

THE CRIMSON ARROW!

SEE  
PAGE 16.

# The Greyfriars Herald

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No. 29 (New Series)

FULL OF SCHOOL STORIES AND ARTICLES

May 15, 1920.



**RETURNING DAUBENY'S TUCK WITH THANKS!**

*(A highly humorous incident in our ripping long complete school tale.)*



# 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. 29, 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 18th.

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

WRITE CAREFULLY.

Signed \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

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# Editorial

By Harry Wharton.

## "AN ALDERSHOT READER."

Two South African readers, whose only address is P.O. Box 225, Benoni, Transvaal, South Africa, sent me a sealed missive marked "Private," and ask me to send it on to the Aldershot Reader whose portrait appeared in the Herald of 7th February. Now, I have not the address of the Aldershot Reader, and as my South African chums do not give their names I am unable to return their letter to them.

The only hope for the note in question reaching its destination is for "Aldershot Reader" to drop me a line, that is, if she cares about receiving the letter intended for her eyes alone.

## "THE CRIMSON ARROW!"

It is in the very nature of every mother's son—and daughter—of us to love a tale of stirring adventure. And for real thrills and swift action, where can we better turn our eyes than to those days—not so very far distant—when the mighty struggle between Redskin and Paleface was being fought on the rolling prairies of the Far West.

So many of my readers have written appreciating "The Red Man's Trail" that I have secured another story even more enthralling. This is "The Crimson Arrow" which starts in the present issue. Kit and Joe Desmond, Buck Dixie, Uncle Baldy, Old Prairie Wolf, and the famous "Dandy Fifth," are all introduced, whilst last, but not least, the world-renowned scout, hunter, and fighter, Buffalo Bill, appears in hitherto unrecorded adventures.

I want each of my loyal chums to introduce the opening chapters of this magnificent tale to at least three non-readers of the HERALD. Let me hear of your efforts in this respect, and I will endeavour to publish in my Chat the best methods adopted for gaining new readers for our little journal.

HARRY WHARTON.

## COKER GETS HIMSELF INTO A NASTY HOLE! - - - Drawn by FRANK NUGENT.



1. Bolter, O'Rourke and Bolsover minor were peacefully digging in the sand near Pegg Bay when Horace James Coker, the fathead of the Fifth, arrived on the scene. "Here's a nice little place for a snooze," he chortled. "Thanks for making it for me!"



2. And, despite the protests of the three faglets, he made himself very nice and comfy in that excavation, and soon musical snores sent the seagulls flying inland, thinking there was a fog coming on. But those fags set their brains and muscles to work and—



3. Made a long ditch along which the sea-water poured. "Ow-yow! Garooch!" howled Coker. "Why this wetness?" "We were only putting a little dampening on your dry humour, old bean! Can't stop to wipe you down or you might wipe us up! Ta, ta!"

# BARRED BY THE STUDY!

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

By **OWEN CONQUEST**

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

## CHAPTER I. Not Wanted!

"DEAR old Drake——"  
Tuckey Toodles was interrupted.

The fat junior had put his head cautiously into the doorway of No. 8 Study on the Benbow, to make that affectionate beginning. He seemed to be expecting a hostile reception, in spite of his affection.

And his expectation was well founded. Jack Drake was sitting on the corner of the study table, talking cricket to Dick Rodney, who was in the window-seat. Drake had a cricket-ball in his hand. And as Tuckey's fat and uneasy face peered round the door-post, Drake's hand went up, and the cricket-ball whizzed.

Crash!

Tuckey Toodles jumped back into the passage as if he had been electrified.

The ball missed him by a good foot, and bounced off the wall, but it might have bounced from Tuckey's bullet head, to judge by the terrific yell that rang along the Fourth-form passage.

"Yaroooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You awful rotter!" roared Tuckey Toodles, keeping well back from the door now. "You might have brained me!"

"Couldn't be done!" answered Drake. "Still, I'll try, if you come in again."

"Look here, Drake——"

"Give me the ball, Rodney."

Dick Rodney fielded the ball, and tossed it back to his chum. Drake caught it, and remained with his eyes on the doorway.

"I say, old fellow——" came a beseeching voice from the passage.

"Buzz off!"

"But I want to come in."

"Come in, then! I've got the ball ready."

"I know you're only joking, dear old fellow," mumbled Toodles. "You didn't mean that ball to hit me—you know that. I know you wouldn't chuck it at an old pal."

"Certainly not," agreed Drake. "I was chucking it at you, you fat toad!"

"I say, Rodney, old fellow——"

"If you call me 'old fellow,' I'll come out to you with a stump!" growled Dick Rodney.

"Look here, Rodney, you ought to be civil, you know. I've always treated you well, though you're only a cheap bounder, on half-fees——"

"There's a stump behind you, Drake. Hand it over, will you?"

"Here you are."

"I—I say——" Tuckey Toodles



"Buzz off, you fat rascal——Oh!" Drake's polite greeting was cut short by the sight of his Form-master looming behind the fat junior.

put his fat little nose cautiously round the door-post. "I—I know you're only pulling my leg—— Yaroooh!"

Bang!

Rodney's stump smote the wall a few inches from Tuckey's nose. The nose disappeared with amazing celerity.

"Yow-ow-wooop! You awful rotter!"

"Now are you going to clear off?" demanded Drake.

"I—I say, I want to come into my own study, you know," mumbled Tuckey Toodles. "I say, I never meant to vote for Daub in the election. It was just——just a mistake——"

"You fat rascal!" said Drake.

"It's through you, that Daub is junior captain of St. Winifred's."

"Look here, what about the freedom of election, and all that, if you are going for a chap for voting according to his conscience?" demanded Tuckey Toodles indignantly, and still out of sight in the passage.

"Haven't we just had a big war for freedom, and liberty, and things? Didn't America come into the war to make the world safe for hypocrisy—I mean democracy? Well, isn't it democratic for a chap to vote just as he chooses?"

"You voted for Daubeny for ten bob!" said Drake.

"Ahem! I—I might have had a

small loan from Daubeny, just about the same time. I—I'm going to pay him back, of course. I'd have paid him already, only—I've had a pound-note blown away," said Tuckey Toodles pathetically. "I say, dear old boy, Daub has treated me rottenly. He kicked me out of his study when I went to supper with him after the election."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't see anything to cackle at. I call it ungrateful. Look here, Drake, I'll go and pay Daub his ten bob at once——"

"Do!"

"If you'll lend me the money——"

"Scat!"

"I'd have voted for you, Drake, only—I had to vote according to my conscience, you know; and besides, it was all a mistake, and I meant to vote for you all the time. And I'll vote for you in the next election."

"Unless Daub tips you ten bob."

"I won't do it under a pound next time—I—I mean, I won't do it at all, of course! I hope I'm honourable!"

"Oh, my hat! What a hopeful nature!"

"Can I come into the study now, dear old tops?"

"Certainly."

"And you won't chuck anything at me?"

"Oh, yes, I shall chuck something at you!"

"I say, don't be a beast, Drake."

"I'm jolly well coming in! It's my study!"

And Rupert de Vere Toodles, taking his courage in both hands, as it were, marched into No. 8 Study.

Jack Drake slipped off the table, and raised his arm, with the ball in his hand.

"Where will you have it?" he asked.

"I—I say—"

"Here goes!"

Drake's arm swung over, and Tuckey Toodles made one terrified bound into the passage again. Certainly Drake would not have allowed the cricket-ball to come into contact with his fat study-mate; but Tuckey Toodles was not of the stuff of which heroes are made, and he was not taking chances.

"Look here, I'll go to Lovelace if you don't let me in, and complain," yelled Toodles, from outside.

"Tell him you were bribed at the election, too."

"I—I say, I won't go to Lovelace, Drake. I wouldn't like to get you into a row. I say, I want my tea."

"Go and have it."

"I want tea with you fellows. I shouldn't enjoy it without my dear old pals."

There was a chuckle in the study. Tuckey's study-mates were quite well aware which he enjoyed the most—his tea, or the society of his "dear old pals."

"Now, I'm not going to be kept out, Drake. It's a thing no fellow would stand, you know. If you don't let me in I shall go and tell Mr. Packe you won't let me into my own study to tea."

"Cut off, then!"

"I mean business!" roared Toodles.

"Scat!"

"Well, I'm going!"

"Hurrah!"

"You wait till I come Packe with back—I mean back with Packe!" howled Tuckey Toodles; and he marched off in great wrath.

And Drake and Rodney resumed their cricket chat, in supreme indifference to Master Toodles and his indignant wrath.

**Toodles the Tacitful!**

**T**UCKEY TOODLES marched away along the deck of the old Benbow, in a very determined mood. He was, as he would have described it, quite "fed" with the present disagreeable state of affairs.

For two or three days he had been excluded from his study—ever since the re-election of the junior captain.

During the excitement of the election, Tuckey Toodles had been a most important person, for the result had depended on a single vote.

Tuckey was a conscientious fellow, as he often declared, and he intended to vote according to his conscience on the great occasion. Unfortunately, a bribe from Vernon Daubeny had caused his conscience to veer round in favour of the Shell candidate. Tuckey never acted against his conscience, but undoubtedly his conscience was a very accommodating one.

Naturally, his study-mates were wrathful.

Tuckey was at liberty to vote for

any candidate he pleased, or not to vote at all, but to "dish" his study-mate for the sake of a ten-shilling note was a little too much.

So the vials of wrath were poured out upon Tuckey's head, and he was a pariah in his own quarters.

It was all the harder on Tuckey, for Jack Drake had come back to St. Winifred's for the new term with ample supplies of cash in his pockets. No. 8 Study had had a thin time the previous term; now it was like unto a land flowing with milk and honey. Tuckey beheld the good things of which he could not partake, like a very grubby peri at the gate of Paradise. The unfortunate youth repented with great sincerity that he had ever yielded to temptation, and voted for Daubeny—especially as Daub had turned out so ungrateful after the election.

But repentance came too late; Tuckey was turned out, and he remained an outcast. His study-mates felt that Tuckey required a lesson, as undoubtedly he did.

But Master Toodles was "fed." And, in another sense, he wanted to be fed. He knew that there was going to be a spread for tea in No. 8, and he wanted to be in at the death of the good things. So he marched off to Mr. Packe's study in a very determined mood. He was in such a hurry that he ran into Estcourt of the Fourth as he came round the mainmast.

"Fathead!" said Estcourt, giving him a push that slammed him against the mast. "Look where you're going!"

"I say, old chap—" gasped Toodles. "I say, hold on, Franky—"

"What do you want?" grunted Estcourt, not at all flattered by being addressed as "Franky" by Tuckey Toodles.

"I say, you're jolly friendly with Drake now," said Toodles eagerly. "I know he stood down to let you bag the Founders' scholarship. I know he likes you, Estcourt—blessed if I know why, but he does! I say, will you put in a word for me?"

"Put in a word for you?" repeated Estcourt, puzzled.

