

"That's all, I say," exclaimed Drake, rising. "And now you can travel, Daub, or I shall fight you instead of Egan. Savvy?"

Daubeny stepped out of the study rather hastily.

"I suppose it's no good expectin' an outsider like you to understand good form," he said with a sneer.

"Bosh!"

Slam!

The study door closed almost on Daubeny's nose. There was a howl of laughter in the passage as the chief of the Bucks turned away, his face crimson with rage. Even Torrence was grinning a little.

"Oh, I say!" murmured Tuckey Toodles.

Rodney laughed, but his face became grave again.

"It's jolly queer, Egan sending you a challenge like this, Drake," he said.

"It's weeks since the footer-match, and if he wanted to take offence he's had lots of time."

"I suppose Daub's at the bottom of it," grunted Drake.

Rodney nodded.

"It's another of Daub's tricks," he said. "Look here, with the exam. so close at hand, Drake, you're entitled to refuse anything of the sort. What becomes of your grinding this evening, if you're going to fight?"

"Oh, that's all right; Egan won't put me off my form," said Drake, with a laugh. "Daub is the only one of that set who has any beef in him, and Daub is keepin' off the grass. Never mind Egan. Let's get on with this dashed Latin!"

But the "dashed Latin" was soon interrupted.

There was a trampling of many feet in the passage without, and a loud knock at the door. Sawyer major put a grinning face into the study.

"Here they come!" he announced. "The Bucks on the warpath! Egan don't look happy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came in a roar from the passage. "Buck up, Egan! Have you made your will?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Drake rose to his feet, with a smile at Rodney. As a matter of fact, he was not sorry that study was to be interrupted for a short interval; a little exercise was a welcome change. The door was flung wide open, and in the doorway appeared Egan of the Shell, with Daubeny at his side and a crowd behind him.

#### Trying it On!

EGAN of the Shell, as Sawyer major had observed, did not look happy.

In fact, he looked the reverse of happy.

The great Daub had had his way, and his wonderful scheme was to be carried out; but there was a plentiful lack of enthusiasm on the part of his hapless follower.

Egan was attempting to carry off the situation with bravado, but he was troubled with an inward sinking feeling, and a strong desire to disappear from the scene.

"Hallo, Egan!" said Drake cheerily. "Kind of you to give me a look in. How do you do?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I've come—" began the Shell fellow blusteringly.

"I can see you've come. Will you sit down?" asked Drake politely. "Mind the chair—it's a bit rocky in the legs."

"I haven't come here to sit down."

"You've come to ask me to tea?" suggested Drake.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I've come to thrash you, Drake, for your—your insultin' remarks," said Egan, as loftily as he could.

"Bravo!" said Daubeny.

"Go it, Egan!" sang out Torrence, and Chilcot, and Seeley, and several more of the Bucks, from behind.

"Thrash me!" repeated Drake, with a smile. "Well, here I am, waitin' to be thrashed. Rodney, I leave you my books, in case I don't survive. Egan won't give me time to make my will, I can see—he's thirsting for the fray!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come to the gym., Drake," exclaimed Egan. "There's no room for fightin' here."

"Room enough for little us," answered Drake. "Step into the passage. You fellows crowd back. Now I'm ready, Egan."

"What about gloves?"

"Oh, never mind gloves. Come on as you are, and put me out of my misery!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Egan bit his lip hard. He was not feeling war-like, by any means; but even he was a little exasperated by his challenge being taken in so humorous a spirit.

"I'm not fightin' without gloves," he said sullenly. "I'm not a dashed hooligan!"

"Well, we've got some gloves in the

study," said Drake. "Trot them out, Rodney. Egan doesn't want to hurt me too much."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'd rather have it out in proper style, in the gym.," said Egan restively.

"My dear man, as challenged party I choose time and place, and I choose here and now. Besides, I've no time to waste; I'm got some work to do. Here are the gloves. Help him on with his gloves, Daub; his fingers seem to be all thumbs."

"Pull yourself together, Egan!" Daubeny whispered in the ear of his champion.

Egan's only reply was a sullen scowl. At that moment he was much more inclined to commit assault and battery upon Vernon Daubeny than upon Jack Drake. But he was in for it, and he adjusted the gloves with considerable slowness.

In the passage, the grinning juniors cleared back to give the combatants room. Egan's unwillingness for the fray was so evident that they could not help wondering what sort of a fight he was going to put up.

Drake donned the gloves with a smiling face. The combat was not one to be taken very seriously by so hefty a fighting-man as Drake of the Fourth.

"Ready?" he asked.

"Ye-es."

"Time!" announced Daubeny.

"Go it, Drake!"

"Go it, Egan!" chirruped Torrence and his nutty comrades.

Jack Drake advanced upon his adversary, his hands up, and his eyes gleaming over them. Egan backed.

"Halt!" sang out Sawyer major, with a chuckle.

"Stand up, Egan!"

Egan backed further and further, the juniors making room for him, till the ladder stopped him, and he could back no further.

"Is this a walking-match, old chap?" inquired Jack Drake.

Egan made a furious spring at him, hitting out fiercely, taking his courage in both hands, as it were.

Drake staggered for a moment, and two or three fierce blows came home on his face. But the next moment he had recovered himself, and he piled in, in return, with great vigour.

It seemed to the hapless Shell fellow that an earthquake was happening to him during the next two or three minutes.

Bump!

"Egan's down!" yelled Sawyer major.

"Time!" exclaimed Daubeny.

Egan sprawled on the floor, dazed and breathless. He blinked up at Drake's smiling face.

"Ow! Ow!" he gasped.

"Having some more, old top?" asked Drake.

"Egan's no hog; he knows when he's had enough," chuckled Sawyer major.

Daubeny gave his hapless champion a fierce look. He had not expected Egan to be successful in the combat, but certainly he had expected something better than this.

"Get up!" he muttered savagely.

"I—I can't!"

"You keeping time, Daub?" asked Drake, with a grin. "I don't want to

hurry anybody, but life's short, you know."

"Ow!" groaned Egan.

"Time!"

Egan did not move. He had had enough—more than enough, in fact, and nothing would have induced him to face again the driving fists that had knocked him out. Whatever keenness he had had for Daub's wonderful scheme had quite oozed away now.

"Count him out!" said Rodney.

"Oh, let him take a rest," suggested Sawyer major. "Come along to-morrow morning, Drake; you'll find him still there!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I'm done!" gasped Egan.

He sat up, and threw off the gloves. Torrence gave him a hand up, and he stood leaning on Torrence with exaggerated exhaustion.

"All serene, old top," said Jack Drake, with a smile. "Trot away and put your necktie straight."

And Drake stepped back into his study cheerfully. The crowd of juniors broke up, chuckling. Drake and Rodney returned to their Horace with smiling faces. The little interlude had rather cheered them than otherwise, and Daub's astute scheme had certainly not worked successfully so far. But they were not quite done with Daubeny yet.

#### Not a Success!

"IN the common-room!" said Daubeny.

"But—"

"We've got to keep it up, Torrence. Egan hasn't done him much harm, but every little helps. He won't be so fresh for you."

"Fresh enough!" mumbled Torrence.

Daubeny made an impatient gesture. This reluctance of his followers to back up his scheme was really irritating. Egan, in his study, was nursing a damaged nose, in a vile temper. His remarks to Daubeny had been of such a personal nature that Daub had been quite glad to leave him to himself. It was Torrence's turn now. Once more Daub's double-headed shilling had served his turn; he had won the toss, and it had fallen to Torrence to be next on the list to tackle Drake. And Torrence was not enjoying the prospect.

"You'll catch him in the common-room, before all the fellows," said Vernon Daubeny. "He won't be able to back out."

"That's not what I'm worrying about," muttered Torrence. "I—I say, suppose Seeley, or Chilcot—"

Daubeny shook his head.

"They've agreed to back us up, but they stipulate that we three begin," he said. "That's only fair. Anyway, they're set on it. You go for the cad this time, and for goodness' sake put up a better show than Egan, that awful funk. Then comes my turn. You may lick him—"

"I—I think not!"

"Well, it's bound to tell on him," said Daubeny. "At least, it will put him off his form for grinding Latin."

"The fellows will tumble," said Torrence sulkily. "I tell you it's too palpable—goin' for a chap, one after another, just before an exam. We shall

be hooted right and left when the fellows tumble to the trick."

"If you're thinkin' of sneakin' out—"

"Oh, rats!" said Torrence uneasily. "I'll take it on. But it's a rotten idea, and I don't like it."

"The fellows are in the common-room; I'll give them the tip. And mind you put up a good fight."

"Oh, all right."

Vernon Daubeny led his reluctant backer away to the junior common-room. The apartment was pretty well filled. Drake and Rodney and Tuckey Toodles had come in, after prep., and most of the Fourth were there, and a good many of the Shell. There was a rumour abroad already that Arthur Torrence was taking up the cudgels for his defeated comrade, though most of the fellows had already "tumbled" to the fact that Vernon Daubeny was at the bottom of it. Chilcot and Seeley and Chetwynd and Upham, and the rest of the Bucks, had mustered in force, to afford their champion the moral support of their presence. But it had been suggested to them in vain to take an early turn in carrying out Daubeny's great wheeze. They had agreed to take turns—after Daub and Co. Possibly they had a lingering suspicion that when it came to Daub's turn a halt might be called, which would "let them out."

But Torrence had their best wishes, for what that was worth, as he came in to do battle. Drake smiled as he observed him, but Rodney frowned.

"It's a plant, old chap," he muttered. "It's as plain as anything that Daub has fixed all this. It's the same old game, in a new form."

"Looks like it," agreed Drake. "But I don't think Daub will be able to congratulate himself on the result this time.—Hallo, Torrence; lookin' for me?"

"Ye-e-es," muttered Torrence, not particularly pleased at being met half-way, as it were, by the intended victim.

"How's Egan's nose?" asked Drake sympathetically.

"Never mind Egan's nose," interrupted Vernon Daubeny roughly. "You can look after your own nose, Drake. Torrence is calling you to account for—"

"Oh, never mind the list of my sins!" said Drake. "Torrence is welcome. Don't you feel inclined to take a turn yourself, Daub?"

Vernon Daubeny did not reply to that question.

"He, he, he!" chortled Tuckey Toodles. "Daub comes next, you know. I heard him offering Chilcot to toss up with him for it, and Chilcot said he'd come after Daub, and not before—"

"Shut up, you fat rascal!" exclaimed Daubeny furiously.

"Well, I heard you, you know; and Chilcot said—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He did, you know," said Tuckey Toodles, blinking round at the yelling juniors. "Chilcot said he'd be next on the list after Daub, and Seeley said it was up to Daub to set an example—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here," roared Daub, "Torrence is waitin' for you, Drake, if you're not afraid."

