

SCHOOL, DETECTIVE & ADVENTURE STORIES!

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



No. 26 (New Series)

FULL OF SCHOOL STORIES AND ARTICLES

April 24, 1920.



**BUSY HOLIDAY SCENES AT ST. WINIFRED'S!**

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

Our Photographic Supplement

# THE BOYS' PICTORIAL



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

Address: The Greyfriars Herald, The Fleethway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4



### LOYAL READERS ALL!



E. Rowell (Chiswick).



B. Reynold (Staple Hill).



G. Beak (Regent's Park).



W. Cruickshank (Cathcart).



I. Jones (Trehafod).



Miss Connie Barber (Kidderminster).



S. Watling (Hartlepool).



A. Belfield (Dukinfield).



A. Dale (Wavertree).



Miss Hilda Holmes (Chichester).



C. Alberti (Upper Holloway).

**A HUN-BECOMING RIG !**

Two of our ex-soldier readers don the trophies of the field for the purpose of posing for our pictorial page. A liverish friend who heard of their intention said "Bosche!"—Taken by W. Barnes, 87, Hertford Road, Enfield Wash, Middlesex.



A Barnsley Reader of the "Herald."



C. Russell (Guildford).



G. A. Jackson (Maltby).



Miss D. Williams (Brighton).



J. Crowshaw (Bolton).



D. Southey (Sunderland).



W. Sawyer (Camberwell).



Miss A. N. Tipon (Plastow).



A Loyal Reader of the "Herald."



A Keen Reader of the "Herald."



E. Marshall (Leeds).



M. Black (Kilmarnock).



A. V. Shergold (Portsmouth).

The

Staff



HARRY WHARTON  
EDITOR  
of the Greyfriars Herald



FRANK NUGENT  
Sub-Editor



TOM BROWN  
Special Representative



VERNON SMITH  
Sports Editor



LORD MAULEVERER  
Fashion Editor



MARK LINLEY  
Sub-Editor



BOB CHERRY  
Fighting Editor

OCCASIONAL  
Contributors  
from  
GREYFRIARS

OCCASIONAL  
Contributors  
from  
Other Schools

# Editorial

By Harry Wharton.

## NEW NOTIONS FROM THE WEST.

Leonard R. Taylor, 166, River Avenue, Winnipeg, Canada, is starting a Friendship Club for the benefit of the many strangers who go out to Canada, and feel a bit lost for the want of a chum. There is to be a Welcome Branch. My correspondent is seventeen, and feels with Peter Pan, that being young is no end fine. He will not find anyone disputing this matter. I wish his club success.

## SERIOUS SUGGESTIONS.

My chum, Cyril Maxwell, has sent in some fine thoughtful suggestions. I can assure him his letter was appreciated, but it is not always possible to adopt ideas sent in, however good they are.

## PETERBOROUGH'S FIRST STUPENDOUS TUCK HAMPER.

It was received by Cecil Bell, who breaks out into verse about his triumph, and tells me that his father roars over Billy Bunter. He is spreading the good news, and the hamper struck him like this:

"First on the list came a big pot of jam,  
Then glasses of potted meat, chicken and ham."

In short he was delighted. You could have knocked him down with a feather. For my part I would never have dreamed of doing anything so uncalled for. By the way, "jam" and "ham" have got through some stiff rhyming work in their time, but the two have been sworn companions since the earliest dawn of history.

## A SEEKER AFTER KNOWLEDGE.

Boxing is a sport beloved by every British boy just as "Brownie" of Sutton-in-Ashfield points out, and he votes for a story about the Noble Art. I shall ask Bunter about this. "Brownie" is a photographer, a scientist, and a general investigator, and he wants to know whether the paper in a type machine moves. Yes, it does! In this matter it believes in following the times by keeping going, otherwise there might be trouble.

HARRY WHARTON.



DICK PENFOLD



MURREE SINGH



BILLY BUNTER



TOM MERRY



JIMMY SILVER



ARTHUR A DARCY

BUNTER PROVES HIMSELF A WIREY FELLOW - - - Drawn by FRANK NUGENT.



1. Billy Bunter had borrowed a few Fobs from Alonzo Todd on the strength of a postal order due to arrive in the year A.D. 2040, and promptly invested the money in a few comestibles to keep him from starving. Coming back from the tuck-shop--



2. He met Bulstrode, who kindly offered to carry the grub for him. But no sooner were Bulstrode's two hands engaged than the artful porpoise drew out a coil of wire. Wire into the tuck, Bulstrode," he chortled; "don't mind me!"



3. And when Bulstrode was rendered hors de combat and Billy simply relieved him of the tuck and toddled off. "You seem very wound up to-day, old chap," tootled Bunter; "yet you seem quite tongue-tied!"

*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.**

"Au Revoir!"

"**S**AY 'Au revoir' but not Good-bye!"

Dick Rodney spoke with a smile; and Jack Drake smiled, too, as he paused on the hill and looked back towards the old Benbow, and the shining waters of the Chadway.

It was the last day of the term; St. Winifred's had "broken up."

The St. Winny's crowd were dispersing to the four quarters of the kingdom, and the old warship, at its moorings in the Chadway, was almost deserted.

Most of the fellows were going on to Kingsford Junction in the school brakes, but the two chums of the Fourth had chosen to walk.

They had a good deal to say to one another before they parted for the vacation.

It had been a difficult term for Jack Drake, and it had seen a good deal of change in him. The most careless fellow in the Fourth Form at St. Winifred's Drake had settled down into one of the steadiest of workers, and he had won his reward. Against many obstacles—many of them placed in his way by his old enemy, Daubeny of the Shell—he had struggled manfully, and he had attained success. For in the result of the examination for the Founders' Scholarship, "J. Drake" was the first name on the list, with Frank Estcourt's second. And so it was "Au revoir!" and not "Good-bye," when he left the old Benbow, with the St. Winny's crowd, at the end of the term.

Drake smiled, but his face was thoughtful as he looked back from the hill at the old masts of the Benbow, rising over the trees.

That term had seen the first real battle in his young life, and he had won. It was an exhilarating thought. Temptations had been set aside; a careless, easy-going nature had been brought to discipline. He had kept the promise he had made to his mother when he left home. He could face his people now.

"It's ripping, Rodney!" he said at last. "I owe most of it to you, old chap. You kept me at it."

"Well, I helped," smiled Rodney. "I'll take that credit to myself. And now you're safe for three years at St. Winny's."

"That's a good deal," said Drake. "And it isn't only that. Now my people are poor—"

He paused. "Well, if I'd had to leave, I suppose I should have been a burden on them. That won't happen now, at any rate. And—and the money that goes with the schol. will be more than I shall need; I shall be able to help at home, if it's needed. Just think of that!"

Drake's face was very bright. Daubeny and Co. would have been surprised if they had been present. Drake's words did not sound much like

# ALL SERENE!



"Mother, what does it all mean? Has anything happened? How is it we are still in the old home?" gasped Jack.

those of a fellow who, only a term before, had spent money as if it had no value, and never given a thought to the morrow. Hard times had changed Jack Drake, and changed him for the better. The best that was in him had been brought to the top.

"If I'd failed, I should be saying good-bye to St. Winny's for good," he went on. "It would be awfully hard! I want to go back—I'd be sorry not to see even Tuckey Toodles again! I say, Rodney, we'll have a jolly time next term on the Benbow."

"We will!" agreed Rodney.

"No more sapping for a dashed old schol.!" said Drake, laughing. "There'll be cricket instead of swotting, and we'll have a good time. And we'll put Daub and Co. in their proper place!"

"Which is in a back seat!" laughed Rodney.

"Exactly."  
"Hallo! There's Estcourt!"  
Drake's bright face clouded a little as he followed Rodney's glance down the hill.

Estcourt of the Fourth was coming up from the direction of the river, walking slowly, his eyes on the ground.

Estcourt's face was a little pale, and deeply clouded, as the juniors could see even in the distance.

"Poor old Estcourt!" muttered Drake. "He came awfully near beating me."

"Not quite, fortunately."

"But it's hard on him. I know he needed the schol. as much as I do," said Drake. "It means the finish for him at St. Winny's, I'm afraid. That takes away a lot of the pleasure."

He made a movement to walk on, but paused again, and the two juniors waited for Frank Estcourt to come up. Estcourt did not see them till he was very close.

He was deeply immersed in thought as he came on, evidently plunged into gloomy despondency.

He started a little as he observed the chums of the Fourth, and his pale cheeks flushed.

"You fellows walking, too?" he remarked.

"Yes; baggage gone on in the brake," said Rodney. "I suppose we shall see you on the Benbow next term, Estcourt?"

The junior shook his head, with a bitter smile.

"No."  
"Leaving?"

"No choice about it," answered Estcourt. "Can't be helped. There's no secret about my circe. It was a twist for my people to keep me at St. Winny's at all, and it all depended on the schol. whether I could stay. And Drake's bagged it."

"I'm awfully sorry, old chap," said Drake.

"Not sorry you bagged the schol.," said Estcourt, smiling.

"No; sorry you couldn't bag it, too. I'd have stood out if I'd been able—you know that."

"I know. You're a good chap," said Estcourt. "I asked you to stand out, didn't I? Like my cheek; but, you see, I'd counted on it. I knew I could beat the rest, but you wedged in—excuse me! You had a right to enter, if you liked. I was a bit unreasonable that night when I jawed you on the deck of the Benbow. I'm sorry."

"Not at all; it's all right," said Drake. "I'm awfully sorry you're leaving. But if I hadn't come out top, I should be leaving. This rather leaves a bitter taste in the mouth, though."

"Oh, don't worry. I—I'm glad it turned out as it did," said Estcourt. "I—I—" He paused, and flushed crimson. "Drake, I ought to beg your pardon before we part; we're not going to meet again."

"Nothing to beg my pardon for, that I know of."

"I'm going to tell you. The night before the exam." Estcourt lowered his eyes. "Daubeny talked to me. He—he made me an offer—a certain way of winning the exam."

"Blessed if I see how Daubeny had anything to do with that!" said Drake, in astonishment.

"By foul play, I mean."

"Estcourt!"

"I—I knocked him down," said Estcourt.

"Good for you."

"But—but afterwards—I—I—it meant so much to me," said Estcourt, in a low voice. "I—I went to him afterwards. He gave me some stuff—some chemist's stuff. I—I was to put it in something for you. You remember, I asked you into the canteen—"

Drake started.

"Estcourt! You never—"

"No, I didn't. You were puzzled when you saw me pitch the bottle out of the canteen window, into the river. That was it."

"Oh!" said Drake, with a deep breath.

"I couldn't do it," muttered Estcourt. "If I'd nobbled you, as that rascal wanted, you'd have lost the exam: you wouldn't have been fit for it. I'd have bagged it—I came second, anyhow. But—but I'm glad—jolly glad—that I never played such a dirty trick. I'm going, but I'm going with a clean conscience. I—I beg your pardon, old fellow, for ever letting such a rotten thought come into my head at all."

"My dear old chap!" said Drake, in a moved voice. "You couldn't have done it—you couldn't have been quite yourself when you let that cad put such an idea into your head. You couldn't have done it, anyhow. As for Daub—I'll reckon with that rotten next term!"

"I'm glad you don't bear any malice, anyhow," muttered Estcourt. "I was potty to think of such a thing for a minute. If I'd won the schol that way, I couldn't have kept it. I'm glad I had sense enough at the last minute to think better of it."

Good-bye, you fellows—I'm staying here for a bit."

The chums of the Fourth shook hands with Estcourt, and walked on towards Kingsford. Frank Estcourt remained on the hill, staring back towards the masts of the Benbow—taking a long, last look at the school to which he was saying good-bye for ever.

---

#### Homeward Bound!

**J**ACK DRAKE'S face was clouded as he walked on with his chum, and the solitary figure on the hill disappeared behind.

His success was dear to him; it meant a great deal to him and to his people at home. But, as he had said, it left a bitter taste in the mouth. He could not help thinking of Frank Estcourt and his failure.

"It doesn't seem quite fair, somehow, Rodney," he said, after a long silence. "Estcourt was fagging for whole terms to work for that schol., and I waded in almost at the last—"

"It's hard on him," said Rodney. "But it would have been hard on you if you'd lost."

