

GRAND STORIES & COMPETITIONS!

The Greyfriars Herald 1½d



No. 28 (New Series)

FULL OF SCHOOL STORIES AND ARTICLES

May 5, 1920.



ENTICING THE SECRET FROM TOODLES!

(See our magnificent, long, complete school ta'e.)

Our Photographic Supplement

THE BOYS' PICTORIAL

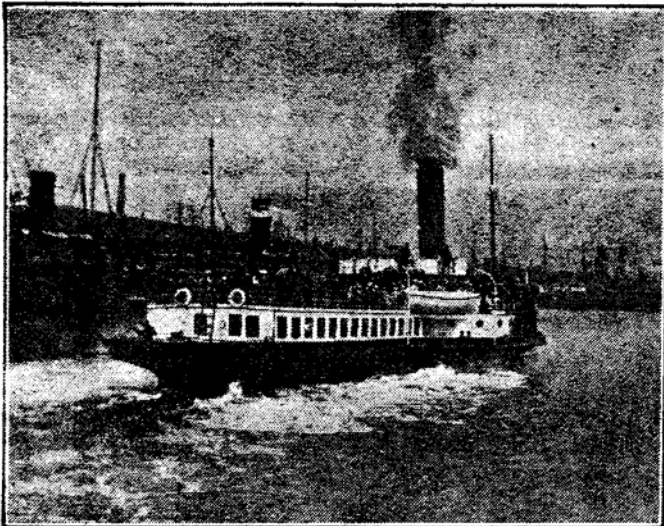


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THE FIRST TRIP OF THE SEASON.



In this, the first year of Peace, the pleasure steamers are again starting their activities in something like their pre-war numbers. During the war many of the ships of the type shown above rendered the most valuable service to the country as mine-sweepers and troopships.—Taken by Jack Davison, 8, St. Mary's Street, off Cumberland Road, Belfast.

ALMS! ALMS!



In the East the beggar swarms in such numbers as to be a veritable pest. Here is an Arab beggar solliciting alms in the streets of Cairo, where "Alms! For the love of Allah, alms!" echoes from every street corner and the gateway of every mosque.—Taken by F. Stenton, 117, Fairfield Street, Ardwich, Manchester.

AN INDIAN IMAGE.



An extraordinary figure erected at a native religious festival in the Murree Hills, India.—Taken by M. Nathan, 12, Upper North Street, Brighton.

SEND YOUR SNAPS!

AN AFRICAN FOD.



Getting transport across the Refagia River in British East Africa on rafts. The heavy rains have so damaged the bridge of branches as to render it quite unserviceable.—Taken by C. Hart, 71, Appach Road, Brixton Hill, S.W. 2.



HARRY WHARTON
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of the Greyfriars Herald



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Contributors
from
GREYFRIARS

OCCASIONAL
Contributors
from
Other Schools

Editorial

By Harry Wharton.

DOWN ON SKINNER.

Two Town Girls who are staunch supporters of the GREYFRIARS HERALD write to me about Skinner. They think the paper is simply ripping, but as for Skinner, he is such a howling cad that they have no patience with him. Of course, it is not possible for every boy to be as decent as Bob Cherry.

Now what my staunch supporters want is for the Cliff House Girls and the Greyfriars boys to go for a picnic together and have all sorts of adventures.

"We think," they write, "that would make a lovely story, don't you? Please be a sport and answer this in the GREYFRIARS HERALD."

Well, I think we must have that picnic, but Bunter is barred. If the Owl goes it becomes the Owl's picnic and nobody else has a look in.

JOLLY TIMES AT KIRKCALDY.

A correspondent in Bonnie Scotland tells me wonderful things of the life up north. If I could have my way I should be off across the border. The writer is dead nuts on the old paper, and has ripping times picnicing down the den among the firs and wading through the burn. In the summertime there is any amount to do gathering wild strawberries, and rasps and brambles to make jam. There are flowers of every description. There are birds in plenty. I shall not give any more of this entrancing letter or the whole staff will be making tracks for Fifeshire—Bunter with his eye on the preserves!

NEWS FROM ALAN S. RICHARDS.

The President of the GREYFRIARS HERALD CLUB, 16, Upper Winchester Road, Blythe Hill, Catford, London, S.E. 6, tells me his club has received an avalanche of letters from girls who want to join. Like the wise fellow he is, he has started a special Girls' Department.

HARRY WHARTON.



DICK PENFOLD



MURREE SINGH



BILLY BUNTER



TOM MERRY



JIMMY SILVER



ARTHUR A. DARCY

BILLY BUNTER'S WEIGHTY UNDERTAKING - - - Drawn by FRANK NUGENT.



1. William George Bunter, prize-porpoise of the Remove Form at Greyfriars, was returning from a week-end spent with a friend of the family, a pork-butcher by profess, and naturally, after his holiday exertions, Billy felt rather done up.



2. "Ah, I feel better after that rest," he murmured. "I'll run the bag up to the school and then I'll drop into the tuck-shop for a little light refreshment—just a couple of dozen pork-pies and a gallon of ginger-pop or so!"



3. But, our aunt! Billy Bunter nearly died during the rest of the journey! Not till he got back to Greyfriars did he discover that he had carried a dozen great stones from the roadway attached to the bottom of his bag by the sticky tar! Ha, ha, ha!

THE IMPORTANCE OF TOODLES!

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

By OWEN CONQUEST

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

I.

A Very Important Person!

IT was whispered at first in the Fourth, and it caused a stir of excitement in the Fourth Form of St. Winifred's.

The whisper reached the Third, and it set the fags in a buzz.

Then it came to the Shell, to the ears of Vernon Daubeny, and it caused that superb youth to lose, all of a sudden, his aristocratic repose, and to jump up and pace his study with great animation.

Through all the Lower School of St. Winifred's the whisper ran, and the old Benbow buzzed with it.

The excitement was keen.

Indeed, to judge by the looks and the remarks of the St. Winny's juniors, the fate of nations might have been trembling in the balance.

There was no excitement in the Upper School. Fifth and Sixth went on their way regardless—possibly even unconscious of the fact that there was a crisis in the history of St. Winifred's at all.

But there was!

And the whisper that ran like wild-fire, and thrilled through the Lower School, was of a rumoured remark of Rupert de Vere Toodles, of the Fourth Form—more familiarly known as Tuckey Toodles.

Never before, since St. Winifred's had had a local habitation and a name, had a remark of Tuckey Toodles caused anything like excitement. Certainly, Toodles made remarks enough; next to eating and sleeping, "chinwag" was his delight. But nobody ever dreamed of attaching importance to the remarks of Toodles; it was even difficult for the grubby youth to induce fellows to listen to them. And now—

Now, a single remark of Toodles, whispered, repeated, rumoured through the school on the river, caused a buzz of interest—of mingled commendation and condemnation. It caused Dick Rodney to knit his brows, and Jack Drake to shrug his shoulders, and Vernon Daubeny to pace the study with glistering eyes and triumphant visage.

For once the fatuous youth had delivered himself of a remark worthy to be entered on the school records. And yet it was quite a simple remark. Tuckey Toodles, consuming jam-tarts in the canteen amidst his, had said—or was supposed to have said—that he wasn't sure how he would vote in the election on Monday!

That was all!

But it was enough! It was sufficient to make Tuckey Toodles, once the least important member of the Fourth Form, the most important



"We've got him!" roared Sawyer. "Here he is!" Jack Drake jumped aside as Tuckey Toodles came bundling in.

fellow in all the Lower School—Shell, and Fourth, and Third!

For the matter stood in this wise. The election of the junior captain of the school had resulted in a tie—33 votes for Vernon Daubeny of the Shell; 33 for Jack Drake of the Fourth Form. Toodles, who was Drake's study-mate, had voted for Drake.

A new election was to be held on Monday, and in the interval there had been keen and tireless electioneering on both sides.

Drake himself, perhaps, was rather careless in the matter, but his chum Rodney worked tirelessly on his behalf, and so did Estcourt and Sawyer major of the Fourth, and Sawyer minor of the Third. They did not succeed in bagging any additional votes for their leader, but they kept their own party up to the mark, and baffled the efforts of Daubeny and Co, to draw Drake's voters from their allegiance.

Daub had had a like success; no new voters joined his standard, but his supporters were kept loyal. It really looked as if the new election on Monday would result in a tie, like the previous one, and then the decision would have to be referred to the Head.

And then Tuckey Toodles' remark was rumoured through the ship.

Tuckey Toodles, utterly insignificant as he was personally, became at once a person of the greatest consequence.

One vote was sufficient to turn the scale.

One vote taken from one candidate, and transferred to the other, would give the latter a majority of two! . . .

And a majority of one was sufficient to decide the election!

If Toodles changed his mind, and voted for the rival candidate, Vernon Daubeny resumed his old position as junior captain of the school.

For nobody else was likely to change his mind. All the fellows made it a point of honour to stick to their candidate. Daubeny was not particular in his methods of capturing votes, but all the voters who were amenable to the influence of lavish spreads, and invitations-home, and loans of cash, were on his side already. By those exceedingly honourable methods, Daubeny could not hope to increase his party—unless Tuckey Toodles changed sides. Tuckey was the only one of Drake's supporters who was amenable to such influences, and Tuckey, being Drake's study-mate, and Rodney's, had been kept under rather careful observation.

Certainly, if he betrayed his leader, he was likely to experience considerable discomfort in No. 8 Study. That consideration, doubtless, had kept Tuckey true to the flag, for some time. But Tuckey had fallen away at last!

"It will be all right," said Vernon Daubeny, to his chums Egan and

Torrence. "I told you it would be. That fat little beast borrowed ten bob of me yesterday. He understood what it was for."

"Drake may tip him fifteen bob!" suggested Egan.

Daubeny grinned.

"Drake wouldn't; the dear boy is above such things."

"But you're not!" grinned Torrence.

"Hardly; value received has to be paid for, in this wicked world," said Daubeny. "I wasn't sure of Toodles. He's a tricky little beast; but—he knows there's some more bobs to come if I'm elected."

Torrence looked rather uneasy.

"For goodness' sake, keep that dark!" he muttered. "If the Head heard of such a thing—"

"He won't."

"If the other party find it out—"

"Toodles won't tell them; they'd scalp him!"

"I shouldn't wonder if they scalp him, anyway!" said Egan. "I'd scalp any chap who deserted our side."

"Let them scalp him, so long as he votes for me. They can chuck him in the river afterwards, if they like," said Daubeny coolly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The sly little rotter—" Torrence was beginning, when Daubeny made him a sudden sign to be silent.

The plump figure and grubby face of Rupert de Vere Toodles loomed up in the study doorway.

"Hallo! Trot in, old top!" said Daubeny coolly.

Daubeny's manner was cordiality itself, and his tone was honeyed—though he was promising himself the satisfaction of kicking Master Toodles—after the election. He felt that he was entitled to that compensation, for the civility he had had to waste on the grubby junior.

Toodles did not trot in. He fixed an accusing look on Torrence.

"You were speaking of me?" he snapped. Evidently Toodles had overheard Torrence's rather unfortunate remark.

"Oh, no! Not at all!" stammered Torrence.

"You were. You said I was a sly little rotter—"

"Not a bit of it! You're not the only sly rotter on the Benbow—I-I mean—" Torrence was making matters worse.

"Shut up, Torrence!" exclaimed Daubeny. "Come on, Toodles. Jolly glad to see you here. I hope you'll always make yourself at home in this study."

"Yes, do, old chap," murmured Egan.

But Toodles' look was lofty.

He was not to be so easily placated as all that. It was fully borne in upon his mind what a very important person he was just at present.

"I expect an apology from Torrence," he said frigidly.

"I'll see you—" began Torrence wrathfully.

Daubeny gave his chum a fierce look.

"Apologise, Torrence!" he said.

"What, apologise to that fat little—"

Torrence broke off. He realised that

the election was at stake, and he made a tremendous effort to swallow his wrath.

"I—I—I—" he stuttered.

"I'm waiting," said Toodles loftily.

"I—I apologise!" gasped Torrence, with a crimson, furious face.

"Good." Tuckey waved a fat and grubby hand. "In that case, Torrence, I overlook your remark. But don't do it again."

"N-n-no!"

"Or I shall feel bound to give you a licking," said Toodles.