"Not at all," answered Drake cheerily. "I see you've brought in some gloves. Shut the door, somebody. We don't want a prefect to drop in. I'm sure Torrence doesn't!"

Rodney closed the door of the common-room. The gloves were handed out, and the juniors formed a ring.

Torrence advanced into it, with a grim face. He was a rather more dangerous opponent than Egan, but there were few fellows present who had any doubts as to the result of the combat. Torrence's heart was not in the affair, for one thing; but at the best of times he would not have been a match for the champion athlete of the Lower School of St. Winifred's.

Daubeny took out his big gold watch

"Good man, Drake!" yelled Sawyer major. "Pick him up, Daub."

Daubeny helped up his champion.

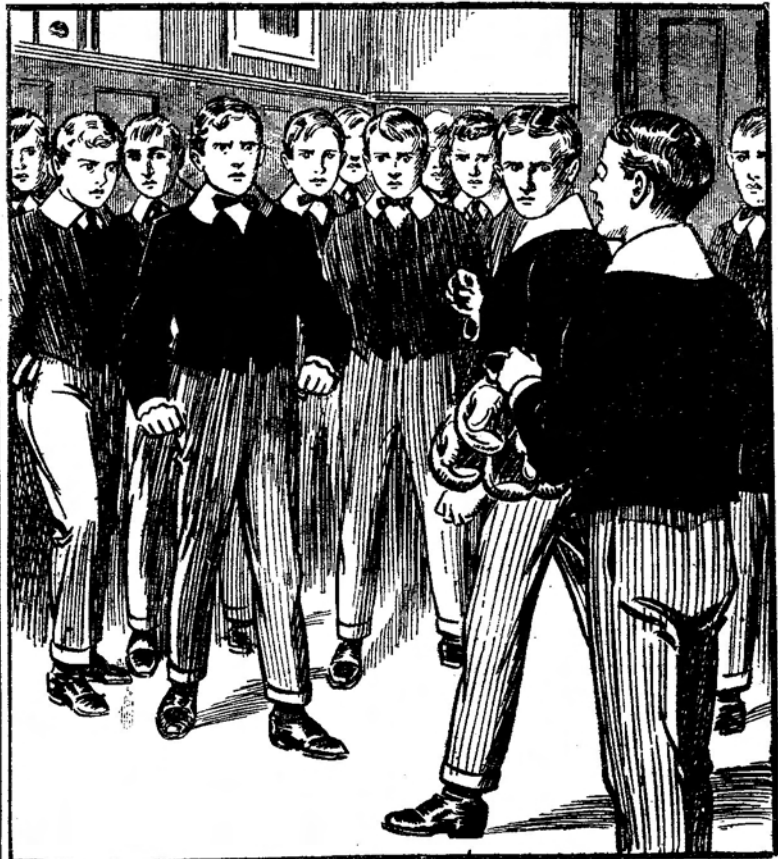
Torrence stood unsteadily, leaning on him, and blinking. But he was not "done" yet.

"You can go on?" whispered Daubeny anxiously.

"Yes, confound you!" was the polite reply.

"Time!"

Torrence came on with a rush this time; but Drake did not give ground. His guard was perfect, and none of the Shell fellow's hasty and furious blows reached home. And as Torrence desisted, tired by the fury of his own attack, Jack Drake's right lashed out,



"I see you've brought some gloves," said Jack Drake cheerily. "Shut the door, somebody. We don't want a prefect to drop in—and I'm sure Torrence doesn't!"

to keep time. Torrence drew on the gloves reluctantly.

"Time!"

Drake began with a warm attack, before which Torrence retreated. The first round was chiefly walking, and Torrence seemed relieved when time was called again. In the second round, urged on by the jeers of Sawyer major and Co., Torrence put more energy into it, and attacked. He had the satisfaction of driving Drake back a few paces, and he pressed on, with a growing hope of success. But all of a sudden Drake ceased to retreat, and his right and left came home—and then left and right—and Torrence went spinning.

There was a crash as he landed on the floor of the common-room.

and the Shell fellow crashed on the floor again.

It was not much use for Daubeny to call time after that. It was three minutes at least before Torrence was on his feet again; and meanwhile he had thrown off the gloves.

He gave Daubeny a bitter look as he strode out of the common-room, followed by laughter and jeers.

Daubeny followed him. Two or three voices were calling on Daubeny to "take his turn"; it was pretty clear that Daub's scheme was becoming known. But the chief of the Bucks turned a deaf ear to the suggestion.

Drake peeled off the gloves, with a smile.

"No damage so far," he remarked, as he met Rodney's glance. "But

perhaps I'm not finished yet. Is it your turn next, Chilcot?"

"No!" said Chilcot promptly. "I—I mean, I don't know what you're talking about, Drake."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What about you, Chetwynd?"

"Oh, rats!"

"And you, Upham—"

Upham did not answer; he left the common-room, with the rest of the Bucks. A little later there was a general meeting of the Bucks in Daubeny's study. Egan was still attending to his nose there, and Torrence had an eye that required attention. Vernon Daubeny wore a scowling brow. His wonderful scheme, which had seemed so promising at first, did not seem to be working out very successfully. It had come to Daub's turn now; and the more Daub thought about it the less he liked it.

And there was a general curiosity among the Bucks to learn when Daub's turn was coming off.

"To-morrow," was Daub's reply to the general inquiry.

"Don't let the grass grow under your feet!" urged Chilcot.

"Rats!"

And Daub walked away.

The next morning the Bucks were still inquisitive on the subject. So were a good many other fellows. Drake came in contact with Daubeny on the deck of the Benbow before lessons, and smiled at him rather ironically. Daub turned on his heel.

After morning lessons Egan and Torrence asked Daubeny when it was coming off. Egan's nose and Torrence's eyes made them rather bitter on the subject, and they did not intend to let it drop.

"After tea," yawned Daubeny.

"We'll remind you," said Egan significantly.

"Rely on us!" said Torrence.

Daubeny had rather a thoughtful look at intervals during the afternoon. He looked still more thoughtful at tea-time, in his study. After tea his chums recurred to the subject.

"Shall we come along with you to see Drake?" asked Egan.

"H'm!"

"No good puttin' it off any longer," said Torrence.

"Hum!"

"Well?" asked both the Bucks together, as Vernon Daubeny made no move.

Daubeny coughed.

"The—the fact is," he said, as casually as possible. "The—the fact is, I've been thinkin' it over."

"Oh!" said Egan unpleasantly.

"The scheme seems to have got out. In fact, I think it really was a bit too palpable, just as you said at the time, Egan. And—and that cat 'oodles has been eavesdroppin', and talkin'. Comin' to think it over carefully, I really think that it looks rather too bad—together too palpable. Knockin' a fellow about just before an exam. looks—looks—well, you know how it looks."

"Well?"

"So I think we may as well let the matter drop," said Daubeny casually. "I may think of another wheeze—I dare say I shall. But this one really doesn't seem much good. I shall let it drop. Here, I say—what the thump—hands off! Yaroooooh!"

For once in the history of the Bucks of St. Winifred's, Daub's faithful followers fairly turned upon him. Egan had taken his turn; Torrence had taken his turn; and now that it had come to Daubeny's turn, the great Daub announced that the scheme was going to be dropped! It was too much for the two injured youths. They fell upon Vernon Daubeny, and smote him hip and thigh.

"Hands off!" yelled Daubeny, struggling wildly. "You mad duffers—I tell you—if you think I'm funk'in'—yaroooh! Oh, gad!"

"Bump! Bump! Bump!"

"Yaroooh!"

The great Daubeny scrambled to his feet and lashed out wildly in an effort to protect himself against his enraged followers.

One whirling fist shook Torrence with a mighty smite on the ear; the other found a target on Egan's damaged nose, causing that unfortunate Buck to let out a howl of anguish.

But the enraged couple returned to the attack with such vigour that the great Daub was soon borne to the floor under the shower of blows rained upon him.

Before taking their departure Egan and Torrence further poured out their vials of wrath by means of a bottle of ink, which they emptied over the head of their unfortunate leader.

Egan and Torrence left the study, feeling somewhat solaced. Vernon Daubeny sat on his expensive carpet, and gasped for breath. It really looked, at last, as if the great Daub's star were on the wane.

THE END.

Another rattling, complete story of the School on the River in next Tuesday's "Greyfriars Herald." Please oblige your Editor by telling all your chums about this magnificent series.

#### RESULT OF TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION.—No. 19.

In this competition one competitor sent in a solution identical with the Editor's paragraph. The First Prize of £2 10s. has therefore been awarded to:

J. REDHEAD,  
13, Livingstone Road,  
Blackpool.

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

Arthur R. Yeoman, Boulton's Rd., Kingswood, Bristol; Dorothy Nixon, 25, Harraby Green Rd., Carlisle; Harold E. Donoghue, 88, Exmouth St., Birkenhead, Ches.; C. Mills, 24, Beresford Rd., Kingston-on-Thames; E. Burford, 30, Miles St., Camp Hill, Birmingham.

#### CORRECT SOLUTION:

Dear Readers,—Some of you have commented on the large number of times on which Billy Bunter has been presented at court—that is, at the Police Court. I see with sorrow the repeated appearance at the Woodshed Assizes of various noted criminals, whose empty pockets will not stand the strain of the smallest fine.

WHARTON.

## EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY

This week:

By HARRY WHARTON  
(Editor of "The Greyfriars Herald")

Monday.—Resolved to go to press with the next issue of the "Herald." Found I hadn't a single line of "copy." Summoned an emergency meeting of the editorial staff, and asked them what they were going to do about it. The result was as follows:

Bob Cherry: "I'll tackle the Personal Column right away!"

Frank Nugent: "And I'll do my Weekly Cartoon."

Tom Brown: "I'll jot down the Police-court News."

Johnny Bull: "I'll knock off the first instalment of a new pirate serial."

Hurree Singh: "And I, my worthy chum, will wrightfully contribute an esteemed and ludicrous short story!"

Went to bed feeling happy and satisfied.

Tuesday.—Played footer in the rain. Result—the entire editorial staff, barring myself, down with 'flu! No "copy" coming in—no stories, no articles—nothing!

Wednesday.—Latest bulletin from the "sanny" shows no improvement in the condition of the staff. Printers rang me up for "copy," and were put through to the Head by mistake! There were ructions!

Thursday.—Resolved to write the whole issue myself. Started on my colossal task in the Form-room, during morning lessons, and Quelch gave me five hundred lines, which have got to be written by Saturday. Help!

Friday.—Outlook desperate. Printers foaming at mouth. Telephone clanging all day. Staff still sick—and so am I! Nothing written for the next issue barring the Editorial. Woe is me!

Saturday.—Printers say that unless they receive "copy" by Monday morning the issue cannot appear. Relief came this evening. Frank Courtenay and the Caterpillar came over from Highcliffe. Said they had heard of the plight I was in, and had written heaps of articles and stories in order to save the situation.

