

School Stories | Free Tuck Hampers | Detective Serial | Redskin Serial, etc.

The Greyfriars Herald

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No. 27 (New Series)

FULL OF SCHOOL STORIES AND ARTICLES

May 1, 1920.



A DRAMATIC ANNOUNCEMENT AT THE ST. WINNY'S ELECTION!
(A Great Scene in our Wonderful Complete Tale of School Life)

Our Photographic Supplement

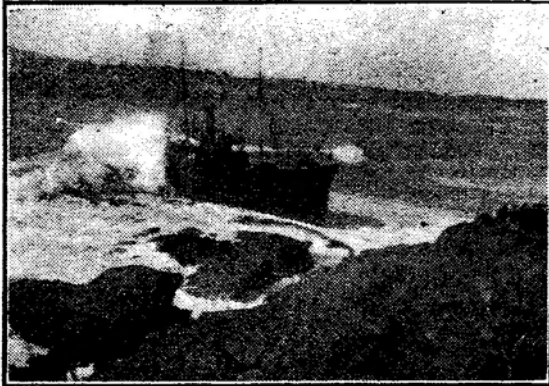
THE BOYS' PICTORIAL



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

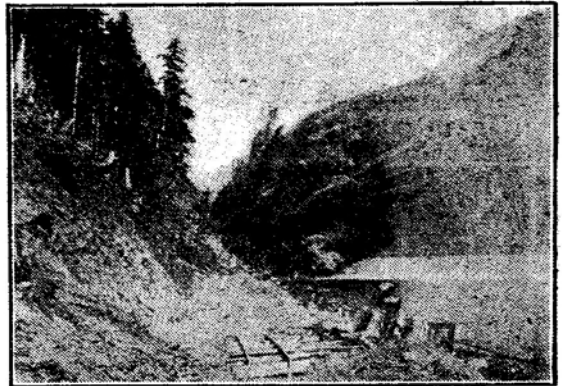
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ON THE ROCKS.



The sea bursting over an ill-fated ship which ran aground on a rocky portion of the coast during a storm. A group of rescuers can be discerned on the right.—Taken by G. A. Ruscombe, 29, Home Sweet Home Terrace, Cottledown Road, Plymouth.

BUILDING A RAILWAY.



A big explosion to dislodge rocks during the construction of a railway on the bank of a great river in British Columbia. The workmen have all sought places of safety.—Taken by W. A. Baragwanath, 74, Deveraux Drive, Somerville, Wallasey, Cheshire.

A STREET PERFORMANCE IN INDIA.



Two natives with their performing black bears in Peshawar. The bears, which are found among the mountains of Northern India and Thibet, are easily trained when young.—Taken by Wm. Vizard, 63, South Row, North Kensington, W. 10.



W. Brown (Port Talbot).



A. Leeming (Yorks).



J. Cunningham (Lochgelly).



G. B. Howard (Salford).

SOME LOYAL READERS OF "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD."



H. V. Growcott (Oldbury).



A. Reynolds (A Keen Reader)



Miss Ivy Hook (Brighton).



F. Long (Ramsgate).



F. O. Howitt (Plaistow).

The

Staff



OCCASIONAL Contributors from GREYFRIARS

Editorial

OCCASIONAL Contributors from Other Schools

By Harry Wharton.

FAIR PLAY!

A little anonymous growl comes to me about high prices and so forth. All the best growls are anonymous. I dare say you have noticed this fact. Now this is the complaint:

"Dear Sir,—The GREYFRIARS HERALD died out during the war and left its readers in the lurch while the other Companion Papers fought it out as regards high prices. So why should we support a paper that dropped its readers in the most trying times of the war?"

My correspondent has gripped the wrong grunter by the ear. The GREYFRIARS HERALD was withdrawn for a spell because it was the youngest member of the Circle. It was just one of the things that could not be helped, owing to the paper shortage. And anyhow, the temporary retirement of the G. H. proved its popularity. It was not forgotten, and the new issue has more supporters than ever.

A NEW DETECTIVE YARN.

Owing to pressure on space caused by this fresh feature and other attractions a number of photographs have had to be held over. My chum, James Whelan, of 10, Russell Road, S. Tottenham, will understand. I put snaps and portraits through with as much dispatch as I can.

INTO THE OPEN!

A few weeks ago I challenged "Wondering," of Liverpool—who stated that one of his chums had failed to receive the Tuck Hamper he had won—to come "into the open," and have the matter out. "Wondering," it seems, has as much liking for fair play as the rest of us, and he has sent me his real name and the admission that he was misinformed about the Tuck Hamper not being received.

I am glad to accept my chum's apology, and like his sporting spirit in sending me some helpful suggestions which I shall bear in mind.

NOTHING DOING.

A Correspondence League, as suggested by Walter Long, of Hornsey, is a topping notion, but I regret there is no room to carry it out. See other Companion Papers for correspondence notices. Sorry I cannot oblige this correspondent in the matter of an address.

HARRY WHARTON.



DICK PENFOLD



MURREE SINGH



BILLY BUNTER



TOM MERRY



JIMMY SILVER



ARTHUR A DARC Y

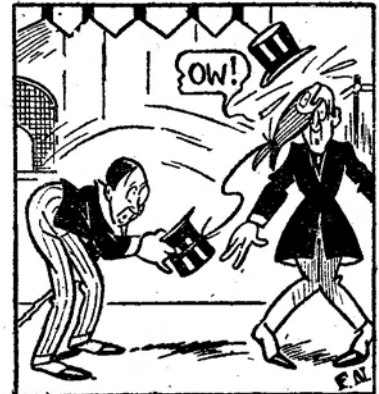
GUSSY FISHES FOR A FIVER - - - Drawn by FRANK NUGENT.



1. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, arrayed in his best Mallaby-Deeleys, strolled into Rylcombe Station to meet his uncle, the Lord Reginald Ramrod Fitzsherbert. "Weally," he murmured, "I must appeah at my best. No doubt the deah old chappie will tip me a fivah."



2. But Gussy reckoned without that bad lad Piggot of the Third. The mischievous fag hung a second-hand kipper to the lustrous "toppah" of the dude and vamoosed. "How do, deah boy?" Gussy raised his chapeau, made a polite bow, and—



3. BIFF! "Ow!" yelled Lord Fitzsherbert. "Someone's struck me with a beastly sardine!" It was certainly "one in the eye" for the old boy, and so it was for Gussy, too, when his lordship failed to dibby up that "fivah." Hard luck!

THE ST. WINIFRED'S ELECTION!

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

By OWEN CONQUEST

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

CHAPTER I.

Who Shall be Captain?

"YOU'RE the man, Drake!"

Dick Rodney spoke quietly, but with great firmness. Jack Drake, leaning against the window of No. 8 Study on board the Benbow, regarded his chum doubtfully.

"If you think so, old scout—" he said slowly.

"I do."

"But Daubeny—"

"Now's the time to put Daubeny of the Shell into his right place," said Rodney. "It's up to you, Drake. Daubeny and Co. made a mess of the footer last term. Are they going to be allowed to muck up the cricket in the same way, this term?"

"It looks like it—unless—"

"Unless another fellow gets in at the election," said Rodney. "And you're going to do it."

Drake smiled.

"I wish I felt as sure of it as you do, Rodney," he remarked. "But Daub had a big majority last time."

"You weren't standing against him then."

"No; but—"

"A lot of the fellows are sick about the way he handled the footer. It's time he was downed, and a better man put in his place. I suppose you are a better man."

"I hope so," said Jack Drake, laughing. "But St. Winifred's generally mayn't think so. It depends on the voting whether Daub goes down, and I'm afraid Daub will bag the votes."

"All the cricketers will be against him."

"I don't know about that."

"Well, all who can really play."

"But there's plenty who can't," said Drake with a smile, "and if a fellow's a fumbly ass, he's got more chance of playing under Daub's lead than under mine. All the duffers, all the slackers, all the merry nuts, will back up Daub to the last shot in the locker. Our crowd's worth ten times as much on the playing-fields, but when it comes to voting, every duffer is as good as a giddy genius. That's democracy."

"Nothing like trying," said Rodney. "If we do our best, we shall have done our best, anyhow. If St. Winny's is going to make any show at cricket this season, Daub has got to go."

"That's so," chimed in a fat voice in the doorway, as Tuckey Toodles came in. "That's going to be the motto of this study—D.M.G.!"

"What on earth does that mean?" inquired Drake.



Tuckey Toodles had no time to finish his ample promises. Daubeny took him by the collar and spun him away.

"Daub Must Go!" explained Toodles.

"Not a bad motto," said Rodney. "Anyhow, it's settled that this study is going to put a man up for election to-night."

"Hear, hear!" said Tuckey Toodles emphatically. "I was going to speak to you fellows about that. Daub's no good. I told Daub he was no good, on deck just now, and what do you think the beast did? Kicked me!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't see anything to cackle at in Daub acting like a brutal Hun!" snorted Tuckey Toodles. "I'd have kicked him, only—only I thought he wasn't worth notice. I just walked away and treated him with utter contempt. I say, it's settled that this study puts up a man, isn't it?"

"Rodney says so," said Drake, smiling.

"Rodney's right."

"Well, I agree," said Drake. "We'll do our best, anyhow."

"Good!" said Tuckey Toodles. "Anyhow, it's two votes to begin with. You two fellows will vote for me, of course?"

"Vote for you!" exclaimed Drake.

"You!" roared Rodney.

Toodles blinked at them in surprise. "Isn't that what you were just talking about? Isn't this study going to put up a candidate?"

"You whirling ass!" said Dick Rodney, in withering tones. "Drake's the candidate."

"Oh, draw it mild! Drake won't get in. Daub's crowd are all against him, to begin with. Better put up a really popular chap," urged Tuckey Toodles. "Now, I'm popular."

"Fathead!"

"Fellows like me," said Toodles. "Fellows will vote for me. I've just spoken about it to Raik. Raik says I should be such a junior captain as St. Winifred's never had before."

"Ha, ha! Very likely!"

"Besides, I've got ideas for electioneering," pursued Toodles. "I've got brains, you know. You fellows don't know anything about elections. You would just put up a good man, and leave it to him to get in on his merits. Now, that's rot."

"Oh, is it?"

"Of course it is! Elections ain't won that way. Suppose a good man was put up for a Parliamentary election, and left to get in on his merits. What chance would he have against the regular candidates? None at all, of course. These things have to be wangled," said Tuckey Toodles, with an air of great wisdom. "You fellows back me up, and I'll wangle it."

"This study doesn't go in for wangling, fathead."

"Then this study won't get much

of a show in any old election," retorted Toodles. "You leave it to me. Get me in as junior captain, and I'll put you both in the junior eleven. You want to play for St. Winny's this season, and Daub wouldn't have you in the eleven at any price. I'll stick you in, if I'm elected. Can I count on your votes?"

"Ass!"

"And now Drake's got plenty of money," continued Toodles, "I shall ask him to put up some cash for the election fund. Election funds are quite necessary. They're for bribing the electors, you know."

"Bribing them!" exclaimed Drake. Toodles nodded cheerfully.

"That's it. I don't mean handing a chap a ten-shilling note for his vote. It isn't done that way nowadays, even in elections for the House of Commons. You make it worth a chap's while. For instance, I'm going to promise a place in the eleven to every chap who plays cricket."

"And play a team of fifty, like an old-fashioned Rigger team?" grinned Drake.

"My dear man," said Toodles, with a superior smile, "election promises are like pie-crusts. When the time comes, of course, I say that I'm awfully sorry, but circumstances have changed. I shall be captain then, so it won't matter if the fellows get wild. See?"

"You awful young rascal!"

"Then the election fund will be spent on a big spread for my party," said Toodles. "No bribery, but every fellow who votes for me will be asked into the canteen, to order anything he likes, and as much as he pleases. That will bag a lot of votes."

"Oh!"

"Also, it's made known that if I'm elected, all my supporters will be taken to a handsome cinema tea at Kingsford the next day. See?"

"My hat!"