"Of course, it can't be helped. But I'd give a good deal if poor old Estcourt could come back next term. He's a good fellow, too. He—he told me, that night he jawed me, that the money was going to send his young brother to school; he wasn't working only for himself. Dash it all, I wish I hadn't had to butt in." Drake shrugged his shoulders uneasily. "I suppose it's always hard on the lame ducks. I'd whack it out with him if I could."

The chums walked on in silence for a time.

Kingsford came in sight, with a crowded St. Winny's brake rolling into the town, in the distance.

"We part at the junction, I suppose?" said Drake. "Well, we shall be meeting again next term, at all events."

"I'm glad of that," said Rodney.

"Yes, rather. I—I wonder what it's like at home. I—I'm a bit puzzled."

"Your people will be pleased."

"No doubt about that. But there's something I don't quite catch on to," said Drake thoughtfully. "You remember when my father came down to St. Winny's, he was rather—well, rather cut up, because it looked as if I hadn't been working hard—hadn't been keeping my word. I—I was rather letting things slide for a bit. Well while he was on the Benbow he told me he'd brought me some news."

"Yes?"

"But, after seeing how things stood, he didn't tell me the news, whatever it was. He said I was to prove that I could keep my word, or something to that effect. What the news was I don't know; I suppose I shall know when I get home."

"That's odd," said Dick Rodney.

"Isn't it? I can't imagine what it was—good news, I suppose, of some kind, but I'm blessed if I can guess what. And that isn't all. The whole bizney is rather queer. I've told you that my father's poor—he was ruined by the war. When I left home, the

place was to be sold up; the negotiations were already going on."

"Then you're not going back to your old quarters?"

"That's the queer part—I am!" said Drake. "Father's said nothing about a new address; he's written to me to come home as usual. They must be still in the old show, so the house hasn't been parted with. It's rather a big place—expensive, you know. We used to have plenty of tin. How has the pater been keeping it on? It beats me. I can't understand the position at all."

"You'll know when you get home."

"Yes, I suppose so. But I've been thinking about it a lot, the last week or two. Well, here's Kingsford."

"Hallo, Drake, old boy!" bawled Tuckey Toodles.

A heavily laden brake was rolling in, and Tuckey Toodles waved a fat and grubby hand at his study-mates.

"Hallo, porpoise!" answered Drake cheerily.

"Come on to the station!" hooted Toodles. "I've got your traps here—keeping an eye on them for you! I say, I want to speak to you, Drake."

The fat junior jumped from the brake, and joined the two chums as they walked on to the station.

"You bagged it, after all, dear old boy," said Toodles affectionately. "I knew you would! Put your money on our study; that's what I said to all the fellows. But you'll admit, Drake, that I helped you a good deal."

"You did?" ejaculated Drake, in astonishment.

"Yes, rather!" said Tuckey Toodles warmly. "You're going to admit that, Drake, ain't you? Haven't I often sat and talked to you, encouraging you—"

"Interrupting me, you mean."

"Oh, I say! Didn't I use to get nice little suppers in the study—"

"Yes—and scoff them, too!"

"If you're going to be ungrateful, Drake—"

"I am, old top, as far as you're concerned," said Drake, laughing.

"I know you're only joking, of course," said Tuckey Toodles cheerfully. "I'm making no secret of the fact that it's chiefly due to me that you've bagged the schol. I've told all the fellows. Raik says that you ought to whack it out with me. You can have the old schol.—both that; I'm speaking of the money that goes with it. Raik thinks I ought to have half."

"Raik's pulling your silly leg, you fat duffer!"

"Well, I won't claim half; I'm a generous chap. What I think is, you can stand me a fiver—"

"Bow-wow!"

"Being such an old pal, Jacky, I'll make it a pound," said Tuckey Toodles.

"Make it a bob!" suggested Drake.

"Oh, I say!"

Tuckey Toodles seemed unable to express his feelings at that suggestion. The juniors arrived at the station, and then Tuckey found his voice again.

"I say, Drake, are you coming in my train?"

"No."

"Well, hand over the bob."

"What bob?"

"Didn't you tell me to make it a bob?" demanded Tuckey indignantly. "I've accepted the offer."

Drake chuckled, and tossed a shilling, which Tuckey caught in his fat palm. Shillings were not so plentiful with Jack Drake as in the old days, but he felt that he could spare that small sum, as he was not to see Rupert de Vere Toodles again for some weeks.

"There's time for a little refreshment; the train's not in yet," said Toodles, as he slipped the coin into his pocket. "Now, my idea was to stand you two fellows a feed here—"

"Not a bad idea."

"But I've had a pound-note blown away—"

"What?"

"So I'm short of money. But I'll tell you what—you two fellows can stand me a feed instead. That will come to the same thing, won't it?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, where are you fellows off to? Don't buzz off and leave a chap—Yah! Rotters!"

Tuckey made that final remark as Drake and Rodney vanished into the thronging crowd of St. Winifred's fellows in the station.

A quarter of an hour later, Drake had shaken hands with his chum for the last time, and the train was bearing him away for home.

#### Great News!

### MASTER JACK!

The chauffeur touched his cap as Jack Drake came out of the station, after his journey home. Drake eyed him with surprise as he nodded.

"You here—to meet me?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; Mr. Drake's sent the car."

"The car!" repeated the junior blankly.

"Here she is, sir."

"Well, my hat!"

Drake opened his lips to speak again, but closed them. He was puzzled and mystified, but he could see that the chauffeur was surprised by his surprise, and he said nothing further.

He took his seat in the Rolls-Royce, and sank back on the cushions in a state of bewilderment, as the chauffeur drove on the homeward way.

It was the same car, and the same chauffeur—and he was going to the same old home!

What did it mean?

For a moment he almost wondered whether the last term had been a dream—whether his father's fall from fortune had been merely a figment of the imagination.

He had gone back to St. Winifred's for the last term, knowing that his father was ruined, that the house and the car were to be sold, and expecting on his return to find his parents in some cheap quarters—perhaps in dingy lodgings. And now—

He had been told—his father had told him—that upon his own efforts depended his chance of remaining at St. Winifred's, and by his own efforts he had won through. But what did this mean? If his father were poor, what could it mean?

The junior arrived home like a fellow in a dream.

The Lodge was the same as of old; there seemed no change. He ran in to greet his mother, and his face brightened as he saw her. The careworn look on her face, which he remembered from a term ago, was gone, and she greeted him with a happy smile.

After the first greetings had been exchanged, the junior's curiosity broke out in bewildered questions.

"Mother, what does it all mean? Has anything happened? How is it we are still here?"

Mrs. Drake smiled softly.

"Your father has news for you, Jack."

"So he told me on the Benbow, a few weeks back. But—I don't understand—"

"He is waiting for you in the library, my boy. Go to him now."

"Yes, mother."

Jack Drake was still feeling like a fellow in a dream as he entered the dusky old library, his father's favourite room. It was in that room that he had heard the crushing news, a term ago—that he had learned that his riches were gone, that hard work and straitened means were to be his future lot. He remembered, with a flush in his cheeks, how he had repined—how he had thought of what it meant for himself, and little of what it meant for his parents. The blow had been so heavy to him that he had not thought how heavy it was for others.

It came back into his mind now as his father rose to greet him.

"Jack, my boy!"

Mr. Drake shook hand with his son cordially. The news of the junior's success in his task had preceded him; his father knew that he had kept his word.

"Well, I've done it, dad!" said Drake, with a smile.

"You have done as I believed you would, my boy," said his father. "It was only a question whether you would realise your duty, and resolve to do it."

"I mightn't have pulled it off, you know. One of the other fellows ran me very close—poor old Estcourt."

"If you had come in second or third, Jack, I should have been satisfied; it would have proved that you had tried hard."

"But it wouldn't have kept me at St. Winifred's, dad."

His father smiled.

"Sit down, Jack. I have something to tell you."

"The news you were going to tell me at St. Winny's that day?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you tell me then, dad?"

"I was disappointed in you," answered his father quietly. "You had not kept to your word, Jack, and it looked as if you were going to slip back into your old ways. Now you have proved yourself."

"It—it wasn't easy, dad," faltered Jack. "I've had a good bit of a tussle at St. Winny's."

"I am sure of that. But it has done you good."

"I suppose it has. In fact, I'm sure it has," said Jack. "I—I've

thought a lot of times how I took the bad news, when you told me, in this room, a term ago. I—I was a selfish beast, dad."

"Not quite so bad as that; you were thoughtless. A little thoughtless for others, I am afraid, my boy. But you have learned a lesson since then. It was that you might finish learning it, Jack, that I did not tell you the news I came to tell you that day on the Benbow."

"And the news, dad? I—I think I can guess—now—"

"Matters have very much improved, my boy, since you were last at home," said Mr. Drake. "It seemed, then, that all I had was gone—doubtful if I could do more than discharge my obligations, leaving us little or nothing. My fortune has mended, Jack. You would hardly understand, perhaps, if I explained—"

"The money isn't gone?" asked the junior, in wonder.

"It was gone—all that I had left was something which, at the time, had no market value," said Mr. Drake. "In my prosperous days, before the war, I had made an investment in West Africa—a tin area in Nigeria. I expected little or nothing from it; I made the investment chiefly from a patriotic motive, to help in opening up a new country within the Empire. For nine years nothing came of it. I never expected, in the long run, that anything would come of it. But—"

"But?" exclaimed Jack breathlessly.

"But there have been discoveries on that supposed worthless land. It has proved to be one of the richest tin areas in Nigeria, the richest country in the world in tin."

"Tin! Is tin so jolly valuable?" asked Jack.

"Extremely so at the present time, my boy. That tract of land into which I had put money, hoping for little or no return, has now been sold to half a dozen different companies, to work for tin. And now—"

Mr. Drake paused for a moment. "Now, Jack, we are more wealthy than we have ever been before, in the best of the old times."

"My only hat!"

"That is the news I should have given you that day on board the Benbow, if you had not disappointed me. But as matters stood I thought it better to let you keep on, and pull through by your own efforts, Jack, and prove the stuff that was in you."

The junior's face was very bright.

"You were right, dad—quite right," he said. "But now—we're not poor?"

"No."

"We've got heaps of tin—I mean money—just like we used to have?"

"Heaps!" said Mr. Drake, with a smile.

"Hurrah!"

The next moment Mr. Drake was startled by the sight of his son executing a war-dance round the library table.

His brow clouded a little.

"Jack!"

"Yes, dad?" Drake stopped, breathlessly. "Sorry; I couldn't help it. I feel so jolly."

"My dear boy, I can only hope that

you are not thinking that our change of circumstances gives you a right to fall back into your old habits of slackness."

"Father!" exclaimed the junior reproachfully.

"Well—"

"I was thinking of old Estcourt."

"Estcourt!" repeated Mr. Drake. "Who is Estcourt?"

"You've met him, I think, father—one of the Fourth at St. Winny's. He's a bit of a bookworm, but a really good chap. And I've beaten him for the schol."

And Drake poured out Estcourt's story breathlessly. Mr. Drake listened quietly, his eyes on his son.

"And what does this lead to, my boy?" he asked at last.

"Well, if we're rich, you can pay my fees at St. Winny's, as you used to do, father—"

"Certainly."

"Then I sha'n't need the schol."

"You will not need it."

"Then can't I stand out, and let old Estcourt have it?" exclaimed Drake. "He was second on the list, and not far behind me. All the rest were nearly nowhere."

Mr. Drake's look was very tender.

"My dear, dear boy!" he said.

"You were thinking of that—of your schoolfellow—"

"Naturally."

"You shall have your way, Jack. I will write to Dr. Goring to-day. The matter can easily be arranged, and the scholarship will be handed to the next on the list. I did not intend that you should keep it, after learning that it was not needed. It was founded for poor scholars, Jack, and you are not a poor scholar now. We should not be justified in keeping it."

"And old Estcourt can have it?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Hurrah!"

**Back Again!**

THAT vacation was a happy one for Jack Drake.

Fortune was smiling on him again, and the smiles of fortune were the more enjoyable after the long days of trial.

His good news was soon communicated to Dick Rodney, and Rodney came over to the Lodge to spend a part of his holidays there.

If Tuckey Toodles had known, most assuredly Tuckey would have come, without waiting for the formality of being asked to do so. Fortunately, Tuckey did not know.

During the vacation Mr. Drake visited the Head of St. Winifred's, to make the arrangements concerning the Founders' Scholarship. And that matter was arranged completely to Jack's satisfaction.