Cheers! Everything in the garden is lovely!



# BILLY BUNTER'S BIRTHDAY!

A screamingly funny, complete story - - By PETER TODD

I.  
**B**UNTER! Tumble out, you lazy slacker!"

Thus spake Bob Cherry, as he advanced towards the bed occupied by the Owl of the Remove. The rising-bell was clanging, and it was the usual thing for Bob Cherry to rouse Billy Bunter. It was also the usual thing for Billy Bunter to refuse to be roused until Bob Cherry brought a sponge into play.

On this particular morning, however, the fat junior hopped out of bed in a twinkling.

"Tumble out?" he said. "Certainly, Bob, old chap! I'd do anything to oblige a decent fellow like you!"

Bob Cherry eyed the speaker with suspicion.

"Look here, porpoise, are you trying to be funny?" he demanded.

"Not at all!" said Bunter earnestly. "I really mean it. I regard you as one of the best fellows breathing!"

We all gasped. Bunter rarely had a word of praise for anything or anybody, and it was surprising to hear him talk like that.

Billy Bunter hurried through his toilet—soap and water were ever his pet aversions—and then he turned round from the washstand with a beaming smile.

"May I help you on with your collar, Wharton?" he asked. "Beastly nuisance, these stiff collars. They ought to be abolished."

The captain of the Remove was too flabbergasted to speak. He stood rooted to the floor, while Billy Bunter fastened the refractory collar.

"There!" said the fat junior. "That's quite O.K. Can I give you a hand with your jacket, my dear Nugent?"

"Mum-mum-my jacket?" stuttered Nugent, quite taken aback.

Bunter nodded, and he held the jacket in position for Nugent to put his arms through the sleeves.

Like a fellow in a dream, Nugent allowed Bunter to help him on with the garment.

This task over, Billy Bunter turned to Bolsover major.

"Bolsover, old man, would you like me to clean your boots?"

"My bub-bub-boots?" stuttered Bolsover.

"Yes. They're rather muddy at the moment, but I'll soon get such a shine on them that you'll be able to see your face in them!"

So saying, Billy Bunter dropped on to one knee, and commenced operations on Bolsover's boots.

We looked on in growing amazement. Billy Bunter very rarely cleaned his own boots, let alone anyone else's!

"My only aunt!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "Bunter's making himself quite a useful member of society! What does it all mean?"

"He's got an axe to grind, you bet!" said Johnny Bull.

We all felt that Johnny must be right. Yet what could Bunter hope to gain by these unusual deeds of kindness?

Having put the finishing touches to Bolsover's boots, the Owl of the Remove looked round for fresh worlds to conquer. He gave Skinner a brush down; he parted Mauly's hair for him, and he even offered to powder Inky's dusky complexion. Needless to state, this offer was declined without thanks.

Billy Bunter's antics both amused and amazed us. It was something quite new to find the Owl of the Remove—who was usually the embodiment of selfishness—extending a helping hand to his schoolfellows.

At the breakfast-table we held a discussion concerning Bunter's strange conduct.

Quelchy had several times called for silence, but the chatter went on.

Presently Skinner exclaimed audibly:

"Dashed if I know what to make of it—unless Bunter's fallen in love!"

"Skinner!" rapped out Quelchy.

"You were talking, in spite of my repeated admonitions to silence!"

Billy Bunter jumped up at once.

"It wasn't Skinner, sir!" he said.

"It was me!"

Quelchy glared.

"How dare you tell me such an absurd falsehood, Bunter? I distinctly recognised Skinner's voice! I cannot conceive why you should wish to shield Skinner. You will take a hundred lines—and you, too, Skinner!"

"Thou too, Brutus!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"Cherry!" thundered Quelchy.

"You were talking!"

"Pardon me, sir," said Billy Bunter, before Bob could reply, "but it was me!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was so obvious that Bob Cherry had spoken, and not Bunter, that we simply roared.

"Silence!" roared Quelchy. "I will not tolerate such levity at the breakfast-table! Bunter, you are an utterly stupid boy! You appear to have developed a craze for taking the guilt of others upon your own shoulders. What your motive can be passes my comprehension. Your imposition is doubled! As for you, Cherry, you will take a hundred lines."

All through the morning Billy Bunter continued his extraordinary behaviour.

Whenever anything went wrong in the Form-room—and the Remove Form-room is a place where things are constantly going wrong—Billy Bunter took the blame. And on several occasions he proved successful. He saved Skinner from a certain licking, and he received a heavy imposition

which should, by rights, have been awarded to Bolsover major.

When we were dismissed, with the glorious prospect of a half-holiday before us, we tumbled to Bunter's little game.

"I say, you fellows," he said off-handedly, "it's my birthday to-morrow!"

"Oh!"

"It's my fifteenth birthday," Bunter went on.

"Do you mean the fifteenth you've had this term?" asked Squiff.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Field! If you want any evidence in support of my statement, I'll show you my birth certificate!"

"Don't trouble," said Squiff.

"Considering I'm one of the most popular fellows in the Form," continued Bunter, "I think each of you ought to buy me a birthday-present."

Wharton was about to retort "Rats!" but Bob Cherry nudged him to be silent.

"Certainly, Bunt!" said Bob.

"You can rely on us to rise to the occasion."

Billy Bunter's little round eyes glittered behind his spectacles.

"That's awfully good of you fellows," he exclaimed.

"Not at all," said Vernon-Smith, as Bob Cherry winked at him. "It's up to us to show our appreciation of the most popular fellow in the Form!"

"Yes, rather!"

Billy Bunter rolled away with a smirk of satisfaction on his fat face.

When he had gone we turned to Bob Cherry.

"What's the little game, Bob?"

"You don't seriously mean that you intend to make Bunter a present?"

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"I've hit upon a good wheeze," he said. "I propose that every fellow in the Form buys a postal-order for sixpence—"

"What!" hooted Bolsover major.

"That would be forty tanners—a quid, to be precise! And the Form isn't going to chuck a quid away for Bunter's benefit!"

"One moment," said Bob Cherry.

"I haven't finished yet. We'll buy forty postal-orders for sixpence each, and we'll make them payable at different post-offices all over the county."

We began to tumble to Bob's wheeze.

"And by the time Bunter's been all over the shop to cash his orders," said Bob, "he will have spent more than their total value in railway-fares and refreshments!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

We laughed heartily as we conjured up visions of Billy Bunter wandering all over Kent to get his postal-orders cashed.

"Each postal-order will cost sevenpence," said Bob Cherry. "It will be worth sevenpence per head to see Bunter doing the Wandering Jew stunt!"

"Yes, rather!"

The fellows paid up promptly. There were one or two who were in the state known as "stony," and these could not contribute; but Mauly, who is rolling in riches, generously paid up on their behalf.

Having collected the necessary amount, Bob Cherry biked into Friardale and purchased the postal-orders.

On his return Bob consulted the county directory, and made the postal-orders payable at all sorts of places. One had to be cashed at Friardale; another at Courtfield; another at Burchester; and, among other places, Billy Bunter would find it necessary to visit Bromley, Chatham, Tunbridge Wells, Dover, Maidstone, and Canterbury!

"Seems rather hard on the poor beggar," remarked Nugent.

"Not a bit of it," said Bob Cherry. "I happen to know that Bunter's telling a whopper when he says that it's his birthday to-morrow. And a fellow who tells fibs of that sort deserves all he gets!"

"Hear, hear!" said Johnny Bull.

The forty postal-orders, having been made payable to W. G. Bunter at various post-offices, near and far, were placed in forty different envelopes, addressed to the Owl of the Remove.

Mauly supplied the stationery, and Smithy paid for the stamps.

That evening the forty remittances were duly posted, and we all decided to get up early next morning, in time for the arrival of the postman!

## II.

"**M**ANY happy returns of the day, my fat tulip!" sang out Bob Cherry.

Billy Bunter did not reply to this salutation. He was hurrying through his toilet, prior to going downstairs to see if the morning post had arrived.

The rest of us hurried, too, and we reached the post-rack almost as soon as Bunter did.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, surveying the rack. "Bunter's titled relations seem to have turned up trumps!"

"The trumpfulness of the esteemed titled relations is terrific!" said Hurree Singh. "Why, there are about forty letterful communications for our fat friend!"

"Forty?" echoed Billy Bunter, his eyes sparkling. "My hat! This is prime!"

And the fat junior reached down the big pile of letters addressed to himself.

Bunter's first impulse was to rush away to No. 7 Study, and go through his correspondence there, away from prying eyes. But he could not restrain his curiosity, and he started to open the envelopes right away.

The first envelope to be opened contained a postal-order, and Billy Bunter's face fairly glowed with delight. But when he saw that the postal-order was for sixpence only, his jaw dropped.

However, that was not the only postal-order which his investigation revealed. There were no less than thirty-nine others, each to the value of sixpence.

"By Jove! What a sheaf of postal-orders!" exclaimed Nugent, in well-

feigned astonishment. "Who are they all from, Bunter?"

"There are no letters enclosed," said Bunter, "but they're obviously from my titled relations."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see what there is to cackle about!" said the fat junior, blinking at us through his big spectacles.

"What's the value of those postal-orders, Bunter?" asked Wharton.

"The amounts vary," said the Owl of the Remove, folding up the bundle of orders, and tucking them into his pocket. "Some are for twenty shillings; some are for five quid."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"First time I've heard of a five-quid postal-order!" chuckled Squiff.

"What are you going to do with that little collection, Bunter?" inquired Ogilvy.

"Eh? Oh, I shall get the orders cashed, of course! I'd rather have fifty quid in cash than in paper, any day!"

We laughed heartily. Bunter was trying to make us believe that the total value of the postal-orders was fifty pounds, whereas we happened to know that the total value of them was exactly twenty shillings.

"I feel rather ratty with my titled relations," said Bunter, after a pause.

"What!" exclaimed Johnny Bull. "You're ratty with the noble dukes and the belted earls, after the handsome way they've treated you?"

"They've been very careless," said Bunter. "Instead of making all the postal-orders payable at Friardale, they've made 'em payable all over the place. I shall have to cover dozens of miles before I get 'em all cashed."

We grinned, and reflected that Billy Bunter would hate those postal-orders like poison before he had finished with them.

"When are you going to start on your tour of the various post-offices?" asked Nugent.

"As soon as afternoon lessons are over."

Throughout the day Billy Bunter was looking—and feeling—tremendously excited. One sixpenny postal-order would not have been of much use to him, but forty of them represented a mine of wealth.

When afternoon lessons were over Billy Bunter disappeared. Nobody saw him go, but it was generally assumed that he had gone to catch the five o'clock train from Friardale.

We saw nothing more of the fat junior until nearly bed-time.