"Lots of dodges in electioneering," said Toodles. "I'm up to all of them, I can tell you. Drake can provide the money for the expenses, as he's got plenty. That's a detail. I'm going to make you cricket captain, Drake."

"Pathead!"

"You shall be skipper of the junior beats, Rodney."

"Ass!"

"Now, can I count on you chaps?" asked Toodles.

"You can count on a thick ear if you talk any more about swindling in this study!" growled Jack Drake.

"I'm making up a list of my voters. I'll start it with your names. Say the word."

Drake and Rodney laughed.

"Shall I put you down?" asked Toodles. "You ought to back up your own study, you know."

"Don't be an ass," said Rodney. "I'm making up a list for Drake. My name goes down first. Yours second. Toodles?"

"No!" roared Toodles. "Ain't I a candidate? I've given in my name to Mr. Packe."

"Go and tell him you've changed your silly mind, then."

"But I haven't changed it."

"Change it at once, then, ass!"

"There's such a thing as a sense of

duty," said Toodles. "Feeling that I'm the best chap for the post, I'm bound to put up as a candidate. If you fellows don't back me up, I can only say that you're acting jolly rottenly. Disloyal, I call it. Mean!"

"Oh, go and eat coke!"

"You'll be splitting the vote, and perhaps Daub will get in again," exclaimed Toodles warmly.

"Go and give in your name to Mr. Packe, Drake," said Rodney.

"Oh, all right."

Jack Drake walked out of the study, but Tuckey Toodles caught him by the sleeve as he went.

"Look here, Drake—"

"Let go, ass!"

"Ain't you going to back me up?"

"No, chump!"

"Well, of all the rotters—yarooop!" roared Tuckey Toodles, as Drake took him by his plump shoulders and sat him down in the doorway. "Oh! Ow! Ah! Yah! Rotter! I'll jolly well vote for Daubeny now! Yow-ow!"

Jack Drake, quite undismayed by that terrible threat, walked away to Mr. Packe's study, to give in his name as a candidate at the junior election, held that evening on board the Benbow. His was the third name on the Form-master's list; Daubeny of the Shell was the first.

The Rivals!

DRAKE!

Vernon Daubeny met the Fourth-former on the deck of the Benbow, as he was coming away from Mr. Packe's study.

Drake halted, eyeing the chief of the Bucks of St. Winifred's with a far from friendly glance.

But Daub did not seem to notice it. His manner was urbanity itself, and his chums, Torrence and Egan, grinned at Drake in the most cordial way.

Evidently the Bucks of the Shell were desirous of burying the hatchet—partly, perhaps, with a view to the forthcoming junior election.

"Well?" said Drake laconically.

"I've been lookin' for you, old top," said Vernon Daubeny. "I want to have a little talk. Will you step into my study?"

"Thanks, no."

Daubeny coughed.

"Look here, Drake, what's the good of keepin' up raggin'? We used to be good pals—"

"We always pulled together, till last term," remarked Torrence.

"Oh, quite!" murmured Egan.

"Somehow, we fell foul of one another last term," said Daubeny. "But 'm willin' to let bygones be bygones, if you are, Drake. A chap can't say rarer than that."

Drake's lip curled.

He was an easy-going fellow—too easy-going, perhaps, for his own good—more than once Vernon Daubeny had succeeded in pulling the wool over his eyes, when it had suited the Buck of the Shell so to do.

But that time was past. Drake had seen a little too much of the true inwardness of Daub's nature ever to think of reviving his former friendship with the dandy of the Shell.

"Let's have it in plain English, Daub," he said caustically. "Last

term I came back to St. Winny's to work for a scholarship, because my pater had lost his money, and I was hard-up. You gave me the marble eye at once when you found out that I was poor."

"Ahem! I—"

"Now it's turned out, in the long run, that matters aren't so bad. My pater's recovered his old position, and more," continued Drake. "Now you hand out the right hand of fellowship. I'm not a suspicious fellow, Daub, but don't you think that this is a little too palpable?"

Daubeny coloured.

It was, as a matter of fact, a little too palpable. Vernon Daubeny felt that himself.

Torrence and Egan turned away a little, to hide the grins that came over their faces.

"I shouldn't have thought you were a chap to bear malice, Drake," Daubeny said at last.

"My dear man, I don't bear malice. I dare say you only acted according to your nature, but it's not the kind of nature I can be pally with."

"Look here—"

"Besides, I'm up against you," continued Drake coolly. "You're a rotten captain, Daubeny, and I'm going to down you if I can. You made St. Winny's junior football a by-word last term. I'm going to prevent you doing the same with the cricket, if I can."

Daubeny set his lips.

"Does that mean that you're backin' up against me at the election?" he asked.

"Exactly."

"Who's your candidate?" sneered Daub. "Are you backin' Toodles?"

"I'm standing as candidate."

"Like your cheek! You won't get in."

"That's for the giddy electors to decide," answered Drake. "I'm going to do my best."

And Drake walked away.

Vernon Daubeny bit his lip hard, and he scowled as he glanced at the grinning faces of his chums.

"Nothin' very amusin' in this, that I can see!" he snapped.

"Well, I told you it wasn't any good," remarked Egan. "Dash it all, you can't expect Drake to come round. We dropped him like a hot potato when he was hard-up. Now Rodney's got hold of him, and naturally he won't let him go if he can help it, as he's rich."

"I suppose Rodney is suckin' up to him for his money," said Daubeny. "It's a regular catch for that half-pay cad, to get hold of a wealthy fellow like Drake. I'll bet that he's at the bottom of Drake setting up against me."

"Most likely. Anyhow, he's up against you, and a lot of the fellows will vote for him."

Daubeny shrugged his shoulders.

"They won't outvote my crowd. The Shell are nearly solid for me, and half the Fourth, and the Third-form fags can be brought round. I shall get in by a good majority."

"It's not such a cert. as it was last time," said Torrence doubtfully. "I shouldn't wonder if Drake pulled it off. He's popular, and he's a first class man at games. All the chaps who are

keen to play for the School will back him up."

"And all the chaps who have played under my lead will back me up," said Daubeny. "They wouldn't have much chance with Drake. And one vote is as good as another."

"That's so."

"Still, we'd better do some electioneering, as there's a rival in the field," said Daubeny. "I'm not leavin' anythin' to chance. We'll make a round of the fellows after school, and get their names down, and make 'em promise. Raik's workin' for me in the Fourth; I've told him to promise anythin' he likes. Money goes a long way."

"Drake's got money now."

"But not the sense to use it," said Daubeny, with a sneer. "He wouldn't give Toodles five bob for his vote, for instance. Toodles would vote for the Kaiser for five bob. And one vote may turn the scale. You'll see that I shall get in. I had a two-thirds majority last time."

"You won't get it this time."

"Any old majority will do,"

yawned Daubeny. "So long as there's one extra vote for me, I don't mind."

"Hallo, there goes the bell!"

Daubeny and Co. strolled away to the Shell Form-room. They met Tuckey Toodles on the way.

"I say, Daub, old chap—" began Toodles.

Vernon Daubeny made a motion with his foot. But he restrained himself. It was no time to kick an elector!

"Hallo, Toodles!" he said cordially.

Toodles grinned in a friendly way, oblivious of the kick he had received from Daubeny earlier in the day. Tuckey had had too many kicks in the course of his fat career to care very much about one more.

"About the election—" he said.

"Oh, yaas. You're votin' for me?"

"Ahem! The fact is—"

"I hear you had a pound-note blown away the other day, Toodles—"

"Yes, but—"

"I'm gettin' a remittance this afternoon, I expect. If you like to drop into my study, after the election—"

"But—"

"There'll be a loan of five bob, if you happen to want it."

"Thanks; but—"

"Any time after the election," said Daubeny cheerily.

"The fact is—"

"Come on," said Torrence. "Mr. Vavasour's gone into the Form-room. We'll be late."

"But I say—I'm standing—"

"You're standing in our way," said Egan. "Roll away."

"I'm standing for election to-night—"

"Eh?"

"I want you fellows to vote for me," said Tuckey Toodles. "You won't get in, Daub. You're no good, you know, and the fellows are fed-up with the way you muck up things. I dare say you've noticed that?"

"You cheeky ass!"

"But if you don't want Drake to get in, you vote for me—that's how it stands," said Toodles. "If I get in, I'm going to make you junior cricket captain, Daub, and Torrence captain

of the junior boats. As for Egan—"

Tuckey Toodles had no time to finish his ample promises. Daubeny took him by the collar and spun him away, and the Shell fellows hurried on to their Form-room.

"Oh! Ow!" ejaculated Toodles, as he brought up against the main-mast of the Beibow, with a bump. "Why, of all the rotters—ow! I jolly well won't make Daub cricket captain now—ow!"

"Hallo, Fatty, aren't you coming in to lessons?" asked Jack Drake, as he came along with Rodney.

And Tuckey Toodles followed the chums of the Fourth to the Form-room aft. Tuckey's luck was out; his list of supporters still remained a beautiful blank. Popular as Toodles was—according to his own statement—nobody seemed very anxious to promise him a vote—and his wonderful electioneering methods could not be put in practice without cash—an article which Tuckey sorely lacked.

As he sat at lessons that afternoon, Tuckey Toodles reflected rather dimly on his chances, and it was borne in upon his mind that his chance of figuring as junior captain of St. Winifred's was decidedly slim. And he began to think very seriously of the five shillings which was to be picked up in Daub's study after the election—if Daubeny "got in."

In Doubt!

DURING lessons that afternoon at the school on the river a great many of the juniors were thinking about the coming election. It was the second day of term, and St. Winifred's had hardly settled down to work yet. In the Lower School, the elections were a matter of considerable importance—more important, from the Lower School point of view, than the senior elections. It mattered a great deal whether Daubeny remained junior captain, or whether a new man "bagged" the position.

Vernon Daubeny had a good following, but it was certain that there would be a good many votes for Jack Drake. That Drake was the better man for the place was hardly open to doubt—at least, so far as games were concerned. Even some of Daub's supporters were dissatisfied with the way he had mucked up games the previous term.

But if the good cricketers backed up Drake, it was probable that the poor players would stick to Daub, under whose noble leadership they had a chance of showing what they could—or couldn't—do on the playing-fields. And the fellows who didn't care much for games were mostly in favour of Daubeny.

Daubeny knew how to make himself agreeable. He was wealthy, and he spent money like water when he had an object to serve. The elegant Bucks backed him up to a man, and the "hangers-on" of his wealthy set were sure to support him. It was an honour to be asked into Daub's handsome study to tea—a still greater honour to be asked home by Daub, whose home was rich and magnificent. Many envious eyes were turned on Daub on the

occasions when his pater's tremendous motor-car called for him on a half-holiday, and there were plenty of fellows eager enough to be asked to take a seat in that tremendous motor-car.

Daub's influence, if not of a specially noble kind, was at least very extensive.

Jack Drake had very strong doubts of success, but he intended to do his best, as he had promised Rodney. Rodney was very keen, and determined not to think of defeat.

After lessons that day there was very keen electioneering on both sides.

Rodney made a round of the Fourth Form, taking down names.

Sawyer major, and Rawlings, Estcourt, Furlly, Hook, Croft, and a good many more of the cricketing juniors, gave in their names for Drake. Sawyer minor, of the Third, and his friends gave in their adhesion on the same side. There was no Second or First Form at St. Winifred's, those Forms having long been abolished. In the Third, however, Daubeny had a good following. He had appointed Phipps his "election agent" among the fags, and there were plenty of fags who had a great admiration for the great man of the Shell. Phipps brought a goodly list of supporters to Daub's study at tea-time, and sat down to a handsome tea in recognition of his efforts.

Tuckey Toodles, to his wrath and indignation, found his candidature received simply as a huge joke.

It was in vain that he displayed his list of supporters, upon which he had written a dozen unauthorised names; by way of giving it a start. No elector was willing to have his name added thereto.

It looked as if Master Toodles would bag only one vote at the election—his own.

As that was certainly not sufficient to give him a majority, Tuckey began to think still more seriously of the five shillings in Daub's study.