"Yes; Drake's got it up against me that I voted against him at the election, you know. Of course, I had to vote according to my conscience—"

"All the fellows know that Daubeny tipped you," said Estcourt, in disgust.

"Well, they can't know it for certain; they can only suspect it," urged Toodles. "You see, I was alone with Daub when he gave me the cash—I mean, if the fellows only knew me a little better, they'd realise that I was incapable of anything of the sort. Look here, will you go to Drake and tell him the exact facts?"

"What are they?"

"Everybody knows you're a truthful chap. Drake would take your word like a shot!" said Toodles eagerly. "You've only got to tell him that you know for a positive fact that Daub didn't tip me—"

"But I know he did!"

"What a chap you are for argu-

ing, Estcourt!" said Toodles peevishly. "You wander from the point, you know. You just go and tell Drake that, on your word of honour, you know—he's bound to believe your word of honour. Then I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll get you asked into the study to tea. We're going to have a topping spread—Yaroooooh!"

To Tuckey Toodles' great surprise and wrath, Estcourt interrupted him by taking him by the collar and rapping his head forcibly on the mast.

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!" howled Toodles. "Wharrer you doing that for? Leg-go! Why, you're as big a beast as Drake! Ocooooo!"

Estcourt gave him a final rap, and walked away. Tuckey Toodles rubbed his head, and blinked after him furiously.

"Ow! Ow! What on earth did the beast want to get his rag out like that for?" gasped Tuckey. "Just when I was offering to do him a good turn! Ow! I say, Sawyer, old chap!"

Sawyer major of the Fourth had stopped to witness Tuckey rubbing his head, apparently deriving entertainment therefrom.

"Hurt?" inquired Sawyer.

"Ow! Yes! That awful beast banged my head—"

"Lucky there's nothing in it," said Sawyer major comfortingly.

"You silly ass! I—I mean, Sawyer, old fellow, I—I was noticing you in the gym the other day," said Toodles. "You're an awfully athletic chap. You handle the gloves splendidly. I believe you're about the best boxer at St. Winifred's."

"You're not such an ass as you look, Toodles," said Sawyer major.

"You could lick Estcourt as easy as falling off a form, Sawyer."

"Perhaps."

"Oh, you could, easily! I say, I'll back you up."

"And what am I going to lick Estcourt for?" demanded Sawyer major.

"He's been saying things about you."

"Has he?"

"Yes; he said your nose was like a turnip," said Tuckey. "Of course, it is, you know, but he oughtn't to have mentioned it. Here, keep off, you beast! I want you to lick Estcourt, not me, you silly chump! Yooooop!"

Apparently Sawyer major was under a misapprehension, for it was Tuckey Toodles he began to punch. He got in three vigorous punches before the grubby junior bolted along the deck and escaped.

Rupert de Vere Toodles was breathless when he arrived at Mr. Packe's study. But there, at least, he found sympathy, and a few minutes later he was marching back to No. 8, in company with the master of the Fourth.

**Awful!**

"**B**UZZ off, you fat rascal— Oh!" ejaculated Drake.

Tuckey Toodles appeared in the doorway of No. 8 Study, and Drake's polite greeting was suddenly cut short by the sight of his Form-master looming behind the fat junior.

Drake slipped off the table, flushing red.

"I—I didn't see you, sir!" he stammered.

Mr. Packe entered the study, with a severe brow.

"What is this?" he exclaimed.

"Toodles informs me that he is excluded from his own study, which seriously interferes with his work for the class. Is this the case?"

"Oh! Ahem!"

"H'm!" murmured Rodney.

"Well?" snapped Mr. Packe.

"We—we've been rather down on Toodles, sir," stammered Drake.

"Indeed? And why?"

"Ahem!"

"H'm!"

Tuckey Toodles looked anxious for a moment. But he need not have feared that his study-mates would acquaint the Fourth-form master with the facts.

"We—we—" stammered Drake.

"Well?"

"It was just a misunderstanding, sir," said Tuckey Toodles. "I'm quite willing to overlook it, sir, and be friendly—only, of course, I want to be in my own study, to—to work, and—"

"Quite so. Let there be an end of this at once, Drake and Rodney," said Mr. Packe sternly. "Toodles is not to be interfered with in any way. If I hear anything further of this I shall take severe measures."

"Yes, sir!" gasped the two juniors.

And Mr. Packe, with a stern frown, quitted the study.

There was silence in No. 8 till the Form-master's footsteps died away in the distance.

Then Jack Drake spoke.

"You toad!"

"You worm!" said Rodney.

"Oh, draw it mild," said Tuckey Toodles warmly. "I suppose a fellow wants to be allowed in his own study?"

"Suppose we'd told Packe the facts?" said Drake.

"Well, I knew you wouldn't," said Toodles cheerfully. "You're rather a beast, but I knew you wouldn't sneak."

"You've just sneaked, you fat bouncer!"

"Nothing of the sort; I've stood up for my rights—that's quite a different thing. I say, if you fellows don't mind, I'd rather let the whole matter drop. Shall I help you get tea?"

"No!" growled Drake.

"I'd really like to make myself useful, you know, as I'm going to have tea with you—"

"That's your little mistake," said Drake coolly. "You're not."

"Oh, I say!"

"Dry up! Let's get tea now, Rodney; it's time."

"Right-ho!"

Tuckey Toodles stood regarding his study-mates, with a very peculiar expression upon his face, as they made their preparations for tea.

He had gained the entrée to the study, but it seemed that it was a different matter to gain an entrée to the spread! And to Tuckey Toodles the spread mattered a good deal more than the study.

"I—I say, can I open that tin for you, Drake, old boy?" he ventured, after a painful silence.

"No, thanks."

"I'd really like to, you know."

No answer.

"Like me to cut the cake, Rodney?"

"No."

"Shall I make the tea, Drake?"

"No."

"Oh!"

The preparations finished, Drake and Rodney sat down to tea. Tuckey Toodles hovered round them with a dismal face.

"Pass the butter, Rodney."

"I'll pass it, old chap," said Toodles. "I was going to stand you fellows some butter for tea, only it's five bob a pound, and I only had a ha'-penny. Shall I spread it for you?"

"Let it alone!"

"Oh!"

Tuckey Toodles still hovered. He watched the faces of his study-mates anxiously, hoping to see a smile dawn upon them. But there was no sign of a smile. Drake and Rodney maintained a severe gravity as they travelled through the spread.

Tuckey Toodles saw it disappear with yearning eyes. He ventured to help himself to a slice of cake, and there was a loud howl as a knife-handle rapped on his fat knuckles.

"Oooop!"

"Let the grub alone, you fat rotter!"

"I say, dear old chaps, I know you're only joking—"

"Dry up!"

"You really want me to have tea with you—I know that."

Grim silence.

The two juniors had healthy, youthful appetites, and the feed vanished in good time. Half the cake was left, and Tuckey's eyes followed it hungrily as Jack Drake locked it up in the cupboard.

"I'll mind that key for you, if you like, old fellow," said Tuckey.

Drake put the key in his pocket.

"I say, I'm late for School tea!" urged Toodles.

"More duffer you," said Rodney.

"Is this what you call pally?" asked Toodles, almost tearfully. "I call it mean. I say, Drake, suppose you ask the Head to order a new election? Then I'll vote for you, honest Injun!"

"I don't want you to vote for me, fathead! You're barred because you voted for a bribe," said Drake. "You ought to have voted according to your conscience."

"But I did, you know," urged Toodles. "Daub happened to hand me ten bob, but—but that was only a coincidence. Coincidences will happen, you know."

"Br-r-r-r!"

Rodney cleared the table. The two chums strolled out of No. 8, and Tuckey Toodles was left alone—with a bare table and a locked cupboard. His feelings were almost too deep for words.

But he remembered that he was late for School tea, and hurried off to the dining-room. Tea there was just over, and the juniors were coming out. In grasping at the shadow, like

the dog in the fable, the hapless Toodles had lost the substance.

For some time afterwards Tuckey Toodles might have been seen visiting one study after another, like a lion seeking what he might devour. In his desperation, he even ventured into the Shell quarters, and looked in on Vernon Daubeny—only to make the painful discovery that Daub's boot, elegant as it was, was exceedingly heavy when applied to the person.

When Tuckey Toodles drifted into No. 8 Study for prep., he was looking so forlorn that his study-mates almost relented. But not quite. They felt that Tuckey's lesson was not over yet, and they sat down to prep. in grim silence, apparently deaf to the pathetic groans which escaped at intervals from the fat junior.

#### The Founder of the Feast!

"DRAKE, old pal—"

"Cheese it!"

"Rodney, old fellow—"

"Dry up!"

It was the following day, and the Fourth-formers were coming out of their Form-room after lessons.

Tuckey Toodles joined his study-mates as they came out, and spoke in his most honeyed tones.

But it skilled not, as a poet would say.

His blandishments were wasted on Drake and Rodney. They walked away together, deaf to the voice of the charmer.

"Oh, dear!" murmured Toodles.

Evidently he was still in disgrace—barred by the study.

By this time Tuckey Toodles' punishment had brought reflection in its train, and he was willing to admit—having reflected with unusual seriousness—that he had not quite played the game in regard to the election. He was prepared to admit his fault, and to let bygones be bygones. But his study-mates weren't.

Possibly the pleasure of being relieved of Tuckey's society for a time induced them to prolong his punishment. Tuckey's society was not nearly so fascinating as he supposed it was.

Matters were really growing desperate. For whole days now Tuckey had not had what he called a decent feed—only what the School provided, which was merely enough. Enough was not sufficient for Tuckey.

Unless he sat down to a really good spread soon, Tuckey felt that something would happen. He had already confided to his study-mates that he was going into a decline. And they had only laughed heartlessly, and assured him that there was no such luck.

And, to make matters worse, No. 8 Study was amply supplied with tuck. It would not have been so bad the previous term, when that study was in the lean years. But the fat years had followed the lean, and so it was awful. Tuckey's eyes rested almost with anguish upon cakes and pots of jam. The tuck was so near, and yet so far. No wonder the hapless Tuckey repented of his sins!

He drifted into No. 8 at tea-time. Drake and Rodney immediately assumed a stony gravity of expression, proceeding with their tea without

regard to Toodles' yearning, almost soulful looks. When the meal was over they rose to leave.

"I—I say, Drake—" murmured Toodles.

"Can't stop—cricket-practice."

"I say, you'll be hungry when you come in from cricket," said Toodles. "I'm going to stand supper this evening."

"Bow-wow!"

"I—I really am, you know," said Tuckey eagerly. "I—I want to make it up to you fellows. I—I admit I was a bit off-side about the election. A chap can't say fairer than that, can he? I'm going to stand you fellows a tiptop supper to make up."

Drake chuckled.

"Well, the grub's run out," he remarked. "Just the right time for you to stand supper, Tuckey! Go ahead!"