Everybody was in the common-room, debating on Bunter's misadventures, when suddenly the door opened, and Bunter himself rolled in.

The Owl of the Remove looked very tired, and very muddy, but quite cheerful.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "Cashed all your postal-orders, Bunter?"

"Not all of them," said Bunter, dropping on to a seat. "I've cashed twenty of them, and the others can wait until I get a chance of going further afield. I couldn't possibly have gone to places like Dover and Chatham in the limited time at my disposal."

"You've cashed twenty," said Bob Cherry thoughtfully. "That means that you obtained ten bob. But you spent a jolly sight more than that in railway-fares, of course?"

"Not at all," said Bunter calmly. "I haven't spent a single penny."

"What!"

"You see, I didn't go by train—"

"Then what the merry dickens—"

"I biked," explained Bunter. "I thought you would have no objection, Bob, to my borrowing your jigger—"

Bob Cherry gave a roar which would have done credit to an infuriated bull.

"You—you fat marauder! Do you mean to say that you've been all round the county on my bike?"

"Not exactly. But I'd covered twenty miles or so before I came to grief—"

"You—you came to grief?"

"Yes. I had the misfortune to bump into a brewer's dray—"

"Great Scott!"

"I'm thankful to say there was no damage done, so far as I was concerned," said Bunter. "But the bike—"

"Eh? What happened to my bike?" cried Bob Cherry, in sulphurous tones.

"It was reduced to scrap-iron, I'm afraid. But you needn't glare at me like that, Cherry. It wasn't my fault. You must blame the driver of the dray, for being so jolly careless."

"Where's my bike now?" hooted the incensed Bob.

"The fragments of it," said Bunter sadly, "are littered about the Courtfield road."

Bob Cherry looked so homicidal that we expected to see the fragments of Bunter littered about the floor of the common-room.

Fortunately for Bunter, however, Wingate of the Sixth came in at that moment, to inform us that it was bed-time.

"What are you kids quarrelling about?" demanded the captain of Greyfriars.

Bob Cherry explained the whole business from the beginning. He told Wingate of the jape which had been planned for Bunter's benefit, and Wingate laughed heartily. But he laughed still louder when he learned that Bunter had upset everybody's calculations by borrowing Bob Cherry's bike instead of going by train.

"Rough luck, Cherry," said Wingate, when he had heard the story. "I'm afraid the loss of your bike will hit you rather hard—"

"And I'll hit Bunter rather hard!" growled Bob.

"Oh, no, you won't! It's largely your own fault, for having planned such an idiotic practical joke. I forbid you to lay a finger on Bunter. If he cares to compensate you for the loss of the bike, all well and good. Now clear off to bed, all of you!"

Needless to state, Bob Cherry did not receive a single penny from Bunter by way of compensation.

And the only person who benefited by Billy Bunter's bogus birthday was Billy Bunter himself!

THE END.

**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.

**Putting It Strongly!**

Seaside Landlady: Did you ring, sir?

New Boarder: Yes, Mrs. Flint, I just wanted to tell you, that if this is my shaving water it's too strong, but if it's my tea it's too weak!—Sent in by Miss G. Marshall, 419, Whiteman Road, Hornsey, N.8.

**A Choice Catch!**

Chubb: Browne was married yesterday.

Tubb: Indeed? To Miss Greene?  
 Chubb: No, he learned that she spent £200 a year on costumes, and gave her up.

Tubb: Oh, and whom did he marry?  
 Chubb: Her dressmaker!—Sent in by T. Shaw, 39, Jeanfield Road, Perth, Scotland.

**A Short Cut.**

Customer: Look here, Cutts! That new pair of trousers you made me, are miles too long!

Tailor: Very sorry, sir. How much shall I cut off?

Customer: Oh, about half an inch.—Sent in by Edwin Oaks, 149, Philip Lane, Tottenham, N. 15.

**Opportune!**

Old Lady: Now see here, my good man, if you don't go away I shall call the dog!

Enterprising Peddler: Then let me sell you a whistle, mum!—Sent in by E. Jackson, 130, Oxford Street, Stoke-on-Trent.

**Appropriate!**

The irascible old Colonel Pepper had been thrown several times from his spirited horse during the hunt meeting, and was relating the circumstances to a friend.

"By the way," he finished up with, "I haven't given the horse a name yet. Can you suggest anything?"

"I think," murmured his friend, "that you should call him Peppercaster!"—Sent in by R. E. Whittaker, Hempstead Road, Uckfield Road, Essex.

**Bwainy!**

The Editor: Say, Gussy, can you suggest a title for my new series?

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy: What is it about?

The Editor: England's most famous battles.

D'Arcy: Why not call it "Scwaps of English Histowy," deah boy?—Sent in by Cecil Brown, 67, Urmson Road, Liscard, Cheshire.

**He Know!**

Amateur Botanist (in the public gardens): Can you tell me, my good man, if this plant belongs to the Arbutus family?

Gardener: No, sir; it belongs to the Corporation!—Sent in by W. H. Taylor, 108, Philipsburgh Avenue, Fairview, Dublin.

**Deserved Hiding!**

"Yes," said Mrs. Spright, "I heard a noise and got up, and there, under the bed, I saw a man's legs sticking out!"

"Mercy!" exclaimed her friend. "The burglar's legs?"

"No, my dear," said Mrs. Spright, "my husband's. He heard the noise, too!"—Sent in by J. Hall, 248, Beacon Street, Lichfield, Staffs.

**Airy Retort!**

Vernon Smith (to Monty Lowther, of St. Jim's): Where do you get all those jokes from that you crack, Lowther, old man

Lowther: Why—er—just out of the air, so to speak.

Smith: Well, I suggest that in future, you go to where there's some fresh air, old bean!—Sent in by F. Beaumont, 94, Northgate, Huddersfield, Yorks.

**Bowl-ed Out!**

One day an Irishman was passing a shop, and noticed the sign, "All goods sold by the yard." Chuckling to himself, he entered the place and addressed himself to the shopkeeper.

"Bring me a yard of milk, please!"

Without a word, the shopkeeper went into the kitchen, and brought out a bowl of milk, and, dipping his fingers into it, spread it along the yard mark on the counter.

"Now, my man," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "is there anything else that I can do for you?"

"Sure," said the Irishman. "Wrap it up, and I'll pay for it and take it wid me!"—Sent in by G. Thomas, 90, Prescott Road, St. Helens, Lancs.

**A Blue Prospect!**

Jones: Wot ar yer thinkin' o' doin' with your boy, Joe?

Bones: Well, I've been thinkin' o' tryin' to git 'im in the perlice.

Jones: The perlice—eh? Wot for?

Bones: Well, they're sure to 'ave 'im one way or the other!—Sent in by S. Miller, 13, Florida Drive, Mount Florida, Glasgow.

**A Tense Question!**

Mr. Quelch (taking the Remove in grammar): Now, Bunter, what tense is, "I have a thousand pounds?"

Billy (promptly): Pre-tense, I should say!—Sent in by F. Jennings, 12, Elsenham Street, Southfields.

**Easily Seen Through!**

A man came dashing into the warehouse, and approached the night-watchman.

"Hallo, Bill!" he panted. "The police are after me! Can yer hide me anywhere?"

"You bet!" said the watchman. "Ere, get into that sack!"

A few minutes later, a policeman entered the premises, and gave a hasty glance round.

"Did you see a man come running in here?" he demanded of the night-watchman.

"No!"

The policeman again looked round the place.

"Here, what's in this sack?" he asked

"Broken glass!"

At that, the policeman raised his number eleven, and gave the sack a mighty kick. A dull thud sounded, and then a faint voice was heard to murmur:

"Tinkle, tinkle!"—Sent in by L. Hooper, 1, Creighton Road, Kilburn, N. W. 6.

**A Serious Facer!**

They were playing the merry old game of "grimaces," and each was twisting his or her face into the most horrible contortions. The nervous judge, Algy Pickletop, gazed slowly upon the players, and then made tracks for his best girl's mother, who was sitting in front of the fire.

"My dear Mrs. Gastrap," cried Algy, "I award you the prize without hesitation!"

Mrs. Gastrap fixed on him a stare which fairly froze the blood in his veins.

"Sir!" she cried. "How dare you? I was not playing!"—Sent in by W. Hutton, 35, Gordon Street, Paisley, N. B.

**From Experience!**

Quelch: We call transparent those bodies we can see through. Bunter, name a transparent object.

Billy Bunter: The keyhole, sir!—Sent in by N. E. Saunderson, 3, Potter Street, Bishop's Stortford, Herts.

**Quite O.K.**

George Alfred Grundy (who has just given Clive a terrific thrashing, with black eyes, and so forth all complete): Look here, old chap, shake hands. It's all right—my fault—just my hasty temper, y'know. I'm sorry—there's no harm done.—Sent in by G. H. Williams, 39, Edward Street, St. Philips, Bristol.

**Right!**

The inspector was examining the classes in geography, and addressing a small boy at the back of the class, he asked:

"Now, sonny, would it be possible for your father to walk from here, completely round the world, and back to this point?"

"No, sir!" replied the small boy promptly.

"Indeed? And why not?" asked the inspector.

"'Cause he fell down and broke 'is leg yesterday!" was the answer.—Sent in by H. Rice, 126, Meeting House Lane, Peckham, S. E. 15.

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

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

## Fragile With Care.

To the Editor of "The Greyfriars Herald."

Dear Sir,—My guardian, the Marquis of Bagsquash, contemplates sending me to Greyfriars at an early date.

My qualifications fit me for the Remove Form; but before I definitely decide to come to your school as a pupil, I should like your assurance that the boys are nice and kind, never indulge in bullying or horseplay. I should not dream of going to a school where such fierce and brutal pastimes as football and boxing were part of the routine.

I have just finished reading a book called "Poor, Dear Tommy," which tells how a small boy was terribly persecuted on entering Doctor Mollycoddlem's Academy for the Meek and Mild Sons of Meek and Mild Parents. The unfortunate youth in question was compelled, at the point of a loaded peashooter, to divulge his name, his birthplace, and his ancestry, and because he stammered a little, a hulking lout actually frowned at him!

I trust that the Greyfriars Remove is free from this sort of bullying, and that the boys are always sweet-natured and polite to each other.

If I come to Greyfriars, I shall require the following privileges:—

- (1) A study to myself.
- (2) Permission to stay in bed two hours after rising-bell each morning, on account of my frail and delicate constitution.
- (3) Permission to keep on the premises, a Pomeranian dog, a valet, a butler, a chauffeur, and any other animals I may fancy.
- (4) A special dormitory of my own, fitted up with hot-water pipes.
- (5) A telephone, and all modern conveniences installed in my study.
- (6) Optional attendance at lessons.

Would you kindly inform me, through the medium of your paper, if these concessions are likely to be granted in the event of my coming to Greyfriars?—I am, your gentle reader,  
F. R. AGILE.