The holidays passed all too quickly. But the chums of the Fourth were not sorry, all the same, when the time came to return to the school on the river.

"You're coming up with me, Rodney," Drake said, a few days before the vacation ended. "I'm going up in the car—no dashed trains this time—and you're coming too—see? I want to see Daubeny's face!"

And Rodney laughed and assented. On the opening day of the new term, two youths in exceedingly high spirits started in the Rolls-Royce for the school on the river.

When the car came through Chade, the village street was sprinkled with St. Winifred's fellows, gathering for the new term. From the village station a fat figure was emerging, as the car slackened in the village street. Tuckey Toodles yelled to the chums.

"Hold on, Drake! Give a fellow a lift!"

"Right-ho!"

The car stopped, and Tuckey Toodles clambered in. His face was as fat and grubby as ever.

"Dear old boys, so glad to see you again!" burred Toodles. "I've had

"Oh, crumbs! Isn't your pater hard-up any more?"

"No."

"Oh! I—I—I say, Jacky, dear old boy, I never did quite swallow that yarn about you being hard-up," said Toodles, shaking his head sagely. "It was really too thick, you know. I knew you were spoofing, all the time. He, he, he!"

"Then you knew more than I did!" said Drake, laughing.

"You couldn't take me in, you know. I knew it all the time! But I stuck to you while you were poor, old chap, didn't I? That's what I call being a faithful pal."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Drake and Rodney.

"Well, I did, you know—stuck to



The next moment Mr. Drake was startled by the sight of his son executing a war-dance round the library table.

a terrific time in the vac.—simply terrific!"

"I told you to wash your face during the vac., Tuckey. Why didn't you?"

"He, he, he! I say, how much are you paying by the hour for this car, Drake?"

Drake chuckled.

"Nixey's!" he answered.

Tuckey Toodles opened his eyes wide.

"Somebody lent it to you for the day?" he asked.

"Exactly."

"I say, who was it?" exclaimed Toodles eagerly. "I'd like to know that chap!"

"Ha, ha! My father!"

you like glue, when Daub and Co. gave you the marble eye. Remember the time I whacked out my toffee with you in the Form-room? Loyal, I call it. I say, Drake, have you really got plenty of dibs, like you used to have?"

"More!" grinned Drake.

"Oh, I say, that's corking! I say, Drake—I'll tell you what! I had a pound-note blown away last term—"

"Go hon!"

"You lend me a pound," said Tuckey Toodles, "and—and if that note is—is ever found in the river, I'll hand it to you."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

To Tuckey's astonishment and delight, a pound-note was forthcoming.

Nothing more could have been needed to prove to Toodles that Drake was, indeed, wealthy once more, and that he, Toodles, had been his most loyal and faithful chum in the days of adversity.

Tuckey was fairly bubbling with affection as the big car rushed on by the road to the river.

When it halted outside the gates of the gangway, another car was there, from which Daubeny, Egan and Torrence of the Shell were alighting.

Daubeny and Co. glanced at the Rolls-Royce, and at Drake and his companions, in surprise.

Drake did not seem to see Vernon Daubeny.

As soon as the dandy of the Shell became acquainted with the new state of affairs it was only too likely that there would be friendly overtures from him; but, if they came, Drake knew how he intended to meet them. He was never likely to be friendly again with the black sheep of St. Winifred's.

Tuckey Toodles grinned at the Bucks of the Shell as he rolled out of the car. He wagged a fat and grubby forefinger at them.

"Yah!" was his greeting.

Drake dismissed the car, when the baggage had been landed, to walk over the gangway to the school on the warship. Daubeny and Co. were still staring.

"Yah!" went on Tuckey Toodles. "D'ye hear me, Daub? I said 'Yah!'"

"Shurrup, you funny little idiot!" snapped Vernon Daubeny.

"Yah! I say, Daub, it was all spoof—Drake's as rich as Croesus!" said Tuckey Toodles. "Rolling in it—fairly oozing oof, you know! Yah! Ain't you sorry you gave him the marble eye—what? He, he, he!"

And, leaving the Bucks to digest that playful remark, Tuckey rolled on after Jack and Rodney, quite determined to constitute himself into Jack Drake's best and closest chum for ever.

"Oh, gad!" was all Daubeny said.

But he thought a great deal.

Drake and Rodney hurried down to "bag" their old study—No. 8. Tuckey Toodles rolled in after them.

"Here we are again, old tops!" he chirruped. "I suppose you'll re-run the study now, Drake, same as I did last term? I'll see to it for you. You hand me fifty pounds—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, twenty. You hand me twenty pounds—"

"Buzz off to the canteen, and change a pound-note, Tuckey—"

"Eh? Not mine?"

"Ha, ha! No—this one."

Tuckey Toodles carefully stowed the note away in an inside pocket.

"Ah, that's right, old fellow," he murmured contentedly "keep to your good resolution all through the term."

"Eh?"

"Keep to your resolution, I say."

"What resolution, you chump?"

"Why, not to be so jolly mean as you were last term."

"Why—what the—"

"And always stand by the chaps who stood by you in your misfortunes."

Drake burst into a loud laugh.

"Buzz off, and change that pound note," he cried.

"My dear old fellow, anything to oblige!" And Tuckey Toodles trotted happily away.

There was a step in the passage, and Frank Estcourt looked in. Drake shook hands with him cheerily.

"Back again!" he remarked.

"Yes." Estcourt pressed his hand. "I'm here on the Founders' Scholarship this term. You can imagine what I felt, Drake, when my father had a letter from the Head, telling him that the winner had resigned the schol. to the next on the list. And you—you—"

"I don't need it; we're all serene again at home."

"I understand. It was generous of you, though—it was splendid! I sha'n't forget it," said Estcourt. "It's good to be back at St. Winny's again, isn't it?"

"Ripping!" said Drake.

And that evening there was a crowded party in No. 8 Study to celebrate the opening of the new term, at which Tuckey Toodles distinguished himself to such an extent that deep groans were heard proceeding from his hammock after "lights-out."

THE END.

Another rattling, long complete story of the School on the River next week!

#### RESULT OF TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION.—No. 21.

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

WILLIAM L. MacKENZIE,  
4, Mary Street,  
Paisley, Scotland.

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

H. M. Davies, 62, Colonna Road, Tonyrefail, Glam.; Horace A. Parsons, 10, Corby Road, Mapperley, Nottingham; George Slater, 182, Dyson's Road, Edmonton, N.18; Robert Scott, c/o Murray, 49, Cadoogan Street, Anderston, Glasgow; E. Tooms, 3, Bryant's Court, Rochester, S.E.16; R. Mills, 19, Floyer Road, Small Heath, Birmingham; Albert Abell, 4, Jubilee Terrace, Brynteg, Abertillery, Mon.; A. Mann 69, Alfreton Road, Nottingham; Kenneth Watson, 8, Stonor Road, West Kensington, W.14.

#### CORRECT SOLUTION:

Dear Chums,—My old pal Bob Cherry has suggested that I should say something this week about our personal column. Several other fellows, however, have said a large number of rude things about it, as they consider Bob's contribution much too personal. Bob had better lie low. Don't you think so?  
HARRY.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

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

#### A Happy Suggestion!

To the Editor of "The Greyfriars Herald."

Dear Sir,—Me tinkee the stories in "The Greyfriars Herald" are velly good, but me no savvy why a fellow who does anything wrong should be lettee offee with a bumping, or a blackee eye, or a thickee ear.

In my native landee, when fellow doee wrong we choppee offee headee, or cuttee up with knife. Why not doee samee at Greyfriars?—Believee me, Yours trulee, WUN LUNG.

(I quite agree with your suggestion, my pigtailed heathen. We have been much too lenient with offenders in the past, and it would be a splendid idea to "choppee offee headee." We have mutually decided that you shall be the first victim!—Ed.)

#### The Misfortunes of Alonzo!

To the Editor of "The Greyfriars Herald."

Dear Sir,—I know that you are a real friend to all your readers, and this prompts me to write and tell you the sad chapter of my misfortunes.

I was informed the other day by Bunter that Loder of the Sixth was in the habit of frequenting an undesirable resort in the village, in order to smoke and gamble. I was shocked—nay, disgusted—to think that a member of the Sixth Form should set foot upon the broad road that leads to destruction. I decided to have a quiet talk with Loder—to point out to him the error of his ways, and to persuade him, if possible, to abandon his wild and profligate habits. With this object in view, I betook myself to Loder's study, taking with me a book entitled "Reggie's Reformation; or, The Boy Who Rose on Stepping-Stones of his Dead Self to Higher Things." It was a noble and inspiring book, and it pointed a moral at the end of every chapter. Unfortunately, Loder did not appear to be very favourably impressed by it, for he hurled it at my head.

Although badly hurt, I lingered in the study, and exercised all the eloquence at my command in an endeavour to convert Loder. Alas! he turned a deaf ear to my exhortations, and finally, moved by a primitive and savage impulse, he belaboured me unmercifully with a cricket-stump—or was it a goal-post? Anyway, my assailant caused me severe physical pain, and I am now in the sanatorium, receiving the ministrations of the matron.

I feel very, very despondent to think that I have not succeeded in reforming Loder. I could almost weep with disappointment.—Yours,

ALONZO TODD.



# THE MORSE CODE CAUGHT!

A most instructive article written in a novel style

By **GEORGE HOWE**

A .-	H ....	O ---	U .-
B ...	I ..	P ---	V ...
C ---	J ----	Q ----	W ---
D ..	K ---	R ..	X ---
E .	L ...	S ...	Y ---
F ...	M --	T -	Z ----
G --	N -		

1. ---	4. ....	7. ---
2. ---	5. ....	8. ---
3. ---	6. ....	9. ---

the T before the E, and you get N. You see, you've EATEN something, though you've only just begun. The next two-stroke letter is I, which is two E's, as it sometimes is in pronunciation. You once told me that the French boy said he could not 'seet' after a caning, and someone suggested he could 'feel' 't.' Now we will go on, if you have recovered. Put two I's together, and you get the only other two-stroke letter—M—just as you would if you made two T's bow to each other and say 'How d'ye do?'

"That's as fresh as MINT! But perhaps you prefer jam? Well, make your own in this way: Add A to M, and the result is J, and you've got your JAM. If you want to turn it into HAM, put two I's in place of the J, and there you are! The cook couldn't have done it better.

"Having made JAM and HAM, we will keep on the eating line, and construct a fish. We cannot do it all at once, but it is easy to make its FIN, for the F is only the I and the N made into one letter. Its TAIL is equally easy, as we have three-quarters of it already—TAL. The L is formed by adding the A and the I together, and if we put dot for dash and dashes for dots in the L, we get Y, so we can put in the EYE. Now take the dot from the front of the L, and D is left, which allows us to make the HEAD. Put a dash after the D, and you will have X, which is the 'unknown quantity' of the FISH you will eat.

"But we haven't got that FISH yet; we still need the S. Look over the alphabet, and you will notice two letters, made up of three dots and three dashes each. The three dashes are O—that is, it is three T's. What would happen if you were teased three times? Why, somebody would say 'O!' It will be equally easy to remember that the three-dot letter is S. Now you can make your FISH, and there is no need to send out S O S.

"Supposing the fish is a MINNOW. You can make its HEAD, its FINS and its TAIL, and you may be able to FILLET it, but you can't spell its name. The last letter is missing, but we'll soon get that. Take the front

half of its TAIL, turn it round until you get AT, treat that as if it were one, and the letter W appears! Quite a conjuring trick, isn't it? That completes the MINNOW. But you can now make it a SALMON, or even a WHALE, if you like.

"You found S and T easy to learn, did you not? Join them, and you get V. Now, V and B are twins, so turn V round so that you cannot see his face, and you may stake your reputation that what you see is B. But you remember that V and U are alike in Latin. The resemblance is not quite so close in Morse, but all you need to do to make V into U is to knock the spot off the tip of V's nose.

"Here's a bit of doggerel which will help you to remember the P.C. I don't mean the police—you are not likely to forget them—but the letters.

"In A plus N you find a P,  
While N repeated gives you C."

"Look at the alphabet, and make sure this is right.

"Cheer up! There are only five more letters to learn—K, R, G, Q, and Z. K and C are very close friends, especially in TACK. Spell it like this in Morse: T A C T A. By making the last two letters into one, you have supplied K, and by giving a point to the TAC you have got it ready to be sat on before you say TA-TA!