And the chums of the Fourth quitted the study, laughing. As Tuckey Toodles was well known to be quite stony, they did not anticipate seeing any supper in the study that evening. Tuckey's actions did not always square with his words.

But a great surprise awaited the chums of the Fourth.

They were at cricket till dusk, and came on board the Benbow only just in time for call-over. Two or three hours in the open air by the river had given them a keen appetite, and they rather regretted the fact that there was only bread-and-cheese for supper. But when they came into No. 8 Study they stopped, and almost rubbed their eyes.

The study table was spread, and it was laden with excellent things—cold beef, and ham, and eggs, and sardines, and cucumber, and butter, and cakes, and jams, and marmalade, and honey, and several more things. It was a more lavish spread than had ever been seen in No. 8 before, though Drake was rather given to extravagance when he had funds in his pocket.

"My only hat!" ejaculated Drake.

"Is this a giddy dream?" demanded Rodney.

Tuckey Toodles rubbed his fat hands, and beamed at his study-mates.

"Supper's ready," he announced.

"Only got to make the cocoa! Water's nearly boiling."

"But—but what—how—"

"I told you I was standing supper. I hope you fellows are hungry," said Toodles hospitably.

"Pretty sharp-set," said Drake, laughing. "But—"

"Sit down, then, old tops."

"Look here, what does this mean?" asked Rodney. "That stuff on the table must be worth quids."

"My dear fellow, I don't mind how much I spend on my pals," said Tuckey Toodles airily. "Besides, this is a feast of reconciliation—see?"

Drake and Rodney looked at one another.

"You're not going to keep it up, are you?" said Toodles anxiously. "I'm willing to let bygones be bygones. Sit down."

"We meant to bar you for the whole week," said Drake.

"Oh, sit down and have supper. Never bear malice, you know—I never do."

"Not at meal-times, anyhow, so perhaps we may as well follow your example," said Drake, laughing.

"That's right!" said Tuckey, beaming. "Try the beef; it's prime—I've tried it myself. And the ham—that's splendid. And the eggs—let me help you, old tops. Ripping, isn't it?"

"Oh, topping!"

Drake and Rodney gave in. They had almost made up their minds that Tuckey Toodles was sufficiently punished for his sins, and the feast of reconciliation gave the finishing touch. And undoubtedly that feast looked very tempting, and they were hungry.

Tuckey Toodles beamed hospitably over the festive board.

"Pile in!" he said encouragingly.

"There's plenty—lots! I say, did you fellows see Daub on deck?"

"I saw him," answered Drake. "He

"Don't you worry about Daub. Pass the cake."

"I believe there's a feast on in Daub's quarters, too," remarked Rodney. "Torrence was saying—Hallo, what's the matter, Toodles?"

"N-n-nothing!"

"It couldn't be a better feed than this," said Drake. "Tuckey, you are a fat little scoundrel, but you can consider yourself forgiven—till the next time. But I'm blessed if I can guess how you raised this feed! Did you get tick at the canteen?"

"Nunno!"

"Come into a fortune?"

"N-no. Never mind that; just you pile in and enjoy yourself, old top."

"I'm doing that!" said Drake, laughing.

Tuckey Toodles gave a sudden start. There was a murmur of voices outside in the passage, which grew louder.



Tuckey Toodles beamed at his study-mates. "I'm standing supper," he said. "Sit down, old tops."

was going down to tea. What about him?"

"Oh, nothing."

A footstep passed the door, and Tuckey Toodles paused, with a huge morsel on its way to his mouth, and his eyes were fixed on the door.

But the footstep passed, and the morsel continued its journey into Tuckey's capacious gullet.

"Like the supper, old boys?" he inquired.

"First-rate!"

"Jolly glad. Nice to be pally again, ain't it?" said Toodles, beaming. "I say, you fellows will stand by me, won't you, if I have a row with Daubeny of the Shell?"

"Certainly; but what are you going to row with Daub about?"

"He might row with me—he's such a beastly bully," said Tuckey. "You never know how to take him. He might come in here—"

"If he does, he'll soon go out again," answered Drake reassuringly.

Many footsteps approached the door of No. 8 Study.

"I—I say!" stammered Toodles. "You—you fellows will stand by me, won't you?"

"What's the matter?"

"I—I think I can hear Daub's voice," muttered Toodles. "I—I think the rotter is coming here—"

"No reason why he should come here. He doesn't visit in this study," said Rodney, with a smile.

"He—he's such a beast, you know," mumbled Tuckey. "I—I shouldn't wonder if—if Daub tried to make out that—that—"

"That what?" asked Drake, mystified.

"N-n-nothing!"

There was a crash at the door of No. 8 Study, and it flew open. Three elegant youths appeared in the doorway—Daubeny, Torrence, and Egan, of the Shell. They were looking excited, especially Vernon Daubeny, whose look was quite furious.

Behind the three Bucks loomed a crowd of Fourth-formers, laughing. Vernon Daubeny pointed to Toodles, who started to his feet, his fat jaw dropping.

"That's the rotter——"

"Oh, I say!"

"There's the stuff!" shouted Egan, pointing to the table. "I know that jar of preserves, at least. I got it in the canteen, and Capps told me it was the last he had in stock."

"It's our stuff, right enough," said Torrence.

"Your stuff!" ejaculated Drake.

"I—I say, he—he's dreaming!" babbled Tuckey Toodles. "I don't know anything about it. I—I think somebody in the Shell raided your stuff, Daub. In fact, I saw Seeley——"

"You fat villain!" shouted Drake. "Have you bagged this stuff from Daub's study? Is that how you've stood supper, you burglar?"

"N-n-no—of course not! I—I—I—the fact is——"

"Collar him!" yelled Daubeny furiously.

"Collar the stuff!" exclaimed Egan.

Drake burst into a laugh. The spread was explained now, as well as the uneasiness Tuckey Toodles had betrayed during its progress. Drake and Rodney jumped up.

"If the stuff's yours, you can have it—what's left, Daubeny," said Drake. "You're welcome. Sorry there isn't much."

"I'll smash that fat thief!" howled Daubeny.

He rushed round the table at Tuckey Toodles.

That plump youth promptly dodged round Drake.

"Keep him off!" he yelled.

"You fat duffer, why couldn't you let Daub's stuff alone?" retorted Jack Drake. "You've asked for a licking."

"Let me get at him!" panted Daubeny.

"Ow! Keep him off! I—I say, Drake, I—I did it from conscientious—ow!—motives——"

"What!"

"I—I thought he ought to be punished for bribing votes at the election, you know!" gasped Toodles, still dodging round Drake. "So—so I raided the spread—see? Yaroooh!" Vernon Daubeny had hold of him now.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

The conscientious Tuckey was beginning to go through it!

"Smash him!" howled Egan.

Thump! Thump!

"Rescue!" yelled Tuckey Toodles. "You—you fellows said you'd stand by me—yaroooh!—help!"

"So we did," said Drake. "Hands off, Daub!"

He seized the junior captain by the collar, and jerked him away from Tuckey Toodles. Daubeny gave a yell.

"The fat brute's robbed me!"

"No worse than bribing voters!" grinned Rodney. "Clear off!"

"I'll smash him!"

"Yaroooh! Help! Rescue!"

Daubeny jumped at Tuckey again, and Drake and Rodney promptly collared him. He went spinning through the study doorway, and crashed into the crowd of Fourth-formers outside.

Egan and Torrence rushed at the chums of No. 8, and were met half-way, and driven out of the study after Daubeny under a shower of thumps.

Three Bucks—no longer elegant—sprawled in the passage, surrounded by yelling Fourth-formers.

"You—you rotters! Give us our tuck!" panted Daubeny.

"Here you are!"

The tuck was handed out, in a shower. Daub and Co. did not seem to enjoy it that way. They fled, followed by whizzing cakes and scones and other edibles, which were promptly fielded by the juniors in the passage, and lost beyond recovery, so far as Daub and Co. were concerned.

Drake and Rodney chuckled as they turned back into the study. Tuckey Toodles was gasping and groaning; Daubeny had smitten hard. But the fat junior contrived to grin at his study-mates.

"All serene!" he gasped. "It was a jolly good spread, wasn't it? I told you fellows I'd stand a good spread."

"It wasn't yours to stand," growled Drake.

"Oh, never mind; I don't mind a bit, so long as we're pally again, dear old top!" answered Tuckey Toodles affectionately. "I say, ain't it ripping for us to be jolly old chums once more?"

Tuckey Toodles received no reply to that question, but perhaps he took silence for consent. At all events, he was quite decided that he was Jack Drake's jolly old chum, and at the next-tea-time in No. 8 Study he proved conclusively that the estrangement was a thing of the past.

THE END.

Next Tuesday's rattling story of the boys of the Benbow will be "Fagging For Ransome!" Look out for it!

#### RESULT OF TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION.—No. 24.

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

MRS. C. LOVE,  
20, New Buildings,  
Enmore Green,  
Shaftesbury, Dorset.

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

George C. Pitt, 34, Delamore St., Kirkdale, Liverpool; L. Jupp, 46, Holly Park Rd., Friern Barnet, N. 11; Robt. Scott, c/o Murray, 49, Cadogan St., Glasgow; L. Hegley, 52, St. John's Rd., Gillingham; David Crystal, 62, Smithdown Rd., Liverpool.

#### CORRECT SOLUTION:

Dear Pals,—Easter is over, and now we look forward to the summer. Bunter, however, signs for Easter again, and more eggs! I should not be surprised if, during the approaching cricket season, he secures plenty of the "duck" variety. Yours,  
HARRY.

## THE BALLAD OF BESSIE BUNTER

My name is Bessie Bunter; I'm as hungry as a hunter,  
And I'm longing for a boy to take me out.

For I know a little tea-shop (I regret it's not a free shop!)  
And I want someone to treat me—don't all shout!

I would ask my brother Billy, but he's selfish, fat, and silly,  
And he hasn't got a penny to his name;

So I want some other chappie just to make me gay and happy,  
For I'm starving, and I reckon it's a shame!

I could eat a joint of mutton (though I'm really not a glutton);  
I could shift about a dozen plates of ham.

Then I feel that I could grapple with some dumplings made of apple,  
And a basin of blancmange, complete with jam.

After that, a jug of coffee, and about a pound of toffee,  
Would combine to set me on my feet again.

Won't you take me out, Bob Cherry?  
'Twould be decent of you, very!  
For I really cannot stand this gnawing pain!

Billy's poor and paltry pittance (for he's not had a remittance)  
Wouldn't buy sufficient grub to feed a mouse,

And if he were asked to take me, he would simply turn and shake me,  
And—you know what Billy is!—he'd whine and grouse.

So I want you to be decent; my last snack was only recent,  
But it merely made my appetite more keen.

Are you coming now, Frank Nugent?  
You'd be acting like a true gent  
If you take me. Are you ready? All serene!

What! You haven't got the money?  
Oh, come off, and don't be funny!  
Billy says the Famous Five are full of tin.