(I hardly know what to say to my curious correspondent. If I use plain English, he will probably accuse me of bullying. I certainly advise him not to come to Greyfriars, or he will receive a series of rude shocks, from which his sensitive constitution will never recover!

In spite of the untoward fate which befell "Poor, Dear Tommy," I consider that Master F. R. Agile would be much better off at Doctor Mollycoddlem's Academy for the Meek and Mild Sons of Meek and Mild Parents. His list of privileges might be granted

there; but I can assure him that there would be nothing doing at Greyfriars. We bar weaklings!—Ed.)

## Twopence Reward.

To the Editor of "The Greyfriars Herald."

Dear Sir,—On Thursday last I lost my silver-handled penknife. I cannot say exactly where I lost it, but it was somewhere between John o' Groats and Lands End.

The fellow who finds and restores the penknife to me will be handsomely rewarded with twopence, either in cash, or in sticks of chewing-gum, whichever he prefers.—Yours distracted reader, GEORGE BULSTRODE.

(Our friend Bulstrode has no reason to be distracted. Why, only the other day, when Mauly paid a visit to Cliff House, he lost his heart! And Billy Bunter, when riding a borrowed bike, completely lost his head!—Ed.)

## Natures Notes By Miss Primrose.

To the Editor of "The Greyfriars Herald."

Cliff House.

Sir,—This morning I took a walk in my garden. The roses were in full bloom, and the chrysanthemums were flourishing. (I relate these events because I know your dear readers are fond of natural history.) I also had the pleasure of seeing the early bird in the act of catching the elusive worm.

The daffodils are coming along nicely, and the blooming honeysuckle is perfectly lovely. (Shush!—Ed.)

The young tulips, too, are adorable.—Yours rapturously,

FELICIA PRIMROSE.

(This morning we took a walk in our study. The kippers were in full bloom, and the sardines were going strong. We also had the pleasure of seeing the late worm (Billy Bunter) get "the bird."

We thank Miss Primrose for her interesting notes. When she speaks of the "young tulips," does she mean her pupils? If so, we cordially agree that they are adorable!—Ed.)

## Sir Hilton Popper Comes a Cropper. (At least his temper does).

To the Young Reprobate who edits "The Greyfriars Herald."

Sir,—You are a young whippersnapper, sir! You have taken my name in vain, sir, in your pernicious and puerile publication; and I'm not going to stand it, begad!

I would have you know, sir, that I am Governor of Greyfriars, and one of the most influential persons in the county, and I will not be insulted by a pack of insolent young puppies!

You, sir, as editor of that libellous juvenile publication, "The Greyfriars Herald," are personally responsible for the attacks which have been made upon me; and when next I visit the school, I shall make a point of calling at your study with a hunting-crop!—Yours in wrath,  
HILTON POPPER.

(Needless to say, we shall not be at home!—Ed.)

## Billy Bunter's Sublime Cheek.

To the Edditer of "The Greyfriars Herald."

Dear Sir,—I begg to advise you of the fact that neckst Munday I shall celebrate my 15th berthday.

This being the case, I want to no if you are prepared to have a wip-round on my be-1, and do me the onner of invyting me to a magnificent spredd.

I am a very dainty feeder, as you no, and I prommis to be most kareful not to talk with my mouth full, or to drink my soop with a nife.

If you can see yore way cleer to grant me this rekwest, I will menshun you in my last Will and Testesterment.—Yores trewly, W. G. BUNTER.

(Bunter's colossal cheek nearly makes us collapse through the seat of our editorial chair! This is the sixth birthday he's had this term; and we mean to see that it's the last!

We will certainly have a whip round—a nice stout whip—and administer the necessary correction to our corpulent friend!—Ed.)



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# The GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

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



Mr. Justice Wharton being indisposed with a thick ear, the Boxroom Petty Sessions were presided over by Mr. H. Vernon-Smith, who wore a wig several sizes too large or him.

There were several cases of interest on the menu, and when the proceedings began large crowds were still clamouring for admission.

### STARTLING COLLAPSE IN COURT! Prisoner's Violent Conduct!

A hefty-looking, hatchet-faced individual named Horace Coker appeared in the dock, charged with behaving in a manner worthy of a Bolshevik.

Magistrate: The same old Coker! What's he been up to this time?

Mr. R. Cherry, K.C. (for the prosecution): He ran wild in the Remove passage, your worship. After giving Mr. Justice Wharton a thick ear, he punched the noses of several other distinguished gentlemen, most of whom are now in the "sanny."

Magistrate: Did he administer the blows in question with malice aforethought?

Mr. Cherry: No, your worship—with his fists! (Laughter.)

Magistrate: What is the present condition of the victims?

Mr. Cherry: Fifteen are more or less seriously injured, your worship, and one—a corpulent gentleman named Bunter—declares that he's dying as hard as he can go! (Laughter.)

Magistrate: What is that continual creaking noise I can hear at the back of the court?

Mr. Cherry: That's Bunter in his bath-chair, your worship! (Renewed laughter.)

Magistrate: Is he fit to give evidence?

Mr. Cherry: Yes, your worship.

Magistrate: Very well. Tow him into the witness-box!

This was accordingly done.

Magistrate: Now, my prize porpoise, tell your learned uncle all about it!

Bunter: I was walking along the Remove passage, your worship, when prisoner suddenly rushed up and hit me five times in the soul perplex us.

Magistrate: The—the what?

Mr. Cherry: Ha, ha! He means the solar plexus, your worship! (Laughter.)

Magistrate: What happened then?

Bunter: I collapsed on the floor of the passage, your worship, and fell into a state of full-stop—

Magistrate: What?

Mr. Cherry: I believe he means a state of coma, your worship!

Magistrate: You're sure it wasn't a state of semi-colon? (Loud laughter.)

Bunter: When I came round, I found that my spinal column was fractured, and that a couple of ribs were missing. I was also blinded in both ears. (Laughter.)

Magistrate: It is evident that pris-

oner did great execution. It's a great pity he didn't slaughter you outright, and I intend to punish him for not doing so. He will receive six strokes—

Prisoner (excitedly): You're a silly young ass, Vernon-Smith, and I'll jolly well say you for this afterwards!

Magistrate: Constable Bull! Kindly dot prisoner on the boko!

P.-c. Bull endeavoured to obey this command, but prisoner struggled violently, and finally succeeded in hurling the constable amongst the audience.

Prisoner then endeavoured to escape but as he did so the dock collapsed with a crash, and his worship was buried beneath the debris.

Mr. Cherry: Send for the ambulance, the stretcher, the fire brigade, the doctor, and the Jotland Yard officials!

After an interval of half an hour, his worship was rescued by a special excavation party.

Magistrate (breathlessly): For this violent and altogether unprecedented conduct, prisoner will be sentenced to receive a hundred and forty-eight strokes with the map-pole!

Court Usher: Alas, your worship! The prisoner has gone!

Magistrate: Gone!

Court Usher: Yes, your worship! I saw him vanish through the ventilator.

Magistrate: Send the poodle-dogs—I mean the bloodhounds—on his track! Meanwhile, I will deal with the remaining cases.

### REPORT IN BRIEF.

Fisher Tarleton Fish was charged with having pawned a pickle-jar, the property of No. 1 Study. Detective-Inspector Penfold testified to having found the pawn-ticket in prisoner's possession.

Sentence of two days' soft labour was passed.

**CURLY HAIR** "My bristles were made curly in a few days," writes B. Welch. "Curlit" curls straightest hair. 1/3, 2/6.—SUMMERS (Dept. A.P.), 31, Upper Russell Street, Brighton.



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# THE AFFAIR OF THE TOPPER!

A complete story, specially contributed to "The Greyfriars Herald" by DICK REDFERN of St. Jim's

## I.

"Do my aged eyes deceive me?" asked George Figgins, of the New House, "or is that the postman crossing the quad?"

"It is—it are!" said Fatty Wynn. "He's carrying a hefty-looking parcel, too. Somebody's in luck!"

"If that's a parcel of tuck for one of the School House bounders," said Kerr, "I vote we bag it!"

"Hear, hear!"

Only recently, Figgins and Co. had been the victims of a raid on the part of the School House fellows. Tom Merry and Co. had relieved them of a hamper of tuck, and they were naturally eager to return the compliment.

Little raids of this sort are always going on between the rival houses of St. Jim's. Nobody suffers much in the long run, because, by the end of the term, honours are pretty even.

Figgins, Kerr, and Wynn hurried out into the quad, and intercepted the postman.

"Who's the parcel for?" inquired Figgins.

"Master Merry, sir. I'm a-takin' of it along to the School 'Ouse."

"You needn't trouble," said Figgins. "Hand over the merry parcel!"

The postman hesitated.

"Tom Merry's a bosom pal of mine," explained Figgins.

"Werry good, sir," said the postman. He was tired, and by handing over the parcel to Figgins, he would save himself a journey of two hundred yards. So he handed it over.

Figgins and Co. beat a swift retreat with their capture. They managed to convey the parcel safely to their study, and Figgins bumped it down on to the table.

"Hope there's a rabbit-pie inside," said Fatty Wynn wistfully.

"I'm afraid your hopes will be dashed, corpulent one!" said Figgins. "The parcel's as light as a feather. Goodness knows what's inside it!"

"It wouldn't be a bad idea," said Kerr sarcastically, "to open it and see."

Figgins untied the string with deft fingers, and removed the brown-paper covering. A large cardboard box stood revealed. It bore the name of a celebrated firm of outfitters in Bond Street.

"Nothing doing in the way of grub," murmured Figgins. "They don't manufacture doughnuts in Bond Street—at least, I don't think they do."

"It's a suit of clothes, most likely," said Kerr.

But he was wrong.

Figgins removed an enormous quantity of paper which had been used for packing, and eventually a shining silk topper met the juniors' gaze.

"A Sunday topper!" said Fatty Wynn, in disgust.

"That's no use to us," said Kerr. "We'll pack it up again, and send it across to Tom Merry."

"Half a jiffy!" said Figgins. "There's a note pinned to the lining."

The trio glanced at the half-sheet of notepaper, on which was written:

"My dearest Tommy,—I am sending you a new and distinctive top-hat, which I should like you to wear on the occasion of my next visit to the school.

"I intend to come and see you on Wednesday afternoon. My train reaches Rylcombe at five o'clock.

"Keep yourself well wrapped up, my dear boy, during this treacherous weather. Your affectionate,

"AUNT PRISCILLA."

Had that brief epistle been enclosed in an envelope, Figgins and Co. would not have dreamed of reading it. But it had been pinned to the lining of the topper, and they had not known it was a private communication.

"A special topper for Tommy!" murmured Figgins.

"From his devoted aunt, Miss Priscilla Fawcett!" added Kerr.