At tea-time Rodney and Drake compared notes in No. 8 Study.

"We've done the rounds pretty thoroughly," Rodney remarked. "I've got down all the names, I think, of the fellows who support us."

"How many in the Fourth?" asked Drake.

"Fifteen."

"That leaves only seven for Daub, even if all the others vote for him."

"Toodles won't, I suppose."

Drake chuckled.

"No; Toodles will vote for himself, I suppose. How does it stand with the Third? How many are there of the little bounders?"

"Twenty-four fags in all. Sawyer minor has been doing a lot of work for us; he had a fight with Phipps—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We've got sixteen names."

"Bravo! That leaves only eight for Daub."

"But the Shell—"

"Nearly solid for Daubeny, think," remarked Drake.

Rodney nodded.

"I'm afraid so. There are twenty Shell fellows altogether, and only one

of them will vote for you, Drake—that's Troope. All the rest are sticking to Daubeny. They don't want a Fourth-form skipper."

"Troope's not a bad sort," said Drake. "He doesn't suck up to Daub, and he's been left out of the games. I suppose he's sore about that."

"That makes a total of thirty-two votes for you," continued Rodney. "That leaves thirty-three for Daub, and Toodles doubtful."

"Better than I expected," said Drake. "I never thought we'd get such a crowd to back up against Daubeny."

"But it isn't enough," said Rodney, wrinkling his brows. "We want to beat Daub—not merely to run him close. We might get Toodles, but that would only make it a tie. But, of course, some of the fellows may back you up. They won't promise to vote for you, but they may not vote for Daub. Besides, most likely they won't all be there."

"That's likely enough, but some of our crowd may be missing—"

"We've got to see that they're not," said Rodney resolutely. "After tea, we've got to keep an eye on them."

Drake laughed. "We'll do that," he said. "But you're counting in my vote, I think. Can a chap vote for himself?"

"Daub will. If he doesn't, you needn't; but if he does, you can. That will make it all right."

"Right—ho!"

Tuckey Toodles came into the study. "I say, Drake—"

"Just the fellow I want to see," said Drake. "I want your vote, Tuckey. Sit down and pile in."

Tuckey Toodles sat down and piled in. He had just been to tea with Daubeny, who was keeping open house in the Shell quarters. But he was ready for another tea.

"The fact is, I wanted you fellows to back me up," he said.

"Bow-wow!"

"On second thoughts," said Toodles, with his mouth full of jam. "—on second thoughts, I've decided that I don't care much to be junior captain of St. Winifred's. Too much tie on a fellow's time, you know."

"Quite so!" grinned Drake. "I could find the time; but you're such a busy chap."

"Exactly. I say, do you think a vote's worth five bob, Drake?"

Drake frowned.

"You young rotter—" he began.

"Daub's offered to lend me five bob if I vote for him."

"Just like Daub!"

"Of course, I shall refuse," said Tuckey, eyeing Drake warily. "I'm too honourable, I hope. Besides, I want to back up my own study. There's such a thing as loyalty."

"Bravo, Tuckey!"

"We've always been pals," said Tuckey affectionately. "If you won't vote for me, I'll vote for you. I call that real pally."

"Good man!"

"By the way, Drake, could you lend me ten bob?"

"What?"

"Ten bob."

Rodney burst into a chuckle. Tuckey's honourable scruples about accepting Daub's five shillings were explained now.

"I'm not going to give you money to vote for me, you fat boulder," said Jack Drake gruffly.

Tuckey Toodles looked quite pained.

"I don't mean that, of course. You're hinting that I'm not an honourable chap," he said. "Nothing whatever to do with the election, of course. I back you up because you belong to my study. You lend me ten bob because I'm your pal. See?"

"Oh!" said Drake.

"I'm backing you up, in any case," added Tuckey, feeling that he could afford to make that concession to

as five bob on the nail. A bird in hand was worth two in the bush! Tuckey Toodles' mind was still in a state of doubt when he rolled into the common-room, amid a crowd of excited juniors.

Undecided!

MR. PACKE, the master of the Fourth, came into the common-room, and the buzz of voices died away. The Form-master was in charge of the junior election. The presence of authority was required on such occasions. Otherwise the voting might have been accompanied by the punching of noses.

"Ah! Hem! Ahem!" said Mr.



Daubeny set his lips. "Does that mean that you are backin' up against me at the election?" he snapped.

Drake's principles. Words did not cost Tuckey anything.

"Honour bright?" asked Drake suspiciously.

"Certainly."

"Then I'll lend you ten bob—next week."

Tuckey's face fell.

"I say, that's a long time, old chap. And, you know, I had a pound-note blown away recently, so—"

"Next week or never," said Drake.

"I'm not going to bribe."

"My dear chap—"

Estcourt of the Fourth looked in.

"Time to get along to the common-room, you fellows," he said; and Drake and Rodney followed him from the study.

Tuckey Toodles followed them, more slowly. His fat mind was in doubt again. Apart from his honourable scruples, it was a doubtful question whether ten bob next week was a good

Packe. "It is now—er—seven o'clock. Let us—hem!—proceed to business. Hem!"

"We're ready, sir," said Daubeny.

The junior common-room was crowded. Both parties had turned up in good force. Daubeny and Co. had made a round of the ship at the last moment, shepherding their voters into the fold. Drake's enthusiastic supporters had been equally careful. There was not a junior missing from the meeting.

It was known already that Daub's majority, if he kept it, would be very much reduced—that the voting, in fact, would be very close indeed. There was a trace of anxiety in Vernon Daubeny's face.

The proceedings proceeded, so to speak.

Egan of the Shell proposed Daubeny, seconded by Torrence. There was a cheer from Daub's

supporters. Drake was proposed and seconded by Rodney and Estcourt. Tuckey Toodles opened his mouth to propose himself; but he closed it again. Tuckey's ambitions had been slain, and now he was only debating whether the bird in hand out-valued the two in the bush. That problem had not yet been solved in his fat mind.

A show of hands was called for for Daubeny of the Shell, and there was a good show. Daubeny stood with his hands in his pockets, but Seeley nudged him, and he drew out one hand and held it up, voting for himself. Mr. Packe proceeded sedately to count the hands.

"Thirty-three votes for Daubeny," he said.

"Bravo!" chirruped Egan.

Daubeny's face brightened.

It was evident that the voting would be close, but unless every junior in the school was present, Drake could scarcely hope to beat, or equal, the vote for his rival.

"I fancy we've got it, you fellows," murmured Daubeny.

"Oh, quite!" grinned Egan.

"Silence, please! Hands up for Drake of the Fourth Form."

Up went the hands, in a goodly crowd.

Again Mr. Packe proceeded to count.

He was slow and deliberate, apparently unconscious of the excitement that raged around him. There was a breathless silence.

Rodney looked expressively at Tuckey Toodles.

His calculations had been carefully made; he knew the numbers present, and he knew that Drake could not command a majority. But at least there would be a tie, if Toodles played up. Jack Drake had raised his hand, in imitation of Daubeny's example. Tuckey Toodles grinned.

He felt himself a very important person indeed just then. Drake did not deign to look at him, but Daubeny fixed upon him an almost beseeching glance, and—perhaps by accident—jingled money in his trousers' pocket.

Tuckey Toodles was not in a hurry to move.

Mr. Packe, sedately counting, was approaching the spot where he stood. Tuckey had not voted for Daub, but Daub's imploring look promised the five shillings if he refrained from voting for Drake. There was no mistaking Daub's look.

But something stirred within Toodles' plump breast at last, and with heroic resolution he banished the thought of Daub's cash from his mind. His fat hand went up—just in time.

Rodney gave almost a gasp of relief, and there was a murmur from his party. Had Tuckey saved the situation?

The excitement was intense. It mattered little to Toodles who became captain, but it mattered a good deal to the rest of the Lower School.

"Thank goodness," breathed Sawyer major, "the fat rotter has got some sense, after all!"

There was a general brightening on the faces of Drake's supporters, but Daub and his gang looked daggers at the fat junior of the Fourth.

Tuckey Toodles knew he was the cynosure of all eyes, and he struck an attitude like Ajax defying the lightning.

Breathlessly the juniors hung upon Mr. Packe's words as he made the announcement. Certainly the Fourth-form master had never been listened to with such rapt attention in the Form-room.

"Thirty-three votes for Drake!" announced Mr. Packe, with rather a perplexed look. "The voting has resulted in a tie."

"Oh!"

Daubeny gritted his teeth.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Drake, with a grin. "We nearly did it, Rodney. Better luck next time."

"We're not beaten yet," answered Rodney. "A tie's a tie. Listen to Packe."

Mr. Packe was speaking again.

"The voting having resulted in a tie, a fresh election must be held," said the Form-master. "Monday next will be fixed for the election. If the result should still remain in doubt, the matter will be referred to the headmaster."

And with that Mr. Packe quitted the common-room. And the juniors of St. Winifred's broke up in a state of great excitement.

THE END.

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

RESULT OF TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION.—No. 22.

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

PETER F. NICOLL,

Kingslea,
Honiton, Devon.

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

John King, 117, Blendon Row, Walworth, London; A. Goodwin, Forest, Melksham, Wilts; Herbert McPherson, 1, North St., Winton, Blaydon-on-Tyne; Leslie Chivers, 12, Black Horse Rd., Kingswood, Bristol; Alfred W. Rolph, 53, Windsor Rd., Watford, Herts.

CORRECT SOLUTION:

Dear Readers.—In spite of some pessimists like Skinner, the Greyfriars Herald is going great guns—booming, in fact! A Newcastle reader complains he has a difficult enough job to get the Magnet, Gem, and Penny Popular, but his newagent never appears to have the Herald left at all by Thursday.

Moral: Order in advance.

HARRY.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

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

Brag, Bluster and Bounce From Bully Bolsover.

To the Editor of "The Greyfriars Herald."

Sir,—The special representative who contributes the Police-court News to your paper has repeatedly described me as a "hulking lout."

One would imagine, from this description, that I was a clumsy, cumbersome sort of individual, whereas in reality I am most graceful and fairy-like in my movements.

Your special representative probably forgets that I am the possessor of a four-point-seven punch. Let me warn him that next time he libels me in his reports I will knockfully propel him into the esteemed middle portion of next weekfulness, as Inky would say.—Yours grimly,

PERCY BOLSOVER.

(We have handed this amiable letter to our special representative, who persists in his assertion that friend Percy is a hulking lout. He also adds a rider to the effect that he will be pleased to meet Bolsover in the gym, at any time, and smash him to a pulp. A couple of fags will be deputed to sweep up the pieces!—Ed.)

Bessie Bunter's Bitter Outburst.

To the Edditer of "The Greyfriars Herald."

Sir,—I begg to komplane of the klumsy anticks of wun of yore skool-fellows—Bob Cherry, to witt.

At the last fancy-dress Bawl at Cliff House, he rekwested me to danse with him, and I replide that as a speshul faver I should be pleased to let him tripp it on the lite fantastick toe with me.

Befour we had taken a cuple of terns round the room, my klumsy partner trodd hevvely on my pett corn. I cride out with pane, and a minnit later I was agane in the wars.

Bob Cherry dances like a nellyfant, and he is about as gracefull as a rinoserrus.

I konsider that it is high time the Greyfriars boys lernt how to danse with a yung lady without kripping her for life by tredding on her feat.—Yores indiggantly, BESSIE BUNTER.

(I have consulted Bob Cherry on this matter, and he assures me that the boot is on the other foot. It was Miss Bunter who danced like a "nellyfant," and it was Bob's pet corn that was trodden on. Next time there is a fancy-dress "Bawl" at Cliff House we mean to steer clear of Miss Bunter. Most of us would prefer to waltz with a steam-roller!—Ed.)

LAMPS THAT TALK

An Interesting Article About Our Railways

By GEORGE HOWE

O O O O
OO O O O GO O

I SAY, young fellow-me-lad, what are you doing here? Do you know you are trespassing?"