"Why, you—you—oh, all right!" stuttered Torrence.

"Have a fag, Toodles, old son," said Daubeny, to change the painful subject; and he opened his cigarette-case.

Toodles shook his head.

"Not just before lessons," he answered. "I looked in to see whether you could lend me half a crown, Daubeny. I had a pound-note blown away—"

"Certainly, kid."

Half-crowns did not matter much to Vernon Daubeny, the richest fellow at St. Winifred's. Tuckey Toodles' fat fingers closed on the coin.

"Thanks," he said carelessly.

He turned to the passage again.

"You're voting for me this evening, Toodles?" remarked Daubeny, in his most honeyed tones.

"I haven't decided."

"But I heard that you—you said—"

"I said I wasn't sure how I should vote."

"Well, isn't it rather time you made up your mind, old chap?" urged Daubeny.

"Lots of time yet; the election isn't till seven."

"But if you'd give me your promise—"

"Perhaps I'll see you later," said Toodles airily; and he walked away, with his fat little nose in the air.

Daubeny gritted his teeth.

"Oh! Won't I take it out of the cheeky little rotter—after the election!" he gasped.

"And won't I!" said Torrence savagely.

"The little beast hasn't promised," said Egan. "You're risking your money for nothing, Daub."

"Nothin' risk, nothin' win," said Daubeny. "The fat brute is goin' to squeeze loans out of me right up to the election. But afterwards—" Daub's eyes glittered. "Afterwards, I'll make him think life isn't worth livin'."

Which was a pleasant prospect for Master Toodles, as soon as his temporary importance should be a thing of the past!

Tuckey the Conscientious!

JACK DRAKE and Rodney were going into the Fourth Form-room, for afternoon lessons, when Toodles came scuttling up, with a smear of jam on his mouth. Daub's half-crown had been hurriedly expended in the canteen.

"Hallo, Drake, old scout," said Toodles, giving Drake a poke in the ribs as he came up.

Drake jerked himself away.

"Chuck it!" he growled.

"Feeling anxious—what?" asked Toodles, with a grin.

"No."

"Not anxious about the election?"

"No, you young ass."

"I'm not sure how I'm going to vote—"

"Oh, dry up!"

With that, Jack Drake went into the Form-room, followed by an indignant glare from Master Toodles.

Drake's electioneering methods, certainly, were not quite so astute as those of Vernon Daubeny.

His nature was rather different. Even to become captain of St. Winifred's, he would not "butter" any voter, and least of all Tuckey Toodles.

Toodles' assumption of importance had only an irritating effect upon him, which he did not take the trouble to conceal.

"Well, of all the cheeky beasts—" muttered Toodles, in great wrath. "As if the whole thing didn't depend on me!"

Rodney paused to speak to his fat study-mate. He was a little more circumspect in electioneering than his chief.

"What's this the fellows are saying, Toodles?" he began.

"I really don't know," said Toodles.

"About your not being sure how you're going to vote to-night."

"Oh! That's so, certainly."

"You're bound to back up Drake," said Rodney.

Toodles shook his head.

"Not at all! I'm bound to vote according to my conscience," he answered loftily. "Every voter is. If I think Daub would make a better junior captain than Drake, I'm bound to vote for him. I'm a conscientious chap, I hope—more so than some fellows."

Rodney suppressed his feelings.

"You can't desert Drake—" he said.

"It isn't a question of deserting anybody, but of voting according to conscience. Daub's a civil fellow, anyhow. Drake can't be civil to a chap who can make him junior captain if he likes."

"But—"

"If I vote for Drake, Drake will have to be a good deal more civil," said Toodles. "You can tell him so."

"But—I say—"

"You needn't say anything more, Rodney. I'm not going to be influenced in any underhand way."

"What?" gasped Rodney.

"You're not so particular as I am, I know. But I happen to be an honourable chap."

And Tuckey Toodles rolled past Rodney into the Form-room, and Rodney, with an heroic effort, restrained the impulse to plant a boot behind him as he went. Tuckey Toodles as a fellow of very particular honour was a little hard to bear patiently.

Mr. Packe had not yet arrived, and the Form-room was in a buzz. Half a dozen voices addressed Rupert de Vere Toodles as he rolled in.

"Toodles, you cad—"

"Toodles, you sneak—"

"Toodles, you pig—"

"Let Toodles alone!" exclaimed Pierce Raik, Daub's henchman in the Fourth. "Toodles can do as he likes; can't he?"

"Shut up, Raik!"

"We know Daub's asked you home for a week-end, if he gets in as skipper, Raik!" shouted Sawyer major.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He hasn't!" yelled Raik.

"Toodles heard him—he said so," snorted Sawyer; "and he's promised Vane a place in the cricket eleven—"

"On my form!" said Vane.

"On your vote, you mean!"

"And I'll bet he's been tipping Toodles for his vote—" exclaimed Rawlings.

"Nothing of the kind!" exclaimed Toodles warmly. "Daub may have lent me some small sums, as one pal to another. I happen to be rather short of tin just now, owing to having a pound-note blown away. But, of course, that wouldn't make any difference to my vote."

"Are you voting for him?"

"I haven't decided."

"Are you voting for Drake?" howled Sawyer.

"I haven't decided—"

"Let's hold his head under an ink-pot till he decides," exclaimed Sawyer.

"Hear, hear!"

"Let him alone!" bawled Raik. "You're not going to threaten our voters—"

"Shut up, Raik!"

"Here, I say, hands off!" roared Tuckey Toodles, in alarm. "I haven't said I'm not going to vote for Drake — Yaroooooh!"

"Boys!"

It was Mr. Packe's voice in the doorway, and Sawyer major and Rawlings, who had collared Tuckey Toodles with wrathful hands, let him go suddenly.

The juniors bolted to their places as Mr. Packe walked in with a severe brow.

Jack Drake had not joined in the discussion. He was quite resolved that he would not beg for votes. If the fellows chose to back him up, well and good; if they preferred Daubeny as captain, well and good again. Drake was the only fellow who had not been disturbed by the thrilling news that Tuckey Toodles' vote was undecided. In his eyes, Master Toodles was as unimportant as ever.

Such an attitude, naturally, was not gratifying to the important youth himself.

Unless Drake modified it very considerably, it was probable that Toodles' conscience would lead him to back up Vernon Daubeny at the election.

Tuckey glanced at Drake several times in class, with a half patronising and half threatening air, but Drake did not even notice him.

And wrath gathered in the fat breast of Toodles.

With scornful indifference from one candidate, and honeyed words and unlimited half-crowns from the other, it was only too likely that Tuckey's honourable conscience would drive him into the rival camp.

Looking After Toodles!

AFTER lessons Drake and Rodney went on deck. The spring sunshine was bright on the rolling Chadway and the wooded banks. In the playing-fields on shore, senior cricket practice was going on. Lovelace of the Sixth was at the wicket, and Wake of the Fifth was bowling to him. Jack Drake leaned on the rail, and watched the cricketers with a thoughtful brow.

"It's all rot, Rodney," he said at last, abruptly.

"What is?" asked Rodney.

"This stuff about the election. It's all rot for such a thing to be decided by an ass like Toodles—and that's what it amounts to. Who's Toodles, that he should decide whether Daubeny is captain, or I?"

"Put that way, it does seem rather rot," said Rodney, with a laugh. "But a vote is a vote. You've got to wedge in, if you can, for the sake of the School. We don't want St. Winny's cricket this term to be like the footer last."

Drake nodded, with a wrinkled brow.

"If it wasn't for the cricket, I wouldn't bother about the thing at all," he said. "But it's rotten to leave the games in the hands of a slackin' nut like Daub, and the silly asses who follow his lead. I could put a junior team in the field that would do the School credit."

"Of course you could; and for that reason you've got to win the election."

"Even if Toodles votes for me, it will be a tie again. Then the Head will appoint a skipper."

"That gives you a good chance. Lovelace approves of you, and the Head will consult him. Daub's no good at games, and Lovelace has jawed him a good bit over the footer last term. All the fellows know it. I think very likely if the Head consults Lovelace, as he's bound to, the captain will put in a word for you."

"Yes, it's likely enough. So it all depends on Toodles."

"So it seems."

"It's rot! Besides," said Drake, with a moody brow, "at the election last week I voted for myself—"

"Daub set the example."

"I know; I did it because he did. But"—Drake gave an impatient shake—"I don't like it. I sha'n't put my hand up to-night for myself."

Rodney looked dismayed.

"My dear chap, you'll give the election away if you don't! Daub will vote for himself again."

"Let him! If he chooses to wedge in by such methods, let him—if the fellows are fools enough to take him for skipper!"

"But look here, Drake—"

"I don't like the idea of a chap voting for himself—it isn't good enough."

"No; but if the other party does it—and he will!" said Rodney. "Dash it all, Drake, you owe something to your backers. Half the fellows, or nearly, are keen to get you in. That shows how the school is getting fed with Daub and his rotten ways."

"Hallo, old tops!" Tuckey Toodles came up, and joined the two juniors.

"How are you feeling about the election now, Drake?"

Drake's reply was a grunt.

"It's all right, Toodles," said Rodney. "We're going to pull it off."

"With my help, you mean?"

"Oh, yes, of course."

"Considering that it all depends on me, I should think it would pay Drake to be civil," suggested Toodles, in a very lofty way.

"Oh, go and eat coke!" snapped Drake.

"Don't you want my vote?"

"Bother your vote, and you, too!" And Jack Drake turned away, and walked along the deck.

Tuckey Toodles frowned portentously.

"So that's the way your candidate treats his voters, Rodney!" he exclaimed. "All serene; if he don't want my vote, there's somebody else who does."

"You're not going to change sides, Toodles, surely?"

"I'm thinking of it very seriously, Rodney," said Toodles. "I'm afraid Drake is no good. He's cheeky."

"You—you—"

"What?"

"Nothing, old chap. Come into the canteen."

"Certainly, old fellow; I don't mind."

With a wrathful glance at Drake's back, Tuckey Toodles followed Rodney to the canteen. Under the genial influence of jam-tarts and ginger-pop, Toodles softened.

"Of course, I'm going to stick to you if I can, Rodney," he said, with his mouth full. "It's simply a matter of honourable scruples with me. You see that?"

"Ahem! Have another jam-tart."

"Certainly—two, if you like."

And Toodles had two!

Dick Rodney's pocket-money was limited, but he felt that it was being expended in a good cause. Tuckey Toodles had to be kept in a good humour, and Drake's methods certainly were not likely to achieve that result. Tuckey Toodles was still going strong, when Daubeny and Torrence and Egan came into the canteen. Their eyes were upon the two juniors at once.

"Rodney's feeding up Toodles," murmured Egan. "Dash it all, you can beat him at that game, Daub."

"I think so!" grinned Daub.

Vernon Daubeny began giving liberal orders, keeping Mr. Capps, of the canteen, quite busy for some time. Tuckey Toodles' eyes rolled enviously towards the pile of goods stacking up on the counter before the Bucks of the Shell.

Daubeny called to him cheerily.

"Toodles, old chap, will you lend us a hand with this stuff to the study, and stay to tea?"

"My dear old bean, I'm your man!" answered Toodles at once.

Rodney caught him by the shoulder.

"Toodles—"

"Leggo!"

"You're going to have tea with us in the study, old chap," urged Rodney. "Drake will be expecting you."

Tuckey Toodles snorted.

"I don't care for Drake's manners," he answered. "Leggo!"

And Tuckey jerked himself away, and joined the Bucks. He grinned at Rodney as he followed Daubeny out of the canteen, laden with parcels.

Rodney walked away to his study with a frowning brow. So far as "feeding" Toodles was concerned, undoubtedly Daub had the advantage. For the present Tuckey Toodles was a pig in clover, and naturally he went where there was most clover!

Drake found his chum in a thoughtful mood when he came into No. 8 to tea.

"Anything up?" he asked.

"Toodles has gone to tea with Daub."

"Blow Toodles!"

Drake sat down to tea, undisturbed by the defection of his fat study-mate. A little later, Sawyer major and Rawlings looked in.

"Isn't that rotter here?" asked Sawyer, apparently alluding to Rupert de Vere Toodles in that uncomplimentary way.

"No; he's gone with Daub."

"You ass—to let him go! You ought to have kept him in the study, and held on to him till the election," exclaimed Sawyer.