"K and R are similar in construction, and are both contained in C. The first three parts of C give K, and the last give R. It is easy to remember which comes first by thinking of the order of the letters in the alphabet.

"Now for G and Q. G is easy for me to remember, for it is ME, and you can easily make Q by adding a tail to G. Make it a long one—a dash—or you will get Z.

"Well, that's the lot, and if you don't know the Morse code well enough to satisfy an examiner, go through it again, but this time by yourself, and with a little practice I'm sure you will be 'left' by nobody, for you will have got it 'right.'"

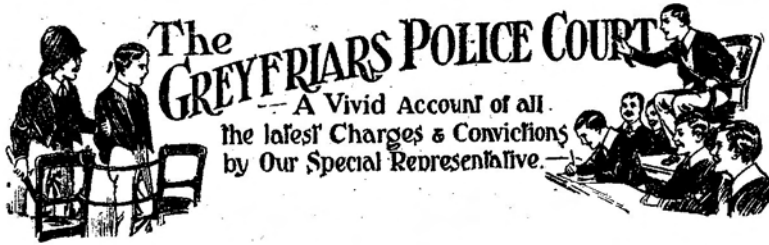
THE END.

## LAMPS THAT TALK

Another remarkably interesting article

By **GEORGE HOWE**

IN NEXT TUESDAY'S ISSUE OF THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD." ORDER EARLY!



## The GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

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

Owing to an epidemic of whooping-cough in the Remore, the court was not so well attended as usual this week.

Mr. Justice Wharton, however, turned up smiling, and the total absence of the Grand Jury did not appear to worry him.

### BILLY BUNTER GOES BANKRUPT! Amazing Revelations in Court!

William George Bunter's appearance in the dock was eagerly awaited by his numerous creditors.

When the fat junior did appear, he was hooted, hissed and pelted.

Magistrate: Stop throwing those missiles, there! I might get hit by mistake and that would be tragic! (Laughter.)

Mr. Robert Cherry K. C., outlining the case for the prosecution, said that prisoner's financial affairs were in a shocking condition. He had borrowed money hand over fist, quite regardless of the fact that he would never be able to pay it back.

Magistrate: What are his principal debts?

Mr. Cherry: He borrowed half a crown from Mr. Thomas Dutton, saying that he wished to get his watch repaired. It was afterwards discovered that he didn't possess a watch. (Laughter.) He then borrowed a similar sum from Mr. Alonzo Todd, for the purpose of having his bike repaired.

Magistrate: And it was discovered that he didn't possess a bike?

Mr. Cherry: Exactly! Your wor-

ship has, as usual, hit the right nail on the head.

Magistrate: I'll hit a certain counsel on the head if he doesn't stop his silly flattery! (Laughter.)

Mr. Cherry: Prisoner also borrowed other sums of money, ranging from a farthing to ten bob. This was over a month ago, yet he hasn't paid back a single cent.

At this juncture, prisoner's creditors opened fire at him with their peashooters.

Prisoner: Don't get excited, you fellows! I'll discharge the whole of my debts the moment my postal-order comes!

Magistrate: What is this postal-order he is babbling about? I seem to have heard of it before!

Mr. Cherry: It's been due to arrive ever since prisoner was a new kid!

Prisoner: But there's been a delay in the post, your worship! I've complained bitterly to the Postmaster-General about it, but—

Magistrate: Whom do you suppose is going to send you a postal-order?

Prisoner: My titled relations, your worship.

Detective-Inspector Penfold: I have made careful inquiries, your worship, and find that prisoner has no titled relations. His pater is the proprietor of a butcher's shop in Porkerville—

Prisoner (excitedly): He isn't! My pater is Baron de Bunter, of Bunter Hall!

Magistrate: He's not the only barren Bunter! (Laughter.)

Mr. Cherry: Prisoner's creditors are pressing for payment, your worship, and it is only fair that their claims should be settled.

Prisoner: When my postal-order arrives—

Magistrate: The world will come to an end! (Laughter.)

His worship, summing up, said that prisoner was a plump parasite, who thrived on the misplaced generosity of others. "I am afraid that the creditors will be unable to obtain satisfaction in hard cash. They may, however, have a pound of prisoner's flesh, if they so desire."

Prisoner was accordingly handed over to the tender mercies of his creditors.

### REPORTS IN BRIEF.

A defiant-looking infant named Richard Nugent was charged with stealing a small sprat, the property of the Greyfriars Whale-hunting and Deep Sea Fishing Association.

Mr. Richard Rake, K. C., who prosecuted, said it was a very fishy affair. The sprat in question was landed, after a tremendous struggle, by Mr. Tom Redwing, and prisoner came up and sneaked it off the beach.

Prisoner was sentenced to receive a gentle tap with the court poker, and shortly afterwards wild "whales" rang through the court.

After a brief interval, Richard Nugent again appeared in the dock, charged with stealing a tin of prehistoric sardines from the cupboard in No. 1 Study.

Mr. Cherry, K. C., said the sardines were of a great age, and consequently of enormous value. They had been imported many centuries back, during the period when Greyfriars was a monastery.

After hearing further evidence, his worship came to the conclusion that prisoner had already suffered enough through eating the sardines, and he was accordingly discharged.

## WATCH YOURSELF GROW

by using the Girvan System  
Mr. Briggs reports 3 ins. increase; Driver E.F. 3 ins.; Mr. Ketley, 4 ins.; Seaman Mosedale, 3 ins. This system greatly improves the health, physique and carriage. No drugs; no appliances. Only ten minutes morning and evening. Recommended by doctors. Patronised by Army and Navy. Send 3d. stamps for further particulars and £100 Guarantee, to the GIRVAN SYSTEM, DEPT. B.M.P., 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N.4.



## MOUTH ORGANS BEATEN



All the latest tunes can be played on the Chella-Phone. The only Pocket instrument on which tunes can be correctly played in any key.

"Knocks the German mouth organ into a cocked hat." Post free, 1/6 each

(better quality, 2/6), from the maker—R. FIELD (Dept. 15), Hall Avenue, HUDDERSFIELD.

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

## CUT THIS OUT!

"Greyfriars Herald" PEN COUPON. Value 2d.  
Send this coupon with P.O. for only 5/- direct to the Fleet Pen Co., 119, Fleet St., London, E.C.4. In return you will receive (post free) a splendid British Made 14-ct. Gold Nibbed Fleet Fountain Pen, value 10/6. If you save 12 further coupons, each will count as 2d. off the price; so you may send 13 coupons, and only 3/-. Say whether you want a fine, medium, or broad nib. This great offer is made to introduce the famous Fleet Pen to GREYFRIARS HERALD readers. (Foreign postage, extra.) Satisfaction guaranteed or cash returned. Special Safety Model, 2/- extra.



## 15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Packed FREE. Carriage PAID. Direct from Works. **LOWEST CASH PRICES. EASY PAYMENT TERMS.** Immediate delivery. Big Bargains in Shop Soiled and Second-hand Cycles. Tyres and Accessories at popular Prices. Satisfaction guaranteed or Money Refunded Old Cycles Exchanged. Write for Monster Size Free List and Special Offer of Sample Bicycle  
**MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, Incornd., Dept. B.607 BIRMINGHAM.**

PHOTO POSTCARDS, 1/3 doz., 12 by 10 ENLARGEMENTS, 8d. ALSO CHEAP PHOTO MATERIAL. CATALOGUE AND SAMPLES FREE. HACKETS, JULY ROAD, LIVERPOOL.

## INCREASE YOUR HEIGHT SEVERAL INCHES WITHOUT APPLIANCES.

**ROSS SYSTEM NEVER FAILS**  
Price 7s. 6d. complete. Particulars 1/6d. stamp.  
P. ROSS, 16, LANGDALE ROAD, SCARBOROUGH.



## BOYS, BE YOUR OWN PRINTERS

and make extra pocket-money by using The Petit "Plex" Dupliator. Makes pleasing numerous copies of Notepaper Headings, Business Cards, Sports Fixture Cards, Scoring Cards, Plans, School Publications, Drawings, Maps, Music, Shorthand, Programmes, Notices, etc., in a variety of pretty colours. Send for one TO-DAY. Price 6/6, complete with all supplies. Foreign orders, 1/6 extra.—B. POMEROY & Co., Desk G.H., Southampton. And at 67-69, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

**HEIGHT INCREASED IN 30 DAYS** 5/- Complete Course.

No Appliances. No Drugs. No Dieting. The Melvin Strong System NEVER FAILS. Send stamp for particulars and testimonials.—Melvin Strong, Ltd. (Dept. D.), 24, Southwark St. S.E.



# 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 story, the prize is awarded to the first read. Remember your joke should be written plainly on a postcard.—Editor.

**Quite Natural!**

American (pointing out the beauty and grandeur of Niagara Falls): Look! Wonderful!  
Irishman: Phwat's wonderful?  
American (growing impatient): Look, that great volume of water falling sheer down that great depth!  
Irishman: Well, be jabers, there's nothing to hinder it, is there?—Sent in by M. Clapper, 59, Nelson Street, Stepney, E. 1.

**A Prize Packet!**

Percy (to his girl's pa): Sir, I want your consent to my marriage with your daughter.  
Pa: And what if I don't give it?  
Percy (heroically): Then I shall take her away where you will never set eyes on her again!  
Pa (enthusiastically): I refuse!—Sent in by A. Binnie, 68, Abbotsford Place, Glasgow.

**He Knew.**

Teacher: Don't you know, Willie, that punctuation means that you must pause?  
Willie: Of course I do, m'm! A motor-driver punctuated his tyre outside our house yesterday, and he paused for half an hour!—Sent in by G. H. Law, 5, Scaldgate, Whittlesea.

**HIS FAILING!**



**BENEVOLENT LADY:** "Poor fellow, here's a ha'penny for you. Now tell me what brought you to this dreadful condition."  
**HOMELESS HOFACE:** "Your own failing, mum—giving away large sums of money to the poor!"

**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.

**'Ear, 'Ear!**

Customer: What do you say this hat is—three pounds?  
Shop Assistant: Yes, sir; you see, it's real Panama.  
Customer: But I don't see any holes in the top.  
Assistant: Holes, sir?  
Customer: Of course, anyone who is ass enough to pay as much as that will want holes to put his ears through!—Sent in by Jack Bryson, 37, Abbey Street, Armagh, Ireland.

**Some Knot!**

Gussy: Pway, how much are the hothouse gwapes, my deah man?  
Greengrocer: Ten shillings a pound, sir.  
Gussy: Ten shillings a pound! Aw-aw, gimme twopenn'orth of monkey nuts.—Sent in by P. Clark, 77, Mann Street, Walworth, S. E. 17.

**Phew!**

Very Modern Schoolboy (about to be caned by his Form-master): I would pray you, sir, before it is too late, to pause. You are stout and elderly and afflicted with shortness of breath; you suffer from fatty degeneration of the heart, and your other internal organs are considerably deranged. In addition to all this you have lived, alas! not very hygenically for a number of years, and in consequence are sadly out of condition for muscular exercise. In these circumstances, violent exertion such as you are now contemplating, might prove seriously detrimental to you, if not positively dangerous.—Sent in by A. Grimshaw, 632, Oldham Road, Newton Heath, Manchester.

**Quite Likely.**

At a public school the other day a pupil turned his head slightly towards the next boy.  
"Our Form-master is a regular ass!" he whispered.  
The master who had just put a question to the class, thought that the junior was framing a reply.  
"Come, my lad," he said, "speak up; perhaps you are right!"—Sent in by H. P. Clark, 7, Murray Road, Bedminster, Bristol.

**That Capped It.**

A small boy, playing on the wharf, fell into the river, and was rescued, after great difficulty, by an intrepid swimmer, who dived in after him.  
As the tired rescuer was walking home, a man came rushing up and tapped him on the shoulder.  
"Say, are you the man who saved my son's life?" he asked.  
"Yes!"  
"Then," said the indignant father, "where's his cap?"—Sent in by Frank Black, 94, Deramore Avenue, Belfast.

**A Grate Expanation.**

An American, while visiting one of our great sea-ports pointed to a fine building, seven storeys high, and asked what place it was.  
On being told by the Englishman accompanying him that it was one of the largest buildings in the city; the Yank remarked:  
"Oh, I guess we have shanties as big as that in Ammurrica."  
Near the dockyard, they came across a lorry, weighted down with half a dozen huge iron bars. The American asked what they were for.  
"Why," said the Englishman, "they're fire-bars, ordered for some o' those shanties o' yours!"—Sent in by W. Hampshire, 69, Phillimore Road, Washwood Heath, Birmingham.