Miss Fawcett was, in reality, Tom Merry's governess and guardian. But the captain of the Shell had come to regard her as an aunt; and, indeed, she was a good deal more kind and considerate than most aunts.

"Tommy's got to wear this topper on the occasion of Miss Priscilla's visit," said Figgins.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Kerr and Fatty Wynn stared at their leader in amazement.

"Wherefore this merriment?" asked the former.

"I was thinking—"

"Impossible! Your think-box went out of action ages ago!"

"I was thinking what a ripping wheeze it would be to exchange this topper for another—an old and battered one!" said Figgins.

"My hat!"

"There's a prehistoric topper among our theatrical props," Figgins went on. "It was worn in the time of Methuselah, and it's just about as old! Let's substitute it for this new one, and you can bet your boots Tommy will wear it when he goes to meet his governess. It will be a scream!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Kerr and Fatty Wynn fell in with the suggestion at once; and after a good deal of research, Figgins brought to light the battered and decayed topper to which he had referred. It was a repulsive-looking object. It may have been fashionable in the Stone Age, but it looked less respectable than a chimney-pot now.

"Better touch it up here and there with black ink," suggested Fatty Wynn.

"Good wheeze!"

The ancient topper looked even worse by the time Figgins had touched it up. It was certainly anything but a thing of beauty and a joy for ever!

Miss Fawcett's note was transferred

from the new topper to the old one. The latter was carefully packed in the cardboard box, which was tied up in its original sheet of brown paper. A fag was then despatched to Tom Merry's study with the parcel.

"What are you going to do with the new topper, Figgy?" asked Fatty Wynn.

"Wait till Wednesday afternoon, and see!" was the reply.

When Tom Merry received the old and defunct article of headgear, he nearly had a fit.

Manners and Monty Lowther, who were with their chum at the time, blinked at the hat in amazement.

"Who on earth sent you this relic of the dustbin, Tommy?" ejaculated Lowther.

"My Aunt Priscilla!" groaned Tom Merry.

"Then all I can say is, that she ought to be made to wear it herself!"

"You're sure it's not a jape, Tommy?" said Manners.

"Quite sure. There's a note in my aunt's handwriting. She wants me to wear this—this atrocity on Wednesday afternoon, when she's coming over to see me."

"My hat!"

"I wish it was your hat!" said the captain of the Shell. "But unfortunately, it's mine."

"Are you going to wear it?" gasped Monty Lowther.

Tom Merry nodded.

"My aunt's an awfully good sort, and I don't want to cross her wishes in any way," he said. "She particularly wants me to wear this hat when she comes, and she'd be frightfully disappointed if I didn't. But, by gum, I'd rather wear a battered concertina!"

"That's the worst of these aunts," said Manners. "They're awfully well-meaning, but they haven't the foggiest notion of what their nephews should wear. I remember once an aunt of mine sent me a pink sports coat. I was reluctantly compelled to use it as a door-mat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was Monty Lowther who laughed at Manners' reminiscence. Tom Merry did not laugh. He felt more like weeping.

Wednesday afternoon came at length, and the Terrible Three sallied forth to the railway-station to meet Miss Fawcett.

Manners and Lowther wore their school caps, but Tom Merry's head was bare. He carried under his arm, something wrapped up in brown paper.

"Dashed if I'm going to wear this thing until we get on the platform!" he growled.

"Don't blame you," said Manners. "Hallo! Here are our friends from the New House!"

Figgins, Kerr, and Wynn—an elegant trio in their Sunday best, with

shining silk toppers on their heads—came sauntering along the road.

"Whither bound, Thomas?" sang out Figgins cheerfully.

"I'm going to the station to meet my aunt," growled Tom Merry.

"Good! We'll come along, too."

"No, no!" said Tom Merry hastily. He shuddered at the prospects of having to don that terrible topper with Figgins and Co. looking on.

"But we insist," said Kerr. "We know Miss Fawcett awfully well, and I'm sure she'll be pleased to see us. The last time she was here she referred to us as 'those dear good-mannered boys in the New House.'"

"The best of us are liable to make serious blunders sometimes!" murmured Monty Lowther.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Figgins and Co. insisted upon joining the School House trio, and Tom Merry's repeated efforts to shake them off met with no success.

The six juniors reached the station just as the train was steaming in.

"Poor old Tommy!" muttered Manners sympathetically. "Afraid you'll have to go through with it, old man!"

Tom Merry observed, with a sinking heart, that the platform was thronged with people.

Keeping out of the public gaze as far as possible, he unwrapped the brown parcel, and squashed the prehistoric topper on to his head.

There was a yell of laughter from Figgins and Co.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Another guy!"

"Which pawnshop did you get that hat from, Tommy?"

The laughter of the New House trio attracted the attention of the crowd on the platform; and they, too, became almost hysterical.

Tom Merry's cheeks were burning. Devotedly he wished that the platform would open and swallow him up.

The train jolted to a halt. Out of a first-class compartment stepped Miss Priscilla Fawcett. The good lady nearly lost her balance, when she caught sight of her devoted nephew.

"Tommy!" she ejaculated, in surprise and dismay. "What has happened? Have you had an accident, my poor boy, involving damage to your headgear?"

"I—I—I—" stammered the unfortunate Tom.

"What is that monstrous thing that is perched on your head, completely obliterating your nice curls?"

"Please, ma'am," said Figgins meekly, "it's his hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Throw the detestable thing away!" almost screamed Miss Fawcett. "I urge you to throw it away at once, Tommy!"

"But—but you wished me to wear it!" stammered Tom Merry.

"Nonsense, Tommy! I trust my wishes may never take such a peculiar form as that!"

Tom Merry looked the picture of bewilderment.

"You—you sent me this hat, dear —"

"Most assuredly, I did not! I implore you to throw it away, Tommy! You are attracting quite a crowd of sightseers!"

Tom Merry was only too willing to get rid of the offending topper. He wrenched it from his head and hurled it into space.

"Good-bye, Bluebell!" sang out Figgins.

Miss Fawcett turned sharply upon the New House junior.

"Why, bless my soul! This boy is wearing your hat, Tommy—the hat which I sent to you a few days ago!"

Tom Merry blinked at Figgins.

"So this is a New House jape, what?" he exclaimed.

"Right on the wicket!" said Figgins cheerfully. "This is your property, Tommy."

And he removed the shining silk topper, and planted it on Tom Merry's head.

The captain of the Shell clenched his fists, with the fixed intention of slaughtering the humorous Figgins. But he pulled up in the nick of time, remembering that his aunt was present.

Miss Fawcett surveyed Figgins with a reproving eye.

"You are a very naughty boy, to play such a prank on dear Tommy!" she said. "However, boys will be boys. You bear no malice, Tommy, do you?"

"Nunno!" said Tom Merry. "None whatever!"

"Will you shake hands with Figgins, just to show that there is no ill-feeling?"

"Certainly!"

The handshake afforded Tom Merry some consolation, for he took Figgins' hand in a grip which caused the New House fellow to leap a couple of inches off the platform.

"There!" said Miss Fawcett, with a beaming smile. "Now that everything is amicably settled, we will adjourn to the school."

And they did.

But the New House fellows will chuckle for some time to come, over the affair of the topper.

THE END.

station for Rookwood—4.11! in the afternoon."

The editor was taken aback—but only for a moment.

"Well, what's to prevent you going by motor-scooter?"

"Eh?"

"Tom Brown's got a scooter—a present from his uncle in New Zealand—and he's sure to lend it to you, if you ask him nicely."

And just then Tom Brown stepped into the editorial sanctum.

"Brownney," said I, "I've been your pal ever since the perambulator period. Be a sport, and lend me your motor-scooter!"

"Oh, all right," said Tom Brown. "You can borrow it. But if it's not brought back to Greyfriars in good order and condition, I'll pulverise you!"

A few moments later I went whizzing out of the school gates.

I felt distinctly proud of myself as I dismounted in the quadrangle of the rival school.

Leaving the scooter near the gate-keeper's lodge, I made tracks for Tommy Dodd's study.

Tommy was at home, and he extended me a warm welcome.

"Make yourself comfy in the arm-chair," he said, "and help yourself to one of those chocolate cigarettes. It isn't every day that I get a press representative in to see me."

"Would you be good enough to give me a brief outline of your life and ancestry?" I said.

"Certainly! My name's Tommy Dodd, and I'm a direct descendant of Baron Methuselah Dodd, of Doddering Hall. The first ten years of my life were without incident. I was educated at the Swishem Academy for Small and Backward Boys, and I eventually proceeded to Rookwood. I'm the leader of the Moderns, and the sworn enemy of the moth-eaten Classics. I'm a good cricketer, and a topping footballer, and I can lick anything from a postage-stamp to a bully. In fact, I'm a first-rate all-rounder."

"Thanks!" I said. "That will do to go on with. I must be toddling."

"Au revoir!" said Tommy Dodd.

I went out into the quadrangle, and, mounting Tom Brown's motor-scooter, set off on my homeward journey.

I won't describe that journey in detail. It was a hideous nightmare.

Evidently some of the Rookwood fellows, whilst I had been engaged with Tommy Dodd, had tampered with the motor-scooter. Anyway, the wretched thing had got completely out of control.

I sustained no casualties; but I can't say the same about the motor-scooter. It was twisted almost out of recognition, and after I had scrambled out of a roadside ditch I had to cart that beastly scooter all the way to the school.

When Tom Brown clapped eyes on his damaged property he fairly went mad. He let drive at me with his left, and then with his right, and I was obliged to shout for the stretcher-bearers.

Verily, mine is the worst job on the whole of the editorial staff!

THE END.

## My Weekly Interview

By the Special Representative of "The Greyfriars Herald"

This week: TOMMY DODD.

"I WANT you to go over to Rookwood to-day," said the editor, "to interview a youth named Thomas Dodd. He's the leader of the Modern Side, and the readers of 'The Greyfriars Herald' would be interested to hear all about him."

"I dare say they would," I growled. "But if you think I'm going to fag to the uttermost ends of the earth you're jolly well mistaken!"

"Hush!" said the editor soothingly. "Don't get excited, or you'll break a blood-vessel. You can easily go by train—"

I shook my head.

"If you had studied your timetable," I said, "you'd know that there isn't a train to Coombe—that's the



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

"MUM'S the word, ye dogs!" said the undaunted Jake Bellew, looking grimly at the red brazier of coals that was being pushed slowly forward to the bare toes that were peeping through his broken boots.

He knew that to struggle was useless, for his arms were bound behind him to the great carved post, which, sunk in the ground in the centre of the lodge of the medicine-men, had seen many such a scene of torture.

"Jak Ballu will not speak!" grunted Tall Bull, as he pushed the brazier further forward. "Lo, the Red Flower shall make him speak!"

Jake Bellew's rugged face remained unmoved. He had lived amongst the Redskins all his life, and had picked up most of their ways, and he was not going to show the white feather to any Redskin living.