"Not worth the trouble."

"Don't you want to be elected?" howled Rawlings.

"Not unless the fellows want to elect me. If they want me, they can say so, I suppose."

"Oh, you're an ass; you don't know anything about elections," said Sawyer, in disgust. "But we'll get you in, all the same. We'll jolly soon have that fat pig out of Daub's clutches."

"Come and help, you fellows," said Rawlings.

"Rats!"

"Fathead!" said Sawyer major.

The two juniors hurried away. Ten minutes later there was a sound of alarms and excursions in the Shell quarters. Then there was a terrific bumping, scuffling and yelling in the Fourth-form passage.

"What on earth's that?" exclaimed Drake.

Rodney grinned.

"Toodles, I think."

Drake threw the door open, and looked out of the study. Four or five juniors were struggling along the passage, with Tuckey Toodles in their midst—struggling, kicking and howling.

"We've got him!" roared Sawyer.

"Yaroooh! Leggo! Yooop!"

"Here he is!"

Jack Drake jumped back from the doorway as Tuckey Toodles came bundling in. The fat junior spun half across the study, and collapsed on the carpet, gasping. The doorway was crowded with panting juniors.

"Yow-ow-ow-wooop!" came from the hapless Tuckey. He was discovering that it was not all pleasure to be the most important fellow in the Lower School.

"We found him in Daub's study!" gasped Sawyer major breathlessly. "We rushed them and got him out."

"Hurrah!"

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Keep an eye on him," said Rawlings. "We'll stay in the passage, in case he tries to bunk."

And he drew the study door shut.

Tuckey Toodles sat up on the carpet, and spluttered.

"Yow-ow-ow! I hadn't finished tea! I hadn't even tasted the jam! Yow-ow! Look here, Drake, I won't vote for you now! Yow-ow-ow!"

Toodles scrambled up, and opened the door. Five or six juniors were in the passage, and Sawyer major flourished a large set of knuckles at Tuckey's nose. The door closed again suddenly.

The doubtful voter was safe, for the present—rescued from the designing hands of the Bucks. But whether Sawyer's drastic methods would induce him to give his vote to Drake was another question!

Daub's Luck!

"**T**IME!" said Dick Rodney. Drake rose from the table, with a yawn. It was time for the meeting in the junior common-

"Daub's offered me—"

"Bless Daub!"

"He's offered to make good the pound-note I had blown away—"

"You mean he's offered you a quid for your vote, you fat rascal!" growled Drake.

"Nothing of the sort! Daub wouldn't insult me by such an offer," said Toodles. "He's offered me the quid because I had a pound-note blown away. I haven't accepted the offer. But as you're plenty of tin, Drake, I think it's up to you to make it good. Don't you?"

"Rats!"

Jack Drake left the study.

"Come on, Toodles," said Rodney, rather uneasily. "Stick to me, old chap."

"You go and eat coke!" retorted Toodles.

The fat junior rolled out of the



"I'm waiting!" said Toodles loftily. "I—I apologise!" gasped Torrence with a crimson, furious face.

room, at which Mr. Paeke was to count the votes.

Tuckey Toodles was still in the study, with a very morose expression on his fat face. His thoughts were with the feed he had left unfinished in Daub's study. There had been sounds of disturbance in the passage outside, which hinted that Daub and Co. had attempted the rescue of the doubtful voter. But they had been driven off, and Tuckey was still with his old friends.

"Come on, Tuckey!" said Rodney. Toodles sniffed.

"Oh, I'm coming!" he said. "Perhaps Drake is going to be a bit more civil now. Yah!"

"Not at all," answered Drake coolly. "You can vote for me if you like, or you can go and eat coke!"

"You cheeky ass—"

"Oh, dry up!"

Tuckey Toodles breathed hard.

"Is that what you call pally?" he inquired.

"Bow-wow!"

study, and there was a shout as Sawyer and Co. closed round him.

"Gerraway!" howled Tuckey.

"We'll look after you, Toodles! We'll see you through!"

"Look here—"

"Come on!"

Tuckey Toodles was rushed away in the midst of Drake's supporters. Dick Rodney followed them to the common-room. His hopes of a win in the election were very near zero now.

Daubeny and Co. were in the common-room in full force. The room was as crowded as on the last occasion.

"This way, Toodles!" called out Egan.

"Toodles is staying here," growled Sawyer major, keeping a tight hold of Toodles' arm.

"Leggo!"

"Cave! Here's Paeke!"

Mr. Paeke came in. No time was lost in getting to business. The Fourth-form master called for silence, and then for a show of hands for Vernon Daubeny.

"Leggo, Sawyer!" gasped Toodles.
"You fat little beast, you're not going to vote for Daub!" hissed Sawyer.

"Yow-ow-ow!"
"Sawyer!" thundered Mr. Packe wrathfully. "Are you restraining Toodles from voting? Release him at once!"

"Oh! I—I—"
"Leave the room, Sawyer; you will not be allowed to take part in the election."

"Oh, crumbs!"
Sawyer major almost limped from the room. The game was up now; Daub and Co. were grinning with delight. Tuckey Toodles joined the Bucks, with a glare of defiance at Sawyer's comrades. His fat hand went up with the rest for Vernon Daubeny.

"Thirty-four," announced Mr. Packe. Daubeny had voted for himself, as before.

"Hands up for Drake!"
Jack Drake put his hands in his pockets. He had already resolved not to vote for himself.

"Thirty!"
Jack Drake shrugged his shoulders. "Vernon Daubeny, of the Shell, is elected junior captain of St. Winifred's by a majority of three votes!" said Mr. Packe.

There was a roar of cheering from Daubeny's supporters, and a chorus of groans from the defeated party. The door was thrown open, and Daubeny left the common-room, carried shoulder-high by his party, amid cheers.

"Done to the wide!" growled Rodney.

"Better luck next time," said Drake with a smile; and he left the common-room with his chum.

The election was decided; Vernon Daubeny was junior captain of St. Winifred's once more. In the Shell quarters there was great rejoicing. Daub's study was a land flowing with milk and honey, so to speak, where his supporters celebrated their victory in great style. In the midst of the merry spread, Tuckey Toodles rolled in. Tuckey Toodles took upon himself the whole credit of Daub's success, and he had come to be made much of, as befitted so important a personage.

But alas for Tuckey's expectations. His importance was now a thing of the past, as he was destined to discover with startling suddenness.

"Daub, old chap—" he began. And he had no time to get further.

"What's that grubby animal doin' in here?" demanded Daubeny. "Kick him out!"

"You bet!" grinned Torrence.
"Here, I say, I voted for you! You owe me a pound! I say—Daub, old chap—Yaroo! I say—Yoop!"

Tuckey Toodles vanished from the study amid a forest of boots. That was his reward—no doubt the one he deserved. A dishevelled and gasping fat figure crawled back dolorously to No. 8 Study. It was the end of the importance of Toodles!

THE END.

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

THE RED MAN'S TRAIL

(Continued from page 19.)

they closed together, driving a huge phalanx of roaring, leaping beasts straight at that doomed band of treacherous Apaches.

Five hundred buffalo, solid, swept down on these braves, went over them and blotted them out.

The boys had a glimpse of draggled, feathered forms lying on the ground, stamped flat by the tremendous charge, as they swept by in the lightnings.

And that was the last of that Apache war-party, which had been lurking to intercept them. For nearly two hours after that, they kept the buffalo going. Then Buffalo Bill saw that the stampede was wearing out. The different units in the frightened mob were finding their leading bulls, and the vast herd was beginning to loosen out and to slow down in its countless divisions.

He knew that soon this apparently incoherent, terror-stricken mob of twenty thousand head would begin to sort itself out into four hundred herds of fifty or so, each captained by its own bull. Then the beasts would start grazing again as peacefully as a herd of dairy cows, and the great stampede would be over.

And, before long, this was the case. The packed herd loosened out in a wide depression of the prairie where the grass was good, and where a smell of water in the air, with a suspicion of mist, told of the presence of buffalo wallows.

The pace slowed down, and the pace of the horses slowed with it.

RESULT OF TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION.—No. 23.

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

JAMES M. C. KNIGHT,
Langlu Place,
Broughty Ferry, N.B.

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

Henry Wm. Varney, 118, Newington Green Rd., Islington, N. 1;
Philip Hoy, 6, Corunna Place, Leith;
Alec Potts, 198, High St., Ponder's End, Middx.;
Nellie Morris, 271, Stanton St., Newcastle-on-Tyne; Robt. M. Knox, 42, Calder St., Crosshill, Glasgow.

CORRECT SOLUTION:

Dear Friends,—We at Greyfriars are looking forward to the Easter holidays, and cordially wish you all a spanking time—that is, a fine time without any spankings! Bunter has received—and eaten—a dozen Easter eggs sent by his aunt. His remark as the package was handed to him was: "Good egg!"

HARRY

And soon, the buffalo had started grazing, deploying in little companies over the sweet grass, taking no notice at all of the horses or their riders as they rode through the grazing herds.

Presently they had left the last, grazing group behind them, and greatly to Buffalo Bill's relief, the lightnings stopped flashing.

On they went swinging through the night, past Lone Pine, and the dawn found them at the river.

The cool waters refreshed their tired horses, as they rode at the edge of the stream.

And the advice of Prairie Flower was right all the time.

By following the bed of the river, they passed two Redskin posts, and gained the Indian Rock without being observed.

And, at nine o'clock in the morning, they left the river and struck westward at full speed for Fort Madison.

For fifteen miles all went well. Then Buffalo Bill sensed Indians. He was not wrong in his instinct, for over a ridge of the prairie, showed dot after dot. These were well-mounted Redskins, a hundred in number.

The fugitives urged on their jaded mounts, but these Redskins were mounted on fresh horses and overhauled them fast.

Soon there came down wind to them the menacing war-whoop of the Apache braves.

One, better mounted than the rest, advanced boldly after them. Then Buffalo Bill turned, and, urging his companions to carry on, rode boldly to meet this pursuer, who was by his dress a war chief of the Apaches.

Up went the Redskin's rifle to his shoulder, and a bullet whizzed through Buffalo Bill's feathered head-dress.

Then Buffalo Bill fired, and the bullet sped true, for the feather bunch of villainous humanity dropped from his seat to the ground, and the riderless horse wheeled back to the oncoming braves.

A yell of anger went up from the Apache war-band. But they had received a check, and for another half-hour they did not dare to close on the little party.

Then they came on again to be met by a volley from the unerring rifles of Buffalo Bill, Uncle Baldy, Jake Bellew and Buck Dixie.

Four Redskins bit the dust, and the column hung back. They were outranged by the rifles of the fugitives, and knew it.

But something like a roar went up from the hillside above them, and Buffalo Bill whistled as he saw full a couple of hundred Navajoes make their appearance on the skyline behind them.

They were up against an army. Nothing could save them now, unless they fell in with a strong patrol from Fort Madison.

THE END.

The further adventures of Kit and Joe Desmond and their friends will be found in "The Crimson Arrow" which starts in next week's issue.

A DICTIONARY DODGE!

A most instructive article written in a novel style

By **GEORGE HOWE**

THAT'S a nobby idea!"
 "Yes; not bad, is it? The pater showed me how to do it. I've indexed all my dictionaries in the same way. It saves no end of time. You have the alphabet and all the other things in the dictionary at a glance. Instead of having to wade through a lot of pages to find the one you want, you spot the place at once, and so get your prep. over early. That leaves more time for larks—what?"

"Jolly fine!"
 "It's best when you are beginning to learn a language. When you start Russian, as you said you should, what a nuisance it will be if you have to learn the order of the letters in the alphabet, just to find where one comes in the dictionary. This gadget only takes about a quarter of an hour to make, and in a month saves hours, and tons of brain-fag!"

"How do you make those tabs and stick 'em on?"

"They are only stamp-margins. Go to the post-office, and smile at that plain girl behind the counter. Don't trouble about the pretty girl; she gets all the smiles, so wouldn't thank you for yours. Then, in that charming manner of yours—don't hit me; I mean it!—asked her for some long strips of gummed stamp-margins. See that it is gummed. Some of it isn't, and that is useless for this job. If she wants to know what you want it for, say it is for an experiment. That will get her interested, and if you tell her she shall see the result, you've won."