**IT DIDN'T WASH!**



MA: "Now, don't cry—look at the nice clean face the clock has."  
LITTLE FERDY: "Yes, ma; but it's got black hands!"

**Also Wanted to Know.**

Dear Old Lady: Well, little boy, what's your name.  
Youngster: Shadrach Nebuchadnezzar Yoots.  
Dear Old Lady: Good gracious! Whoever gave you that name?  
Youngster (fiercely): Dunno, but if I find out when I get older, they'll be in for it!—Sent in by R. Naunton, 3, Beech Avenue, Peterborough.

**A Dis-grace.**

A teacher was endeavouring to obtain a definition of the word "Grace" from the class.  
"Tommy," she said, after a rather lengthy silence, "what is the first thing your father says before commencing breakfast?"  
Tommy hesitated for a few seconds and then came out with it.  
"Please, miss," he said, "father says 'Go easy with the bacon; it's two an' six a pound now!'"—Sent in by R. Fenn, 25, Nelson Street, Fenton, Staffs.

**On the Stroke!**

"What's the matter, Bert?" asked Bob. "You're lookin' very worried."  
"Well, to tell you the truth, I am," returned Bert. "You see, I'm not the one to break Union rules, and I'm in a bit o' a fix as regards to overtime. Perhaps you can advise me how much to book when I have me pick in mid-air and the whistle goes."—Sent in by W. H. Firth, 97, Northgate, Halifax, Yorks.



RODDY STEEL.

**R**ODDY STEEL had taken heart. Pyke's grim assurance that his father was not with Strang in the aeroplane still hovering over the mansion had given him new hope. And now, as he stood listening, he heard other voices. A hoarse wail, a threatening shout, and then yells of terror.

"What can it mean?" he gasped.

The answer came next moment through the phone.

"Are you at home, Mr. Pyke?"

Pyke stepped close to the receiver.

"Yes!"

"Glad to hear it. A couple of Strang's gang got in here through a window and tried to kidnap Mr. Steel, but I was in time to rescue him, and he's not much the worse."

"They got away?"

"Yes."

"Can you identify them?"

"I'd know one of them."

"All right, Fraser, I'll be round to see you to-morrow. Probably they'll leave you alone after this, but you'll need to keep alert. Tell Mr. Steel I'm very sorry this has occurred."

He turned to Roddy, a smile on his face.

"I only got the wireless telephone fixed up a couple of days ago, between this and my house near London," he said. "Good job I did. You needn't worry any more about your father, my boy. Evidently he was in the dining-room, and the gang can't possibly get into the apartment where he will sleep to-night. Ah, Strang is steering off; the noise of the aeroplane is dying away; he knows the game is up. And now we'll have supper. I expect your appetite is sharpened like mine, after the exciting time we've had. Come along."

Roddy followed him into a room where a table was laid for two. But the lad's mind was so engrossed by all that had happened, and all he had seen and heard, that he only toyed with the meal. Pyke noticed this, and rallied him genially.

"Come, come, Steel, this won't do," he laughed. "If you're going to row in with me, there's plenty of hard work ahead, and you'll need to keep up

# HELD TO RANSOM!

The opening chapters of our magnificent new detective serial story, specially written for "The Greyfriars Herald," by

**GEORGE WINGATE**

## Introduction.

Roddy Steel is the son of old Mark Steel, who lives in fear of being accused of killing his brother Paul, although he is innocent of the deed. He is followed home by a mysterious individual who has seen him near the scene of the crime. The stranger proves to be none other than Gordon Pyke, the great detective. Pyke enlists Roddy's services to assist him in hunting down a notorious gang under the leadership of Tarbovy Strang, whom the detective suspects of having a hand in the killing of Paul Steel. In a car driven by Tiny Tigg, a dwarf, Pyke takes Roddy and Mr. Steel to his house, which is fitted with many scientific devices invented by the detective. The hum of an aeroplane sounds above the building, followed by a piercing cry from Mr. Steel. Roddy turns to the detective in alarm, fearing that in some mysterious way Strang has captured his father.

your strength. You haven't got used to your surroundings—eh? Is that what's keeping you silent and absorbed?"

Roddy nodded.

"There's a good deal for a fellow to sort out, isn't there, Mr. Pyke?" he suggested. "After all, you must remember that only a few hours ago I was at home in Highgate, without a notion of all that was coming."

"Well, what is it you'd like to know? Ask what questions you like, and I'll answer them."

"There's such a lot," Roddy grinned. "I want to know all about Strang and his gang, and about this house, and—"

"What do you wish to know about the house?"

"Well, it's not like most, is it?" Roddy laughed.



The minutes passed with terrible swiftness. A half-hour gone! Another quarter! Now only five minutes!



GORDON PYKE.

"A year ago it was. But when Strang found out where I lived I had to safeguard myself. That explains everything you've seen to-night. The wireless telephone! It's not quite a new invention, as no doubt you have read. In a few years' time people will talk by wireless from one end of the world to the other. As for the steel shutters, that's just a mechanical arrangement. Well, what else?"

"Tigg shot up into the hall!"

"An hydraulic lift. Tigg's life is in danger like mine, so after Strang twice tried to get at him I had a tunnel made from the garage to the house and put a lift in position under the hall. Tigg comes and goes now about his business at any time of the night without fear of attack."

"I heard bells ringing, and I'm sure I heard voices."

"Ah, those bells!" Pyke stroked his chin reflectively. "They're interesting," he commented, "though that invention is not altogether new either. They have something of the same system in everyday use in the States. A man phoning a hundred miles or more drops the money into a slot, and by a musical sound the operator knows the value of the coin. Each coin records a different note. I'm improving on that."

"In what way, Mr. Pyke?"

"I've made an instrument by which a different bell records each point of the compass. As for the voices you heard, I've a special plant of wireless telegraphy installed upstairs. That's how you heard the voices, and I know from the bells the direction in which are the people who are speaking. I've often heard Strang talking and I've known whereabouts he is."

"Wonderful!" the boy gasped.

"Nothing in science is really wonderful," Pyke said. "It's just the matter of working on fixed laws. The wonder is in discovery in the first instance. I'm working now to perfect that system of bells. I can locate Strang within an area of a mile already. I want to fine that down until I can locate him within a few square yards. If ever I succeed in doing that—"

He opened and closed his supple hands.

"He'll be in these!" he said grimly.

Roddy spoke earnestly. "You'll get him," he asserted, with confidence. "But I'm sure he's jolly cute."

"Ah!" Pyke lay back in his chair and toyed with a knife.

"You'd like to know more about him, and it's well that you should, because any day now you may find yourself at handgrips with him," he began. "Well, for a start, I may remark that his name is not Strang. He has assumed that name. Who he is, I don't yet know. I came into this business of catching him quite unexpectedly. I always kept my identity hidden, for I was a scientist by profession and I like a quiet life. That's why I settled down here, to pursue my studies uninterrupted, and the folks around have no idea that I am a detective. To them I am a professor who goes about amongst them enjoying country pleasures just as they do. But I've had one great friend from boyhood, he's a high official in the Foreign Office now, and he sent for me some years ago to make some investigations. That was how I undertook my first case. I've undertaken others for him since, and then he sent for me about Strang."

He paused. "As you know, the Foreign Office has to do with every country in the world," he continued presently. "And all through the world there are malignant forces at work seeking to destroy society. Only when they do a certain amount of harm is their existence proved, and then it's extraordinarily difficult to detect the villains at the top. They hold aloof from their confederates; the mesh they spread grows to gigantic proportions. You may catch scores and yet not get a clue to the master-criminals. Such is the case with Strang. I know he is the chief, but I can't prove it. And I need not point out that such men require immense wealth to keep their satellites together, and work out their full schemes. It is for this reason that Strang commits such large robberies, and that was why he had your uncle done to death to get his fortune. And that reminds me!"

He pushed back his chair, and they stood up.

"Come along to my den," he said. They entered a small, cosy room, and Pyke sat down at his desk. Taking out his pocket-book, he extracted the torn bits of letter which Paul Steel had written to Roddy's father, and which the old man in his wrath had torn up and flung into the grate. Very neatly and methodically, Pyke pieced and gummed them together. Then, taking a large microscope from a drawer, he began to read the letter.

He frowned and sat back deep in thought. Suddenly he jumped up and opened a large press. Here, neatly stored away and tabulated, were bundles of papers; the press was full of them. He searched quickly, running his fingers along the ledges, murmuring to himself, and presently picked out a bundle. Returning to the desk, he opened it.

Again he examined the letter. He also examined some of the papers in the bundle.

"Remarkable!" he muttered. Then he looked across at Roddy, his black, deep-set eyes twinkling.

"Steel, you'll be glad to hear that your uncle is alive!" he said.

Roddy's heart began to thump hard. He drew a deep breath.

"Uncle Paul alive!" he said.

"Yes, I'm certain of that. This letter was not written by him! It was found by a man who wrote one of these," and he held up a paper that had been in the bundle. "The handwriting is somewhat disguised, that's all."

"Then—then Uncle Paul—"

"Strang has got him."

"And the man father saw?"

"Ah! After thirty years it was easy for your father to be mistaken. Besides, he only saw the dead man in a dark corner, though the moon was shining. Yes, your uncle is alive!"

"And he's a prisoner in that villain's hand," Roddy said, his face flushing. "He's being bullied and ill-used. Mr. Pyke, is there no way—"

He was shaking with sudden anger.



Roddy drew near to hear the conversation.

"We must rescue him," Pyke cut in. "It'll be a long business; we've even more to do now than I thought a few moments ago. Now, what do you suggest as the first step?"

He looked keenly at the lad appraising his value.

Roddy, who had been moving about in his agitation, stood stock still.

"To find out the dead man's identity," he said. "If we can get that, we have a clue from which we may work on to another. It's not likely that Strang's gang killed him by mistake. From all you've told me, they're too clever, and too well organised to make such a bloomer."

"A good stunt!" Pyke said.

"That was what I had decided on. I see you've got your wits about you; you'll make a valuable assistant. Yes, and mark my words, through this clue we'll win!"

"Then when do we start work?"

"You start first thing to-morrow morning. I give you a free hand. Just wait a moment."

He ran upstairs, and Roddy heard

him speaking through the phone. He soon came into the room, and he was smiling.

"The inquest is to be opened to-morrow," he said. "You'll go there. And it's up to you to get the clue. Now come along to your bedroom. It's time we turned in."

**Trapped!**

IT was early next morning when Roddy emerged from a Tube and set off to find the coroner's court. Folk were still hurrying to business; he had to pick his way against a long procession crowding the pavement.

He had purposely left the mansion at daylight, being driven by Tigg to a London suburb, and from there he had taken the Tube, Tigg returning at once to the mansion. Roddy realised the responsibility with which the great detective had entrusted him, but he was not unduly anxious.

"Do your best, and no man can do more," Pyke had said at parting. "Keep your eyes skinned and your ears open. It's often by a chance remark that one learns a lot. Tell me everything when we meet again; that's all I ask."

His nerves were tingling with excitement; something told him that this was going to be a red-letter day in his life.

He came to the court, and saw a few folk gathered outside it already. The papers had published a sensational report of the murder, and idlers were gathering to glean further news. A tall, fierce-looking man, dressed in black, was standing on the steps, and Roddy drew near to hear the conversation.

"Yes, it's a singular case," the man was saying, "but it's not for me with my official position to talk about it. I can tell you this, though, that no one knows who the dead man was. There wasn't a scrap of paper found on him."

"The police are making investigations, I suppose, Mr. Officer?" a shabby, sharp-featured man inquired.

"They're doin' their duty, no doubt," the other replied. "Same as I am."

"There wasn't anything found, of any sort—eh?"

"Now you're asking. But don't try to be too clever. I've said all I intend, and neither you nor anyone else will get more out of me."

The shabby, sharp-featured man scowled. His eyes glinted, and he went away. There was something so startling in his walk that Roddy looked after him. He saw him stop at a corner, and join two others lounging by a lamp-post. The three spoke together, and went down the side street.

"Where's the mortuary, Mr. Officer?" another man asked, as he hurried off.

The coroner's officer pointed to the side street.