"I was watching the trains, and I didn't think anyone would object. This is so far away from the rails that I am sure there is no danger; and as I don't sit on the slope there is no risk of my rolling down on to the lines. You look a good sort, and I do wish you would let me stay. I'll keep out of sight. You see, I'm studying the lamps on the engines, and trying to find out what they mean. I can stay, can't-I?"

"I don't mind, myself; but the Company is very sharp on trespassers when they catch 'em. As there's nobody about just now, we'll say no more about it."

"Thank you very much. You're a signalman, aren't you? It must be awfully jolly to be a signalman."

"It's not bad. But look here! You want to know about the lamps on the engines—what we call the 'Head Codes.' I've just come off duty, and can spare a few minutes, so if we sit down in this hollow, I'll tell you about them."

"First of all every engine carries these lamps, both day and night. You can see them quite easily during the day, and they are lighted at night or when the engine has to go through a tunnel. There used to be three, but during the war the threes have been knocked off, and now there are four one's and five two's in the Code. They are arranged in different ways, so that we can tell by looking at them what kind of train it is. Some trains are more urgent than others, and have to be got through to their destination as quickly as possible. The others are not so important, and can be shunted to make a clear road for the fast and urgent traffic. The Head Code shows us which class of train we have to deal with. It is the train's label."

"Doesn't it take a long time to learn? And don't you sometimes forget?"

"Forget! Do you forget your multiplication table? Not if you've really learned it; and I'm going to tell you about that Head Code in a way that you won't forget it. We sha'n't have to be long, because my dinner will be ready in half an hour."

O O "Now imagine you are the engine, with a lamp on your forehead and one in each hand. Of course, you wouldn't have lamps on your feet. When you go at top speed, say the last few yards of the quarter-mile, you throw your head back so that people in front see two clenched hands and

your neck and chin, but very little of your forehead. That is an express passenger train. The lamps are right and left, but none on the chimney stack. You may say it has lost its head!

O "If you were in an ordinary passenger train, stopping at each station, speed would not matter so much. The heads you carried would be the chief thing. One of them might be the general manager! So you imagine yourself going along with your head up and your hands behind your back; quite important, but no hurry about you. That is the ordinary passenger train. One lamp on the chimney stack only."

"A lamp on the chimney stack may be taken to mean there are heads behind the engine."

"Of course, there are heads; the driver, fireman and guard have heads!"

"No, I don't mean that, I mean heads as cargo. They need not be human heads. Cattle have heads, and fishes have heads, haven't they? Very well, then, express cattle and fish trains carry a light on the chimney stack."

O O "An express cattle train needs to get to its destination as quickly as possible, so it carries the label of a 'class A' train, with its two central lamps, one above the other. The engine is

very proud of this, as it gives it precedence of 'class B' and the common goods train, so it holds up its head, rubs its hands together, and glides along as if it were saying, 'We are bound to get along, we have so many legs; and having so many heads, we are most important.'

O "A fish train also carries its head up and shows the forehead light. If it also carries passengers it holds out its right hand as if to shake hands, as a man would do, so you see the lamp on its right. But if it carries goods and no passengers, the lamp is in its left hand instead of its right. You do not shake hands with the left hand, so there is no difficulty in remembering which is the fish train with passengers and which with goods."

O "There is one train, though, which carries its lamps in the same position as the fish and passenger train, and that is a train of empty carriages. It did not always do this. In 1914 it showed one on its forehead and one in each hand, as if it had nothing to do, so could afford to saunter along with out any exertion; but during the war somebody took the lamp from its left hand, possibly to save oil, and now it goes along with its head up, its right hand swinging, and its left in its pocket!"

O "A light engine shows one lamp where its hands would meet, but no other. It is the railway Mr. Stiggins with its hands clasped, and its eyes so raised to heaven in thankfulness that it has no load to pull that its forehead lamp cannot be seen."

O "The goods and mineral trains are massive fellows, bending to their work with such a will that their forehead lamps can't be seen; but the way they carry their one lamp is very expressive. A 'through' goods, which stops at the principal stations only, carries its load in its right hand, so all its attention is concentrated on its strong right arm. This is shown by a single lamp on its right."

O The goods train that stops at the stations on the road is a leisurely fellow, but he has the goods ready to drop on the platforms as he arrives. As goods platforms are on his left, he carries his load in his left hand, so his one lamp is at his left side."

"I must go to dinner now. Good-bye! Another day, I'll tell you about the Block Signalling Code, if you will wait for me on the other side of the fence."

THE END.

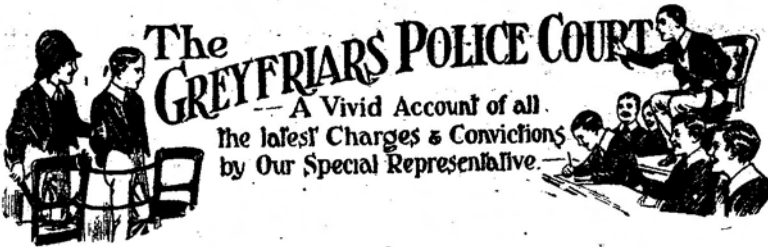


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The GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

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

Mr. Justice Wharton arrived at the police-court this week in a bath-chair, having been injured in a recent footer match with Highcliffe.

The prisoners fervently hoped that his worship would not be fit enough to conduct the proceedings, but their hopes were not realised.

A BARBER-OUS AFFAIR!

Fisher T. Fish Gives Many Customers a Closè Shave!

Fisher Tarleton Fish, of New York, was hustled into the dock, roundly abusing the magistrate. As he spoke in the choicest American language, however, his worship failed to understand what he said.

Mr. Robert Cherry, K. C., for the prosecution, said that prisoner had broken out again.

Magistrate: Don't refer to him as if he were an epidemic, or a rash!

Mr. Cherry: He's certainly rash, your worship! (Laughter.)

Magistrate: In what way has he broken out, as you call it?

Mr. Cherry: Two days ago, your worship, he had the barefaced cheek to convert No. 9 Study into a barber's shop. He displayed the following notice on the door of the study:

"Walk up! Walk up! Walk up! Don't Go About Like A Long-Haired Poet! Come And Be Cropped!"

"Fisher T. Fish will shear your flowing locks at a tanner a time! He will also trim your moustache (if any) and give you a dry or wet shampoo, according to taste. Don't fag all the way over to Courtfield to get your hair cut! Step inside, and Fisher T. Fish will take your wool off!"

Magistrate: A notice like that is enough to make any fellow get his wool off! (Laughter.)

Mr. Cherry: Certain misguided persons were idiotic enough to give

prisoner their patronage. I did so myself. (Loud laughter.)

Magistrate: And what happened?

Mr. Cherry: I suspected a growth of hair on my upper lip, and I requested prisoner to shave it off. He did so with a blunt penknife! (Laughter.)

Magistrate: Did he cut you?

Mr. Cherry: You don't suppose I'm wearing all this strapping-plaster on my lip for a joke, do you? Of course, he cut me. About half-way through the proceedings, I rose to take my departure. "Don't go yet," said prisoner. "Just wait a jiffy, and I'll finish you off." But as I didn't want to be finished off I scooted! (Laughter.)

Magistrate: Were you the only victim of prisoner's violence?

Mr. Cherry: No jolly fear! Dozens of unhappy wretches had their faces mutilated. The demand for healing ointment was so great that the matron ran out of stock. It was awful!

Prisoner (excitedly): I guess—

Magistrate: This is neither the time nor place for guesswork! Do you plead guilty, or not guilty?

Prisoner: Waal, I guess my customers only received a few scratches—

Mr. Cherry: A few scratches! Why, you made my face smart!

Prisoner: Of course! It was my duty as a barber, to make your face smart. (Laughter.)

Mr. Cherry: Prisoner is incorrigible, your worship!

Magistrate: Well, that's a jolly good word. I don't know what it means, but I quite agree with you. (Laughter.)

Prisoner, conducting his own defence, said he guessed and calculated that he had rendered a valuable service to the community by converting No. 9 Study into a hairdressing estab-

lishment. "My prices were low, your worship—"

Mr. Cherry: And the number of casualties was jolly high! (Laughter.)

Prisoner: I guess I trimmed Mr. Cherry's moustache a treat! Would you like me to do the same to your beard, your worship?

Magistrate (sharply): No, I wouldn't!

Prisoner (eagerly): I'll do it now, while you're resting in your bath-chair—

Magistrate: You appear to me to be a dangerous lunatic! Have you inquired, Dr. Todd, into prisoner's mental condition?

Dr. Todd: Yes, your worship. I tapped him on the nose, and found him to be hopelessly insane! (Laughter.)

The jury brought in a verdict of Guilty during temporary insanity.

Magistrate: You've got it all wrong. Prisoner is permanently insane!

His worship, giving judgment, said that prisoner would be remanded until the Colney Hatch authorities were communicated with.

REPORTS IN BRIEF!

A diminutive-looking youth named Percival Spencer Paget appealed to the magistrate that he could no longer continue to live on amicable terms with his hag-master, Gerald Loder.

Magistrate: This appears to be a case for the intervention of the court missionary. See if you can smooth matters over, Mr. Missionary.

The court missionary said he would do his best.

Magistrate: In other words, nothing will be done! (Laughter.)

William George Bunter was charged with picking up a bag of bull's-eyes in the Close, and failing to advertise for the owner of them.

Magistrate: Are the sweetmeats in court?

Mr. Cherry: Yes, your worship.

Magistrate: Then I should like to have a look at them.

As soon as the bull's-eyes were handed over, his worship instructed his bath-chair attendant to wheel him out of the court with all speed.

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

Still Waiting.

He had waited thirty minutes for his chop, another ten for his fried potatoes, and then twenty minutes for his cheese. More in sorrow than in anger, he touched the waiter on the arm.

"Do you think," he asked, "that you could manage to bring me some coffee?"

"Yes, sir, in a minute, sir."

"And," continued the patient one blandly, "just drop me a postcard now and then while you are away!"—Sent in by C. C. Beedham, 349, Wellington Street, Grimsby.

- JUST SO!



BILLY: "There's a fellow in our Form got three tongues."

JIMMY: "Oh, go on; don't tell 'em!"

BILLY: "Fact—one in his mouth, and one in each shoe!"

His Idea.

The schoolmaster was giving his class a little serious talk about the loafer and his fate.

"Now, who," he asked, "is the miserable, worthless, wretched individual who gets food, clothing and shelter and gives nothing in return?"

For a few moments there was a breathless silence which was broken by the chirp of the small boy at the foot of the class.

"Please, sir, our baby!"—Sent in by F. Snowball, 73, York Street, Jar-row-on-Tyne, Durham.

From Information!

The burly individual entered the open door of a house in the suburbs and addressed himself to little Cuthbert, who appeared to be the only person at home.

"Now, see 'ere," he said, "if you don't tell me where yer father keeps 'is money I'll knock yer 'ead off—see?"

"P-please don't!" cried Cuthbert.

"You'll find all the money we've got in the house in an old coat in the kitchen."

Two minutes later a bruised and battered wreck hurtled through the front door of the house, and sat up in the gutter and blinked.

"That kid was too smart, by far!" murmured the wreck sadly. "E never said a word about 'is old man being inside that coat!"—Sent in by A. Wright, 125, Farnham Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.

Lucid!

Wharton: Have you seen Johnny Bull this afternoon, Micky?

Desmond: Yes, begorra, Oi saw him in the village half an hour ago, and he thought he saw me, but when we got up to one another, bedad, it was neither of us!—Sent in by B. Hodgkinson, 263, Onslow Drive, Dennistoun, Glasgow.

The Eye-dea!

"I wonder," murmured the City man to his friend, "why Jones always buys two copies of the same morning newspaper each day?"

"Oh, the explanation's simple," was the reply. "He's so cross-eyed that he has to hold a paper in each hand to read the print!"—Sent in by Miss Edith Goldsborough, 23, Annfield Place, Annfield Plain, Co. Durham.

Well Off Now!

Pa: Remember, children, that when I was a boy I often went to bed hungry, and seldom had a square meal.