"When you get home, borrow a pair of scissors and a rule. If the rule is marked in sixteenths of an inch, it will do."

"Your French dictionary is like mine, so we'll use this as a model, and get to work. Measure the height of a page. It is seven inches and a half. See what information the book contains besides the dictionary proper. This one has 'Abbreviations,' 'Noms Propres,' 'Noms Geographiques,' and 'Verbes Irreguliers.' That's four sections. Add these to the twenty-six letters of the alphabet, and you get

thirty. But in some cases two letters appear on one page, or at one opening of the book, like K and L, W and X, Y and Z. These will go together on one tab, so you want only twenty-seven tabs.

"Divide this twenty-seven into the number of sixteenths of an inch there are in the height, and this gives the size of the tabs. It is four for this book. Don't bother about the remainder. That will be used up in cutting and sticking."

"If the stamp-margin has the colour of the stamp printed on, cut along the inner edge of the line of printing, so as to have nothing but blank paper for your tabs. The blank part will measure about five-eighths of an inch. If it measures more, so much the better, but don't use any that measures less. Double the stamp-margin in two, along its length; see that one end is a clean, straight edge, and mark off from this four sixteenths of an inch—that's a quarter, of course. Repeat this until you have marked twenty-seven pieces, then cut them off with the scissors. You can cut the first one off, if you like, and use this as a marker for the others."

"Open your dictionary at the first section, and damp the gummed side of one of the cut and folded pieces of stamp-margin. Don't put it in the water, or you will get it too wet, and probably wash off some of the gum. If you use a damper, be careful not to press on so hard as to rub off any gum. You want all the gum there is on the stamp-margin—'by gum,' you do! And the drier you can keep it, the easier it is to handle, and the cleaner the job will be. Now pinch the stamp-margin along the crease, but take care that the edges are flush."

"The first section in this dict. is 'Abbreviations,' and it begins on the left-hand page; but as the tab should always be on the right when the book is open at the beginning of the section the tab refers to (that almost sounds like Euclid, doesn't it?) fix the tab on the opposite leaf. The easiest way to do this is to hold the tab in the right hand, lift the leaf by the

left hand, and put it between the two 'wings' of the tab. This sized tab ought to go about an eighth of an inch on to the page."

"The first tab will be at the top of the page. The top of the next should just touch the bottom of this, if they are bent over towards each other. So should each of the others. If they do, the last tab will come flush with the bottom of the page, and none of them will overlap. Before pinching a tab in its place, turn the leaf over, so that the tab will be on the same side of the book as the others, and, if your eye is at all good, you will see at once whether it is far enough on the page to get them all the same size."

"When you have fixed all the tabs, let them get quite dry before writing on them. If you don't, the ink will run, and spoil the tabs—leave its foot-prints on them!"

"Red ink for the 'extras,' and alternate black and red for the alphabet, looks nice, but if you haven't red, do without it. If you can conjure some Indian ink out of your dad, so much the better. That's just all right. If you can't, or want to do the job for nix, do without. That's one of the easiest things to do when you can't do anything else. Whatever you do, don't use all red. It 'wears' well—so well that it has to be renewed fairly soon. As you haven't a continent to write on, you will use a fine-point pen, if I mistake not."

"Write 'Abbreviations' on the first tab. That would be a jolly good competition tip for an editor. I'd like to see the result. Don't try your eyes, old chap; write 'Br.' That's more like how you begin the word. 'N.g.', 'N.p.', and 'V.i.' will do for the other sections; but don't put both letters in capitals, or they will think they are English."

"The index is worth a little trouble. Even if it takes five minutes longer, it is better than being in so great a hurry as to spoil the job by having an untidy-looking lot of tabs. The tabs will last as long as the book, so they are worth doing, and doing well."

THE END.



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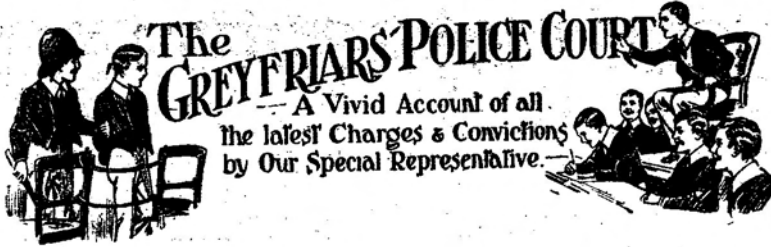
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The GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

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

There was a record attendance at the police-court this week. The barriers were besieged by a horde of fags, who were refused admission owing to their grubby condition. Several grimy urchins, however, contrived to get in through the ventilator, and one daring spirit ventured down the chimney. He was loudly cheered on arriving in the fireplace.

A Short Way With Study-Wreckers! His Worship's Strong Comments From the Bench!

Cecil Reginald Temple, described on the charge-sheet as a gentleman of independent means, but described by the magistrate as a hot-headed hooligan, was hurled bodily into the dock by P.-c. Johnny Bull, who a few days ago won the weight-lifting contest at the police sports.

William Dabney and Ernest Fry were also thrown into the dock, charged with aiding and abetting Temple in raiding No. 1 Study in the Remove passage.

Mr. Peter Todd, K.C., for the prosecution, made a brilliant and impassioned speech.

"This is one of the worst cases which has ever come before the court," declared the learned counsel. "Last night the three cowering reprobates, who now stand sobbing in the dock, were jointly responsible for raiding the sacred premises which his worship inhabits in private life. They did incalculable damage, and made away with large quantities of tuck."

Magistrate: What were the police doing?

Mr. Todd: Playing chess in the junior common-room, your worship. Magistrate: Then I've a good mind to sack every man-jack of 'em from the force!

Mr. Todd: Fortunately, Detective-inspector Penfold was not idle. I will call upon him to state his evidence.

Detective-inspector Penfold: At eight o'clock last evening, your worship, I was in the Remove passage—

Magistrate: Disguised as a black-beetle?

Detective-inspector Penfold: Not this time, your worship. I was a smear of mud on the wall. (Loud laughter.) I saw the prisoners approach No. 1 Study with felonious intent. The prisoner Temple, in passing, knocked me down and wiped his boots on me. I did not recover for half an hour, and on entering the study I found that the prisoners had turned the place upside-down. The table and chairs were over-turned; the alarm-clock lay battered in the fireplace—

Magistrate: Bless my soul! I gave tenpence-halfpenny for that alarm-clock—before the war, too! It would be worth at least a fiver to-day!

Detective-Inspector Penfold: One of the prisoners had put his foot through the glass panel of the bookcase, and a river of blue-black ink flowed on the floor. Pinned to the wall was a placard, bearing the inscription:

"To the Cheeky Remove Fags!
Let this be a lesson to you to respect
your superiors!"

You must admit that the Upper Fourth are top dogs!"

Magistrate: What do you assess the total damage at?

Detective-inspector Penfold: At least five bob, your worship. You'll want another pane of glass for the bookcase, and the alarm-clock is so hopelessly knocked about that it will never alarm anybody again! (Laughter.)

The prisoner Temple was about to conduct his defence, when the magistrate cut him short.

"You can say nothing in extenuation or mitigation of your heinous conduct, which is indefensible!"

Voice from the Gallery: Thump him on the back, somebody! He's swallowed a dictionary! (Laughter.)

His worship, summing up, said that the three prisoners stood convicted of one of the biggest atrocities in the history of Greyfriars.

Voice from the Gallery: It can't be a bigger atrocity than your face! (Laughter.)

Magistrate: Court usher! Eject that worm!

Sounds of violent scuffling followed, and presently the court usher, red and flustered, announced that he had thrown the interrupter out of the window.

Magistrate: Good! I will now call upon the stagnant and slumbering jury to consider its verdict.

Foreman of Jury (drowsily): We have already considered it, your worship. In fact, we had it cut and dried before the court assembled. We find the prisoner Fry guilty, the prisoner Dabney very guilty, and the prisoner Temple exceptionally and unpardonably guilty.

Prisoners were sentenced to pay five shillings damages into court, and to be treaked and feathered.

Prisoners struggled furiously, and the dock was overturned, but beyond a few fractured limbs there were no casualties.

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OUR SILVER SHILLING FEATURE

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Send your effort on a Postcard to-day.

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

Draw it Mild!

P.-c. Paddlehoof: Hi, don't you know that boys mustn't smoke under sixteen?

Cheeky Young Rip: That's all right, officer; I'm half-way through my seventeenth already!—Sent in by A. Farrar, 21, Wellington Road, Newark-on-Trent.

The Reason.

Ma: Good gracious, Molly, you aren't eating your dinner! Why don't you begin?

Molly: I'm waiting for the mustard to get cold, mummy!—Sent in by Miss Ethel Parker, 21, Mitre Street, Waterloo Road, S. E. 1.

Having a Breather.

As he was passing through a field, Murphy saw his friend Pat suspended from a branch of a tree with a rope tied round his waist.

"Be jabbers, Pat," he cried, as he reached the scene in a breathless condition, "phwat are ye up to, my bhoy?"

"Faith," murmured Pat mournfully, "it's trying to hang meself. Oi am."

"Thin, why on earth don't ye put the rope round your neck, me bhoy?" asked Murphy.

"Oi did at first," replied Pat, "but be jabbers, Oi couldn't breathe."—Sent in by T. K. Stott, Lucton School, Kingsland, Herefordshire.

The Same Thing!

Jack Blake: I say, Skimmy, what's another way of saying, "A wink is as good as a nod to a blind horse?"

Herbert Skimpole: A spasmodic movement of the optic is as adequate as a slight inclination of the cranium to a quadruped devoid of its visionary capabilities.

Before Blake had recovered, Skimmy had vamoosed from the study.—Sent in by T. Stafford, 49, Roslyn Road, South Tottenham, N. 15.

Letting the Cat Out.

Neighbour (to little girl who brought the "new-laid" eggs every morning): How is it that the eggs are not so warm this morning, my dear?

Little Mary: Please, mum, ma couldn't get pussy to sit on 'em this morning.—Sent in by D. Snelling, 160, Victoria Avenue, Hull, Yorks.

Altogether Up a Tree.

Mr. Quelch: What is the outer part of a tree known as, Bunter?

The Porpoise: P-please, sir, I—I don't know.

Mr. Quelch (giving the information in sharp irritable tones): Bark, boy—bark!

The Porpoise (nervously): Bow-wow!—Sent in by R. Cowell, 50, Stanley Street, Accrington.

Why, Indeed?

Johnny: What are ancestors, grandpa?

Grandpa: Why, forbears, my boy. Your father is one of yours and I am another, you know.

Johnny: Then why do people boast about their ancestors, grandpa?—Sent in by J. Moss, Northville, Ripon, Yorkshire.

NON-CATCHING EPIDEMIC.



CAPTAIN: "Our fellows were simply rotten in the field. They missed every chance. There seemed to be an epidemic amongst them."

CHARLIE (the wag): "Well if there was, it didn't seem to be 'catching.'"

A "Present" Possibility!

The new manager at the mill had only been there a week when he discovered he was very much despised. Calling an old workman on one side, he questioned him upon the matter.

"How is it, Jim," he said, "that the men have taken such a dislike to me here?"

"Well, new," answered Jim, scratching his head, "that's a question, that is!"

"Why," went on the official, "they presented me with a silver teapot when I was leaving the last place I was at."

"A silver teapot!" exclaimed old Jim. "Is that so? By gum, if tha'll only leave here, I dare bet they'll gi' thee a gold kettle!"—Sent in by Miss R. Casey, 14, Anselm Road, Fulham, S.W.

Seeking a Clue!

Unsteady Gent: Can you take me home, constable? I've lost my way. Do you happen to know where I live?

P.-c. 49: Er—no, sir, can't say I do. What's the name of your cook?—Sent in by A. E. Russell, 2/260, Long Acre, Nechells, Birmingham.

A Healthy Bill!

A wealthy man stopped one day at a hotel for lunch. After finishing his meal, he called to the waiter and asked for his bill.

"I have had a cup of coffee, two sandwiches, and a cigarette," he said. "Then there is my chauffeur, Bill, downstairs. What has he had?"

"The chauffeur, sir?" said the waiter. "Why, he had a fried sole, lamb cutlets and peas, three cups of coffee, a shilling cigar, and half a bottle of champagne!"—Sent in by R. Gould, 9, Handel Terrace, Polygon, Southampton.