I am certain, dusky nigger, you would rally round with vigour  
If you knew the fainting, famished state I'm in!

Why, your conduct is alarming! I am sweet, and plump, and charming,  
And I feel in form for never-ending feasts.

Do you really mean to hurt me? Are you going to desert me?  
Yes, you are! And I regard you all as beasts!



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

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

### An Ingenious Protest!

To the Editor of "The Greyfriars Herald."

Sir,—I note with strong disapproval that they have put the MERRY cricket-FIELD out of bounds to the small FRY.

Great SCOTT! Why can't we POT-TER about on the GREENE as before, and smite the BOLSOVER the fence?

If we are to be denied this privilege, then the authorities must BAKE up a NEWLAND for us to TODD-le about on!—Yours indignantly,

WILLIAM WIBLEY.

(Our advice to you, Wib, is to GWYNNE and bear it!—Ed.)

### A Tall Order!

To the Editor of "The Greyfriars Herald."

Dear Sir,—I have been a loyal reader of "The Greyfriars Herald" for fifteen years (What a whopper!—Ed.) and I am keenly interested in the Greyfriars boys.

I shall be glad if you will please supply me with the following statistics:

- (1) The full names of all the boys in the school, together with their height, weight, chest measurements, and the colour of their eyes and hair.
- (2) The average daily amount of tuck consumed by Billy Bunter during the present term.
- (3) The number of impositions Mr. Quelch has bestowed upon his pupils since Armistice Day.
- (4) The number of auction sales conducted by Fisher T. Fish this term, and the number of bumpings he has received for sharp practice.
- (5) How many miles has Coker of the Fifth covered on his motor-bike, and how many feathered fowls has he managed to massacre.
- (6) The number of times Billy Bun-

ter has said "Oh, really, you fellows!" and the number of times Hurree Singh has remarked that the something-or-other is terrific!

(7) The names of the best boxer, footballer, cricketer, swimmer, marble-player, and hopscotch exponent at Greyfriars, with a complete list of their record performances.

If you will give me this information in your next issue, you will delight the heart of—Your ardent reader, BARTHOLOMEW BLOGGINS.

(I fear that Master Bloggins will be unlucky. Whilst I am always willing to assist my readers with information, I strongly object to turning myself into a walking encyclopædia. Sorry, Bartholomew, but your thirst for information will have to remain ungratified!—Ed.)

### A Telling Thrust!

To the Editor of "The Greyfriars Herald."

You Cheeky Young Cub,—Either you or one of your accomplices has had the brazen effrontery to place on my study mantelpiece a card, with the inscription:

"Loder is a Rank Outsider!"

I am extremely angry about this, and shall spare no effort to bring the precious culprit to book.—Wrathfully yours, GERALD LODER.

(We can quite understand Loder's fury at having been called a rank outsider. Even the truth may sometimes be a libel!—Ed.)

### A Terrible Threat!

To the Editor of "The Greyfriars Herald."

Dear Sir,—I have long been a secret admirer of the Greyfriars boys. I thing you are all simply splendid—so gentle and chivalrous, so sweet and kind!

My favourite boy is Bob Cherry, because he has curly hair and such a winning smile; but you, dear Mr. Editor, run him very close. I am also very fond of Billy Bunter, because, like him, I possess an enormous appetite.

I am one of your girl readers, and my friends call me the Ugly Duckling. This is due to jealousy on their part, for in reality I am extremely beautiful, as the enclosed photograph will testify. My eyes are sky-blue, and my complexion is pale pink. It is a pity I have a snub nose and a bulging cheek, but the latter is due to toothache.

Would it be asking too much of you to give my photograph a place of honour on the mantelpiece of your editorial sanctum?

As I happen to live at Courtfield, I will take an early opportunity of coming over to Greyfriars and having tea with you. I have a healthy appetite, so please get in an ample supply of provisions.

Meanwhile, believe me to be, Your fair admirer, BELINDA BOOTFACE. (Oh, help! Another Bessie Bunter!—Ed.)

### Soft Sawdust!

To the editore of "The Greyfriars Herald."

dear wharton i take this hopper-tunity of riting to kongratulate you on the splendid suksess of yore paper-me and my chumms sware by it. we think there is nothing like it. the pleece-cort news is my favorite feacher, but they are all jolly good, and refleckt grate kreddit on the jernalists of the remove.

dear wharton i prommis you i will do my level best to still fetherer pop-pulisee yore littel paper. dear wharton i will by an extrer duzen coppiz each weak and distribbute them to non-readers.

dear wharton i hope you and yore little paper will kontinew to go grate guns.

hoping you will never come a crop-per as it leaves me at present, i rem-ane, yore konstant reeder,

SAMMY BUNTER.

(Obviously, Sammy has an axe to grind in thus singing the praises of "The Greyfriars Herald." We regret to inform him, however, that the cupboard in No. 1 Study is bare, Bunter major having already paid it a visit. Consequently, we have nothing to give away, barring a little manual entitled "Simplified Spelling for Infants."—Ed.)

## WATCH YOURSELF GROW

by using the Girvan System. Mr. Briggs reports 5 ins. increase; Driver E.F., 3 ins.; Mr. Ketley, 4 ins.; Spanan Mossdale, 3 ins. This system greatly improves the health, physique and carriage. No drugs; no appliances. Only ten minutes, morning and evening. Recommended by doctors—Patronised by Army and Navy. Send 2d. stamps for further particulars and £100 Guarantee, to the GIRVAN SYSTEM, DEPT. B.M.F., 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N.4.



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When answering advertisements will our readers kindly mention this paper.



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## CURLY HAIR

"My bristles were made curly in a few days," writes E. Welch. "Curlit" curls straightest hair.

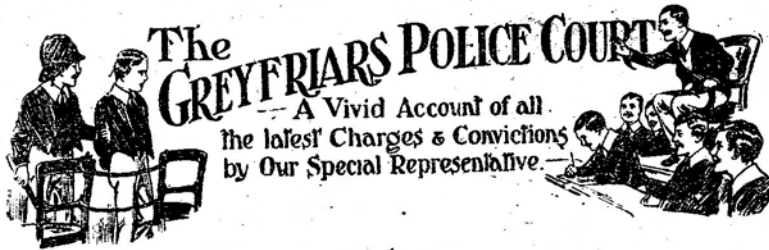
1/3, 2/6.—SUMMERS (Dept. A.P.), 31, Upper Russell Street, Brighton.

## MAGIC TRICKS, Illusions, etc. Parcels 2/6, 5/6, and 10/6. Sample Trick, 1/—

T. W. HARRISON, 238, Pentonville Road, London, N.1.

## CUT THIS OUT!

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



## The GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

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

The members of the public lined up outside the woodshed at an early hour on Wednesday, in the hope of seeing some of the prisoners arrive for the Assizes.

When the Black Maria rolled up there was a great demonstration, and the Remove Special Constabulary had to use their truncheons in order to keep the crowd back.

### SERIOUS CHARGE AGAINST SKINNER!

#### Billy Bunter's Incriminating Evidence!

A weedy-looking youth named Harold Skinner was charged with having rifled the poor-box in the Greyfriars Police-court.

Magistrate: Ho, ho, my skinny friend! It looks as though you're going to get it in the neck! What did the poor-box contain?

Mr. Cherry, K.C., the prosecuting counsel, said that the box had contained at least twopence in current coin—also four waistcoat-buttons, a halfpenny stamp, and a quantity of tin.

Magistrate: If prisoner was in need of tin, why didn't he come to me for help?

Voice from the Gallery: He knows what a mean beast you are! (Laughter.)

Magistrate: If I have any more nonsense from the gallery, I'll jolly well clear the court! Kindly proceed, Mr. Cherry.

Mr. Cherry: There is ample evidence that prisoner committed the deed, your worship. Detective-inspector Penfold, disguised as a black-beetle, was present in court at the time. He saw prisoner come in, glance stealthily round, and then make tracks for the poor-box. He looted the box, and was on his way to Courtfield, in order to have a good time on the proceeds, when Detective-inspector Penfold followed after him and arrested him.

Magistrate: A very smart piece of work, inspector! I hereby sanction an increase of tuppence a year in your salary.

Detective-inspector Penfold: Your generosity, your worship, is far in excess of your personal beauty, which is not visible to the naked eye. (Laughter.)

Magistrate: Does prisoner plead guilty or not guilty?

Prisoner: Not guilty, of course! You don't suppose I'm going to tell the whole court what I did? (Laughter.)

William George Bunter was then called as a witness for the defence.

"I declare on my word of honour," he exclaimed, "that prisoner is innocent!"

Magistrate: How do you know that?

Witness: Because I didn't happen to be looking in at the door of the Police-court when prisoner rifled the box—I—I mean—

Magistrate: You mean that you actually saw the theft committed?

Witness: Nunno, your worship! How could I, when I was in Friardale at the time?

Mr. Cherry (cross-examining): I submit, my fat and oily friend, that you are telling whoppers, as usual! You were present in this court at the time the offence was committed!

Witness (in alarm): Oh, crumbs! Did you see me, then, Bob?

Mr. Cherry: Of course not, you silly duffer! But you've fairly given yourself away now! How much did Skinner give you to appear as a witness in his favour?

Witness: Nothing at all! I swear

Magistrate: You mustn't do that sort of thing here! Kindly run through the prisoner's pockets, Constable Bull. P.-c. Bull did so, and brought to light a slab of unwholesome-looking toffee.

Mr. Cherry: Ha, ha! This is obviously a case of bribery and corruption, your worship. I submit that Bunter be transferred from the witness-box to the dock.

Witness: Oh, really, Bob, don't be hard on an old pal!

Despite his protestations, witness was hoisted into the dock by means of a steam crane.

His worship, summing up, said that the prisoner Skinner was guilty.

"As the gentleman in 'The Gondoliers' says, 'Of that there isn't a shadow of doubt, no possible probable shadow of doubt, no possible doubt whatever!' As for the prisoner Bunter, he has accepted a bribe, and has told his usual array of whoppers. The jurymen having gone to dinner, it is my pleasure to find both prisoners guilty. The skinny person will be made to run the gauntlet, and the human porpoise will receive a liberal application of the cat!

Prisoner Bunter: The kitchen cat, your worship?

Magistrate: No; the cat-o'-nine-tails, which I made myself before the court proceedings began. Where is the public-executioner?

Mr. Cherry: He, too, appears to have gone to dinner, your worship.

Magistrate: Then I shall be pleased to take on his job. Roll the plump prisoner towards me!

The court was enlivened during the next ten minutes by strains of music. The vocal efforts of both the prisoners were much admired.

## THE CRIMSON ARROW

(Continued from page 19.)

His companions hidden in the waggons were dying to chaff him, but the word for dead silence passed down the column, which at this moment presented just the appearance that Buffalo Bill desired, the picture of a worn out, frightened group of fugitives, whose tired oxen refused to draw the heavy waggons further.