Little Tommy: Well, it just shows how much better off you've been since you've known us!—Sent in by L. P. Venner, 39, High Street, Dover, Kent.

THE PROBLEM!



YOUNG JIMMY (left to mind the house): Well, I've let the canary loose, put the cat in his cage, tore the curtains down, broke the windows, bashed the piano, emptied the goldfish into the piano-stool and pulled the stuffing out of the sofa—now what else shall I do?

A Fowl Deal!

Juggins: Do you find poultry-keeping pays, old man?

Muggins: Well—er—no, I can't say I do; but it pays my boy Jim.

Juggins: How's that?

Muggins: Well, you see, I bought him the fowls for a present. I have to pay for their keep and buy all the eggs from him, and he eats 'em!—Sent in by C. Dixon, 7, Paulet Road, Camberwell, S.E.5.

THOSE HOSE!



DICK: "Hallo, Frank! Why, you've got odd socks on!"

FRANK: "Goodness, so I have! I wonder which is the odd one?"

Fairly Stag-gered Him!

'Shortsighted Sportsman: Keeper, count your beaters! Are they all here?

Keeper: Yes, sir!

Sportsman: Then you'll find a dead stag under that tree!—Sent in by J. Robinson, 84, Field Street, Bloxwich, Staffs.

An Aught-to-Mobile!

The unhappy motorist was the owner of a Rolls-Ford car which was always breaking down and stranding him in out-of-the-way parts of the country. At last he went to the offices of the motor company and asked to see the manager.

"Excuse me," he said, "but is it right that you once turned out a motor-car in less than twelve minutes?"

"We did," replied the manager proudly.

"Well, then," spluttered the unfortunate motorist, "I've got it!"—Sent in by H. A. Mister, 21, Trafalgar Road, Dalston, E.8.

That Finished It!

They were telling dog stories, and had already reached a high flight of imagination, when Brown chimed in.

"I can beat all those stories," said he. "None of you ever had a dog as intelligent as my terrier, Fido. One day I had forgotten to give him his dinner, and in despair the clever little beast went out into the garden, picked a flower, and laid it at my feet. It was a forget-me-not!"

No more dog stories were told that night!—Sent in by D. Tyerman, Limes Road, Linthorpe, Middlesborough.



RODDY STEEL.

TIGG'S waxen face was close to the window. For an instant Roddy's heart throbbed with joy. But the next moment it sank again. For Tigg suddenly vanished!

The lad could hear the scoundrels mounting the stairs, their heavy footfalls echoing. They were coming to carry out their evil work. He could not stir, all feeling had gone, his throat and tongue were parched. Then a loud knocking came below.

He heard the scoundrels stop. They stood silent, and the knocking was repeated. The light in the room suddenly became obscured. Turning his head quickly, he saw that Tigg was at the window again, sitting on the sill and working with a knife to force back the catch.

Could Tigg get to him in time? His heart was now thumping wildly; then he saw the catch slid back and the window raised. As Tigg dropped into the room, the lock in the door was turned. But at that moment a rending noise below made the scoundrels pause before dashing downstairs.

Tigg whipped out a large knife from his pocket and cut at the rope. The din below grew greater; Roddy heard the thud of fists, stumbling and clattering, hoarse maledictions, and yells of pain and fury.

"Tigg?" he queried.

Tigg did not answer. He was working in desperate haste. At last the rope was severed, and he began to pull the lad away from the wall. And on the stairs the fighting continued, coming ever nearer. Men bumped against the door as they fought on the landing, but at last, as Roddy struggled to his feet, the din ceased abruptly. And the door was flung open and Gordon Pyke walked in!

The great detective was pale after his tremendous exertion, his collar was broken and wrenched to either side, and his coat torn. His breathing came in gasps, but for all that he was cool and self-possessed.

"I've knocked 'em out, Tigg," he said. "They put up a tougher fight than I had expected. Help Steel

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 lies 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 a daring criminal, Tarboy Strang. Pyke affirms it was not Paul Steel who was killed, but proof is not forthcoming as the body mysteriously disappears. Roddy endeavours to discover who was the slain man, but, by a trick, he is captured by Strang. He is informed he is to die in an hour's time. As he is sitting bound waiting for the dread hour, he hears a tapping at the window. Tiny Tigg, a dwarf in the employ of Gordon Pyke, is peering in.

along. We must get out of this at once."

He turned and led the way from the room. Roddy, cramped and numbed, managed, however, to follow without assistance.

"I'm all right," he muttered.

He was still dazed by all that had happened. Tigg released his arm, but kept close to him in case he should stumble.

Out on the landing Pyke was searching in the scoundrels' pockets. One lay unconscious still, but the other had begun to stir. Pyke's search was soon over, and the trio hurried down the stairs. They walked quickly up the lane in single file and entered the main street. Pyke pressed on, and presently Roddy saw him turning into a garage. His motor was there.

"Start the engine, Tigg, and let us get off," he said. "Climb in, Steel. I don't want anyone to know I've been here."

Roddy sank on to the cushions. He was feeling very depressed. Pyke's manner was somewhat abrupt, and the lad felt that he was annoyed. But hardly had the car began to move before Pyke tapped him on the shoulder and chuckled heartily.

"Capital, Steel, capital!" he said. "You did splendidly. You've helped me no end."

"I've helped you!" Roddy replied in amazement.

"Rather! You couldn't have done better. I've got a clue through your work to-day that I didn't dare to hope for."

"Great Scott!" Roddy gasped.

But Pyke only chuckled the more heartily.

"I saw all that happened," he explained. "I didn't dare risk going to the court myself for fear Strang's



GORDON PYKE.

gang might recognise me and take alarm, and that was the reason I sent you. But I followed on, feeling certain that there would be some unexpected development. For when I discovered last night that it was not your uncle who had been done to death, I guessed that the victim must be a member of the gang who had turned traitor."

"Yes."

"And so"—Pyke spread out his hands—"the inference is fairly obvious, isn't it? They feared that through the identity of the dead man I might be able to track down the gang, so they decided to get him away."

"And did they succeed?"

"No. They tried to hold up the hearse on its way to the mortuary, but they failed. A gang of Strang's followers were gathered together for the purpose, but after a big struggle, the driver managed to get through them. And it was then that I got the clue, for I recognised Caleb Patch."

"I haven't heard about him," Roddy exclaimed.

"Ah! He's a notorious ruffian. For several years he's been off and on in the hands of the police for one crime or another, but lately nothing has been known of him. He's much changed since last I saw him, but he has a face one can never forget. He's dressed well now and looks very prosperous, and without doubt he's in Strang's pay. He was egging on the others to-day."

"And through him—" Roddy suggested, quick to observe the trend of thought in Pyke's mind.

"Quite so! You're very sharp. Through him I hope to get on to Strang. Patch did not see me, and I did not interfere on purpose. If I arrested him he would probably keep silent, but by following him up I'll learn a lot."

"But how did I help you then?" Roddy queried.

"By leaving the court and hurrying to the mortuary. I arrived just as the coroner was entering the build-

ing and stood where I would not be observed. I saw you rush out, and, guessing that something surprising must have happened, I hurried after you. I saw you running down the street past the mortuary and told Tigg to follow and keep you in sight. Tigg followed in the car all the time and saw you turn into the lane. He jumped out and marked down the lane into which you were dragged, and then returned to me. Meantime I had been making investigations, with the result that I dropped on Patch. Yes, it's thanks to your sharpness and your work that I've made this discovery."

"And then you rescued me."
"That really wasn't so very difficult. Tigg can climb like a cat; he hadn't much difficulty in getting to the window. When he told me you were still in the house I decided on the measures we would take." He laughed. "I'm pretty handy with my fists," he chuckled, "and most of these roughs haven't any science. Still, it wasn't a bad scrap."

As he concluded the car stopped. They had come a long way and were in the neighbourhood of Tooting. Pyke opened the door.

"Come along, Steel," he said. "There's a quiet restaurant here where we'll have a snack, and then we'll get to work again."

They entered the restaurant and took a hurried luncheon. Then Pyke crossed the road and entered a small, dingy-looking shop. The proprietor hurried from a back room to greet him. Evidently they were well acquainted, for at a sign from the great detective, the man turned and led them up a flight of stairs. In the upper room clothes of all sorts were hanging on pegs and littering tables.

"You want to choose a suit, sir?" the man inquired with a smile full of meaning.

"I'll need two this time, Drage, one for myself, and one for my young friend," Pyke explained. "Steel, we'll have to go disguised for a bit this evening. Yes, Drage, I'll take the one that I wore a week ago. And the same sort will suit my young friend. And fetch the box of pigments. Now, Steel, we'll have to disguise ourselves."

Before long they had effected a change into rough clothes, and Pyke got busy with the pigments. When he had finished his face looked quite altered. With a few dexterous touches of the brush he added some years to Roddy's age. No old acquaintance could have recognised the lad.

"That'll do," Pyke said. "We're going now to search for Patch. I know his old haunts, and they're not far from here."

For several hours they tramped around Balham and Clapham, and darkness had fallen before they had got on the scoundrel's track. A bar-attendant had seen him recently.

"He doesn't come here often now, not since he came into his money," he said in reply to Pyke's question. "This house ain't flash enough for him, I reckon. But he's often at the Bull and Bait. The company there is more to his fancy."

"He's struck lucky?" Pyke asked, acting up to his disguise.

The other laughed and winked.

"He don't have much truck with his old mates, if you're hoping to tap him," he grinned. "He gives 'em the go-by, 'cept a few as he finds useful. Oh, yes, he's got the coin right enough, but he don't splash much of it. That never was his way, for that matter, was it?"

Pyke nodded, and they left. Walking up the street, he opened a door and looked cautiously into the tap-room of the Bull and Bait. The place was rather crowded, but he recognised Patch at once, sitting on the divan with a couple of friends.

"He's inside," he whispered to Roddy. "We'll wait till closing-time and then track him to his home."

Keeping the house under inspection, they sauntered up and down. Closing-time came and the bars began to



Could Tigg get to him in time? Roddy's heart was thumping wildly!

clear. Patch was one of the last to leave with his companions, and the trio almost hustled Pyke and Roddy off the kerb as they passed, talking loudly.

Patch was a small thick-set man, with a very florid, brutal face, as Roddy noticed; he was dressed in good clothes, and diamond rings flashed on his thick fingers.

The trio left the busy streets and entered a residential neighbourhood. After taking a few turnings they turned into a quiet road of good houses, each in its own grounds, and half-way down they passed through a gateway. Patch opened the hall door, and a few minutes later a light sprang up in the dining-room. Then Pyke and Roddy could see the three scoundrels quite distinctly, until one crossed to the window and pulled down the blind.

"Now for it," Pyke said. "At all hazards we must find out what that house contains. It's being run by Strang, and may hold the key to all we want to know."

The Science of Strang.

THE great detective spoke with tense eagerness, and Roddy could see he believed that the moment for which he had waited had come at last. But, instead of advancing towards the house, he clutched the lad's arm and drew him swiftly across the road. From there they watched the figures silhouetted on the blinds.

"Ah! They keep moving," Pyke said. "We'll know before long whether they mean to stay there or leave. It's useless trying to effect an entrance whilst they're on the premises; if they intend to stop the night we must wait until to-morrow, unless—"

He paused in thought. "If it comes to a scrap—" Roddy began, but Pyke laughed.

"I dare say we'd knock 'em out," he commented; "for except Patch himself there wouldn't be much up against us. The other two are a weedy pair. But I'm not taking any risks. If we had to clear off I wouldn't find out anything about the house. No. An idea has just occurred to me. Come along to that lamp-post yonder."

Standing by the lamp-post he took out the papers he had found in the scoundrels' pockets that morning, and examined them. He selected one, and tearing a sheet out of his pocket-book and using his fountain pen he began to copy the writing. He spent half an hour on the composition of a letter whilst Roddy kept an eye on the house, and, satisfied at last, Pyke folded the paper.