Much Better!

Cabby (to fare of doubtful nationality): Two-and-six, please.

Fare: Two-and-seex? Eet ees too much!

Cabby: Oh, well, sir, as you're a forriner we'll say half a crown.

Fare (promptly stumping up): Ah, you cannot cheet me—that eez better!—Sent in by H. L. Reeves, 139, Chapter Road, London, N.W.2.

His Mistake!

Bobbie had a little dog, of which he was very fond. As he was going to school his mother promised to take good care of the animal for him until he returned. Unfortunately, that day the dog got the worst of an argument with a motor-car, so when he returned from school his mother informed him that Paddy had been run over.

"Oh?" murmured Bóbbie unconcernedly.

His mother was greatly surprised, but afterwards she found him weeping bitterly.

"Why, what's the matter, my son?" she asked.

"Oh, poor Paddy!" he cried. "The servants have told me he was 'run over!'"

"But you seemed very unconcerned when I told you before," said his mother.

"Bu-but—but," howled the youngster, "then I thought you said 'D-daddy!'"—Sent in by J. M. Reeves, Dunsets, Chesham Bois, Bucks.

A Wash-Out!

Mr. Quelch: What is the most destructive force of modern times, Maul-everer?

Mauley (without hesitation): The laundry, sir!—Sent in by A. Reader, Clarendon, Station Road, New Barnet, Herts.

Very Tall!

Two insurance-agents, an Englishman and an American, were having a heated argument as to which of their respective insurance companies paid up on their policies the quicker.

"You'll hardly credit it," said the Englishman; "but we had a client who was killed in Africa, and his people there received the money for his insurance the same day."

"Gee!" ejaculated the Yank. "That's too slow for words! Our offices in Noo York are on the third floor of a twenty-storey sky-scraper. One day one of our clients was working on the roof of the building, when he toppled over. Believe me, we handed him a cheque for his policy as he passed our window!"—Sent in by K. Goodman, Travis House, Clarke Street, Sheffield.



RODDY STEEL.

It looked as if Tigg could not be saved. Clutched in the scoundrel's arms, he was raised high in the air as Roddy, with a loud shout, rushed in among the gang. They had hardly time to look round before he was amongst them, unable to stop in his stride.

He banged against Patch, sending that ruffian staggering against the wall, and stumbled on. Colliding with Tigg's captor, he flung him off his balance, and he, releasing Tigg, threw up his arms to save himself.

He fell forward, Tigg falling also, and Roddy tumbling at the same time. They lay in a heap for a second, while Patch kept gasping, and the third confederate stood uncertain whether to stand his ground or take to his heels.

But Roddy's shout had been heard, and a couple of mechanics had dropped their tools and had come running from the garage. At sight of them Tigg's captor lurched to his feet, uttering blood-curdling maledictions and a warning cry. He turned and bolted back towards Tooting Broadway. For an instant Patch hesitated. Then he and the third ruffian followed together.

"Hallo! What's up?" one of the mechanics gasped.

Tigg had risen. His waxen face was even more white, but his eyes were gleaming. He shook his small fist after the retreating scoundrels.

"They tried to pinch the car!" he said.

"Gee-whiz! Do you know 'em?" "Never saw 'em before, but I'll get even with 'em yet!" Tigg snapped. "They don't know what they were up against, else they'd have let me alone."

He was looking so threatening, in spite of his diminutive form, that one of the mechanics grinned good-naturedly.

"You'd lay 'em out if you got the chance?" he laughed.

"They'd pay for their impudence," Tigg replied with dignity. "They didn't know what they had taken on!"

He was thinking of Pyke, of course, but the mechanics understood his

HELD TO RANSOM!

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

GEORGE WINGATE

Introduction.

Old Mark Steel is followed home by a mysterious individual who has seen him near the scene of a crime. The stranger proves to be none other than Gordon Pyke, the great detective. Pyke enlists Roddy Steel's services to assist him in hunting down a notorious gang under the leadership of a daring criminal, Tarbov Strang. Pyke affirms it was not Paul Steel who was killed, but proof is not forthcoming as the body mysteriously disappears. By a ruse Pyke induces Caleb Patch and other members of Strang's gang to leave a house he wishes to examine. But tampering with a safe inside the place, the detective is overpowered with fumes which are released. Before he becomes unconscious, however, he throws a boot through the skylight window. Roddy shadows Patch and the others. The scoundrels attempt to take a motor-car which is in charge of Pyke's chauffeur, Tiny Tigg, a dwarf. With a yell, Roddy dashes among the gang.

words as referring to himself, and grinned the more. Just then Tigg turned and saw Roddy. He did not recognise him in his disguise.

"Thanks for your help," he said. "You did me a good turn, an' no mistake, and I won't forget it. You sailed in like a Britisher. And—"

Roddy whispered: "Don't you know me?" "Crumbs!" ejaculated Tigg; and he went to the car to start the engine, without another word.

The mechanics gazed at both with curiosity.

"Thought you were waiting for your employer?" one remarked to Tigg.

"So I was, but I'm going to meet him now," Tigg explained. "I was



With one supreme effort they lifted Pyke into the car.



GORDON PYKE.

to wait here until a certain hour, and it's past that." He turned to Roddy. "If I can give you a lift, you're welcome," he said. "Jump in, if you like."

Roddy took the hint, and with a friendly nod to the mechanics they drove away. When round the corner, Tigg spoke.

"You fair surprised me," he said. "I'd never have known you. The boss sent you for me, of course?"

But Roddy answered in a tone very different from what the diminutive chauffeur had expected.

"Tigg, those three ruffians are part of Strang's gang!" he explained, speaking in tense accents. "And the stout, purple-faced scoundrel is Patch, of whom the boss told us."

"Great Scott!" Tigg gasped. "Then it wasn't just that they wanted to pinch a car?"

"No; far from that. There's a lot behind all this, and I'm very anxious. Make straight for Clapham. I'll tell you everything as we go along."

Tigg took a turning, and let the car rip all-out. Roddy was still speaking.

"We've trailed Patch to a house in Clapham, and the boss drew them out of it on a false errand," he continued.

"When the three passed where we were watching, he told me to follow them, and he said he was going into the house himself, and that he expected to make a big discovery there. I got on a bus behind Patch, and heard him jawing. That's what makes me anxious."

"Eh?"

Tigg shot a quick glance at Roddy. "Patch was gassing a lot. He may just have been talking big, but I'm not sure. He cracked up Strang, and said that whatever the boss did, Strang would go one better. I didn't bother while he kept on at that, but then he spoke about the house."

Tigg began to show alarm.

"Were any of the gang left there?"

"I don't know, but I don't think so. That's not what's worrying me. Patch said an extraordinary thing—that the house could look after itself, and that whenever the boss tracks out

anything he's pretty certain to come wallop. Those were his words."

Tigg's fingers closed tighter on the wheel. He nodded, but did not speak. The car was travelling at tremendous speed; the road was clear. They ran into Clapham, and Roddy indicated each side street they should take, till finally they turned into the road where Patch lived. Here he bade Tigg draw up.

They alighted. Leaving the car, they hurried along the road, and gazed up anxiously at the house as they drew near. It was in darkness. They stood talking for a few moments.

"It looks as if the boss has cleared out," Tigg remarked.

"Yes, that's likely. He's had time to look around and get away," Roddy agreed. "Still, we can't chance anything, can we?"

"No. I wonder how he got in?"

"Let's get around and see. The windows here are all closed."

They climbed the gate, and came round to the back. There they saw the open window.

"He's in the house still," Roddy whispered. "He would have closed the window when leaving."

"Right-ho! We'll nip in."

Soon they were in the hall, and examining every room. They went up to the first landing, and found a door smashed open. That had been Pyke's doing, of course. Their excitement increased. Up and up the stairs they continued, expecting at every moment to see Pyke or hear his voice; but they reached almost the top without finding him. The stairs leading to the attic were only above them.

They climbed these, and found the door closed!

"He's cleared out," Tigg said. "We'd better scoot, too."

But Roddy, though he followed his chum downstairs, was loth to leave. From what he knew of Pyke, he felt certain he would never have thus departed and given a clue to the villains, as he would have done had he left the window open. So when they were out in the back again he stopped and looked round. Then he crossed the grass-plot, the better to look at the house, and when there Tigg heard him utter a startled exclamation, and hurried to his side.

"Look!" Roddy gasped.

He was holding a boot in his hand. Tigg took it, and gazed at it earnestly.

"It belongs to the boss!" he said, in awestruck tones.

"Then something has happened to him! But there's no sign of a struggle. And—and, Tigg, he hasn't left—I'm certain he hasn't. He's in that house somewhere."

As he spoke, something small and sparkling caught his glance.

He stepped on to the path, and picked the object up.

"Glass!" he cried. "Broken glass! And here's more, and more! Tigg, he's in the attic! We can't see that window, and all the others are unbroken. He's been trapped! Perhaps he's been set upon! Perhaps—" He ran towards the house.

They raced upstairs, and tried to force the door open. They called aloud, but no answer came. Feverish with anxiety, Roddy looked round,

seeking a weapon by which he could smash his way in. Tigg called to him.

"The door's made of steel, with a thin layer of wood!" he cried. "It's as firm as a strong-room!"

"And there's no keyhole! Only just the door-handle!" Roddy added, a gleam of understanding springing into his eyes. "How do these scoundrels open it, Tigg? There's some trick somewhere! If only we can find that!"

Close to the stairs there was a small block of wood inserted in the wall. Both noticed it at the same moment. Roddy ran his hand over it, but could not find a catch. A few inches below it his fingers touched a knob, and, pressing this hard, he discovered, to his joy, that the wood slipped to one side.

Diving his hand into the orifice, his fingers closed on a knob, at which he pulled with all his strength.

And on the instant the attic door slowly swung open!

A sickly, pungent odour was wafted



Roddy stretched out his hand and clasped the stranger's shoulder.

towards them. They stepped across the threshold, and with a cry of dismay they sank on their knees.

For Pyke was lying in the middle of the attic, his face ghastly white in the dim light percolating through the broken window.

"He's dead!" Tigg moaned. "He's dead!"

But Roddy had placed his hand on Pyke's heart, and cried aloud in his intense relief and gladness.

"He's terribly bad, but he's not dead. We must get him out of this at once, somehow. Run for the car, Tigg. We'll have our work cut out to carry him even down the stairs."

Tigg vanished, and Roddy bent closer over the great detective. He was quite unconscious. Then he gazed around the attic, saw the open safe and the papers and money strewn about the floor, and guessed all that had happened. He heard Tigg hurrying back.

Together they lifted their heavy burden, and began the descent. They had often to stop and rest, for Tigg, though willing, was far from strong.

At last they had carried the inanimate form out of the house, and in one supreme effort, they placed it in the motor. Tigg jumped to his seat to drive away, but Roddy bade him wait.

"Be ready to start at once if you hear anyone coming along the road," he suggested, "for Patch may return at any moment now for all we know. But I want to fetch the boodle and those papers. That will pay Strang out a bit, anyhow!"

He ran back and returned with an armful. Thrice he had to climb to the attic before he had secured everything. Then he jumped into the motor.

They shot away and sped through the streets, and out into the country, Roddy supporting Pyke, and observing him with an ever-increasing anxiety. And they were drawing near home, when Tigg's heart was thrilled by a glad cry.

"He's coming round!" Roddy cried, above the whistling wind. "Hurrah, Tigg! Hurrah!"

A Terrible Foreboding!

PYKE drew a deep breath, and opened his eyes. He stared at Roddy—tried to rise and sank back. But the colour was coming back to his face.

"You're all right now, boss," Roddy said, "and will soon be home."

"What happened?" Pyke asked, a puzzled frown gathering on his fine forehead.

"We found you in the attic in that house in Clapham."

"Ah, I remember."

Pyke lay still, regaining strength every minute.

The car turned into the avenue, and ran up to the house. He stirred slowly.

"I'll be able to walk," he said.

They helped him up the steps and into the drawing-room. He sank on to a chair, and drew a deep breath.

"How are you feeling now?" Roddy inquired.

"Better—much better. The fresh air was what I wanted. I was nearly suffocated, and would have died except that I managed to break the window. Strang almost sent me West. And you saved me—you and Tigg! I owe my life to you both."