"Down there," he said. "A matter of fifty yards."

The inquirer hurried on, and went round the corner also. At that moment the coroner's officer shot up straight. His pompous air vanished.

A motor glided to the kerb, and the coroner, a pallid, round-faced man, with glassy eyes, alighted and went up

the steps, a bag in his hand. On the instant people seemed to gather from all quarters. A police-sergeant and two constables appeared as if by magic; the civilians summoned on the jury hurried forward, some from the opposite side of the street, and others from gazing at the shop-windows close by. The coroner's officer began to shout instructions as all trooped into the dreary room that was to do duty as a court.

The jurymen were quickly ranged on seats along one side of the room, and duly sworn. Without further formality the inquiry was opened. Roddy, close to the door, looked keenly around.

"Is the doctor here, Smithers?" the coroner inquired.

"He wasn't arrived yet, sir," the officer said.

"Then go and fetch him."

Smithers shuffled out of the room.

"Is it true, Mr. Coroner, that the dead man has not been identified?" one of the jurymen asked.

"Who told you that?" the coroner rapped out sharply.

"Your officer, sir."

"He'd no business to tell you. You're here to listen to the evidence, and give your verdict, and not to ask questions," the coroner snapped. "Hold your tongue, sir!"

The jurymen seemed to shrivel up. A dead silence followed. The coroner rapped his fingers on the table, and stared blankly at the wall. Some shuffled their feet. The room was bitterly cold, and several began to sneeze. Five minutes of utmost discomfort thus. Then Smithers hurried back, his face aghast.

"He's not there, sir!" he shouted, in agitation.

The coroner turned on him.

"Then it's your fault. As for the doctor himself—"

"But it's not the doctor!"

"What do you mean?"

"It's the gent as we're holding the inquest on! He's gone!"

All staggered to their feet, some of the jury upsetting their chairs, which fell with a crash.

"The dead man gone!" the coroner said. "Smithers—"

"He's been taken clean away—that is, if he ever was carried to the mortuary! He's not there! The police—"

He turned. An inspector, followed by half a dozen men in uniform, were already swarming through the doorway. The people in the room were pushing forward in breathless excitement. All semblance of order had vanished. Exclamations of amazement and incredulity broke forth; the coroner's face had flushed a dusky purple.

"What nonsense is this?" he thundered. "Do you mean to tell me that the dead man has come to life? Or that he wasn't killed? Or—"

"It's a mystery, Mr. Coroner," the inspector cut in, out of breath. "I gave the usual instructions last night, and now, when I went round to the mortuary, I found—"

But Roddy had not waited to hear this. He had slipped from the room, and was running along the street. He remembered the sharp-featured, shab-

bly dressed man who had spoken to Smithers, and the two he had then joined at the corner. His intuition told him that already he was on the track of the gang—that these three men were accomplices in the startling disappearance of which he had just heard. To overtake them, if possible—to track them to their lair! What a morning's work that would be!

He swung round the corner. Already people were pouring out of the court, and a crowd had gathered around the mortuary. Some like himself had begun to run, and this made others do likewise. Shouts, too, arose, people asking the meaning of the sudden rush, and soon a long stream of folk were following in Roddy's wake, many without knowing the reason of the scurry.

The lad's eyes were flashing hither and thither in search of his quarry as he raced down the side street. Outside the mortuary he stopped, gazing at every face, whilst a batch of questions, ejaculations and answers were bandied about.

The men he sought were not there.



The man was before the door, beating on it with both hands.

He looked farther along the street. Ay—there was one of them, standing under the archway and observing everything.

As soon as Roddy moved on, the man came out of the archway and walked away. He looked back and quickened his steps. He glanced over his shoulder a second time, and took to his heels.

Certain now that he was pursuing one of the gang, Roddy broke into a run also. Folk hurrying past him to the mortuary, attracted by the crowd there, stopped in their stride as he shot past. At once they jumped to the conclusion that a scoundrel was trying to escape.

"Thief! Thief!"

The cry rang far and wide as others took up the chase. It carried to the mortuary, and caused many there to join in. Down the street folk ran, shouting and yelling.

"Stop thief! Stop thief!"

The man ahead heard it, and redoubled his speed. He could run fast, but Roddy, ahead of the other pur-

suers, was gaining on him every yard. He turned into another street, crossed it, and dived down a lane.

Roddy held on. Through a network of criss-cross lanes the man came out on a main road again, and here someone tried to trip him up. He just managed to save himself, and now, though getting breathless, he made a spurt. And a tall young fellow joined in the race to run him down.

"Come on, youngster—we'll get him!" he cried, sprinting ahead of the lad.

Roddy drew up alongside him. They ran neck and neck, the newcomer chuckling.

"He's getting beat! There won't be much of a tussle when we overhaul him; there won't be any fight left in him!" he laughed. "I guess I won't have much trouble in taking him to the station."

"You're a policeman?" Roddy panted.

"Ay; off duty this morning. But we're always on duty, in a manner of speaking, and when we see a job like this—Hullo! He's turning down there, is he?"

The escaping villain had plunged down a winding lane. It was very long, and as they swung round each corner they could see their quarry just for a moment. Roddy, though nearly exhausted, was exultant; the man had begun to stagger as he ran.

And then they came upon the scoundrel unexpectedly. He was before a door, beating on it with both hands. Roddy rushed to clutch him as the door opened.

The villain turned, with a triumphant grin on his face, to the lad's startled amazement.

"You young cub!" he panted. "Think you'll get me—eh?"

He did not hit out. He only laughed as Roddy closed with him. And next moment Roddy felt a powerful hand on his throat!

He was wrenched back. The man he had believed to be a policeman had him in his grip, and a baleful grin was on his face also. He had been trapped!

In a flash this terrible truth occurred to him. The scoundrel had raced away so as to decoy him. The other had taken up the chase in order to make sure of his capture. They knew him! But he had not time to dwell on this. He was fighting with all his remaining strength to gain his freedom.

And he struggled so hard that twice he nearly succeeded in wriggling from that powerful hold. Blows rained on his head; he was shaken till his teeth rattled; and then at last, dazed and half stunned, he was flung into the hall, and the door was closed behind him.

He tumbled in a heap. And as he lay he could hear the clatter of footsteps outside, as others ran past, still seeking the fugitive they had followed so far. He tried to shout, but his tongue was parched, and his neck pained horribly where those muscular fingers had gripped it like a vice. Then in the darkness he was dragged to his feet.

"He's the youngster we want," a gruff voice guffawed.

"Ay, we've got him, right enough. the chief won't half be pleased. That was a good game you played, Muffles." "I had my work cut out. Didn't know as I'd ever get here; he made the pace so fierce I was nearly winded," Muffles spluttered, gasping still.

Roddy felt numbed. His figure drooped, his heart had turned cold. All that he had hoped had failed. He was at the mercy of the gang, and they would show small mercy. But he was not thinking of his own fate, but of all this would mean to others. Again the villains had scored. Instead of being an aid to Pyke, he had blundered, and the great and gallant detective's difficulties had thereby been increased ten-fold.

He listened dully whilst the footsteps outside died away. Then he was clutched again, and dragged along the dark hall.

At the far end a door was flung open, and a powerful light dazed him. He could not see for several seconds, and as he hesitated he was pushed and kicked into the room.

"Got him, chief!" one of his captors shouted hoarsely.

As Roddy's eyes grew accustomed to the light he saw a man seated at a table. And his heart turned cold as ice at sight of that face. For he knew he was in the hateful presence of Tar-boy Strang!

**An Hour to Live!**

**S**TRANG gazed on him fixedly. His hard mouth was drawn in a cruel grin, showing two rows of big white teeth. His eyes were very large, and drooping eyelids gave them a cynical expression. He just gazed, and there was neither mercy nor anger in his hatchet face, with its high cheek-bones, long, pointed chin, and narrow forehead.

"You're young Steel?" he queried. "What if I am?" Roddy demanded, standing boldly before him.

The notorious villain turned, and smiled at his accomplices.

"He's not making a good start, is he?" he laughed; and his voice rasped. Then he turned again to the lad.

"Pyke has told you about me?" Roddy did not reply.

"Pyke is a very clever fellow, but he's met his match this time," Strang sneered. "And I'm going to pay him out—through you!"

He pushed back his chair, and stood up. He was loose-jointed, with sloping shoulders, abnormally long arms, and immense hands. His knuckles bulged as he rapped the table.

"Through you!" he repeated. "He will regret the day he ever meddled with me. He will bitterly regret that he ever met you. Through you I'm going to drag him down. I'll have him, sure as fate, and you will stand by and see what I'll do with him."

Hatred and malice had begun to master him now. A big white vein on his forehead rose and stood out; his fingers twitched, he shook all over. Roddy did not speak. The other scoundrels kept silent also. A great hush followed.

Strang came round the table and grasped the lad's shoulder, driving his nails like talons into his flesh.

"You'll do it?" he said. "What will I do?" Roddy retorted in challenging tones. "What I wish." "Never!"

With a quick movement the boy flung off the villain's hand and stepped back a pace, his fists clenched. A scoundrel behind raised his hand to strike, but Strang forbade him with a look before which he quailed.

"Leave him to me, Deck. I can manage him—and you, too! Now, Steel, I don't want any nonsense. You're in my power."

"Even so! My will is my own, and I would sooner die than help you in anything!"

"Ha! You speak confidently, my young friend, but perhaps you are nearer to death than you think. Pyke has told you a good deal about me, no doubt; he hasn't said complimentary things, eh?" His rasping laugh sent a shudder through the lad; it was like the grating of a file. "I'm all that he says, and more, as you'll learn to your cost, if you thwart me."

"I don't care!"

"You will before long. But enough of this. Why should you refuse? What is this man Pyke to you? I happen to know you only met him yesterday. I never ask anyone to work for me for nothing, and no one in my service has ever yet been caught. You have only to join us and you can defy the world, and you'll never know a day's want."

Roddy laughed with contempt.

"To join you!" he scoffed. "To sink to—"

Strang struck him across the face, and with such brutality that the lad reeled.

"Take that!" he hissed. "Your fine talk will soon stop. If I can be a friend, I can pay out an enemy also. Will you join in with me, or will you not?"

"No!"

Strang glared at him. His face

was working. But every word he said came cold and measured from between his teeth.

"Then you die! Yes, you die! And not in some days' time, but today, within an hour from now. You love life, you are young, you have the whole world before you. But if you do not yield, you'll be out of it in sixty minutes' time. Only sixty minutes more of life. Now will you consent?"

"No!"

Strang raised his hand. "Enough!" he ejaculated. "Haul him upstairs. Put the clock where he can see it, and set the alarm. When that alarm rings, his last moment has come. Wait no longer unless in the meantime he calls out. I'm leaving here now, and if on my return my orders have not been obeyed, you know the penalty. Take him away. I've no more to say."

On the instant the scoundrels clutched the lad, and, struggling with him, they dragged him across the room and along the hall. They partly dragged and partly pushed him up the stairs, buffeting him brutally all the time. Flinging a door open, they threw him down against a wall and bound him to it by ropes hanging from iron rings. And, having put the clock where he could see it and adjusted the alarm, they left him, with stifled maledictions as they banged and locked the door.

Roddy was alone and helpless. He knew the threat would be carried out. There had been that in Strang's face that had not left a loophole for hope. He could not move. He could only think.

Not a chance existed of his being able to escape from the bonds which bound him. The villains had done their work only too well for they were taking no chances with the athletic youngster they had so cunningly trapped.

So the end was nigh. And on the first day of his great venture! Cold beads of perspiration came out on his forehead. Yes, it was hard to die. He did not try to deceive himself. He longed to live. His pulse was beating with all the vigour of youth, never had life seemed fairer. And yet it was over. For, of course, he could not yield.

He lay just thinking—thinking. What would Pyke say? Would he find out? Would his father ever hear of his end, and know that he stayed true to the last? Would Strang ever be caught? Would his death be avenged? Yet of what use would that be!

The minutes passed with terrible swiftness. A half-hour gone! Another quarter! Now only five minutes to live. And he heard the scoundrels talking outside.

He groaned. He could not help it. And then there came a tapping at the window.

He looked up. And Tigg was gazing in!

Another thrilling instalment of this great new detective serial in next Tuesday's issue of "The Greyfriars Herald."