It was a perfect invitation to the cowardly Redskins; and if it came off, the Indian war would start with a score to the Palefaces. And none knew better than Buffalo Bill and Buck Dixie the importance of getting in the first blow.

The Redskins were not long in making their appearance.

First one wild-looking feathered horseman showed on the ridge.

Then a second popped by his side. The group after group of Redskin warriors showed against the dawn, till the ridge was crowned with a feathered host.

Uncle Baldy calculated that they were up against five hundred Navajoes and Apaches.

Then a large body of feathered horsemen came pouring down the slope of the ridge, cutting the convoy off from Fort Madison. Another third of the force trotted slowly down the slope heading behind them to cut off their retreat. And the remaining third advanced straight on to them.

The three parties deployed till they formed a complete circle a mile and a half in circumference round the fated convoy.

They maintained an ominous silence till they had all taken up their positions. Then the whole body of five hundred horsemen began to circle from right to left, the reverse of the clock, which would bring the butts of their guns to their right shoulders when they started to fire on the convoy.

This manoeuvre was answered by the closing of the waggons into a hollow square. A few of the cowboys giving forth shrill, falsetto screams, like those of frightened women.

The movement of the waggons was blundering and panic-stricken.

But, all the same, as the huge circle of Indians started to move round the convoy, the waggons were bunched together, with the teams and the spare oxen in the centre, in the best of fighting formations.

Then puffs of smoke came from the rapidly closing circle of galloping Redskins.

But not a shot answered them yet. The two boys were told off to scream like frightened women as the muzzles of a hundred and fifty rifles were thrust quietly through tiny hidden loopholes in the tilts of the waggons. "Now scream, boys!" chuckled Uncle Baldy. "Scream good and loud like gals. That'll bring the varmints near enough to kill every time!"

Another long, stirring instalment of "The Crimson Arrow" will appear in next Tuesday's "Greyfriars Herald." Please introduce this thrilling new serial of Buffalo Bill and the Redskins to all your non-reader chums, and oblige your Editor.

# OUR SILVER SHILLING FEATURE

Money Prizes  
for all Contributions Printed on  
this Page.  
Send your effort on a Postcard to-day.

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

**'Plane Instructions!**

Film Producer: In this scene you're blown up into the air and caught by an aeroplane.

Film Star: I see. But supposing the aeroplane isn't there?

Film Producer (absent-mindedly): Well, don't wait; come down!—Sent in by Miss Eileen Denton, 14, Birley Road, Whetstone, London, N.20.

**One at a Time!**

The messenger from the dock-side stores with a Government contract hailed a vessel in dock at Liverpool.

"What do you want?" growled the surly mate.

"Got some vegetables for the ship!" was the reply.

"All right. You needn't come aboard. Throw them up one at a time," said the mate, as he stood ready to receive the vegetables.

"Ahoj, there, look out!" shouted the lad, as he threw a small dried pea towards the mate. "I've got two hundredweight of these!"—Sent in by A. Stead, 35, Strawberry Avenue, Garforth, near Leeds.

**A RIPPING PROSPECT!**



CAPTAIN: "Awfully tame first half, old chap. You'll have to put a bit more life into it the next half!"

**A Pleasing Question!**

Pa: I shall only be too pleased to answer any question you may care to ask, my son.

Young Hopeful: Well, pa, when holes get into stockings, what becomes of the pieces of stocking which were there before the holes came?—Sent in by Chris Jones, Maelor, Highgate, Denbigh, N. Wales.

**Exclusive Information!**

The salesman was new to the department.

"This necklace, madam," he said, "was originally made to the order of Henry of Navarre, who gave it to Margerite of Valois. It is a very popular line. We've been selling a lot of them lately!"—Sent in by D. G. Manson, Halifax Street, Hilton, Adelaide, South Australia.

**Naturally!**

Mr. Twigg: What is the meaning of one-tenth, Bunter?

Sammy: I—I don't know, sir.

Mr. Twigg: Well, just think, my boy. Suppose you had ten boys visiting you one afternoon, and only one apple for them, what would you do?

Sammy: Wait till they had gone, sir!—Sent in by R. Shepherd, 49, Lakey Lane, Hall Green, Birmingham.

**His Opinion!**

Walking down the street one day, Mike Murphy ran across two of his friends: Thinking to "pull his leg," the two agreed to pretend they had been discussing him.

"Hallo, Mike," said one of them, "we were just talking about you."

"Oh, indeed?" said Murphy.

"Yes," said the other; "we were discussing whether you were a knave, or only a fool. What is your own opinion on the subject?"

Murphy took each of his friends by the arm.

"Faith," he replied, "Oi belave Oi'm between the two!"—Sent in by J. Bowers, Limerick Street, Roscrea, Co. Tipperary.

**Deserved the Rod!**

Little Willie had arrived very late for Sunday-school, and the teacher sought to ascertain the cause.

"Please, miss," said Willie, "I was late 'cause I wanted to go fishin' with father, but he wouldn't let me."

"Very sensible of him," commented the teacher. Then, thinking to bring home a lesson to the youngster, she added: "And why wouldn't he let you go, Willie?"

"'Cause there wasn't enough bait!" snapped Willie.—Sent in by G. Brook, 58, Chapel Terrace, Crosland Moor, Huddersfield, Yorks.

**In Racey Vein!**

Billy Bunter: I say, Smithy, I bet I could race you and beat you if you give me a yard's start, and let me choose the course.

Vernon-Smith: Right; I'll take you on! What's the course?

Bunter: Up a ladder!—Sent in by Miss Jane Jones, Belmont Bungalow, Longridge Road, Hothersall, near Ribchester.

**The Booty!**

Youngster: Please stretch these boots for father.

Cobbler: Where do they pinch?

Youngster (slightly hard of hearing): Where were they pinched? Why, from the lodger next door!"—Sent in by G. Sewell, 40, Evington Street, Leicester.

**A Good Tip!**

The professor of elocution was instructing a very ambitious young man in the art of public speaking.

"When you have finished your lecture," he said, "bow gracefully, and leave the platform on tiptoe."

"But why on tiptoe?" queried the pupil.

"So as not to awaken the audience," murmured the professor.—Sent in by F. G. Paed, Les Marronniers, Grauvillè, Jersey, C.I.

**A BALE-FUL WHEEZE!**



CAPTAIN: "I've asked Charlie Sketchley to come along with the team as spare man."

TEDDIE: My aunt! "Why the only thing he's good at is drawing pictures."

CAPTAIN: "Exactly! He'll come in handy to 'draw' the stumps!"

**A Pushing Fellow!**

Brown rushed into the house-agent's office like a mad bull.

"Please can I have Fred Jones's house?" he cried. "He's at the bottom of the Willow Pond!"

"Very sorry; you're too late," was the reply. "We've just let the place to the man who pushed him in!"—Sent in by E. A. Pond, 8, Shorndean Street, Catford, S.E.6.

**Hard Luck!**

The Victim (to horse-dealer): You told me this horse had no faults.

Horse-dealer: Well, he hasn't.

The Victim: Why, he's quite blind!

Horse-dealer: Well, that isn't his fault!—Sent in by J. Maher, 5, Garibaldi Street, Openshaw, Manchester.

**How He Knew!**

Mr. Quelch: Who fiddled whilst Rome burned, Field?

Squiffy: Ce sar, sir.

Mr. Quelch: No, not Caesar; try again.

Squiffy: Carlo, sir.

Mr. Quelch: Carlo? Why, what do you mean, boy?

Squiffy: Well, if it wasn't Caesar or Carlo, it must have been Nero. I know it was somebody with a dog's name, anyway!—Sent in by Wm. Bird, 6, St. Silas Street, Liverpool.



RODDY STEEL.

**On the River.**

**R**ODDY stood tense and nigh to despair, whilst his uncle kept muttering to himself. The scoundrels were in the house, they were coming up the stairs, Strang leading them. In a few seconds they would enter the room.

And what then? It was hopeless to close with them and try to fight his way through. Against four of five, he would stand no chance. And also, even if he managed to escape, he would be deserting his uncle, and leaving him a prey again to their cruelty. No, he could not do that.

Yet what other chance remained? They both might escape through the window, trusting to luck to save them from a terrible fall. But then his uncle would not follow him; there was not time in any case to urge him.

These thoughts flashed through his mind with lightning speed, and then a means of baffling the gang sprang into his fertile brain, which never worked more quickly than in the moment of greatest danger. He could not keep his uncle out of their clutches, but he would be able to trace him and rescue him shortly, if he could but remain free himself.

They were in his father's bedroom. He dived under the bed just as the door was flung open!

The villains trooped in. Old Paul Steel uttered a heart-breaking wail as he dimly saw them, and in answer, a hoarse, contemptuous laugh rang through the room.

"Here he is! I told you he hadn't the wits to clear off. It was quite safe leaving him here whilst we tackled his brother. Now, men, haul him along and clap a hand over his mouth if he shouts. We'd better be getting away!"

It was Strang who spoke! Roddy could see him, but though recognising the grating voice perfectly, yet he could hardly trust his eyesight. For whilst he had met Strang once before, it was another face that he was gazing at now.

# HELD TO RANSOM!

Our magnificent 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's services to assist him in hunting down a notorious gang under the leadership of a daring criminal, Tarboy Strang. Pyke affirms it was not Paul Steel who was killed, but proof is not forthcoming as the body mysteriously disappears. Pyke gives Roddy the address of the house in which the detective has placed old Mark Steel for safety's sake. Roddy sets off to see his father, but the old man has left the place. Instead, the lad discovers his uncle, Paul Steel, who has been a prisoner in the hands of the gang. As the two are about to leave the house they hear the voice of Strang himself.

Pyke had said that the villain was a master of disguise, and had often thus evaded capture, so it was not the fact that Strang's disguise was masterly that amazed the lad. He would have expected that. But it was the disguise itself! For with eyes dilated with amazement, Roddy stared at a face which was a perfect likeness of his father's. His father's!

Had he not heard Strang's voice, he would have felt certain that his father was in the room. Strang was wearing a mask, of course, and he could slip it into his pocket whenever he chose.

His father's face! Why had the scoundrel counterfeited it? What diabolical plot had he hatched now? Roddy felt his blood turning cold in his veins. There was some terrible, sinister meaning in this if he could but fathom it.

But he had not time for thought. For another scoundrel laughed and answered Strang.

"You were right, as always, gov'nor," he said, "though I did think it a bit of a risk, leaving this old jossler alone here, and unprotected in a manner o' speaking. But we couldn't have got 'em both away together. We'd have been spotted, certain!"

"And this is the last job, ain't it, gov'nor?" another asked. Strang chuckled.

"After to-morrow, you only have to finish up everything," he answered tartly. "I'll give you your instructions, and when you've carried them out, Patch will pay you. I won't see you again myself, once we leave here, but though I'll be out of England to-morrow I'll know everything. So don't dare to try any tricks with me. You know the penalty if you do. And now bundle him downstairs!"