He sat up and held out his hand. They each clasped it. Pyke was greatly moved.

"I can never thank you enough," he continued. "I'll never forget. But however did you manage to rescue me?"

Roddy told him all. He listened in silence.

"And it was by finding your boot on the lawn that we knew you were still in the house," Tigg added. "That was Steel's doing; I had made certain you had left."

"Ah!"

Pyke looked grateful at Roddy.

"And we got everything that was in the safe," Tigg added. "Steel wouldn't go without 'em."

Pyke's eyes sparkled.

"What!" he cried. "You've got the papers and the money! Then, in spite of Strang, we've scored! Steel, you've done splendidly; you're full of

resource and shrewdness. I'll be delighted if you'll take on the job as my assistant, when we've bested Strang. Why, this has been a capital night's work after all. And it's you and Tigg who managed it!"

He got to his feet. His face had become flushed, he was eager and triumphant.

"I'll be jolly glad to work with you," Roddy answered, his heart thumping with exultation, for this was such a career of adventure he would have chosen above all else.

"Good! Then that's settled. Now let's have those papers."

"But you're hardly strong enough for work yet," Roddy urged, for it was plain to see that the great detective was still much shaken. "Hadn't you better have a night's sleep, and in the morn—"

"No, no! I must see those papers. Why, they may tell us all we want to know. Fetch the lot, Tigg. I'll just glance through them. That will be enough to tell me their value."

Tigg hurried out. Pyke could not rest. Though his limbs were trembling he kept moving about, and as soon as Tigg returned with the first armful of papers, he began to examine them eagerly. Before long the table was piled high, and then Tigg left to take the car round to the garage.

Presently Pyke uttered an exclamation.

"Here's a code in cypher!" he gasped. "That will need some working out. And here's another bundle in the Bulgarian language, by the way, and this one is in the Austrian. And this," he unrolled a large manuscript, "why, I do believe, Steel, we've dropped on the rules and penalties by which the gang are kept together."

Roddy's excitement had increased every instant. Pyke kept on searching. After going through the papers, he turned to the securities of money.

"A tidy haul you made!" he chuckled. "There are many thousands there! Strang will be beaten for money I believe; he won't be able to keep the gang in hand if he has to stop payment. And it's quite probable that this is all he had, except— His face grew clouded. "Ah, I forgot," he added "He has your Uncle Paul a prisoner, and your uncle has become a very wealthy man. Yes, and this loss will drive Strang to desperate measures."

Roddy started. "He'll stop at nothing to get Uncle Paul's wealth?" he asked. "Is that what you mean?"

"It's what I fear. He meant having it, of course, but he was willing, quite likely, to wait a bit. Now, he must strike quick. Ha! We'll have to checkmate him. But how?"

He began to pace the room, his forehead furrowed, his eyes hazed in thought. But suddenly he staggered a trifle and sat down.

"I'm not fit for much yet," he sighed. "That poisonous vapour is in my system. I'm afraid a couple of days must pass before I'll be able to get about. Now you and Tigg had better have some supper. I'll clear off to bed. In the morning, we'll go into everything."

Roddy slept but little that night.

The excitement of the day, and the anxious work that lay ahead, kept him wide awake and feverish. And for the next couple of days he would be idle. He was troubled also about his father. He knew that the old man was restive in his hiding, and must be longing to see him. He decided to visit him the next morning, unless Pyke wanted his services.

Pyke was in the breakfast-room when he entered it. The great detective still looked pallid and tired, but he greeted the lad with his usual heartiness.

"Are you feeling better, boss?" Roddy asked.

"I've had a good sleep, and my brain is in fine working order, but my limbs are rather numbed still," Pyke replied, and in cheery tones. "And I've a full day's work before me, going through all those papers, and thinking out our next work."

"Then have you got a job for me?"



Clutched in the scoundrel's arms, Tigg was raised high in the air.

"Why, no, I'm afraid there's nothing at the moment."

"In that case, I was thinking of running up to town and seeing father."

"A capital idea! He must be wondering how we are getting on. Very well, Steel, clear off. Here's his address." And he scribbled some words on a piece of paper.

Roddy laughed. "I was going to ask you for that; for the night you came to our place, we drove with the blinds down, and I hadn't a notion where we were going," he said.

"Yes, I remember. Well, you'll find your way quite easily. Take the train to Richmond."

Two hours later, Roddy was walking on a country road, referring sometimes to the slip of paper for guidance. The day was fine, with a bright sun and strong, fresh wind; his spirits rose as he swung along, the forebodings that had troubled him during the night had vanished.

He came to the house, and went up a short avenue. The house itself was hidden from the roadway by a clump of trees. No more secluded spot could have been chosen for a hiding-place. He remembered the sad, nervous state of his father at parting, and now looked forward to the pleasure this visit would give the old man. He pulled an old-fashioned wire bell, and heard a loud clang through the house.

The door was opened by the man who had admitted his father on that eventful night which had changed everything for them. Roddy recognised the man at once.

"Fraser, I've come from Mr. Pyke," he explained. "My name is Steel, and I want to see my father."

Fraser started. He was a strongly built man with an honest face and open, trustworthy eyes. At this moment he was evidently perturbed. He was in his shirt sleeves, his clothes covered with dust.

"We're looking for him!" he said. "An extraordinary thing has happened. We can't find him. We haven't seen him since he had breakfast this morning. Come in, come in."

Roddy quickly stepped into the hall, and Fraser closed the door. Fraser's words and manner had alarmed him.

"My father has left!" Roddy gasped.

"We don't know, and hope he hasn't," Fraser answered, hurrying back along the hall with the lad. "But I'm afraid he must have gone out. Perhaps he'll be back soon. If it wasn't for what Jephson told me! Ah, here's Jephson! Jephson, this is Mr. Steel's son. Tell him everything."

Another man had come round from the passage leading from the kitchen. He also looked scared.

"I don't know as there's much to tell, Mr. Fraser," he began, looking with sympathy at Roddy. "It's just a notion I had when all's said. But your father hasn't been himself since yesterday," he continued, addressing Roddy. "He didn't seem able to settle down to anything."

"What upset him?"

"Well, that's just a notion I have, as I've said, for he didn't speak about any trouble. But he got a letter, and I thought it was from you most likely. Anyhow, I did not take any notice, nor did he tell me anything. He kept walking about the grounds more than usual, and all the day he was very silent, and last night I heard him moving in his room off and on."

"Then he used to go about the grounds?"

"Yes, but he always told us when he was going out, and we kept alert. He was safe enough there, and, of course, he found it hard to be tied down to the house. He knew he was in danger, but I don't think he fully realised how bad it was, and he talked sometimes of going home."

"Of going home! Then perhaps he has gone home."

"That's what I'm thinking."

"And this letter! Did you see it?"

"I saw the envelope!"

"Where did it come from?"

"It only had a London postmark."

Roddy stood puzzled and uneasy. He and Pyke were the only two who knew that his father was stopping in

this house. Who could have sent the letter, and what could it be about? Was this a dodge on Strang's part to kidnap the old man? Pyke had said that the villain would never rest until he had him in his clutches.

"I'll go home and see if he has been there," he decided speaking aloud. "You'd better 'phone to Mr. Pyke."

He hurried away, a foreboding oppressing him. At the station, while waiting for a train, he made inquiries at the booking-office which confirmed his fears. A man certainly answering to his father's description had taken a ticket that morning.

In feverish anxiety he travelled to London, and took a 'bus across to Highgate. The evening was closing in as he drew near to his home.

The quiet street was empty at that hour, and in most houses there were lights in the halls, if not in the sitting-rooms. But, as he had expected, his father's house was in complete darkness. Opening the gate and walking up the small, tiled path, he slipped his key into the lock and stepped into the hall. And then a rush of wind banged the door behind him.

He stopped. He was certain all the windows had been closed on the night he had left. Was someone in the house?

"Father!" he cried.

No answer came. He walked into the sitting-room, and lit the gas. The room was as they had left it, the ashes still in the grate. He looked around. An open letter lay on the table.

Picking it up, he saw that it was addressed to his father. Then this must be the letter that the old man had received, which had made him so restless! And therefore his father must have come here!

"Father!" he shouted again.

And on the instant he heard shuffling footsteps in the room above.

He at once ran up the stairs.

An Amazing Meeting!

RODDY flung open the door, with a glad cry on his lips. Then he stopped.

For the man was not his father! Even in the faint winter light he could see that. His father was tall; this man was smaller by some inches. His father had a large frame; this man was slight.

And there was something more—something he could not explain. Roddy was not startled; he did not fear an attack—there was no reason whatever to apprehend that—but an odd alarm gripped him, all the same, though not on his own account.

For the stranger had not taken any notice of his intrusion. He had been moving about the room with a shuffling gait, his hands clasped behind his back, his head thrust forward; and thus he continued. He did not seem to know that anyone had entered the room; and yet he was in another man's house, alone, and in darkness.

"Why have you come here?" Roddy asked.

"Eh?" the other queried, without stopping.

"Why have you come here?"

"Oh, all right—I'll go with you!

You've found me, but don't knock me about!"

The voice was pleading and heart-broken, and stirred the lad's pity. He struck a match, lit the gas, and looked at the man closely. And now something in his appearance stirred his memory; he seemed to remember him, though where they had met he could not recall. His face was familiar there was something about it he had often seen. But in some ways it was new to him. He stretched out his hand, and clasped the stranger's shoulder. He shrank back, raising his arm as if to guard himself against a blow.

"Don't—don't!" he wailed. "I'll go quietly."

"I don't want to hurt you. I only want to know who you are, and why you are in this house."

The other drew a hand across his forehead; his perplexity was obvious.

"Who am I? Who am I? I don't know. I've tried to think—ever so hard." He shivered. "Ugh! It's horribly cold and dark. What's happened to the sun? And the hot days and nights, and the sea. I can't remember—I can't!"

An amazing thought sprang into Roddy's mind, but it seemed so far-fetched and impossible that he almost hesitated to use it. He decided, however, to try.

"You've lived abroad?" he queried.

"Yes—yes!"

"In Australia?"

"Australia!" The poor fellow uttered a joyous cry. "Yes, that's it—Australia, where the sun is always shining, and—"

"And your name is Paul Steel!"

The stranger's face changed on the instant. The wracking anxiety passed away. He stroked his chin in a meditative way. He had calmed down at once.

"Paul Steel! Yes, I'm Paul Steel; but what happened to me? Why am I like this? Why does everyone beat me and starve me? Why can't I re-

member the past? I'm afraid—terribly afraid. All night and day I lie in the dark."

Roddy's warm heart glowed with pity and indignation.

He had met his uncle, and he had met him thus, bullied and ill-treated until on the verge of insanity! And this, of course, was Strang's doing. In some astonishing manner his uncle had escaped from captivity, only just in time to save his reason.

It was splendid that they had met; he could look after his uncle now, and time would restore his health. But there was much else he must know without delay. Where was his father? He had come here hoping to find him, and instead he had found Paul Steel. Why had the latter come to the house? And the letter he himself had found downstairs. That had been addressed to his father. He also had called. Had they seen one another?

He opened the letter and read it now. It was signed "Paul." He thrust it forward.

"Did you write that?" he asked.

Paul Steel shook his head.

"It's written in your name. It's asking father to meet you here. Are you certain you did not write it?"

"It's not mine."

"Then this has been a trap!" Roddy groaned, his agitation increasing. "The villains decoyed father here in your name. They've got him! But why didn't they take you back, also? How long have you been here?"

"I don't know. It's been dark all the time."

"Did you see anyone? Did anyone speak to you?"

"No, no! No one ever speaks to me, except to bully me."

It was impossible to glean any information. Paul Steel was still helpless as a child. The only thing was to get him away.

"We'll leave here," Roddy said.

"I'll look after you; I'll take you where you'll get every comfort. All your troubles are over."

But as he tried to link his arm in his uncle's the latter shrank back and cowered against the wall.

"Don't touch me!" he wailed.

"Let me stay here. I don't want to go back. I'm afraid—terribly afraid"

"You're not going back. You're coming with me, where you'll always see the sun—where you'll get good food."

"Food! Ah!"

The poor man's eyes glistened.

"Yes, yes! Food!" he repeated.