"That ought to draw him," he said. "I've signed it in the name of a scoundrel who wrote to one of your captors. The writing is sufficiently like his, and I've asked them in his name to hurry to that lane to meet Strang. It's a try on, and I fancy they won't hesitate. You take it across and knock at the door. In your disguise they won't recognise you. Just hand it in and hurry down the road after me."

Roddy crossed to the house. He pulled a bell-handle and a loud clang rang forth in the area. At once the light in the room was switched off and a corner of the blind was raised. He heard the stirring of feet and then a heavy, determined step along the hall. The door was wrenched open violently.

The lad thrust the paper forward. He was drawing his breath sharply as if after running fast, and he spoke in a wheezy whisper.

"That's for Mr. Patch," he said, and he turned to go.

The man followed him out on to the step.

"Hi, there! Not so fast!" he growled. "Wot's the meanin' of it?" "You're to give it to him, that's all," Roddy grunted. "He'll know, I guess. T'aint any of my business. I've been paid to come along, and that's all there's to it."

He shambled down the path, listening to hear if the door was closed, and he was out in the road before the man retired. Pyke was standing inside another gateway, and he whistled softly as the lad approached.

"Someone took the letter, but it wasn't Patch," Roddy explained.

"They've got it, and that's everything," Pyke replied. "Now we'll see if the scheme comes off. And if they leave I want you to follow them. When they find they've been hoaxed, they'll probably hunt round to warn Strang. Here's some money, my lad. They would get away from you if your pockets were empty."

He took a handful of silver and thrust the coins into Roddy's hand.

"When I've made my investigations I'll get back to Tooting," he continued. "Tigg is kicking his heels there waiting for us. But though I'm making all these arrangements, it's quite possible that—No! We've drawn the badger! Here they come!"

They peeped out cautiously. The three scoundrels were walking down the road, talking eagerly. They passed within two yards of the watchers, who saw their faces plainly under the lamp-post. At a sign from Pyke, Roddy slipped out and followed them. Then the great detective approached the house.

His nerves were tingling with excitement. For months he had been baffled by Strang. That clever villain had been impossible to trace. He came and went like a shadow, and it was Pyke's firm belief that he never stopped for two nights in the same locality. But it was essential for his plans that he should have some place where he could keep all he needed for his evil work, and Pyke felt certain that at last he had found that lair.

Having carefully examined the front of the house, he went to the side gate. Climbing the gate, he skirted the side of the house and came round by the back. All the windows here were in darkness also.

He raised one very gently and listened. He could only hear the regular dripping of water into the scullery sink. A great hush pervaded the house. Climbing in, he closed the window and crept along the passage, opening every door to either side. All these rooms were empty.

In the hall he paused again. No sound came to him. The sitting-room was roughly furnished, just a deal table and some wooden chairs. The drawing-room was unfurnished. He mounted the carpetless stairs, pausing and listening each time one of them creaked, and he turned the handle of the back room on the first storey. The door was locked.

The moment had come when he could hide his presence no longer, for he must force an entrance. If anyone was on the premises he would know now. Putting his shoulder to the door he burst it open, the loud thud echoing all through the building. Then he swung round ready for any attack.

But stillness followed, complete stillness. He was alone, absolutely alone. He would have time to make a thorough search, and with pulse beating faster he stepped into the room and touched the button of his pocket electric lamp. And then he stepped back.

For it seemed for a moment in that

feeble light as if the room was crowded; faces were staring at him on all sides. But nothing stirred. He held the lamp over his head and gazed fixedly at the opposite wall. Then with quick steps he crossed the floor. Rows of masks were on the walls. Clothes of all sorts were hanging from pegs. The masks were beautifully made; they represented faces of every age, and of many types. This, then, was how Strang had managed to elude capture. By constant change of masks he had baffled all pursuit.

A dry smile came to Pyke's face as he inspected them. The workmanship appealed to his artistic perception. Some artist had fashioned them with minute care; never had he seen such perfect specimens. They had not been made in England; they had a distinctive Austrian finish. This, then, was another clue.

He examined the clothes. They also had a Continental cut, and some were very carefully padded, and some had huge pockets in the lining, and some



Faces were staring at him on all sides.
But nothing stirred!

were made so that, by turning them inside out, the wearer could have quite a different suit in appearance. There was nothing else in the room. Having memorised the masks as if they were human faces, so that he would recognise them anywhere, he continued his search.

The front room was empty, so were the three on the next storey. On this landing a narrow staircase led to the attic. He mounted the stairs and found some difficulty in pushing the door open, for it was very heavy; but his wonder on this account vanished on the instant he passed the threshold. For a large safe was in a corner. This was the store-room; here in this safe were all the valuables Strang had stolen from time to time! Yes, and probably the papers also that linked the gang together! What a haul!

His eyes shone. Probably he would not be able to search the safe on this occasion; he had only his skeleton keys, and it was not likely they would help him. He would have to return, but next time he would succeed. He looked around the attic. It was lit

by one small window, very high up, so high that he could not reach it. No means of entrance that way, he decided; not even Tigg could creep through the orifice. He would have to effect an entrance below, as he had just done.

Well, he would try the keys, just because he never let any chance slip, no matter how slight. He knelt down before the safe, grasped the knob, and, to his amazement, it turned in his hand. And at the same moment the door closed with a soft click!

He turned his head in startled surprise. The door had closed without a breath of wind to stir it! Had anyone crept up after him? He half thought of ascertaining, but his interest in the safe was so great that he could not resist beginning his search. He pulled at the handle, and the safe lay open before him, with piles of notes and gold and silver, and a mass of papers.

Eagerly he stretched out his hand and grasped the nearest bundle. As he drew it forth he heard the clink of glass breaking. He jumped back.

For with that clink a pungent odour had assailed his nostrils. It was strong, sweet-smelling, and sickly. He feared a trick. He stood hesitating.

The odour grew stronger, a slight sickness seized him. Now he knew. Of fell purpose the safe had been left unlocked.

But he was neither going to be ensnared, nor was he going to lose his booty. Bending down, he began to drag everything from the safe, papers, notes, and coin. Only he left the small broken phial lying at the bottom. And when he had pulled everything aside he grasped the knob to close the safe.

It would not close! It remained taut, pull as he would. And the poison, percolating through the attic, was by this time beginning to have serious effects. He felt his brain contracting, his limbs were growing heavy, his sight was failing. He could not risk a longer stay. He must get out into the fresh air.

He stumbled to the door, alarmed at the distress the effort caused him. He wrenched at the door handle. The door also was locked! It had been locked by some clever mechanism when he had opened the safe! He beat upon it, and found that it was made of iron or steel, covered by a thin layer of wood. He could not possibly force a way out.

He was trapped. Death stared him in the face, an agonising death, for by this time his breath was coming in great gasps, with a shooting pain, as if his lungs were being eared. He staggered against the wall, his face ghastly, his eyes protruding.

There was nothing he could do, nothing. Strang had beaten him. Clever a scientist as he was himself, Strang had proved himself cleverer in the cunning way he had manipulated the door and the safe. With a heavy groan he slid to the floor.

But he had not yet quite lost consciousness, and he still doggedly struggled to find a loophole of escape. And before he lost all power

over his limbs a faint hope, a bare possibility, shot into his tortured brain. With desperate energy, considering his weakness, he managed to unlace a boot.

Then, with his last remaining ounce of strength, he hurled the boot at the small window high up in the wall, before, with a quiver of his frame, he fell back and lay still.

Shadowing the Gang!

RODDY had followed the scoundrels down the road and on to the main street without being observed. They stood at a corner until a bus approached, when they stepped from the pavement to hail it, and as they hustled in and climbed to the top, he quickened his pace, overtook it, and went up the steps after them. Patch and one of his confederates were together, and he took a seat behind them.

Patch evidently was in a jovial humour. The letter apparently had not caused him much uneasiness. He was talking fast and chuckling occasionally, and from time to time the lad could catch his words. The third ruffian had found a seat in front.

"It's a gime!" Patch guffawed after a while. "The boss will win hands down. There's no gettin' to the depths of him."

"An' how long will it take before he's pulled off the deal?"

"I can't rightly tell ye that. This 'ere Pyke has thrown him back in a manner o' speakin', but that's all. If the 'tec hadn't put his spoke in, the flare up would have come by now. The parties as is workin' on the Continent is all ready, but the boss has been held back. It'll be a matter o' a week or so, I reckon. That there Pyke must be wiped out first, for the interferin' cur he is. He's asked for it, and he must get it."

"He's no juggins," the other remarked, pondering.

"He's clever, I'll allow, but he ain't a match for the boss. Why, if he only knew—" He croaked in his evil glee.

"Wot's up again him, then?" Patch doubled up with laughter.

"Wot ain't up again 'im?" he exploded. "Wherever he turns he'll come up again danger. If ever he closes with the boss, no matter where he meets him, he'll get an eye-opener. Wherever he tracks out anything he's pretty certain to come waitop. It's all laid out. Why did we come along straight off when we got that letter from Slick Alf just now, eh? Answer me that? Wasn't we told only a week ago to keep an eye on the house? And I says to-night, I says, 'come on, chaps, don't you worry; the house can take care of itself.' Ha, ha, ha! Didn't I know what I was a-doin'?"

'Tisn't likely, is it, I'd walk out if it wasn't for— Ho, ho, ho! 'Tis fit to split your sides laughin', the cuteness o' the boss!"

He took out his handkerchief and mopped his purple face, too overwhelmed to continue. His confederate kept grinning, but Roddy started. A dread fear had seized him. Pyke without doubt had entered the house. Was Patch boasting, or had he spoken the truth? The lad thought for a moment of jumping off the bus and hurrying back. But no! He had been given his instructions. It was his business to carry them out.

The bus stopped near Tooting, and Patch nudged his confederate to alight. The three scoundrels stumbled down the steps and jumped off. Roddy did not stir until the bus had started again and their backs were to him; then he hurried down and followed them.

They were walking quickly, Patch



Then, with his last remaining ounce of strength, he hurled the boot at the small window.

lurching along in the middle and evidently talking. They kept looking about occasionally, and the lad began to fear they were seeking a taxi, in which case they might escape. The streets were thinning, few were about, and he had to keep some way behind to avoid attracting their attention.

A taxi approached, and Patch hailed it. Fortunately it was engaged, so the scoundrels had to push on. But at the Broadway they stopped and waited. He could see that Patch was growing restive at the delay; the villain looked at his watch, went up a side street and returned in

a few minutes shaking his head, and at his suggestion they all crossed the road and pushed on in the darkness.

Roddy, quickening his steps, unexpectedly overtook them returning. In his disguise they did not observe him closely, and he heard Patch speaking with an ever-increasing wrath.

"We must do something to get along, and I don't care what it is," he wailed. "If it wasn't for you, Bert, we wouldn't be held up like this. You said we'd get across quicker this way."

"An' so I thought," one of the others protested humbly. "I never knew the likes of this in the Broadway yet, never! Dunno what's come over the place. It was only last week—"

"Stow it!" Patch snapped, and the voices trailed away.

Roddy turned and followed them again. Though afraid they might succeed in their quest for a taxi, yet he could not help chuckling at their discomfiture. They crossed the Broadway and struck out along another road.

Fearing now that they might notice he was following them as they had passed him once already, he was content to let them keep well ahead, knowing that he could easily recognise their three figures taking up the pavement. They turned a corner and he walked faster.

And as he also turned the corner he saw to his astonishment that they had broken into a run! At once he guessed the cause. A motor was standing outside a garage, its powerful headlights facing him and brilliantly illuminating the road. They meant to take it and drive away. In that case they would escape, unless

He ran with desperate speed.

He might get to them in time. Whilst busy starting the engine they might not see him. He could cling on to the back. That anyway was his last chance.

And as he drew nearer he shouted in horror.

For a very small figure had stepped out of the garage and he recognised it on the instant. The motor was Pyke's, and the chauffeur was Tigg!

And as Tigg appeared, one of the scoundrels, rushing forward, caught him and raised him high above his head. He saw the small struggling arms and legs.

"Help! Help!" Tigg cried.

And with a ringing yell Roddy dashed in amongst the scoundrels.