This was well-known to those two evil torturers, Big Eagle and Tall Bull. They had always hated Jake Bellew's ascendancy amongst the tribes, which, first secured by his marriage with a Cheyenne princess had been further clinched by the strong and masterful character of the Paleface himself.

To these brutes, there was something piquant in torturing the famous Jake Bellew, and they went slowly and lingeringly about their work, pushing the brazier forward, closer and closer to their captive's feet.

But Buffalo Bill, peering through that tiny little hole in the moonlit tent, had no intention of letting the torture go very far. If they were to get Jake Bellew away from the secret valley of the Navajoes, his feet must not be burned, for they had far to travel that night.

The scout had whipped out his knife, which was as sharp as a razor. He placed its point to the tiny peep-hole, and the Redskin torturers, intent on their evil work, did not even hear the keen blade, as it ripped silently through the soft deerskin, cutting a door wide enough for the passage of the rescuers.

And Buffalo Bill with Buck Dixie stepped swiftly and silently forward into the lodge.

Their movements were almost simultaneous, as Tall Bull and Big Eagle were suddenly and unceremoniously

seized by their scalp-locks and their heads jerked back.

Then the points of those two keen knives tickled the throats of the two astonished medicine-men.

"Sa-lof-ka-chop-kaw!" whispered Buffalo Bill in the ear of the unhappy Tall Bull. "My knife is long!"

This pointed hint was sufficient for silence. Not that shouting would have done Tall Bull much good for the medicine lodge was so far removed from the camp, and its mysterious precincts so sternly forbidden to chief and brave and squaw, that no one was within earshot.

"Im-po-hitch-caw? Do you hear?" hissed Buck Dixie, giving an extra twist to the scalp-lock of Big Eagle.

Big Eagle heard all right. His black eyes rolled wildly as he saw the shadowy form of Prairie Wolf kicking the brazier aside, as he sheared with his knife through the bonds of the captive.

"Squaws' work!" grinned old Prairie Wolf, to the discomfited medicine-men as he released the prisoner.

This was a nasty knock, for the torturing of prisoners is generally left

by all Redskin warriors who call themselves chiefs to the women and boys.

Released from his post, Jake Bellew stumbled to his feet and stared at the Navajo braves who had thus broken into the tent of the medicine-men to set him free.

So well were these disguised, that he recognised neither Buffalo Bill nor Buck Dixie, though both were well-known to him.

"Gee-whizz!" he exclaimed. "What medicine is this? Since when have the Navajo braves turned on the medicine-men of their tribe? But thank ye, all the same, braves. These hell pups were jus' givin' this hoss the hot feet!"

Buffalo Bill laughed as he gagged Tall Bull neatly and deftly in the Navajo fashion, using the gags and bonds that were part of the outfit of the medicine-men.

Jake Bellew looked on mystified.

He saw that this strange Redskin was gagging his victim in the fashion of the tribe, and that he was making real Navajo knots in the lashing of the gag. All the Indian tribes have their own way of making a cinch or a knot, and these knots that Buffalo Bill was working into the gag and bonds of his captives were neither the knots of Pawnee, Sioux, Cheyenne, Soshone nor Paleface.

Jake Bellew was utterly taken aback so close was the character drawing of the two great scouts.

"Gee-whizz!" he exclaimed, thoroughly mystified. "Are ye Navajoes, or spirits from the Happy Hunting Grounds?"

"Wah, Paleface!" answered Buffalo Bill in the Navajo dialect. "Knowest thou not Ka-na-hos-cko-kee-waw, (Buffalo Bill) and Buk Diksee in their war-paint?"

Jake Bellew stared at the two spurious Redskins.

"Well, if this don't beat the band, boys!" said he. "But I'm mighty glad to see you! There's all the stars in this country now and big things doing. I was careless, and one of their war-parties nabbed me. I'd come into this section o' country to meet up with Deadwood Dick,\* who sent me a message that things were on the move. I guess they've chased Dick into the next county, for he was within twenty miles of where I was taken."

## 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 Teekopi. They are joined by none other than Buffalo Bill, and under his leadership they make their way into the secret stronghold of the Navajo Indians. Crawling up to one of the tents in the darkness they see the medicine-men of the tribe making ready to torture a captive.*



Buffalo Bill laughed at this. "I guess Dick Bullock can take care of himself!" said he. "A Navajo has got to get up very early in the morning to catch Deadwood Dick napping. But get out of your clothes, Jake!" he added. "We've got to get you out of this valley alive, and there's business to do first!"

Prairie Wolf had, at the knife's point, been examining the other four medicine-men of the Navajos, who were communing with the spirits in dreams.

These ruffians were surrounded by empty firewater bottles, and were so far away in their dreams that they were bound, and lashed, and gagged, without a struggle.

Their rich ceremonial clothing was laid out ready for the War Dance.

This garb was of deerskin, richly worked with beads in mystic designs, and there were great war-bonnets of black feathers shrouded with veils of pendant beads that hid the faces of the wearers.

Jake Bellew, as he pulled off his ragged clothes, looked inquiringly at the six bound figures of the medicine-men.

He knew that one of these had to die by the hand of his own tribe. His own clothes would be placed on this victim, who would be carried to the place of sacrifice at the Ring Stone.

"Wal," he remarked calmly, "one o' these hosses has got ter quit fer the Happy Hunting Grounds to-night. I was to ha' been ther boss man at ther funeral myself!" he added, with a twinkle in his shrewd old eyes. "But now I seem to ha' got another engagement!"

Buffalo Bill seated himself on the pile of robes in the lodge. He lit his pipe, and glanced at the six bound figures.

"Prairie Wolf!" he said coldly, in the voice of a judge. "Of these six men, one must die to-night in place of him who is called 'Jak Ballu.' Which is most blood-guilty in his deeds against the Palefaces? Which has taken most scalps of women and children of the Palefaces?"

Prairie Wolf grinned. "Lo, Buffalo Bill," he answered, "proof of guilt is there yonder! By their own trophies shall these men be judged by the Palefaces."

And he pointed to the strings of scalps that adorned one of the poles of the lodge. Each of the strings bore the mark of its owner, and no judge could have asked for clearer proof of blood-guiltiness.

These were piteous records of devilish massacre of innocent women and children, and the face of Buffalo Bill grew stern as the records of those six evil scoundrels were counted.

There was hardly a man's scalp amongst the lot. But there were the golden, flaxen locks of children, and the long hair of women.

Prairie Wolf grunted contemptuously as the scalps were counted, and Big Eagle was found to hold the record that condemned him to death by his own people.

"Behold, these are not braves or warriors," said he with profound scorn. "Time was when the wise ones of the Navajoes were taken from the bravest of the chiefs and braves. But

these are not braves. They are vultures, squaw-men, and scalpers of the dead! And he who is called Big Eagle should be called Big Vulture—an eater of carrion. He shall die at the Ring Stone. Lo, I have spoken!"

Buffalo Bill smiled. He knew that all the medicine-men would die from this night's work. For he was going to clean out the Golden Chest of the Navajos, which contained all the records of the tribe.

The Golden Chest was there in the lodge—a square trunk of thick buffalo-hide, overlaid with thin plates of beaten gold.

This held the archives of the Navajo nation, and its deepest secrets. Its very touch was death to any Navajo who was not a medicine-man, for it was believed by the Navajoes to contain the keys of the Happy Hunting Grounds.

This, indeed, was true. Buffalo Bill and Buck Dixie were not to be caught napping.

He held up the phial in the red light of the brazier, and old Prairie Wolf, who was not above a bit of Redskin superstition, made medicine with his fingers, pointing to north, south, east and west as he viewed the contents of the phial.

Buffalo Bill pulled the stopper out of this little bottle, and as he poured part of its contents through the tiny hole he had bored in the Golden Chest the medicine lodge was filled with the sickly fume of ether and chloroform.

In the Golden Chest there was a slight movement, and a faint burring sound, like the winding of an alarm-clock.

And Buffalo Bill, placing his ear to that tiny hole, listened till all was quiet within the chest.

He kept his face admirably. "Wah!" said he at length. "The charm has worked. Verily, the medicine of the Palefaces is more powerful than the medicine of the Navajoes.



The hush increased to a silence of dead awe as the mystic procession advanced slowly to the Ring Stone and laid their burden down by it.

Before they opened the Golden Chest Buffalo Bill bored at the thin plate of gold and the thick hide of the chest. The keen point of his powerful bow-knife punched easily through the soft gold and through the thick hide of the chest.

Then he placed his ear to the hole he had bored.

"Have a care, Buffalo Bill!" said Prairie Wolf. "'Tis said amongst the Navajoes that the Golden Chest holds death itself, and that he who opens it passes quickly to the Happy Hunting Grounds!"

But Buffalo Bill shook his head at these words.

"Great is the medicine of the Navajoes, O Prairie Wolf," he answered, drawing a phial from the breast of his buckskin shirt, "but greater is the medicine of the Palefaces. Lo, I have here the elixir of life, and who holds this little phial laughs at the medicine of the Red Man!"

The Chest which held death may now be opened without danger."

The great box was secured with a golden lock. Buffalo Bill, looking at the neck of Big Eagle, saw the glint of a gold chain, and, taking this from the neck of that unhappy medicine-man, he opened the chest and lifted the lid, tipping its contents out on the ground.

And the first of these were two huge rattlesnakes, white with age and drugged with chloroform.

Buffalo Bill lifted the first of these with a pair of rough iron tongs. Holding it by the neck, forcing the horrible mouth open, he looked at its terrible fangs.

Then he laughed, and turned to the discomfited Big Eagle, who was biting at his gag in desperation at seeing the secrets of the tribe rifled in this fashion.

"Lo, Big Eagle," laughed Buffalo Bill, "thy guardians have been caught."

duty to long. They are as harmless as the blindworm."

And with the point of his bow-knife he pressed the poison sac behind the rattler's tooth.

With old age and long imprisonment in the Golden Chest the huge snake had blanched. Its markings were now in faint greys on a white skin, and its poison sacs had run dry.

Prairie Wolf grunted at this wonderful sight. All his life he had heard of the sudden death which lived in the Golden Chest, ready to strike any impious person who might attempt to pry into its secrets. And this mystic death had resolved itself into a brace of giant and senile rattlers!

"Verily thou speakest true words, Buffalo Bill!" said he. "And the medicine of the Palefaces is more powerful than the medicine of the Red Man. So it is with the Redskin. His race grows old, and the poison dies out of his fangs, and soon there will be no more of the Red Man, and his place shall be empty in the land!"

The horrible guardians of the Golden Chest were promptly beheaded with a tomahawk, and were cast out of the medicine lodge, amongst the grass.

Then Buck Dixie and Buffalo Bill turned over the parchments and papers that were enclosed in the chest.