"Where is it?"

"Come along, and I'll show you."

They moved towards the door. And then Roddy's heart turned icy cold. For a sudden gust of wind swept through the house, and he heard noises in the hall, and a hoarse, grating voice. And he recognised that voice—he would know it anywhere!

Strang's voice! Strang and his gang were down below!

They were coming up the stairs!

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



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"OF all the goldarndest, ornery ill-tempered critters I've got a holt on, this hyar bull comes out at the top o' th' class!" said the Navajo. "Never again will I go a huntin' th' buffler with an army revolver!"

Then he turned to Jake Bellew, staring at that astonished trapper through a mask of mud.

"Hallo, Jake!" said he. "I thought th' Navajoes 'd got you. Was just doin' a prospec' round this part o' the country, tryin' to find my way into that hidden valley. But I see that Buffalo Bill an' Buck Dixie hev been there before me."

"Deadwood Dick!" gasped Jake Bellew. "What do you want to go foolin' about with a lone buffler for? You might ha' knowned that, he's dangerous, a maverick from the herd. You oughter know well enough by now that if a buffler herd don't want a bull buffler amongst 'em an' kick him out, he's not ther sort o' animal to tackle with a revolver."

It was indeed none other than the famous Deadwood Dick who was seated on the soft mushy ground behind the dead bull.

"Thank you, Prairie Wolf!" said he, rising to his feet. "An' you Buffalo Bill, an' you Buck Dixie. Reckon you came up just in time. I couldn't ha' hung to that brute's tail much longer. I shot him an' I thought he was dead. But he wasn't so dead as I thought he was. An' when he turned an' chased me, I thought the best thing I could do would be to get a holt on his rudder! Then I thought I might get a chance o' hamstringin' him with my bowie knife. But the varmint was too lively. Seemed to take a new lease o' life when I got holt o' his tail!"

Jake Bellew was roaring with laughter. For Deadwood Dick, though a great hunter of men and absolutely fearless in tackling Redskin or Paleface, was living up to his reputation of being an absolute foolhardy and careless hunter.

It was strange that Deadwood Dick, who never took any chances when he was dealing with men, was absolutely careless when he went hunting, and many were his narrow escapes through this happy-go-lucky trick of his which led him to tackling a grizzly bear with no better weapon than a bowie knife, and to killing a mountain lion with a stone.

"But what you doin' out hyar on

the prairie all alone an' without a hoss?" demanded Jake Bellew.

"Why, 'I'm lookin' for you!" replied Deadwood Dick, somewhat shortly. "As for my hoss, he's stowed up in these parts. I came out to get a bit o' breakfast for myself an' for Prairie Flower. She's got her lodge pitched in these parts!"

Prairie Wolf was greatly interested by this mention of Prairie Flower.

"She my auntie!" said he to the boys.

"Your aunt!" exclaimed Kit. "Why, she must be a hundred years old."

"She more dan hundred years old!" replied Prairie Wolf proudly. "She big medicine-woman. She keep alive along big medicine secret."

The boys had heard of Prairie Flower, a remarkable old woman who had long lived apart from the Navajo tribe. She was suspected of being a sorceress, and hated by the medicine-men of the tribe. Prairie Flower, as a matter of fact, was one of those women of powerful intellect who had risen above her surroundings. She had refused the toilsome life of an Indian squaw, and she had always advocated boldly the policy of friendship with the Palefaces and, worse

Bill, to Indian notions, of teetotalism. This was why she lived apart from the tribe.

Prairie Wolf set to work to cut up the choicest parts of the dead buffalo, whilst the horses were led to the water. The buffalo was an old one. But his tongue and his hump would be eatable. He had long been cast from the herd.

"Him allee same like my auntie!" said old Prairie Wolf, as he cut away the hump and strung the tongue. "Now we go see auntie!" said he.

The boys wondered where on earth auntie could have stowed herself in this open plain, for, from the crest of the ridge, which covered a view for many miles, they had seen no signs of human habitation.

But Deadwood Dick, having cleared the mud off his face and clothing, was ready to lead them to the secret lodge of this Redskin suffragette.

They followed him to the head of the long depression in which the buffalo wallow was situated, and out of this started a small but deep ravine which opened out into a deep, circular hollow surrounded by high, grassy banks, overgrown with huge bushes.

And here they found Deadwood Dick's horse, Nebuchadnezzar, hobbled and tranquilly grazing hard by a large lodge of painted buffalo skin, which was the residence of Prairie Flower.

And there, before the lodge, sat Prairie Flower herself, a tiny, wizened woman, hunched up and looking most uncommonly like an old witch.

She had once been a beautiful young squaw, and many warriors had fought for her. Now she was a very faded flower, but still hale and hearty.

She lifted her hand to the advancing horsemen in a sign of greeting and peace, and she looked severely at her venerable nephew, demanding why he had not been to her lodge these many moons.

Old Prairie Wolf greeted his "auntie" with respect and veneration. He replied that he had not sought her as he had been busy with many affairs.

Auntie grunted at this, and pointed to three red feathers that were stuck in the ground hard by the fire.

"Behold," said she, speaking in the Navajo dialect. "Last night I made medicine and my soul went from me. And I knew that three great chiefs would visit me, and that their names should be Deadwood Dik, Buk

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 Teekoopi. They are joined by Buffalo Bill. From the secret stronghold of the Navajo Indians they rescue Jake Bellew, secure the Golden Fleecce, 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. One day they come across a Navajo clinging to a buffalo, which Prairie Wolf shoots. All start with surprise when the Navajo speaks.

Diksee and he who shall be known to all men of the world in days to come as "Buffalo Bill." Wherefore, I rose in the night and made bread!"

And from under a white cloth she produced three large loaves of bread. Made of flour mixed with the powdered seed of the prairie flowers, according to Indian custom.

"And now we will smoke the pipe of peace," said the old woman, "for tomorrow there comes war—great war between the Palefaces and the Red Men."

The Red Arrows.

BUFFALO BILL started as the old Indian crone handed him the pipe of peace.

How could Prairie Flower, in this lonely prairie lodge of hers, know of the plottings and treachery of the Navajoes and the Apaches?

But Prairie Wolf chuckled as he saw the effect that his old aunt's remark had had on the great scout.

"Auntie she know heap lot!" said he, squatting in the circle as the pipe of peace was circulated with due ceremony. "Auntie she know!"

Buffalo Bill could only conclude that this formidable old lady had her spies in the innermost circles of the Navajo camp, and by later experience he found that this was the fact.

And when they had smoked the pipe of peace, Prairie Flower decreed that they could roast the buffalo meat without danger of any smoke from the fire being seen, for not only was the ten miles of country round her lodge shunned by the Redskins, but she was well supplied with dry wood which burned without the slightest smoke.

So the fire was made up, and the buffalo meat was set to roast. Then Prairie Wolf's aged aunt invited Buffalo Bill to the seat of honour on the pile of robes by her right hand.

"O, thou, who men call Buffalo Bill," she croaked. "I know that thou hast entered the stronghold of the Navajoes and hast surprised their secrets. So thou and thy friends are in danger of death, for the Navajoes will not lightly allow thee to escape, nor any of thy following. But hearken to me, and I will read the black mirror, and thus thou shalt be warned against thine enemies."

She reached out for a vase and a large platter of red earthenware, and, holding the platter on her aged knees, drew the carved stopper from the vase, pouring its contents into the platter.

It was a jet-black liquid that was poured out of the vase, which was like no other Redskin ware that Buffalo Bill had ever seen. The Redskin is no potter, though the southern tribes fashioned pots after the basket-like patterns they had learned from the Mexican Indians further to the south.

But the vase was of pure Etruscan shape and was of a fine potting.

And when the liquid was poured into the platter, the old woman held it before her eyes and stared into it, where the sun was brilliantly reflected on the surface of the inky pool.

For a long time she was silent. Then, as one mesmerised, she talked in low, monotonous tones.

"Thou shalt not leave this place till the sun is past the nooning," she mut-

tered, speaking in the Navajo dialect. "And thou shalt travel south till the shadow of this stick shall lengthen to twice its length." Then shalt thou travel west to the Black Rocks, passing them before moonrise. And remember, O Buffalo Bill, that to pass those rocks after moonrise means death to thee and thy band.

"And all night shalt thou travel as the full speed of thy horses, passing south of the One Tree before the breaking of dawn, and from the One Tree thou shalt always follow the southern slopes till thou comest to the river. Then shalt thou follow the river, keeping under the banks to the Indian Stone. Then full-speed to the Fort, taking no cover. And so shalt thou evade thy enemies who have sworn to destroy thee."

Buffalo Bill listened in wonderment. The old crone was giving him

old lady called "One Tree," at dawn. The rest of her advice was sound. By following the southern slopes of the great ridges that led westward, he would be out of the observation of the watching parties who would be on the next ridge to the northward, and by working up the river under the banks, they would escape the watching braves who, at the end of this ridge, would command a view over thirty miles of country.

And Prairie Flower, fumbling in a bag at her side, produced four red arrows. Barbs, shaft and feathers were all of bright crimson.

"Art thou hard pressed, O Buffalo Bill?" said she, "drop one of these arrows in the path of thy pursuers and their trail is blocked. No brave will dare to cross one of these arrows. But use them not unless the need is great."



Reining in their trembling horses, Buffalo Bill and his party watched from the rocks the black sea of buffalo go sweeping past.

almost to a line the route he intended to follow. But she was giving him also the information that he lacked. This was the probable whereabouts of the Navajo scouting parties who were out on the prairie looking for him.

He could read that Prairie Flower was detaining him in her camp to allow one band of Indian scouts to pass ahead of him. Thus they would not pick up his trail. The stick that she had indicated to him would cast a shadow twice its length at about five o'clock that evening. Then he would turn east, and it would be five hours easy riding to the queer outcrop of basalt, known as the Black Rocks, which they would reach well before moonrise.

This meant that there was to be a rendezvous of the scouting parties at the Black Rocks, and that these might pick up their trail. In which case they would have to ride hard.

And there was another Redskin rendezvous on at Lone Pine, which the

Buffalo Bill took the mysterious arrows, and thanked the old lady, who seemed to wake up from a sort of trance with a start.

Then she poured back the fluid into the vase, and, replacing the stopper of this strange medicine, carefully hid it in her lodge.

There was good grazing for the horses in this little hollow, and Prairie Wolf, who did not altogether relax watchfulness, climbed up the banks and watched out over the prairie. But he saw nothing suspicious moving, and he returned again to see how the buffalo hump was cooking.

Auntie Prairie Flower was delighted to see her nephew again. There was no doubt that Prairie Wolf was a bit afraid of her, and though he was full of years, he still felt himself a boy in the eyes of this aged woman.

"Ho, ho! He is a great chief!" said the old lady, nudging Buffalo Bill delightedly. "But 'twas I, Prairie Flower, who raised him and who made

a man of him. 'Twas I who put him outside the lodge, when he was a baby, in the cold mornings to harden him so that he might grow up a warrior. 'Twas I who poured cold water on him that he might grow strong. I was his father and his mother, and, behold, he has grown to a great chief with the love of the Palefaces in his heart. Wah! There are few warriors amongst the Navajoes to-day who can compare with Prairie Wolf!"

Old Prairie Wolf looked quite self-conscious as his old aunt told how she had brought him up. And Buffalo Bill knew that the story of his training was true. For, though a Redskin boy is never hit or beaten lest his courage be broken and he be made nervous and a coward, he is put outside the tents, naked, in the morning chill so that his frame may be braced and his blood stimulated, which, after all, is but an intelligent anticipation of many modern theories of fresh air cures. And no squaw is ever allowed to lift her hand against a boy, not even if she be his own mother.

But Prairie Flower was an exceptional woman, and she boasted openly to Buffalo Bill how she had given old Prairie Wolf many a good hiding in his youth, for which he had come to thank her in his old age.

And presently the buffalo hump was ready, and, strangest of all sights, Auntie was helped first to the tenderest tit-bits. This is against all Redskin etiquette by which the braves feed first, the boys next, whilst the squaws take precedence only of the dogs.

And when the meal was over, Auntie Prairie Flower bade them all lie down and sleep till high noon when she would call them. In the meantime, she would keep watch and advise them if anything happened.