Another long, thrilling instalment of this magnificent new detective serial will appear in next Tuesday's issue of "The Greyfriars Herald."

Read "THE STAR OF THE FILMS," the great new cinema serial which starts next Monday in

THE BOYS' FRIEND

PRICE 1d.



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 mocassins they were wearing did them well for this purpose, though their deerskin dresses and footgear were nearly worn out by the time they neared the foot of the beetling crag where Uncle Baldy, and Teekoopee, and their horses were waiting for them.

It was the hoot of an owl from Buck Dixie that warned Uncle Baldy that they were coming.

And it was noticeable that the call was that of the right sort of owl for the country, which was the saw-whet owl, which Americans call the screech owl, and which the British naturalists know as the *nictala acadica* or Acadian owl.

Buck Dixie, who knew natural history as well as he knew Redskins, and who was as observant of the ways of birds and animals as of those of the Red Indians, never made the mistake of giving the wrong call in the wrong place.

For the Redskin, too, is a naturalist in his way, and if he hears a strange bird calling in some spot where it has no business to be by the laws of nature, he is quick to suspect the presence of some inexperienced enemy.

Uncle Baldy was mystified.

He recognised the call, but he had no idea of where his friends were coming from in that dark, mysterious amphitheatre where the great crags blotted out the stars in a huge circle of darkness.

He jumped violently when Buffalo Bill's foot kicked him lightly under the ear.

"Goodness me!" exclaimed Uncle Baldy. "I knowed you was comin', but I didn't look for you comin' tumbling out o' de skies."

And one by one the party silently climbed down off the face of the cliff.

Uncle Baldy was lost in admiration. He led the horses out of their corral, and the party stuffed the documents and secrets they had taken from the Navajo Golden Treasure chest into their saddle-bags.

But they were one horse short.

"That doesn't matter!" said Buffalo Bill. "Buckskin is up to the weight of two men, and I will find a horse by and by. But the first thing that we've got to do is to get out of this trap in the hills. We don't want

to get nailed in the narrow passes by a returning marauding party of these Navajoes.

The horses were led out from their little corral. But before they mounted, they made certain of stopping this back door to the Navajo stronghold.

It did not take them long to pile a couple of tons of broken rocks on to to the top of the stone trap which gave entrance to the secret passage to the valley of the Navajoes.

There were plenty of loose rocks around, and this extra weight was enough to prevent anyone from lifting the trap from the interior.

So this made them safe from any pursuit by a party mounted on the ponies that were hidden in the cave stables far behind this entrance.

Then Jake Bellew, their unmounted man, swung himself up behind the scout, and Buckskin stepped out proudly under his double load.

Soon they were threading the narrow passages of the defiles, Buckskin leading the column and picking his way daintily down the narrow paths.

Buffalo Bill began to breathe more freely. They were getting towards the opening of the hills into the val-

leys, though they were not yet out of danger.

For he knew that the Navajoes had many hunting and marauding parties out on the prairie, and any one of these might return at any moment through this secret passage to their lair.

And his suspicions proved correct.

They were yet riding down the last of the narrow defile, when suddenly Prairie Wolf, who was ambling along on Maud the mule, stiffened in his saddle, and listened intently.

"Injun, him come!" said he.

"Then we are in for a fight!" replied Buck Dixie in a low voice.

A Dash For Liberty!

PRAIRIE WOLF'S sharp ears had not deceived him. There were Red Men coming up the trail.

Buffalo Bill reined in his horse to listen to the sounds of their passage which the narrow canyon brought to their ears like a telephone.

They were Redskins right enough. Buffalo Bill could tell this from the queer, irregular step of the Redskin ponies which is quite apart from that of a trained horse.

It was probably a hunting or marauding party of the Navajoes returning to their lair, and, after listening for a moment or two, Buffalo Bill decided on his plan of action.

It was a hunting-party, he decided. Its numbers were fifty or sixty, and they had with them nearly a hundred ponies.

These were heavy laden. He could tell that by their footfall on the rocky path. They had doubtless been visiting the scene of the stampede, and had been cutting up the carcasses.

Each pony, therefore, would be carrying a heavy load of meat tied to his back by rawhide thongs cut from the slaughtered buffalo themselves, and to give chase would be slow business for these.

They would have to cut away the loads of meat, and their ponies were tired as was betrayed by an occasional stumble on the trail.

And Buffalo Bill conjectured that many of the Redskins would be on foot, for they would be carrying as large a load of meat as possible.

War was in the air, and the Redskin

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 Teekoopee. 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 Fleece, 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 Patejuces. Then they make their escape.

is businesslike enough in war to provision up as heavily as possible before the braves go on the warpath. Well they knew that war-parties, of both sides, scouring over the prairies would disturb the buffalo herds which were now migrating, and that there would be very little meat on the plains, save wild turkeys and gophers.

And it is not possible to fight a campaign on wild turkeys and such trash.

Buffalo Bill struck a spark from his flint and tinder. He slung his rifle and drawing a red paped stick of dynamite from his bosom, he carefully fitted a fuse to this formidable weapon.

"Now, boys," he whispered, "close up behind me, and make a dash for it when I give the whoop!"

There was a turn in the high-walled valley where the walls of rock rose steep and narrow and threw the pass into deep shadow. Behind this the little group waited, listening breathlessly for the oncoming Navajoes.

Standing in the shadow, they could peer round this corner and watch the valley which was brightly lit by the moonlight. And it was not long before they saw the head of the feathered column approaching up the trail.

It was plain that the Navajoes had no suspicion of the presence of the little party that was lurking further up the trail.

They came on in straggling bunches, some riding, the others leading their pack-ponies, whose backs were piled high with buffalo meat and skins.

Some were smoking their stone calumets, a thing that a Redskin never does unless he deems that he is secure from his enemies. All were pretty well dead beat from a long ride and heavy work.

There was no doubt as to their intent to bring away all the meat they could from the scene of the stampede, for there were braves staggering under loads of buffalo humps and tongues. And the average Redskin brave will not dream of carrying anything unless he is hard pushed. They leave that to the squaws.

They were an ugly-looking mob as they advanced up the trail in the bright moonlight, for notwithstanding that they were a hunting-party, their faces were barred with the sinister lines of war-paint, and they were all wearing their war-bonnets of feathers.

Buffalo Bill allowed them to come on till the head of the column was within a few yards of the spot where he and his companions were standing ready for their rush in the dark shadows of the cliff.

Then he gave a Navajo war-whoop and dashed forward, closely followed by his little party.

For a moment the tired Redskins were utterly taken aback, as Buffalo Bill and his party dashed through their ranks. They saw their own medicine-men racing down the valley upsetting their halting ponies and shouting to them that they were friends.

Then arose a cry of treachery and, before the flying group, there bunched a mob of chiefs and braves to bar their passage.

But Buffalo Bill was ready for these.

From his chip of glowing tinder he lit the short fuse of his stick of dynamite.

And he rode down direct on the little mob of chiefs and braves who were drawing their arrows and leveling guns.

A few arrows sped, whizzing over the heads of the little racing group as they charged, a spark flickered through the darkness into the midst of the bunch of Redskins.

There followed a flash and a shattering roar as the dynamite exploded, the crash echoing like thunder up the gorge, and bringing down heavy falls of rock and earth.

A yell of fear went up from the Navajoes, as their ponies turned and stampeded in the wake of the little bunch of flying horsemen.

These were travelling so fast that they soon left the ponies behind save one unloaded mount which, better than the rest, ran with them, closing close up alongside Buckskin as he raced along.

ness was to bring the news of the projected Indian rising to the fort with all possible speed. But, if they rode their mounts all out in the first fifty miles of the journey, they were likely to get gobbled up by one of the many scouting parties that would be scouring the prairies in chase of them.

So they rode easy through the fresh, dewy dawn, the two scouts leading the party whilst Jake Bellew rode with the boys, revelling in his new found liberty.

"D'ye know, boys!" said Jake Bellew. "I've a notion that we'll meet up with Deadwood Dick in this hyar part o' the country. Dick knows that they'd got me, and he's not the sort that leaves a pardner in th' lurch if he kin see a way o' gettin' him out."

The boys were curious to know all about this Richard Bullock or Deadwood Dick, the daring Cornishman, whose name was as celebrated on the frontier as that of Buffalo Bill or Buck Dixie.



The Navajo still clung to the buffalo's tail. Prairie Wolf wheeled Maud, drawing an arrow to its full length. Then he let fly.

Here was a mount for Jake Bellew, and he did not stop the race to seize this bit of free horseflesh.

He jumped from his seat behind Buffalo Bill on to the back of the frightened Indian grey, and a few minutes later they were riding down the wide valley that led out on to the boundless prairie.

There was no sign of a pursuit as they cleared the hills, and when at last they drew rein at the crest of a long, rolling ridge in the prairie, the breaking dawn showed an empty prairie. There was no Redskin in sight.

But the fact that there was not a Redskin in sight, even in this empty country, is no proof that there are not Redskins on the watch, and the two scouts kept a sharp look out as they led their little party at an easy pace.

There were a hundred dangerous miles between them and Fort Madison, and Buffalo Bill knew that they must save their horses for a turn of speed to the very last.

More haste less speed is a true proverb on such a journey. Their busi-

"Is he a great hunter?" asked Kit. Jake Bellew laughed at this.

"Deadwood Dick is a hunter o' men, boys, not o' animals. He's a 'tec, not a trapper. An' that's why I think we'll find him somewhere out here playing the sleuth on the Indian trails and trying to find his way into the Navajo valley. No, boys, Deadwood Dick will tackle an Injun as easy as he'll eat his breakfast, and he'll tackle what's wors'n an Injun. He'll tackle a Paleface road agent or bad man, but trappin' an' huntin' is not his line. Still, I'd like you well to meet him. Then you'll be able to remember all your lives that you've ridden with Buffalo Bill, Buck Dixie, and Deadwood Dick all in one bunch; the three biggest men the frontier will ever see. I lay that one o' these days, when ther deeds are told those three men will count in the story books same as Robin Hood an' Robinson Crusoe. It was readin' about Robin Hood when I was a boy in the settlements that set me on to trappin' an' the Wild West!"

Then Jake Bellew sighed.

"But we are all passin', boys, th' trappers an' th' Redskins, an' th' buffalo an' th' beaver. Soon, where the Redskin lodges an' the beaver lodges stand now, will be farmsteads an' windmills an' railroads. It's coming, boys. This great country is wanted for civilisation, and steam will conquer it!"

There was more truth in the old trapper's words than he himself deemed. He belonged to the generation of Kit Carson, Jim Bridger, and James P. Beckwourth, who became chief of the Crows, and founded the beautiful city of Pueblo, Colorado. All these were great Indian fighters.

But perhaps the greatest enemy of the Redskin was not the Paleface, but his whisky. It was the foul Taos Lightning, as the fiery corn spirit was called, which had as much to do with the downfall of the Red Man as the firearms of the Palefaces.

Francis Parkman, the greatest historian of wild America, had no great opinion of Beckwourth, the mulatto, who by his own daring, rose to be chief of the Crow nation. Of Beckwourth, Parkman wrote, "He is a ruffian of the worst class, bloody and treacherous, without honour or honesty; such, at least, is the character he bears on the great plains. Yet in his case the standard rules of character fail; for though he will stab a man in his slumber, he will also do the most desperate and daring acts."

But it is doubtful whether Parkman ever met this remarkable Indian trader and Indian fighter. Kit Carson and Colonel Boone, both Indian agents of high character who were held as those who dealt honestly with the various tribes, declared that Beckwourth was one of the most honest of the Indian traders, and never encouraged the traffic in drink which ruined the Redskin.