They seized Paul Steel and stifled the despairing cry that burst from



GORDON PYKE.

his lips. Lifting him up, they went tumbling, and staggering, but swiftly out of the room. Strang stood by the window till they were half-way down the hall. Then he followed.

Ah, if Strang had only waited! If only he had chosen to let the ruffians get away from the house with Paul Steel before departing himself. Roddy's hands were clenched, every muscle in his limbs was taut; he would have hurled himself on the villain, and felt certain in that moment of overwhelming anger and loathing that he could have brought him down in a sudden and unexpected attack. But fate had been against him.

He slipped from under the bed. On tiptoe he followed. He saw a taxi outside. Strang stood in the hall until Paul Steel had been bundled into the taxi. Only then the villain ran down the steps and jumped in. One ruffian had already entered with the unfortunate captive. Strang closed the door, the taxi glided away, and the rest of the gang shuffled off on foot.

Roddy darted down the stairs in pursuit. The taxi, held up by a lorry ahead, was not moving very fast. He managed to get close to it, but before he could quite overtake it, it shot away. For several hundred yards he was able to keep it in sight, and then to his relief he saw that it was being held up again. Redoubling his speed he had drawn to within forty yards of it when he saw that a second taxi was also being delayed.

Hailing the chauffeur, he bade him follow. After a brief parley, the latter consented to do so. Roddy having drawn from his pocket and shown him the fistful of silver Pyke had given him.

And now, leaning back on the cushions, drawing his breath in short gasps, he vowed that whatever should befall, he would not desist in the chase. He would pursue Strang to the bitter end.

His blood was up. He did not care what he had to face, he would save his father and his uncle. As he thought of his father's plight, so shabbily

decoyed and brutally ill-treated, he gritted his teeth to stifle the fury almost overwhelming him. The kind and thoughtful old man, who never injured anyone in his life, and who had never run foul of Strang! Dragged away by that villain to a dungeon to be bullied out of his senses! In his wrath Roddy groaned and writhed on the seat.

And his Uncle Paul! A strong man only a few days ago, and now a broken wreck! Strang would pay for all this to the last drop—and that night, if possible!

Both taxis sped along. Soon Highgate had been left behind. Roddy looked out of the window. To his surprise he found that they were already in the City Road. They ran through Stepney and past the docks, and still Strang held on. Roddy's surprise and uneasiness grew greater. He had expected that Strang had a lair in London itself. Where could he be taking Paul Steel? And would the chauffeur Roddy had engaged, continue the pursuit if it lasted much longer?

They were well down the river now, and once the chauffeur looked back, but Roddy waved to him to follow, and he consented. The lad could see the river widening out, and he remembered Strang had said that he intended leaving England on the morrow. Whatever could his game be?

The answer came abruptly, as with a jerk the taxi slowed down and stopped. Sixty yards ahead, Strang's also had stopped. Jumping out Roddy paid the chauffeur and hurried on. He saw three figures in the distance taking a sharp turn on ahead, and he broke into a run. Turning the corner, he found himself on a rough, bleak, sloping road heading for the river, which was close at hand. Strang and his confederate each had Paul Steel by an arm.

The trio went down the slope. Through the night haze, pin-points of light shone from the vessels on the water. Across the river, the buildings were banked together like patches of clouds. A nipping wind caught his breath.

The trio went down some steps and disappeared. Cautiously approaching, Roddy next saw them in a boat. Two more boats were hitched to the steps, and Roddy stepped into one and seized the oars. He was going after the scoundrels, whatever the risk.

He pulled out, and, after rowing for a minute, stopped to listen, for the others already were lost in the haze. Presently he heard the stroke of oars, and following the direction, he pulled lustily again. The tide was running down the river fast; he had his work cut out to keep the boat's bow amid stream. Again he listened.

But this time he could hear nothing but the wind and the splashing of the waves against the cockle-shell which had once begun to drift with the tide. He had to row and trust to luck to overtake Strang. He knew he was already in danger of being carried with the tide; at all costs he must keep the boat in motion.

He pulled hard now, and he had begun to fear that Strang had slipped

away, when a hoarse voice rang out through the thick haze.

"Ahoy! Ahoy!"

Strang had shouted. Roddy lay to the oars again, pulling with all his strength in the direction of the call, and soon the long, graceful lines of a yacht came into sight. Her portholes were picked out by sharp, circular lights; he could see her proportions and estimate her size. She was a fine, stately vessel, large enough to travel in all seas in any weather, and he noticed she had steam up, for a thick volume of smoke was pouring from her funnel.

He had been pulling up stream.

Across the yacht's bows there was moored a large buoy. She was rising and falling as she tugged to get free, the waves splashing her ribs. Strang no doubt, was boarding her from the starboard side; Roddy came round the buoy and drifted down. He could not board her on the port side; there



Cautiously approaching Roddy saw them in a boat

was no gangway out there. So he took the boat astern. There the yacht's gig was hitched, and he jumped into it, letting his own craft drift away. He seized the painter, and struggled to reach the deck hand over hand.

After a stiff tussle, he succeeded. Lying on the deck, he dragged himself along till he came to the companion-way. Looking down, he could see the saloon. Strang was there already, standing by the table, and Paul Steel had been flung on to a chair, where he sat, his pallid face twitching with fear. The skipper, a huge, foreign ruffian, was talking to Strang, and a couple of other men were enjoying a meal. Roddy could hear Strang's grating voice quiet distinctly.

"Where's the other prisoner?" he snarled. "Fetch him along! I'm ready for him now. Drag him out neck and crop!"

And Roddy's face flushed crimson with fury as he heard the brutal command. For he guessed that the bully meant his father.

**For the Sake of Others.**

OLD Mark Steel was led from a cabin into the saloon, and Roddy was horrified to see the terrible change in his appearance already. He looked ten years older, his face haggard, his figure trembling. Strang at the first sight of him took some papers from his pocket, and dropped them on the table.

"There's your brother!" he gasped. "I've brought you together again. You've to thank me for that, and now there's a matter of business we have to settle."

Roddy's father and uncle looked at one another. Both were greatly moved. Strang was opening the papers.

"By what right have you dared to kidnap us?" Roddy's father demanded, addressing Strang. "The law—"

"I'm a law to myself!" Strang chuckled. "I don't care a rap for Britain or her laws, so there!" And he snapped his fingers. "I'm not going to waste my time bandying words with you. You're to sign these documents. That's all!"

"I won't sign anything!" the old man asserted stoutly. "And you'll pay for this, whatever you do to me."

"Ha! I expected something like that at the start. But you'll change your mind before I'm done with you, if you drive me far enough. You've brought this on yourself. You're in league with that sleuth-bound Gordon Pyke. If it wasn't for him, I wouldn't be driven into a corner. It's he you'll have to thank for anything that befalls you. I want money, and I'm going to have it!"

"I've no money," old Mark sighed. "No, but your brother has. And the world thinks that he is dead. The coroner's jury returned that verdict. I had witnesses to identify the dead man as Paul Steel, lately returned from Australia. Ha, ha, ha! You are his brother and his heir. The money in the bank—"

"In the bank?"  
"Yes, in the bank!" Strang leered. "You didn't know about it! It will only be handed over to you. Well, my friend, I'm going to the bank as if I were you."

Now, Roddy understood why the villain had impersonated his father! With these papers in his possession, he meant to call at the bank, and hand them in as if he were old Mark. The plot was fiendishly clever. What is more, it would succeed—unless—unless—

But Strang was speaking again, and the lad listened eagerly, so that no word should escape him.

"There's no use taking a big tone," the villain continued, smoothing out the papers. "You're in my power, and—and we're on the river. It's death to you if you refuse."

"I don't care!"  
"Humph! It'll be death to your brother, also. You don't care about that, eh?"

Old Mark trembled more violently. He looked at Paul, and a spasm shot across his face.

"You'll be consigning him to his grave. His blood will be on your head. Now will you sign?" Strang hissed.

The poor old man wiped his parched

lips. His plight was terrible, and Roddy had to stifle a groan, as he saw the agony in his eyes. The plucky lad longed to jump to his feet and dash down to his assistance, but that would have been madness. The only way he could hope to aid him, was by keeping free himself and by trusting. But Strang was speaking again, and with a start Roddy heard his own name mentioned.

"And there's your son!"

"Roddy!" the poor old man faltered, a hungry look coming into his eyes.

"Yes, Roddy," Strang jeered. "For two pins, I would pay you out for his cheek in meddling with me. He's working with Pyke, the young pup. He's sharp, and he's managed to queer my pitch. But I'll get him if I want to; and if you won't sign I'll have to stay in England, and in that case, I'll hunt him down. I want to clear out. I'm done here, once I have the money I need. I had enough, and your son helped to rob me of it. Do you think I'm likely to forget that? Still, I'm willing to do a deal. You sign those papers, and I wash my hands of him. Now what will you choose? Will you have him die also?"

The poor old man groaned and staggered to the table. He held out his hand for the pen.

"I'll sign," he gasped. "You've got me in your clutches and there's no way out. I don't care a rap about my own life, but Roddy and Paul." His voiced choked as he took the pen.

For some seconds Strang bent over him at the table, and Roddy could hear the scratching of the pen. Then old Mark rose unsteadily. Strang clutched the papers, and thrust them in his pocket, his eyes blazing with triumph. Old Mark turned to climb the companion-way, but the villain clutched him.

"Oh, no, you don't leave the Flying Queen," he guffawed. "You stay here, my friend, till I've fixed up everything. This is going to be your home. Haul 'em both away."

As both were seized and led back to the cabins, Strang with a curt nod to the ruffianly captain, ran up the companion-way so swiftly, that he nearly trod on Roddy, who only just had time to wriggle away to one side. The lad heard him shouting to the sailors to man the boat, in which he had come from the shore. He waited till the beat of oars told him that the villain had gone, then he scrambled to his feet.

Whatever could he do? Brilliant lights were still shining in the saloon, he dared not venture down. The skipper and a couple of mates were still talking and laughing. On the deck all was quiet.

He cautiously crept away. He got abaft the funnel unobserved, and crouched there. But at any moment he might be seen; at any moment the sailors might emerge from the fo'c'sle. On hands and knees he crept for'ard and came to a range of cabins. They were all closed. Were

he to open one, he might step into the arms of an enemy.

He could, of course, take the yacht's gig and row back to the land. But that would be deserting his father and uncle. Yet, perhaps, the wise course would be to hurry to Pyke, and tell him everything, for he could not yet hope to release the captives against such odds. It was hard to go; every pulse in his frame resented the thought. Yet it was for the best, hateful though it be. He got to his feet.

And at that moment the boat-swain's whistle rang out shrill and commanding, and the sailors, jumping out of their bunks, came hurrying along the deck. In three seconds they would find him.

He had to take the last chance left. He opened a cabin door. He stumbled in and closed it, and stood in the dark. His heart contracted, for he



Roddy seized the painter and swarmed up hand over hand.

thought he heard the sound of heavy breathing.