The boys were glad enough to get a sleep, for they had had a hard night of it, and looked like having another hard night before them.

They were soon sound asleep and the rest followed their example, whilst the old squaw, climbing on to the top of the grassy bank that hid her lodge, gazed out over the prairie with eyes that lost nothing in their watchfulness through age.

The sight of this old woman, which had never been tried by hard sewing or reading, was wonderful. When she woke Buffalo Bill at noon, she reported smoke signals to the north and the west which located two hostile scouting parties, and Buffalo Bill, checking her statements, sighted the smoke which was so far away and so faint that it tested his own fine sight.

Soon it was time that they were getting to their saddles once more, the horses and men greatly refreshed by the rest. They bade Prairie Flower farewell and rode southward over the prairie.

Prairie Flower, shading her eyes with her hand, watched them as they went, and shook her head regretfully as they passed out of sight. She had always liked the Palefaces, and specially did she regard the Paleface brave who was called Buffalo Bill. They were going on a dangerous ride. But she had done her best for them by locating the whereabouts of most of

the war-parties that would be out against them.

And had she not given Buffalo Bill the four crimson arrows that were her own medicine and her own secret?

Taking all the chances against them, the little party had a fair chance of getting to Fort Madison without losing their scalps. And, with something like a sigh, old Prairie Flower returned to her lonely lodge to drowse away the rest of the summer day in the easy sleep of extreme old age.

The Stampede.

BUFFALO BILL was not long in testing the truth of the directions which Prairie Flower had given him.

About fifteen miles from their noon-day camp they cut the trail of a large party of Apaches. These were well mounted, and had ridden fast and far. Buffalo Bill could tell that they were travelling fast by the print of the horses' hoofs, and he knew that they had passed some three hours previously by the state of the tracks.

Nor did he have to cast back far on their trail to prove his reading of the track that they were Apaches. A few coloured beads, rubbed from a moccasin, of a certain blue that are only used by the Apaches, and an arrow dropped from some careless quiver told their tale.

They had passed one powerful war-party, at any rate. Prairie Flower had done well to keep them in camp. Otherwise they would have run into the sight of this party, and the Apache horses are much more to be feared than the inferior horseflesh of the Navajoes.

Old Prairie Wolf grinned as Buffalo Bill examined the trail.

"Auntie she speak heap true, eh?" he asked.

"You are right, Prairie Wolf!" replied Buffalo Bill grimly. "If we had not taken Auntie's advice, we'd have lost a good sleep and maybe have lost our scalps as well!"

"Wah!" replied Prairie Wolf. "My auntie, she heap big chief woman. She is a bigger warrior than these old women who call themselves chiefs among the Navajoes to-day!"

Whatever Auntie was, Buffalo Bill had seen enough of the truth of her advice to make him stick closely to her counsel. And in this, Buck Dixie heartily agreed.

The stick was thrust into the ground when the shadows were lengthening. And not till its shadow measured twice the length of the stick did Buffalo Bill turn his little column westward to head towards Fort Madison.

The horses were fresh; they had been traveling at an easy pace.

Now they lengthened their stride, travelling at a speed that would bring them to the Black Rocks before moonrise.

Buffalo Bill did not hurry Buckskin, his yellow horse, to beat this. Prairie Flower had said "before moonrise"; it was no use pushing ahead faster, and perhaps falling in with another war-party by being ahead of their time.

Twice during the sunset they caught the smoke of signal fires away to the north of them. And the rightness of

Prairie Flower's travelling orders were proved by these.

Buffalo Bill could read the signals plainly enough. Two columns of Indians were signalling to parties further to the north bidding them to watch out to the northward again.

This showed that he had passed the cordon of the Navajoes well to the southward, and had dodged the Apache column, which had been sent southward to scout on the limit of the country in which he and his party could possibly have been found.

And he had already dodged these fast Apache cruisers. They were now miles behind, and, even though they picked up his trail by sunset, they would be over twenty miles to the bad, and twenty miles takes a lot of overhauling by a party whose steeds are already wearied by long and fast travelling.

At intervals, fires to the north showed that the country was simply peppered with hostile bands in that quarter. But Buffalo Bill had swept to the south of the search and the Redskins were hunting their own shadows.

An hour before moonrise, Buffalo Bill reined in his horse and listened to a deep thundering sound that seemed to spread all along the northern horizon. They were yet about five miles from the Black Rocks.

For some time this distant thundering sound had been going on.

It was a sort of suppressed grumble, but it was increasing in intensity.

"What do you make of it, Jake?" asked Buffalo Bill.

"It's a buffer herd on the stampede," replied Jake, who had slipped from his pony and placed his ear to the ground.

"Do you think there are Redskins behind the herd?" asked the scout, who knew well of that trick of Indian warfare, whereby Redskins would often stampede the buffalo in the hope of driving them through a military column on the march, and breaking up their formation."

But Jake Bellew shook his head.

"I believe it's just a stampede," said he, "the critters are nervous to night along o' these war-parties scoutin' over the prairie, and it don't take much to set the herd on the run. I've seen 'em stampede for the barking of a prairie dog at the mouth of his burrow, or for the shadow of a passing cloud, and it's my belief that the critters are thoroughly stirred up, first by the smell o' the prairie fire, and by these band o' Injuns scoutin' about. But they are coming this way!"

Jake swung himself on to his steed again. It was getting restive and nervous as the thundering roar of the buffalo herd increased.

"Best thing we can do is to run before them," said Buffalo Bill.

And off they went, the horses travelling fast, frightened by the growing roar of the stampede that was increasing behind them.

"It's lightning that's stirring 'em up, too," cried Jake, as they raced along over the dry, hard earth. He had to shout now to make himself heard.

And the words were hardly out of his mouth when a flash of blue sheet

lightning lit the prairie, showing them the shape of the Black Rocks ahead of them.

The tension has been in the air ever since sunset, and the flash caused the lathering horses to start nervously, whilst Maud the mule laid her ears back and showed her yellow teeth defiantly, like Ajax defying the lightning.

It was one of the queer, electric storms of the prairies that was playing about, for the sheet lightning lit the night like day, though there was no thunder with it.

But the stampede of those thousands of hoofs supplied the place of thunder, and looking behind them the fugitives could see that the long, shaggy, dark line was rapidly gaining on them.

"To the rocks, boys! To the rocks!" shouted Buffalo Bill.

They understood what he meant. The Black Rocks, sticking up out of the prairie like rocks out of a sea, were their refuge. They would divide the herd, and if there were no Indians behind the buffalo, and the stampede was merely an accident, they would be safe. For they would allow the herd to pass, and would then keep it on the run, and then, woe betide any band of Redskins that crossed their path once they were sheltered behind this tremendous battering-ram of buffaloes.

It was touch and go, as they neared the Black Rocks.

But as soon as Buffalo Bill found himself amongst the rocky ground he knew that he was safe. He could hear the herd dividing behind him as they encountered the first of the outcrop of rock.

There were grunts and bellowings and heavy crashes in the darkness as a few of the leading bulls came down.

Then the dark wall divided, and, reining in their trembling horses, they watched from amongst the rocks the black sea of buffalo go sweeping past them in the lightning flashes.

It was just one terrific, thundering roar which almost stunned them. Then the herd swept past, and Buffalo Bill got Buckskin on the move again, for there were no Redskins behind the herd.

Buckskin gave the other horses a lead for he was a real buffalo horse, and had no more fear of twenty thousand buffalo than he had for twenty thousand sacks of oats.

And, in the strange fashion of these prairie horses, the other steeds acknowledged Buckskin as their leader, just as their riders acknowledged Buffalo Bill as their leader.

Soon they were racing through the night in a cloud of dust as thick as a fog, close on the tail of the charging herd, shouting and yelling at the top of their voices.

It was Buffalo Bill's luck again. They had fallen in with the stampede just at the right spot for this was the danger spot of their journey, and it was not long before they realised that they had turned this great danger to their own salvation.

For, five miles beyond the Black Rocks, a vivid flash of lightning showed them a mob of Redskins racing in front of the vast line of charging buffaloes.

They had breasted a long divide or ride of the prairie and now they were travelling downhill at tremendous speed, and as the herd had charged over the crest of the ridge it had surprised a large band of Apache warriors.

These had just time to mount and fly before the tornado-like charge of the buffalo, but they had not escaped. The front of the buffalo charge was too wide for them to ride across it, they were caught in the centre of the advancing army, and their horses were stale and tired.

For three miles on they rode for their lives. Then the herd closed on them, and they gathered in a bunch, seeking to divide the herd, by firing into it.

But Buffalo Bill and their following had opened out behind the herd, shepherding it with wild yells. Now

(Concluded on page 8).

My Weekly Interview

By the Special Representative of "The Greyfriars Herald"

This week: Micky Desmond.

I PLEADED with the editor this week to give me a soft job.

"Last week," I said, "I interviewed old Twigg, and I came out of his study a jolly sight quicker than I went in! I'm still feeling sore from the effects of his cane, and that's why I'm asking for a light job this week. Don't go sending me to St. Jim's, or to some other place that's right off the map!"

"I won't," said the editor. "I promise that you shall go no farther than the Remove passage."

"That's fine! Who would you like me to interview?"

"Micky Desmond."

"That hot-blooded Irishman?"

"He isn't hot-blooded. He's a perfectly calm, sober, and rational being. You won't have a scrap of trouble with him, I can assure you."

"Is he a Sinn Feiner?"

"I don't think so. If he is, he's a remarkably quiet specimen. He won't harm a hair of your head."

Cheered by this assurance, I went along to No. 6 Study.

Three fellows were within, finishing tea. They were Wibley, Morgan, and Dick Rake.

"Come right in!" said Wibley. "Sorry we can't offer you anything better than a stale sardine on toast."

"That will do nicely," I said, seating myself at the table. "Where's your Irish terrier?"

"He's not on view at the moment," said Dick Rake, with a curious smile. "Is he likely to turn up soon?"

"Oh, yes; quite soon!"

From the cupboard by the wall came a continual scratching sound, as if the place was infested by an army of rats.

"What's that row?" I asked.

"Oh, that's nothing," said Morgan lightly. "I expect it's the fellows in Number Seven. They're always kicking up a shindy."

Shortly afterwards the trio rose to depart.

"Don't go, you fellows," I said.

"Sorry to tear ourselves away from such excellent company," said Wibley, "but the fact is, we've got an appointment."

The next moment I was alone in the study. I fancied I heard a musical chuckle from the passage, but I was not certain.

I pitched into my sardine on toast, and all the time I was eating, the scratching sound from the cupboard continued. It was mingled occasionally with violent thumps.

After a time the din began to get on my nerves.

It would almost seem as if there was somebody in the cupboard," I muttered. "But, of course, there isn't. These walls are jolly thin, and that row is undoubtedly being caused by somebody in Number Seven. It's Billy Bunter, most likely. He goes about like an elephant."

Scratch, scratch, scratch!

Thud, thud, thud!

I could endure the noise no longer. Leaping to my feet, I dashed out of the study and into No. 7, only to find it empty!

"Great Scott!" I ejaculated. "There really must be somebody in that cupboard! I'll go back and investigate."

And I did. Returning to No. 6, I wrenched at the handle of the cupboard door, but without result.

"Locked!" I exclaimed. "What the thump—"

However, the key was in the lock, and I promptly turned it, and threw open the door.

What followed was like a hideous nightmare!

A frenzied figure, with a gag in his mouth, leapt out at me as if suddenly released by a spring.

Then a clenched fist smote me with terrific violence on the nose, causing me to turn a complete backward somersault.

I collapsed in a huddled heap by the fireplace, and remembered no more.

When I opened my eyes I found Micky Desmond on his knees beside me.

Micky looked the picture of remorse. "Faith, an' I'm awfully sorry!" he said. "I mistook you for Wibley!"

And then he went on to explain what had happened.

It appears that there had been a squabble at the tea-table, and Micky's study-mates had bundled him into the cupboard and left him there. They had intended to release him shortly afterwards, of course, but they evidently thought that I should do the job more effectively, so they cleared off, and left me to Micky's tender mercies.

I went to bed early that evening. And I took with me to the Remove dormitory a huge lump of ice and about a dozen yards of surgical dressing!

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. 28, 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 11th.

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

Signed

Address

WRITE CAREFULLY.

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

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