Beckwourth himself writes:

"The traffic in whisky for Indian property was one of the most infernal practices ever entered into by man. Let the most casual thinker sit down and figure up the profits on a forty-gallon cask of alcohol, and he will be flunderstruck. When it was disposed of to the Indians, four gallons of water were added to each gallon of alcohol. In two-hundred gallons there are sixteen-hundred pints, for each pint of which the trader got a buffalo robe worth five dollars. The Indian women toiled many long weeks to dress those sixteen-hundred robes, and the white traders got them for worse than nothing; for the poor Indian mother hid herself and her children until the effect of the poisonous drink passed away from the husband and father who loved his family when he had no whisky, and killed them when he had! Is it a wonder with such profits as sixty thousand dollars for sixty gallons of alcohol that men got rich who were engaged in the fur trade? Or was it a miracle that the buffalo herds were gradually exterminated—killed with so little remorse that the hides, amongst the Indians themselves, were known by the appellation of 'a pint of whisky'?"

This thought was in Jake Bellew's mind.

"It's the whisky that kills th' trap-

per an' th' Injun, boys!" said he. "Th' Injun trades his soul for a bottle o' Taos Lightnin' an' th' trapper comes into town after his long trips an' behaves most like an' Injun. He sells his skins for a few gallons o' the pizen, an' he'd sell his own pelt if it had any value. I allus say," continued Jake Bellew, "that if the Redskin has sinned much against the Paleface, the Paleface has sinned doubly against the Redskin. An' so we are fightin' it out, bitter as rattlers, to a finish. And mark my words, boys, it's the steam locomotive that will finish it! Uncle Dick Wooton says so, an' he knows. He's a medicine-man and a prophet!"

A Strange Meeting!

JAKE BELLEW spoke the truth. Uncle Dick Wooton, the famous trapper, whom the Redskins called "Cut Hand," since he had lost two of his fingers in an accident in his childhood, was a man who could foresee the future.

Uncle Dick could move amongst the Arapahoes in peace or in war in perfect security, for this tribe had the utmost veneration for the old trapper, and he was perfectly safe at any time in their villages or camps. It had been the request of their chief, who owed his life to Uncle Dick, that his warriors should never injure him, even though the nation might be at war with all the rest of the Palefaces in the world.

Uncle Dick's prophecy came true. He lived till he was over ninety years of age. And, in his honour, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad had one of its freight locomotives, then the largest freight engine in the world, named "Uncle Dick," so that in the Raton Rouge district where the old trapper had his home, the giant "Uncle Dick" would roar along the stiff grades dragging its great freight cars where Redskin brave and Paleface trapper had long since passed away.

And as they rode along behind Buffalo Bill, the boys were wishing that the Redskin had already flitted from the plains. Buffalo Bill was alert for smoke signals, but the vast horizon of the prairie was empty.

It was going to be a burning hot day, and by nine o'clock the sun was pouring down on them, the horses lathering and showing signs of thirst.

And the whole party was getting thirsty, too. The dried meat which had formed their food, was enough itself to set up a healthy thirst, but this was increased by the pouring rays of the sun.

"Guess Buff'ler Bill's looking out for a buffer wallow!" said Uncle Baldy, as he saw the scout scanning the ground closely.

And this source of prairie water supply was just what Buffalo Bill was looking for.

The buffalo wallow is the spring of hunter.

It is not a nice spring, but when water is scarce, men are not particular as to its quality.

Soon Buffalo Bill found a sign which told him that they were in a patch of country which had been used heavily by the bison herds.

This was a series of huge rings,

where the grass was a dark green, and which looked to the boys for all the world like immense fairy rings such as one sees in the meadows of England.

The scout reined in Buckskin. He was ready and eager to impart the lore of the prairie to these two English boys for whom he had taken a strong liking.

"What do you make of these rings, boys?" he asked.

"Fairy rings, sir," replied Kit promptly. "They are caused by toadstools which distribute their spores, so that they darken the grass in that fashion, at least, that's what we should call them in England, though these are ever so much larger. They would cover a twenty-acre field!" he added.

Buffalo Bill laughed and shook his head.

"I know what your fairy rings are," said he. "I've seen them in the Eastern States, though I was born and raised in Iowa, myself. But these are not fairy rings. They are buffalo tracks, and they are made this way: When a herd of buffaloes is pushed by the wolves, as happens sometimes, the cows and the calves are bunched in a great crowd and the old bulls, who are the leaders of the herd, patrol round them in single file, all through the night, keeping always on the move and tramping in the same track. That is what caused these big rings."

Kit was quite crestfallen when he found how far from the truth his conjectures on fairy rings were. But the great scout shook his head.

"Don't worry that you've made a miss, boy," said he. "I myself made the same mistake about your fairy rings, and I wondered what size the herd of cattle was that could be packed away inside them. But these buffalo rings show us that we are no great distance from a buffalo wallow, and there we shall find water."

The boys had a very vague idea of what a buffalo wallow might be. But Uncle Baldy explained to them that the buffalo likes nothing better than a mud-bath which soothes his shaggy hide and protects him from the flies.

So the bulls seek the low lying ground of the prairie, their instinct telling them where the water is close beneath the surface of the ground.

And here they paw away the turf to get at the mud.

So the wallow is soon made and soon becomes as popular amongst the herds as a favourite watering-place amongst human beings.

The wallow gets enlarged till it often becomes a good sized pond, and the grass and mud are trodden down till a pond is created that draws the dew by precipitation like the mysterious dew ponds of Sussex, which are often found high on the hills.

These small prairie ponds create their own dewfall and are fed by the atmosphere, always holding a few inches of drinkable water.

And another half-hour's ride told them that their leader was right. They reached the end of one of the long ridges, or swellings in the prairie, and looked down on a shallow hollow where a brilliant patch of green grass betrayed the presence of the covert water.

But there was more than a buffalo wallow there. There was a buffalo, and Buffalo Bill himself came to a standstill with an exclamation of stonishment, for the buffalo, which was an old bull, was jumping about in the most curious fashion whilst some bulky object dragged at his tail.

They could not see for a moment what the object was, for down by the moist patch in the prairie, the phlox grew tall and rank, and the object that was hanging to the old bull's tail was half hidden by this.

"It's wolves tryin' to pull an old bull down!" said Uncle Baldy.

"By jingo! It's a man!" exclaimed Jake Bellow.

And a man it was, a brave attired in Navajo feathers and war-paint.

He was sticking desperately to the tail of the angry bull buffalo which was bellowing with rage, and attempting to turn and get him.

Buffalo Bill urged Buckskin to his full speed and raced down the long, grassy slope to the rescue. The Navajo might be an enemy. But he was all alone and he could not hang indefinitely to the tail of the angry brute.

And Prairie Wolf hustled on Maud the mule. Maud could shift when she had a mind to, and the bellowing of the buffalo had excited her. Furthermore, she smelled the water in the hollow, and when Maud smelled water nothing could hold her.

Uncle Baldy roared with laughter as he saw Maud racing alongside the famous Buckskin with Starlight pounding close behind, making a race for it.

Old Prairie Wolf was hunched up on Maud's back. He had snatched a quiver and bow from Teekoopi, and as he rode he was fitting the notch of an arrow to the string.

Maud was not afraid of any buffalo on earth, and when she drew close and the infuriated old bull turned on her, his eyes glistening red in his shaggy front, she turned and kicked him in the face as he charged.

The buffalo sat down, and the man holding on to his tail, smothered in mud, descended with a whack on his ear.

But he still clung to the buffalo's tail.

Prairie Wolf wheeled Maud, drawing the arrow to its full length. Then he let fly.

It was a fine piece of savage archery. The arrow drove straight through the huge animal, felling it at once to the ground, transfixing and dead as the rest of the party raced up.

Then the Navajo Indian who had been clinging for dear life to the tail of the angry beast, sat up on the ground.

His war-paint was obliterated by a mask of the rich dark mud of the prairie, and he was the sorriest looking Indian they had ever clapped eyes on.

And even Buffalo Bill started with surprise when this Redskin spoke.

Another long instalment of this fine Western serial in next week's "Greyfriars Herald."

My Weekly Interview

By the Special Representative of "The Greyfriars Herald"

This week: MR. TWIGG

"THIS week," said the editor briskly, "I want you to go along and interview Mr. Prout—"

"My dear ass," I rejoined, "I interviewed old Prout weeks ago! And if you think I'm going to expose myself to the fire of his Winchester repeater a second time, you're jolly well mistaken!"

"You'd better interview Quelchy, then," said the editor.

I snorted.

"There appears to be a serious leakage in your memory-tank," I said. "You should Spelmanise. I've already interviewed Quelchy, to my sorrow!"

"What about the Head?"

"He's done!" I replied.

"Well, you needn't speak of him as if he were a grilled kipper! Have you interviewed Mr. Capper yet, or Mr. Twigg?"

I shook my head.

"Well, you can take your choice."

"I think I'll tackle Twigg," I murmured. "As the Twigg is bent, so the interviewer is inclined."

And, nodding to the editor, I betook myself to the study occupied by Mr. Eusebius Twigg, Bachelor of Arts.

"Interviewing old Twigg," I reflected, "will be money for nothing. He's perfectly harmless. In fact, I believe he's cordial and gushing to press representatives. If I'm lucky, he'll ask me to stay to tea."

This pleasant reflection was cut short by Nugent minor, who accosted me in the passage.

"What do you want?" I asked politely. I have to be civil to young Nugent, because he boasts a big brother.

Looking very demure, the fag handed me a sealed envelope, addressed to Mr. Twigg.

"If you happen to be calling on Twigg," he said, "would you mind handing him this?"

"With the greatest agony!" I said. "Shall I tell him it's from you?"

"No, no!" said Nugent minor hurriedly. "You're not to breathe a word. You're simply to hand it to him, and keep mum."

"Right you are!"

Young Nugent walked away, whistling, and I passed on to Twigg's study.

Dear old Twigg! I can picture him now, reclining in the depths of his arm-chair, at peace with all the world. He beamed affably at me, and asked if there was anything he could do for me.

"I am the special representative of 'The Greyfriars Herald,' sir," I informed him. "I have already interviewed several of the masters, and they were good enough to invite me to tea."

This was a gentle hint; and Twigg swallowed the bait at once.

"Sit down, my boy!" he said genially. "I will summon the maid, and you may replenish your inner man to your heart's content."

"Thanks, awfully, sir!"

I drew a chair up to the table, and sat down. Scarcely had I done so when the maid appeared with a laden tray.

"This is something like!" I murmured.

"Carry on, my boy," said Twigg. "You can eat first, and converse with me afterwards."

"One moment, sir," I said, fumbling in my pocket. "I have a message for you."

Twigg frowned a little as I handed over Nugent minor's note.

"Who is this from?" he inquired.

I pretended not to hear the question.

Twigg opened the envelope, took out a half-sheet of notepaper, and scanned it with eyes that nearly bulged out of their sockets.

For fully two minutes there was an ominous silence in the study.

Then Twigg seemed to become suddenly electrified. He sprang to his feet, snatched up a cane, and proceeded to belabour me with great vigour.

Swish, swish, swish!

The cane lashed about my shoulders as I jumped from the table.

Smarting with pain, I bolted for the door, and Twigg followed up like a professional pugilist, hitting out as he came.

"Yah! Stow it!" I yelled. "What have I done?"

"You impertinent young jackanapes!" Swish, swish! "You have insulted me in a most brazen manner!" Swish, swish, swish! "And I hope this will be a lesson to you!" Swish, swish, swish!

I staggered out into the passage, and the infuriated master slammed the door in my face. But before doing so he hurled through the doorway the missive which had been responsible for all the trouble.

As soon as I had sufficiently recovered from my anguish, I stooped down and picked up the document. The next moment my senses seemed to swim. For this is what I saw:

"I do not love thee, Mr. Twigg, Your manners are most infra dig; In short, you are a perfect pig, So I don't love thee, Mr. Twigg."

Crunching the half-sheet of notepaper in my hand, I went off in search of Nugent minor.

THE END.



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 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 awarded 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. 27, TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION, "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4, so as to reach that address not later than Tuesday, May 4th.

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. 27, and agree to accept the published decision as absolutely binding.

WRITE CAREFULLY.

Signed _____
Address _____

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

DO NOT SEE THE P *ance* OF THE 1ST IN TALKING

of the *The flowers looked GLORIOUS* DEATH *CRIAL BY George*

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