**The Chuckles**

**Model Village**

**A New Model Every Week.**

Splendid little models of houses, shops, etc., printed in COLOURS and all ready for cutting out and pasting up. One each week in "CHUCKLES." Get this Grand COLOURED comic every Friday

**CHUCKLES, 1½d.**

On sale everywhere.



# The RED MAN'S TRAIL!

A stirring serial story dealing with adventures amongst Redskins

By Mr. PAUL PONTIFEX PROUT

(Master of the Fifth Form.)

## The Moving Rocks.

SO a great Navajo legend arose about the name of Jake Bellew, which told how he had been bound and delivered for torture at the Ring Stone in the secret valley of the Navajos. But he had freed himself from his bonds and had ridden away on a horse of flame which was shod with lightnings.

And the chiefs let it go at that, though in their heart, they suspected that Buffalo Bill and Buck Dixie knew more about the shooting star than most people.

In the meantime, we must follow these worthies.

None knew better than Buffalo Bill that the essence of every conjuring trick is to attract the attention of everyone to a certain point, and then to conjure.

So, in the moment when every eye was turned to the Ring Stone, he had dragged his companions over to the far side of the knoll which hid them from the camp.

And not one eye in the thousands saw them go.

Whilst the echoes of the explosion were still thundering through the crags of the valley, Buffalo Bill was leading his little band through a labyrinth of high-growing blackberries and sloe bushes in the dell beyond the knoll.

Through these thickets he plunged swiftly and with certainty, for he seemed to know the paths of this secret valley better than the Navajos themselves.

He was chuckling as he led the way. "Guess they'll think a lot of Jake Bellew in this valley!" he muttered. Jake Bellew laughed too, as he followed up.

"Guess they'll think my boiler bust!" said he.

Of a sudden Buffalo Bill turned sharply amongst the bushes and, falling on his hands and knees, crawled into a tunnel that led into an impenetrable thicket of brambles.

His companions followed him and soon they came up against a great shelf of limestone rock.

"This way, boys!" whispered Buffalo Bill, who was crawling down backwards into a hole into the ground that was little more than a rabbit-hole, for its entrance was little larger than an ordinary coal-plate.

And in they went one by one, swinging themselves down into a small limestone grotto or cavern under the bush-covered ledge.

"All here?" asked Buffalo Bill, counting heads.

"All here!" replied Buck Dixie.

"Right!" replied the scout. "And this is the other way out of the secret valley of the Navajos. Always remember, boys, a real scout never goes into a place which has only one way out. Follow me!"

They had found the bolt-hole from this Navajo rat-trap right enough.

But they still had a long way to go.

They knew that it would not be long before the trick they had played on the Navajos would be discovered. And they had over a hundred miles of prairie to cross, when they had got out of the secret valley of the Navajos, to bring the news of the great Indian rising to Fort Madison.

And long before they could get clear of this hostile country, they would have to make their way through the scattered Redskin bands of Navajos and Apaches who would be sent out to cut them off.

They had no great fear of the Navajos, for they knew that they were all

better mounted than these warriors. But the Apaches were a different proposition for speed and endurance.

The Apaches had for a century been in touch with the Mexicans and with the Spanish settlements, and there was blood and sinew in their horses. Horse stealers and cattle stealers to their backbones, they had managed to secure some good blood in their horses, whereas the Navajos were, for the most part, mounted on inferior Indian ponies taken almost direct from the herds of wild horses that roamed the prairies.

These grass-fed, prairie-born mounts were right enough for short bursts of speed, but they had not the endurance for a long, hard ride, or for a long, stern chase.

So it was the Apaches they had to reckon with and, by their own reckoning, two of these fierce warriors were worse enemies to meet, than half a dozen Navajo braves.

Of course, they did not communicate these thoughts that were in their minds, to old Prairie Wolf.

But that ancient Navajo warrior knew what they were thinking about, as following Buffalo Bill, they stole silently through endless underground passages in the limestone rock.

"Navajo him no catch us!" muttered Prairie Wolf to the boys. "But Apache—him very stiff man—very stiff horse!"

The secret way through which Buffalo Bill was leading them, ran under the floor of the Navajo Valley itself.

The scout had lighted a candle, and had placed it in a small collapsible lantern, and this was all the light he needed to guide him through a labyrinth of passages as bewildering as a rabbit run.

These passages divided and joined again, and branched, and twisted, and curled in a fashion that would have bewildered anyone who had not passed through them before, and who had not carefully taken his marks.

This, Buffalo Bill had done some years before, and the black smoke-arrows of his trail were still clearly marked on the white limestone rock, which was hard and dry.

Sometimes the whole party had to go on their hands and knees, and crawl, so low were the passages.

But Buffalo Bill never wavered. He

## 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 Kit and Joe enlist as scouts. When the convoy moves again they ride ahead with Uncle Baldy, Buck Dixie, and two Indian allies, old Prairie Wolf, and a youth called Teekopi. They are joined by none other than Buffalo Bill, and make their way into the secret stronghold of the Navajo Indians. They rescue Jake Bellew, secure the Golden Fleec, a painted sheep-skin which Buffalo Bill affirms contains the secret of the whereabouts of the boys' father, and learn that all the great tribes are going on the warpath against the Palefaces. Then they make their escape.*



told them that it had taken him three days to map his course, and he had often gone wrong, and travelled round in circles through the subterranean passages. But he had carefully corrected his marks every time, and he calculated that they had four miles to travel.

The going was hard. Sometimes the passages would dip, as though they were descending into the bowels of the earth. Sometimes they came to deep gaps and faults, down which they had to climb, one after the other, into the great fissures, at the bottom of which were little streams brawled on their way a join the underground river.

But in the rough places, the scout had cut handhold and foothold with his axe in the hard limestone, and these grips were as clear and as new as the day they had been cut.

It was plain that they had never been used since, and that no questing Navajo had found the entrance to the secret passage amongst the blackberry-bushes in the valley.

Indeed, it is doubtful if any Navajo would have had the pluck to risk himself in this labyrinth, even if he had stumbled on the entrance.

Buffalo Bill laughed as they came to a stop for a breather, at the bottom of a deep crevasse through which a tiny stream of water trickled away into the darkness.

"Now, you understand, boys, why I did not wait to let those red devils burn Jake Bellew's toes!" said he.

Jake Bellew grinned at this, as he scooped up some water in his hands and took a drink.

"I've been through some all-fired, rough country in my time," said he, "but these tunnels beat the band. I never thought to go steeple-chasin' underground!"

"There's more to follow," said Buffalo Bill grimly. "But I won't scare you, boys," he added. "There's only one bad place, where we cross the underground river, and we sha'n't be long in getting to it now. But we want a little more light to climb up, out of this crevasse," he added. "The world must have slipped a lot here in the last earthquake."

They lit a couple of candle-ends, to give a bit more light, and Buffalo Bill led the way, climbing up a great face of rock in the fissure, looking like a huge fly, as he sprawled against the white surface, his feathered head-dress casting long, pointed shadows on the white surface.

They watched him climb up and up, till at last, he crawled into a little hole, full thirty feet above the spot where they stood.

His head was pushed out of the hole. "Wait a minute, boys!" he called, his voice thundering hollow in the subterranean fissure. "This will help you to climb up!"

And a raw hide lariat unrolled, fell down from the tunnel above.

One by one they climbed up, crawling like ants into the narrow passage way, which was high above the gallery out of which they had descended into the fissure.

Then the boys began to understand that nature of the rock through which they were passing.

These tunnels had been bored by

subterranean streams working their way through the softer limestone and dissolving it away.

The faults or crevasses were caused by the earthquakes, which had shaken even these limestone hills in which the secret valley of the Navajoes was hidden.

As Jake Bellew remarked, it was like taking a squint at the tie-ribs of the earth.

Yet the air down here was quite fresh and pure, and Buffalo Bill pointed out that the great streams running below pulled in great draughts of air through the many

had stiffened them so that their bodies could bear endless fatigue.

A few months ago they would have been beat to the world. But to-day they could ache and carry on.

Presently, through the passages, they could feel a faint breath of colder air, which showed that they were getting near some big body of running water.

It was just like the puff of wind that heralds the coming of a Tube train.

And soon they could hear the murmuring of the waters as they roared through the great tunnel.



As Prairie Wolf jumped, his moccasined foot, which was wet, seemed to slip, and down he fell with a yell into the raging torrent.

ventholes that percolated the vast masses of limestone.

Indeed, he claimed that the whole of these hills were honeycombed in this fashion, and that there must be hundreds of miles of these queer passages, that they were following.

"Hundreds!" groaned Jake Bellew. "I guess that there's thousands. We must ha' crawled four hundred miles already!"

Buffalo Bill laughed at this. He said that they had come about two miles and a half, and that soon they would come to the underground river, over which they had to pass by a passage which he called the Devil's Leaps.

This did not sound very promising. The boys were already aching in every limb. But they had found that the hard life they had been leading

It was a distant murmur as yet, but it grew louder and louder as they approached it till at last they could barely hear themselves speak.

Buffalo Bill called to them that they were going to cross the river at a point higher than that from which they had launched the canoe, when they had made their way into valley.

And soon they came out high in the wall of a vast cavern.

But there were huge piles of tumbled rocks here, down which it was easy to climb.

Buffalo Bill held up his candle. It gave only a feeble glimmer in the dark cave, but it showed them enough to give them a proper respect for the Devil's Leap, which was their only way of crossing the swift current that

swept through a passage that was a hundred and fifty yards wide.

They could see that the river was crossed by huge stepping-stones or tables of rock.

There were long jumps between each stepping-stone of nine, and twelve feet through which the racing water swirled dizzily.

In the ordinary course of things, the passage of the stepping-stones would not have been a difficult matter for an active man. But the Devil's Leaps were a freak of nature.

The huge masses of rock were working about and rocking in the fierce current as though they were in a swift tideway.

Prairie Wolf looked grimly at the first two rocks that showed by the dim light of the candle that Buffalo Bill held over his head.

"Heap devil along him rock!" said he "Devil him make stone float!"

Buffalo Bill laughed at this. "They are not floating, old Wolf!" said he. "It is a freak of nature, that's all!"

Then he pointed out to the boys how these rocks had fallen from the walls of the cavern during some great earthquake convulsion, hundreds or thousands of years ago.

And the swift current of water, working on the huge masses of limestone had worn and dissolved their lower sides till it had turned the whole lot into rocking stones, which were balanced like whipping-tops in cups which they had worn in the bed of this subterranean river, which powerful enough to shape them, was yet not powerful enough to wash them away.

It was the rush of the water which had shaped them to this queer balance, and which kept them rocking and moving in the swift current as though they were afloat.

Old Prairie Wolf did not like the look of them at all. He was a real horse Indian, and he hated water, or canoes, or boats of any sort.

The boys knew that he was not even foud of washing, and hated soap and water itself as much as any small boy.

They had had great difficulty in persuading this warrior of the Navajos to wash himself now and then. He always said the water was heap cold, and that it would give him a rheumatism that would carry him away to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

And, at this moment as he stood on the edge of the roaring underground river, Prairie Wolf would almost sooner have gone back to the Navajo Valley, and have taken his chance of getting tortured or scalped than to have crossed the raging torrent on those dancing evil rocks which, though they weighed hundreds of tons, seemed all alive.

But Prairie Wolf could never have found his way back by those labyrinths, through which Buffalo Bill had guided them. He might have walked about for weeks inside the mountains, without even being able to find his way into the valley.

So there was nothing for it but to go forward.

They had to wait a little while, whilst Prairie Wolf made medicine to appease a being whom he called Keckebecki She-cargo. Keckebecki means

Roaring Demon and She-cargo means nothing more or less than Chicago or Roaring Current, for the city of Chicago takes its name from the swift currents of the river that feeds Lake Michigan in its vicinity.

So it was to the Roaring Demon of the Roaring Current that Prairie Wolf made medicine.

He asked for four small candle-ends, and greatly to his satisfaction, Buffalo Bill produced a magic iron, or compass, which gave him the four points of the compass, so that he could fix the cardinal points down here in the darkness under the earth as well as if he could see the stars above him.

And having fixed the compass points and placed the candles north, south, east and west, Prairie Wolf produced his medicine-bag from his neck, and emptied it of many strange objects.

He took the hair of a wolf, and burned it in the south candle to propitiate his own family spirit. The fang of a dried rattlesnake was offered to the west candle, and a feather of the great white-headed or American eagle to the east candle. Then in the north candle, with a long incantation, old Wolf burned a stick that fizzled and flared, and sent out a great smoke.