And as he stood, he noticed to his horror that the yacht had begun to veer. She had slipped her-moorings! She was under way!

#### A Clever Coup!

**M**EANTIME, Strang had landed and was returning to London.

He caught a train at the nearest station, and when he arrived at Fenchurch Street, a magnificent Rolls-Royce was awaiting him. In this he drove to one of the most palatial hotels in the metropolis, and as he entered the hall, an attendant hurried forward to meet him.

"Your friends are gathered in your private suite, count," he explained. "And we are ready to serve supper."

Strang went up in the lift. A dozen men of many different nationalities were grouped in the gorgeously appointed room, and they all hailed

his arrival with joy. To all of them, he was Count Poltini, and at once he began speaking in the Austrian language.

"My work is almost finished in England, good friends and comrades," he said. "To-morrow I sail for Trieste in my yacht. She is leaving the river to-night, and I pick her up off Plymouth. I've called you together to give you your final instructions before you all depart, each to his native land. We will light a torch, without delay, that will set Europe ablaze. My plans are perfected."

A murmur of admiration ran round the group.

"So you will be Tarboy Strang no longer, count!" one suggested.

"Once I am aboard the yacht, I shall never return to Britain. For years I have been known as Tarboy Strang, but no one has ever known me by my own name. Not even Gordon Pyke!" he added with a bitter laugh.

"Ah! A dangerous man!" another conspirator remarked.

Strang nodded gravely.

"The only one I ever had reason to fear," he replied "If he knew my true identity he would follow me to the ends of the earth. My only regret in leaving this country is that I can't pay him out at present. But we mustn't delay. We must strike now!"

"And then?" An evil-looking old man grinned.

Strang grinned also.

"We will rule the world," he chuckled. "Money always rules the world, and when everything comes toppling down we will grasp all in the chaos that must follow. But let us sit down at the table. We will make merry to-night, and drink to the future. And whilst we enjoy the meal, I will tell each what he is to do."

It was late in the morning before the evil band broke up. Strang dominated them all; never had he shown greater brilliancy than when he came to explain every step each was to take, down to the smallest detail, in the vast and hideous plot he had hatched against the human race. He answered every question, wiped away every difficulty, banished every doubt. As they went down the stairs, at last, they all felt that nothing whatever had been left to chance; Strang's evil genius and terrific work was certain to ensure success.

When they had gone, he looked round the room, and at the table with the remnants of the feast, and drew a deep breath. His face over-clouded. All was not as certain as they believed. One last crime had to be perpetrated on the morrow before he could get away. Could Pyke stop him? He had become afraid of Pyke—terribly afraid, as at times he admitted to himself.

He went to bed, but could not sleep. Visions of possible disaster kept him restless and wide awake. Morning broke and found him pallid and agitated. So much depended on

the success of this ruse. If only it was over! The hours were passing with such painful slowness. Would the time for action never come?

And when he had risen and dressed, no one could have surmised the agitating night he had passed. He was calm and outwardly cheerful. Close on ten o'clock he left the hotel by a side entrance, giving on to a secluded street, and, hailing a taxi, he drove away. In his pocket was the wonderful mask personating old Mark Steel.

The bank had not long been opened for business, when the chief cashier walked into the manager's office and told him a gentleman wished to see him. Strang was ushered in and the door was closed. The office was at the back of the premises, a slight fog was hanging over the City, and the room was rather dark.

Strang introduced himself as Mark Steel. Yes, the manager knew all about the wealthy man from Australia who so unfortunately had lost his life. He welcomed his brother, as he thought, and asked him how he could be of service.

Strang took courage. He had scored on the first move. He produced the papers and opened the business, speaking with wonderful address and persuasiveness. He was in that office for an hour, and when he came out his hair was matted with perspiration, and every limb was trembling violently. Yet he seemed calm and unconcerned still as, having shaken hands with the manager, he walked slowly past the row of clerks, and stood purposely gazing out of the door for a few seconds, as if without a care in the world, before he passed into the street.

But when in the taxi again he could not contain his relief and joy. He laughed hysterically; he felt almost inclined to shout aloud.

For he had won! Pyke might now do his worst. He was free to leave Britain at once and for ever!

By Wireless!

**A**ND Pyke? He had been waiting for Roddy's return in keen expectancy through the afternoon and evening, and he had gone fully through Strang's papers, and felt certain that the villain could no longer escape him.

He had discovered all. Not that the evidence could be obtained directly, but, bringing his powerful intellect to bear on what he had read, he had deducted much that men of less ability would have failed to perceive. Then he had summoned Tigg.

"Tigg, be ready to start at five minutes' notice whenever I tell you," he said. "We are only waiting for Steel. I shall need his help in a scheme I have on hand, and I hope and expect that this night Strang will be in gaol!"

Tigg stared round-eyed. He gazed at Pyke, and saw that his deep-set eyes were sparkling, that his face, often so anxious in the past weeks, was aglow with exultation.

"Crumps!" Tigg ejaculated. "You've got him in the neck, boss." "I have. I've discovered who he is! I always knew that he had only taken the name of Strang as a stratagem, but I never could find out his identity. These papers have put me on the scent. By comparing them, by certain statements, by finding out the names of some of his correspondents, I know now he is Count Poltini, a notorious Austrian, who twice already upset half the legations in Europe. Knowing his name will find him without difficulty. But he musn't get



Sailors came hurrying along the deck.

out of England, Tigg. If he escaped to the Continent he might elude me!"

He gathered up the papers, and locked them in the safe.

"It's great!" Tigg gasped. "I'll be in at the finish, gov'nor, won't I?" he asked eagerly.

"You will. I'll need you as well as Steel. I wish he was back. Not that it matters much if he gets here by ten o'clock, for I intend to catch Strang when he is in bed. I won't be long searching in the West End, before I drop across someone who knows the famous Count Poltini!"

"So that's his name! It don't sound honest, do it? Well, I'm jolly glad. But I always knew you could beat him, boss. Though he is smart, I'll allow. All right, I'll be ready."

He hurried off, chuckling heartily, and Pyke sank into an armchair and lit a cigar. This was one of the supremely happy hours in his life. It was tinged with excitement. The great tussle was yet to come, and Strang, who was a desperate scoundrel, would fight to the bitter end; his capture would be a big business, and full of unexpected danger, Pyke felt sure. But the long, hard task of years was over at last, and the danger only made him the keener, and more eager to come to grips.

He smoked steadily and placidly, and having finished the cigar, he rose and paced the room. He looked at his watch. Nine o'clock! How quickly time passed to be sure when one's thoughts were busy. He wished Roddy was back. By the way, what could be detaining him?

He had left early that day. He had

gone to see his father. No doubt he liked staying on with him, there was much they had to talk about. But even so it was time he was back.

Perhaps he had lost the train, and in the evenings, few ran to this country station. But one would be due in a few minutes. No doubt he would arrive by that.

Pyke picked up the morning paper lying unopened all the day. He had been so busy, and he settled down again to look through the day's news. But he could not fix his mind on the contents. He found himself glancing down column after column without taking in anything. He could not rid his thoughts of Strang. At last he dropped the paper and looked at his watch again.

Good heavens! Why, the train had passed long since, and Roddy should have been back half an hour ago! This was getting serious. If the lad did not catch the next they might be late in starting for London. And in any case what could be delaying him? It wasn't like him to loiter. Far from that, indeed. Could anything have happened? Could he have met with an accident? Could Strang—

Pyke caught his breath sharply. After a moment of painful suspense, he spoke through the 'phone to Fraser in whose charge he had left old Mark Steel.

"That you, Fraser?"

"No, sir, I'm Allen. Fraser hasn't returned yet!"

"Oh, he's out, is he? Well, how is Mr. Steel? I just want to know?"

He heard a gasp.

"Mr. Steel! Haven't you heard? Didn't Fraser tell you?"

"Eh? What?"

"Mr. Steel has been missing all the day, and Fraser is still hunting for him!"

Pyke stepped back from the 'phone in his amazement and alarm.

Mark Steel missing! Then that was the reason Roddy had not returned. He also was searching for his father. Had Mark Steel been kidnapped? Had Roddy, following up, gone into the trap? Was all lost, just as he believed that success and triumph were in his grasp?

Agitated and a trifle pale, he turned suddenly and ran up the stairs. The wireless was taking in a call of despair.

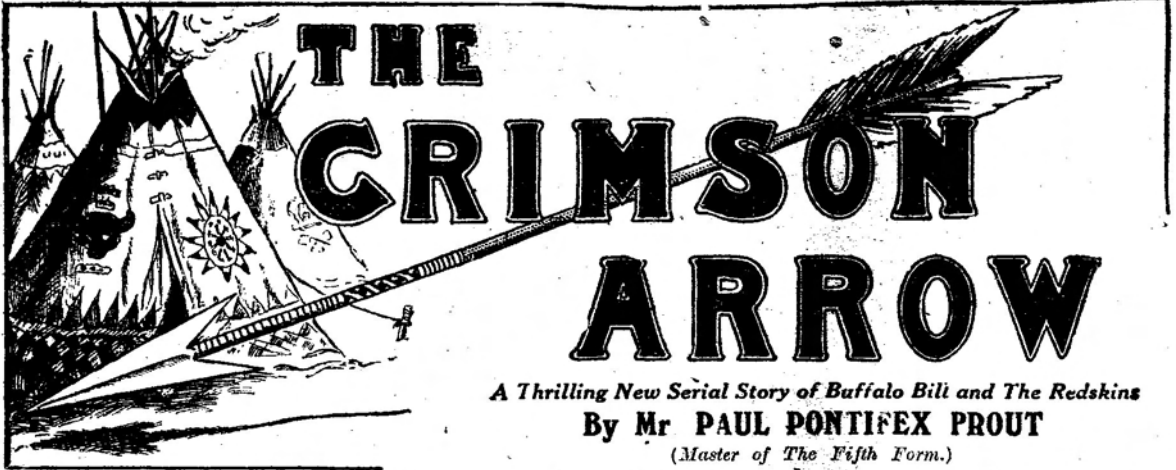
And a look almost of desperation came into his strong face as he picked up the message.

"Help! Help! Aboard the Flying Queen. Roddy Steel."

That was all! For a moment Pyke stood dumbfounded and aghast. Then his powerful will once more asserted itself. Desperate as was the plight, he was not quite beaten yet. Dashing down the stairs, he shouted as he ran:

"Tigg! Tigg! Quick! Quick! We win or lose all to-night!"

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



# THE CRIMSON ARROW

A Thrilling New Serial Story of Buffalo Bill and The Redskins

By Mr PAUL PONTIFEX PROUT

(Master of The Fifth Form.)

## PROLOGUE.

"We must ride for it now, boys. One of you has got to get through to the fort with the news!"

It was Buffalo Bill who made the remark, and it was the sight of two hundred Navajos on the sky-line behind him that caused him to make it.