Here were treaties with the United States authorities, bearing the seals of Senate and Congress, binding the treacherous Navajos to some sort of peace—agreements which were bound to be broken.

Buffalo Bill smiled ironically as he looked over these.

"There's only one sort of agreement that a Navajo understands," said he, "and that's one that's backed by a shot-gun. And here you are, boys. Here is your Golden Fleece!"

He held up a sheepskin, the wool of which was dyed a bright yellow with annatto. It was marked all over with the mystic hieroglyphic writings or drawings of the Apaches.

"Take it, Kit," said Buffalo Bill. "That will tell us where to find your father, when we have time to decipher it. Button it under your shirt."

They wasted no time in attempting to decipher the parchments and writing and other strange objects that were emptied out of the Golden Chest.

But they took everything, for they well knew that there was no trifle in the Golden Chest that would not have its significance when it was placed before the intelligence officers of the frontier forces. There was enough matter in that chest to hang many a Redskin—and, for the matter of that, many a Paleface, also.

Then swiftly they changed their garb, dressing themselves in the robes and mystic blankets of the medicine-men.

"All ready?" demanded Buffalo Bill at length. "Now follow me, and follow my example, as you value all our lives. We are out to bluff the whole Navajo nation!"

He led the way, and his companions, picking up the bound and gagged body of Big Eagle, which they strapped on a rough litter, followed him out of the lodge into the moonlight.

They moved forward slowly from the meadowland on the banks of the river.

Up the hill, backed by the tall, frowning cliffs of the Secret Valley,

they could see the long lines of Indian lodges shining red in the light of many fires.

And in front of these stood a great crowd of braves and squaws, and the eager crowd of hobbledoys or louts—youths who had not as yet achieved the taking of a scalp—who were eagerly awaiting the bringing forth of the prisoner from the medicine lodge.

A threatening yell went up from these as they saw the little procession of medicine-men bearing their promised victim towards the great, fire-lighted plain or level space around the Ring Stone. After the recent Navajo defeats these were eager for a Paleface victim.

And their medicine-men had been working them up. There had been signs and portents in this mountain valley that showed how the spirits of the chiefs and braves who had been killed at the Deer Springs were yet wandering and restless in the neighbourhood, and were postponing their departure to the Happy Hunting Grounds till their blood was avenged, and the scalps of their Paleface vanquishers hung at the belts of the Navajo warriors.

There had been strange thunderings in the valley.

These the medicine-men had produced by the simple help of banging a piece of sheet-iron at nights.

There had been corpse-lights burning along the banks of the river, and in the neighbourhood of the medicine lodge.

The medicine-men had discovered that a rag steeped in a plate of fire-water burned with an admirable blue flame, and that the stronger the fire-water the better it burned.

So squaws and louts and braves alike were eager for the death of the Paleface prisoner, "Jak Ballu." The fact that he had been married to a Red Indian squaw was no consideration in his favour. It was known to the Redskins, whose intelligence and spy department was by no means to be despised, that he was hand-in-glove with those arch-enemies of their race, "Buk Diksee," Buffalo Bill, and Deadwood Dick. And to-night, when the light of the rising moon fell through the hole in the centre of the Moonstone, or the Ring Stone, as they called it, "Jak Ballu" was to die.

But a hush fell upon the ugly mob as the medicine-men approached the Ring Stone, and the great, flat plain where the Sun Dance and the War Dance were to be held ere the prisoner was despatched.

These had been working their medicine upon the prisoner. His head was covered with a painted hood, which bore the mask of a terrible face. And all the medicine-men were masked in a like manner, hoods being drawn over their faces, painted with conventional designs of the mask of wolves, the tutelary symbol of the Navajo nation.

The hush increased to a silence of dead awe as this mystic procession advanced slowly to the Ring Stone and laid their victim down by it.

Little did the great concourse of Redskins dream that the medicine-man who headed the procession was none other than the hated and dreaded

Buffalo Bill himself, or that one of the two medicine-men who carried the litter was the very prisoner they were looking forward to killing when the moon should shine through the centre of the Ring Stone, whilst the other was the equally dreaded and hated "Buk Diksee"!

The boys almost shuddered as they came up to the Ring Stone, and old Prairie Wolf eyed it grimly through the eye-slits of his painted mask.

It was a great circle of black basaltic rock, that looked as strange and out-of-place in that valley as do the Druidical stones of Stonehenge on Salisbury Plain.

And, like Stonehenge, nobody could tell how the Ring Stone had come into its present position, or who carried it there. It certainly did not belong to this limestone country, and it had either been brought from afar by some tremendous combined effort of many thousands of workers, or it must be some relic of glacial drift, dating back to the Ice Age, and shaped as it was by some freak of Nature.

The Navajos firmly believed that it had fallen from the moon, and they spoke of it as the Moonstone. It was a place of sacrifice, like the centre stone of a Druid cromlech.

And the look of it chilled the boys' blood. They knew that the slightest slip in the part they were to act would bring a thousand or two of that mob of Redskins surging down on them, and that they would all be put to the torture.

And, worse than this, they would fail in bringing the warning of the coming Indian rising to the settlements and the trails. If they were caught, thousands of innocent women and children who might yet be warned would be massacred in the fierce and sudden incursions of the Indians of the south. For the Apache is the hooded snake amongst the Redskins—the most savage and untameable of all the Redskin nations. And there amongst this crowd of rebellious Navajos were the lodges and the totem poles of the northern Apache chiefs.

The Sun Dance must be danced first, before the War Dance. And both these dances must be led by them, the supposed medicine-men of the Navajo nation.

Buffalo Bill had instructed them in the part they were to play. They were to follow him closely in every movement.

And they knew that the two dances

\* Deadwood Dick or Richard Bullock died in a sanatorium at Glendale, California, in February of this year, at the advanced age of seventy-five years. Few of the boys, who have read accounts of Deadwood Dick's adventures in rounding up and arresting highwaymen and other outlaws of the Wild West, know that their favourite hero was an Englishman. Deadwood Dick was born in Cornwall, and emigrated to the United States at the age of twenty-one. For some years he was engaged in mining in the Black Hills, but the stage-waggons running from the mines to the settlements with the miners' gold were so often robbed that Richard Bullock bucketed a six-shooter to his belt, and travelled with the gold as guard. Later he was one of the famous "Home Stake Guards," who guarded the bullion from the Home Stake Mine, and it was whilst so employed that he shot the equally famous, or infamous, "Lame Jemmy," one of the most daring of the desperadoes on the Cheyenne route.

he was to lead on that vast arena were as complicated and as classic as the farandole of Southern France and the Morris dances of England.

These dances were to be watched by thousands of critical eyes. There must be no failure in the leading of the dance, or in the shapes and patterns that would be described amongst those flaring fires by the single line of fifteen hundred or two thousand braves who would follow in the Indian file of the dance.

Briefly described, the Redskin Sun Dance and War Dance are gigantic games of follow-my-leader. The leader winds and twists about, drawing his vast trail of dancers after him like a train, causing the numberless figures to form into various patterns and shapes, just as a skilful stage-manager marshals a stage crowd.

But these patterns are classic. They are well-known to the lookers-on, and the slightest mistake on the part of the leader will influence the vast pattern drawn by the steps of the leader, and followed by the endless single file of his following.

All were eager for the Sun Dance. The braves were already lining up, ready to join in, and the drums were beating. And the squaws were dancing already in anticipation, for the Sun Dance is the dance of the seasons, and describes the everyday life of the hunt and the camp. Women may join in this, though only the braves are allowed to join in the War Dance.

"Now, boys," whispered Buffalo Bill, "lock up behind me, Indian file! And no mistakes, or we are gone coons!"

In single file, stepping close behind one another, the spurious medicine-men came hopping forward amongst the fires, swinging their tomahawks, blade forward in sign of peace.

And at the same moment a low chanting started.

Buffalo Bill had taken in the extent of the ground over which he was to lead the dance. It was half a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide,

and was lit by great fires, all of which were burning in their exact positions.

If the truth were told, for once in his life Buffalo Bill was nervous.

He knew that a single faltering or mistake would at once lead to suspicion, for the head medicine-man of the Redskins never makes a mistake in one of the sacred dances. They are too well-known to him, for he is trained to them from the moment he enters the medicine lodge.

And Buffalo Bill had only seen the Sun Dance and the War Dance performed once in his life, for such dances are not permitted to the Redskins by the United States Government, as they are the precursors of unrest and rebellion.

So the feat that he was to perform was equal to that of dancing and leading a couple of stage ballets of a complicated sort which he had seen but once from a theatre-box.

But Buffalo Bill had a tremendous memory, especially in matters of Redskin lore, and he had, furthermore, the sense of stage management which was afterwards to convert him from an Indian scout to one of the most successful showmen and circus-proprietors of the world.

Away he went, his stamping feet keeping time to the chanting and the stamping and the clapping of hands of the spectators.

He saw line after line of braves separating themselves from the on-lookers and falling in behind him in the great Red Indian file that was stretching across the fire-lit plain.

Then he swung to the left and then to the right, his followers stepping in his footsteps.

And again and again Buffalo Bill turned right and left, or led that great, chanting Indian file in serpentine convolutions amongst the great fires.

Squad after squad of braves fell in at the tail of the great Indian file procession, till there were no more braves left to join in. Then the squaws trailed

in at the rear, singing and chanting in monotonous rhythm.

Buffalo Bill had increased his pace as he drew this vast concourse across the plain. He was feeling more certain of himself now. But he slowed as the women and the girls and even the young boys trailed into the Sun Dance.

There were plenty of spectators left, however, for the Apache visiting chiefs and their followers did not join in this dance of peace. They were spectators only.

These, however, knew all about the great Sun Dance. They danced it themselves, though the form of their dance was slightly different from that of the Navajoes.

And as Buffalo Bill led the dance down the side of the plain, passing close under the eyes of these savage warriors, he heard a deep "Wah!" of admiration go up from them.

For the Indian file of over two thousand five hundred dancers that Buffalo Bill was leading behind him had taken the exact pattern of a coiled rattlesnake, which even now was melting into the representation of an ear of corn, drawn out perfectly over the great dancing-ground in symmetrical and conventional lines of human figures.

Big Eagle, the medicine-man who lay there in his litter, so quiet and stiff, beside the dreaded Ring Stone, was a mighty leader of the Sun Dance and the War Dance.

But never had he led so well this dance as the disguised Paleface scout who had taken his place was doing it now.

And involuntary cries of admiration went up from the watchers as with eager eyes they watched this, the death-dance, though they little knew it, of the chief whom they supposed to be leading the procession.

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

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

Write your solutions, IN INK, on a clean sheet of paper, fill up coupon below, and pin to this, and address to: No. 24 TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION, "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4, so as to reach that address not later than Tuesday, April 13th.

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

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