By the time he had finished, the cave smelled as though a feather bed had caught alight. But Prairie Wolf, having tied a string of dried rattles from the tails of seven year rattlesnakes about his ankle, felt a great deal better.

He rose with the expression of a man who is going through a great ordeal, but who has done all he can to make things safe.

#### Prairie Wolf's Mishap.

"NOW, boys," said Buffalo Bill, "Prairie Wolf has done his medicine. So I will show you the way across. None of you start after me till I have crossed and lit every one of the rocks!"

He counted over the candle-ends in his pouch, and jumped lightly for the first of the rocking, heaving stones, his moccasined feet landing as lightly as softly on it as the feet of a panther.

He kneeled down on the rocking stone and lighted a candle-end.

There was no wind down here by the water, and the boys had noticed that all the air currents were in the top of the great cave.

The candle burned brightly, its flame standing upright.

Then Buffalo Bill leaped over to the next rock and lighted a second candle.

There were twenty stones to cross, and, as the scout passed to cross to the other side of the dark river, he left a candle-end burning on each of the working, bobbling rocks.

Then he came leaping back.

"Thought I would show you how it was done, boys, so that you can see that it is not so dangerous as it looks!" said he. "The twelfth and the fifteenth stones are the trickiest. They are in the deepest water, and they have the worst take off, for the jump. Now, all you have to do is to keep your eye on the candles and jump for them. Never mind if you put them out, I can soon light them again,

and if you jump on the candle, you've jumped safe!"

Then he clapped old Prairie Wolf on the back.

"Cheer up, old Wolf!" he exclaimed. "Don't be afraid of being drowned. You are more likely to be hanged!"

Prairie Wolf shook his head rather miserably.

"Him heap bad horse to ride!" said he pointing to the heaving rocks.

The boys led the way. First Kit made the jump to the first rock.

He minded what Buffalo Bill had told him, and he landed neatly on the rock, keeping his eye on the candle as he jumped and landed with a foot on each side of it without putting it out.

The rolling and heaving of the stone under his feet gave him a queer feeling of dizziness which was helped by the swift rush of the dark torrent that was racing between the rocks.

But he soon got what he called his sea-legs, and jumped for the next rock, landing neatly.

Some of the jumps were flyers; but he took them all successfully, and landed on the far-side, looking back anxiously for his brother Joe.

Joe was all right. He had kept his head, and had not put out a single one of those sparkling, curving line of lights which marked the stones like little lighthouses.

Buck made nothing of the crossing. Buck could do lots of circus tricks, and could stand Tartar fashion in the saddle of a galloping horse. He was not going to be thrown by what he called a broncho rock!

Prairie Wolf preceded him, and last came Buffalo Bill, who blew out the candle-ends as he came along collecting them from the rocks, like a careful housewife, for they yet had plenty of use for candles.

Buck Dixie uncoiled his lariat, and recoiled it as Prairie Wolf came hopping along, with Buffalo Bill leaping a rock behind him. It was plain that the old gentleman did not like doing these long jumps across the dark, swirling waters, and Buck did not trust him.

Neither did Buffalo Bill, for he, too, had his lariat ready in his hand.

And it was on the last jump but one, that Prairie Wolf came to grief. It was a wide jump of over twelve feet, and the rock from which he jumped seemed to be heaving about more than the rest. Maybe the passage of the party had helped to put it more on the swing than usual.

At any rate, as Prairie Wolf jumped with a despairing grunt, his moccasined foot, which was wet, seemed to slip, and down he fell with a yell into the raging torrent.

But both Buffalo Bill and Buck Dixie were waiting for this.

They were two of the finest exponents of the lasso in the whole of the West. But all their skill was needed at this moment.

There was nothing but a dark shadow in the water, as Prairie Wolf's head and arm popped up from his dive.

But the lariats were already flying through the air.

Buffalo Bill roped the shadow round the neck, and Buck Dixie

had got the old Navajo around the arm and wrist.

"Got him!" cried Buffalo Bill, as he felt the sudden tug on his lariat, which came near strangling the old Indian.

"Got him!" echoed Buck Dixie. "And slack off your line, Bill Cody, or you'll hang him. You've got him round the neck!"

At this warning Buffalo Bill slacked off, for the force of the current was so great, that the unhappy Prairie Wolf might well have been hanged if the lariat about his neck had alone pulled on him.

And Buck Dixie, hauling on his arms, dragged him to the side of the river where he was hauled out solemnly coughing up water, but disdainingly to show that he was moved by his narrow escape from the spirits of the water world.

"Wah!" said Prairie Wolf, seating himself, as he wrung the water out of his deerskin clothes which had sopped it up like a wet leather. "Water him heap wet!"

The boys laughed at this. "Buffalo Bill was nearly right, grandpa!" said Kit. "You came as near getting hung as made no difference. But you've had a nice bath, and that will last you for the next year. Now let us get on the move before you catch cold."

They climbed up the wall of the cave, over a huge pile of fallen rock, and disappeared into another of these mysterious burrows that was close up by the roof.

Buffalo Bill told them that he was taking them by a route that did not touch anywhere with the route that was known to the Navajoes through the caves and the galleries. They were going up, away and above these. And up they went through passages that climbed, and twisted, and turned till they seemed to have been burrowing in these hills for weeks instead of an hour or two.

The end of this tiny gallery framed the sky and the stars, and, crawling out from it, they found that they were high up on the hills above that mysterious hollow in the hills, by which they had entered the cavern.

"We are five-hundred feet up here!" said Buffalo Bill. "But there is some sort of a trail down the rocks, though it is a rough one. Follow me, boys, and take a good handhold and foothold or you may take a short cut to the bottom, in which case you will land on Uncle Baldy's head."

And down through the darkness he slid.

It was a tremendous climb down, and the boys soon discovered that it is easier to climb up than climb down.

Sometimes they had to lower themselves in dark chimneys or crevices that split the face of the cliff perpendicularly, holding themselves in the narrow crack by the pressure of their backs and their knees, just as the chimney sweeper children of olden times were bound to climb up and down chimneys.

(Another long, thrilling instalment of this magnificent serial of Redskin and Paleface in next Tuesday's "Greyfriars Herald.")

## My Weekly Interview

By the Special Representative of "The Greyfriars Herald"

This week: ALONZO TODD

"H AVING interviewed twenty-five celebrities at different times in a highly satisfactory manner," I said, addressing the editor of "The Greyfriars Herald," "I demand an immediate increase in salary."

"Rats!" growled the chief of the scribes. "You're disgracefully over-paid, as it is."

"Over-paid!" I hooted. "Why, you frabjous ass, I'm quids and quids out of pocket over this interviewing business. Only the other week, after I had interviewed Tommy Dodd of Rookwood, I had the misfortune to smash Tom Brown's motor-scooter, and I've got to pay for the damage."

"Serves you jolly well right!" was the unsympathetic reply.

"Look here," I pleaded, "if you don't give me an immediate rise in screw, I shall be under the painful necessity of pawning my bike, my watch, my penknife, and my Sunday topper!"

"Pity you can't pawn your face, while you're about it!"

"Now you're being rude!" I said.

"Oh, go and eat coke!"

"Can't; coke's such a terrible price, these days!"

After a long pause the editor melted. "I'll arrange to give you an increase of tuppence a week," he said. "But for goodness' sake don't breathe a word to the other members of the staff, or I shall have the Fighting Editor demanding a hundred quid bonus, and the Fashions Expert doing ditto."

"Your generosity," I said, "far exceeds your beauty, which is not apparent to the naked eye. Now, who would you like me to interview this week?"

The editor smiled. "I won't send you farther afield than the Remove passage this time," he said. "You might pop along to Number Seven Study and see Alonzo Todd."

"Oh, good!" I exclaimed. "This is the softest job I've had for weeks!"

And I betook myself to No. 7, where, fortunately, I cornered the guileless Alonzo alone.

"Good-afternoon, my dear fellow!" he murmured. "May I offer you a chair?"

"No, thanks; I prefer the coal-scuttle. How are things going, Lonzy?"

"They are going with extraordinary frequency and rapidity," said Alonzo. "Only this afternoon I missed a pot of strawberry jam from the cupboard, and yesterday a whole rabbit-pie disappeared. That is the worst of having Bunter for a study-mate. He displays gluttonous tendencies to a marked degree. He complains that he suffers from malnutrition—"

"Blow Bunter!" I said. "I didn't

come here to discuss that prize porker. By the way, Lonzy, why are you looking so sad?"

"Alas! my dear fellow, I am deeply concerned for poor Loder."

"Loder of the Sixth, do you mean?"

Alonzo nodded.

"I have just heard a very painful story from Skinner," he said. "He tells me that last night, at a time when all respectable persons were in bed and asleep, Loder ventured forth to a low-down resort in Friar-dale, where he passed the time in smoking and playing cards. I am shocked—nay, disgusted—to think that one of our prefects should sink to so base a level. I intend to go and see Loder this very minute, and point out to him the error of his ways."

"My hat!"

"Would you care to accompany me, my dear fellow?"

"I'll accompany you as far as the door of Loder's study," I said, "but I'm dashed if I'm going inside!"

I thought it would be rather a lark to listen to Alonzo reproving the wayward prefect, and I chuckled softly as we made our way to the Sixth-Form passage.

Alonzo tapped on the door of Loder's study, and the prefect's unpleasant voice bade him enter.

As soon as Alonzo set foot inside the study he wagged an admonishing forefinger at the astonished Loder.

"Pause!" he exclaimed. "Pause and reflect! Consider, my dear Loder, your extreme folly, and remove your feet from the road to ruin!"

"W-w-what!" gasped Loder.

"Throw the pernicious cigarette into the gutter! Hurl the equally pernicious playing-cards on to the fire! Resolve to turn over a new leaf. I am aware, dear Loder, that you are a particularly bad case, but there is hope even for you!"

I heard Loder give a snarl like that of a wild beast. He strode suddenly to the door, and saw me standing outside.

"So it's you, is it?" he hissed.

"Come inside!"

And, seizing me by the collar, he swung me into the study.

"Leggo!" I protested. "I haven't done anything!"

"Don't attempt to deny it!" growled the prefect. "It was you who put Todd up to this! You induced him to come to my study and cheek me to my face!"

"I—I didn't! I assure you—"

But before I could blurt out my assurance Loder had seized an ash-plant.

I broke away, and the angry prefect chased me round and round the study, hitting out as he went. I received several stinging cuts on divers portions of my anatomy, and my yells would have done credit to those of a Red Indian.

It was a jolly painful ordeal, and Alonzo went through it as well. Loder's arm was aching by the time the execution was over.

Five minutes later we limped away, groaning in a doleful duet. And even my increase in salary was a poor consolation for my misfortunes.



# TUCK HAMPERS AS PRIZES!



## GREAT NEW COMPETITION.

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

This week I am giving the above splendid prizes, which will be awarded for the best efforts in the following simple task. Below you will find an attractive picture-puzzle, and I want you to try to make it out for yourselves. I myself wrote the original paragraph, and my artist drew up the puzzle. The original paragraph is locked up in my safe, and the First Prize of 50s. will be awarded to the reader whose solution is exactly the same as my "par." The other prizes, which consist of hampers crammed full of the most delicious "tuck," will be awarded to the reader 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 rewarded more than one share.

Should more than five readers qualify for the tuck hamper prizes, these will be added to. You may send as many solutions as you please, but each must be accompanied by the signed coupon you will find on this page. Write your solutions, IN INK, on a clean sheet of paper, fill up the coupon below, and pin to this, and address to: No. 26, 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 27th.

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

I enter "The Greyfriars Herald" Tuck Hamper Competition No. 26, and agree to accept the published decision as absolutely binding.

Signed .....

WRITE CAREFULLY. Address .....

### CAN YOU READ THIS LETTER? OUR ONE-WEEK COMPETITION.

**D R er, L G T** I met numbers of my friends today. Greyfriars Herald

**IRG ED, r T. came 4 WA RD**

**3 R E** It was good of you to give me that offer **2 B PRE d Nt**

of **E ch** every **E OF T** He has made an immense fortune

**SAL ARY.** HE HAS SUCCURED THE POOR FOR YEARS by the **EDIT A, Y**

**S** NOT IN **T 20 CWT** HARRY WHARTON