The two British boys of the scout's party—Kit and Joe Desmond—spurred their horses on together. The other horsemen, Buck Dixie, Jake Bellew, Uncle Baldy, and Prairie Wolf, were not long in following suit.

They raced away, their tired horses taking a new lease of life as they seemed to realise the peril of their masters.

They were now racing up a long, shallow valley of the prairie, and their pursuers were gaining on them fast.

Buffalo Bill found himself hard pressed, as he covered the retreat of his flying party. He thought of the crimson arrow which old Prairie Flower has given him, and drawing one of these from the quiver of his saddle-bow, he dropped it in the path of the advancing savages.

He heard a yell of astonishment from the Indians, as their leaders, came to a halt at the crimson arrow that barred their path.

One leaped down from his pony, holding it high for all to see. And a sudden paralysis seemed to fall upon the Redskin pursuit. Not a brave seemed to dare to pass that arrow as it was upheld by an under war chief.

The Redskins wheeled their ponies and rode back upon their trail.

And well it was for them that they did so, for up the valley there came a clatter of arms and a ringing cheer, as three squadrons of the Dandy Fifth came swinging down the valley to the rescue of the hard pressed riders, who had brought the great news of the Indian rising in time to save Fort Madison and the settlements from the red ruin of the Navajo and Apache hordes.

## CHAPTER 1.

### The Eve of Battle!

**F**ORT MADISON, the headquarters of that renowned fighting-force, the 5th United States Cavalry, known as the "Dandy Fifth," was fairly humming with excitement and action.

For some time past, the Navajo nations had been on the warpath. But, this afternoon great news had come. The powerful Apache nation had joined in with the Navajos, and a general rising was about to flare up on the frontier, in which the lawless Mexicans from the south would probably take a part.

That afternoon, there had ridden into the fort a little group of men and boys wearing Indian dress, who had brought this great and grave news from the very stronghold of the Navajos.

And probably, in all the history of the wild West, there was never gathered together such a group of men who were to become famous as in that little way-worn band, whose flagging horses had just made their way into the fort, escorted by a powerful squadron of the Dandy Fifth, which had arrived just in time to save them from a rush of pursuing Apaches and Navajos.

They were led by William Cody, otherwise known as Buffalo Bill, now in the prime of his manhood, but not yet come to the world fame, which has made him the hero of two continents. This famous plainsman and frontier fighter was born in Iowa, in 1845, and when barely seven years of age, his father emigrated to Kansas, which was then far remote from civilisation, and the frontier of the Palefaces in their constant spread towards the Pacific. As a youth, Buffalo Bill had taken part in the famous Pony Post, the first transcontinental mail route from the Atlantic to the Pacific, by which letters were carried by relay riders through the hostile Indian country.

In this service, Buffalo Bill had gained his spurs, and more recently he had gained fame as a guide and scout in an expedition against the Kiowas and Comanches.

Now his reputation was established, and the men of the Dandy Fifth had gazed respectfully at that slim, upright figure which bestrode a horse that was equally famous—the celebrated Buckskin. Buffalo Bill and his steed needed no introduction to Fort Madison nor to the Dandy Fifth.

Beside him rode a scout, almost as famous, but whose fame has never become world wide as that of the great scout. This was Buck Dixie, Indian scout and hunter, and most dreaded

by the Indians, who believed him to be endowed with supernatural powers, and to be able to move with incredible rapidity from place to place.

The secret of this mobility was in Starlight, the magnificent black horse which was Buck Dixie's un-failing steed and companion.

And behind these two great scouts, rode a third man on a shaggy Indian pony. This man was not so much a fighter of Indians, but a fighter of bad men, that terrible half-bred race, the scum of the continent, who, outlaw from civilised society, lived their evil lives on the fringe of the Redskin country, trading with Redskins, and betraying their fellow whites to these as their policy dictated.

This third rider was Richard Bullock, a Cornishman, and like all Cornishmen—a miner. Richard Bullock, of an adventurous and roving nature, had come West at the age of twenty-one, and for a time had worked at mining in the Black Hills. But the constant robbery of the stages running from the mines to the settlements had caused Dick Bullock to drop his pick and shovel, and to buckle a six-shooter to his side, to ride out to search for the "road agents." It was Dick Bullock who had shot "Lame Jemmy," the most daring of the desperados of the Cheyenne route. And his constant protection of the Deadwood coach had gained him a name which is now world famous. The Dandy Fifth knew him as "Deadwood Dick!"

And the men of the Dandy Fifth gazed curiously at the two English boys who rode into the little dusty cavalcade. They had all heard of Kit and Joe Desmond, the sons of the miner, John Desmond, who was a prisoner in the hands of the Apaches. And they knew, as well, how the boys had been recruited into their ranks, and had been sent off at once, scouting in company with Buck Dixie. It was whispered that the boys had done well, and that though 'prentice hands to the plains, they would soon be marked for promotion, trained as they were under such a master as the great Buck Dixie.

\* Deadwood Dick died early this year at a sanatorium at Glendale, California, aged 75. The famous Deadwood coach, which was brought over to England by Buffalo Bill, was recently discovered amongst some stores disposed of by the Admiralty when they took over the White City during the late war.



And a cheer went up from the men, as in the next figures they recognised Uncle Baldy, the famous bull-puncher, who had assisted so greatly with his scientific inventions and his fireworks at the battle of Deer Springs. And when they saw Jake Bellew, the trapper, riding by Uncle Baldy's side, enthusiasm began to get red-hot.

All hope of Jake had been given up. It was known that he had fallen into the hands of the Navajoes, and that he had been carried off by them into their secret valley. How he had escaped scalping was a mystery that would only be told that night about the camp-fire.

In the meantime they knew that Jake Bellew would be silent, for he had yet to be interviewed by the intelligence officers of the fort.

And the sight of Prairie Wolf, the old Navajo war chief, riding the famous Maud the mule, brought another cheer.

A quarter of those hard-bitten frontier soldiers had fought against Prairie Wolf in open battle, and bore him little enmity. They were old Indian fighters, and they knew that never a scalp of woman or child of the Palefaces had adorned the lodge of Prairie Wolf. And now it was rumoured Prairie Wolf had broken with his nation, and had broken his pipe of peace, and had thrown in his lot with the Palefaces.

Rumour ran wild through the fort. They would have given anything to have known what was behind that grim, seamed old face. But Prairie Wolf could hide his secrets well under the impassive exterior of the Redskin, and as he rode in by the side of young Teekoopi, the Soshone, friendly, there was no more expression in his face than there is to a town hall clock.

The party rode up to headquarters, and descended stiffly from their mounts, for they had ridden far, and had ridden hard.

Buffalo Bill, Buck Dixie and Deadwood Dick, marched into the orderly room, where Major Lincoln and a group of staff officers were anxiously waiting news from their scouts.

Already the single wire that connected Fort Madison with the settlements was busy ticking its message of warning that would bring the settlers with their wives and children into the protection of the fort. And, already, powerful escort parties were leaving the fort to cover their retreat, and to get in touch with the screen of Indian raiding parties, behind which the main forces of the Apaches and Navajoes would move.

Major Lincoln was relying much on divided counsels amongst his enemies. There is a saying in the plains that the Navajo and Apache are water and oil, which means that they never hold together.

And the major hoped that, by the time the forces of both parties were fairly on the move, he would have all the men, women, children, horses and stock, under the guns of the fort.

Major Lincoln was an old and wary Indian fighter, and an honoured leader of the famous army of the Potomac. The great Civil War which had just passed had taught him points that might prove useful in the war against the Redskins.

And that this was going to be a big war he knew, when Buffalo Bill had made his report and brought forth the incriminating documents and tokens which he had captured from the Golden Chest of the Navajoes in their secret valley.

And a frown knitted the major's brow as he heard the names of the chiefs of the Apaches whose lodges had been seen in the Navajo valley.

Two-Axe, Man-Who-Smiles, Horse's Skull, Kicking Bird, Tall-Bear-That Walks-Under-The-Ground, Sanatou, Broken Arrow—they were all in it up to their necks, all representative war chiefs of the Northern Apaches. And behind these would come the other tribes when the word went forth for war.

"You and your companions have

neighbourhood of the fort, and a line of sentries lay within sangars or small breastworks. The whole garrison was sleeping on its arms.

This is to say it was not sleeping much, but playing at cards about the camp-fires and waiting for news. Presently, challenges were shouted out on the prairie and answered. There was a regular beat of hoofs and a lowing of cattle.

The great gates of the fort stockade were thrown open, and the sentries promptly climbed on top of these, whilst a sergeant, who stood near the gate, rushed for the flagstaff, and shinned up it in style that would have done credit to a sailor.

For, in at the gate swept a mob of cattle, ringed by a wild-looking crowd of cowboys and tame Redskins, who



The waggons were bunched together with the teams and spare oxen in the centre. Then puffs of smoke came from the rapidly closing circle of galloping Redskins.

done the State a great service, Mr. Cody!" said Major Lincoln, when he had received Buffalo Bill's report. "Now go and rest, for we shall have need of you soon."

The horses had been led away to be watered and fed and rubbed down by the men of the Dandy Fifth, and Kit and Jess Desmond had found a tent and blankets, for they were dying for a sleep.

And it was not long before they were fast asleep, dreaming always of riding, and of being chased by bands of whooping Redskins, sure sign of the stress of their long ride.

And they slept from before sunset to midnight, when they turned out to see what was doing.

A single candle was burning in headquarters, and they could hear the telegraph instrument tapping away industriously and receiving messages in return.

Strong patrols were out in the

were bringing these "whoa-haws" as they called them, in from the ranges to the corrals of the fort. For soon there would be many mouths to feed in Fort Madison.

In the red glare of the camp-fires, the mob of cattle, and Redskins, and cowboys presented a wild and picturesque spectacle—far too wild, indeed, for the sergeant who had climbed the flagstaff.

Cowboys and cattle both bore the Circle Dot brand of Buck Dixie's ranches. A dot surrounded by a circle was the rough armorial bearing of this famous scout, and it was known and dreaded by the Navajoes, for it celebrated a single-handed victory which Buck Dixie had gained over them, when he had beat off the attack of a hundred warriors on the open prairie. The circle represented the wheeling ring of the Navajo braves, and the dot represented Buck Dixie in that famous encounter.

And the Navajoes hated the sign, and would have been glad enough to sweep up that bunch of fine cattle, which the cowboys were now driving into the corral.

The boys stood discreetly out of the way of this wild herd, which, bellowing and plunging, and striving to break the circle, were hustled onwards to the corrals.

These cattle, wild and untamed from the open ranges, were nearly as rough a handful as a mob of buffalo. But the cow-punchers kept them close in hand, urging them on with wild yells, and twisting the tails of the bulls who strove to break out of the ring.

And soon the cattle were enclosed in the corral.

The cowboys reported that they had been watched closely by a large band of Apaches, who were seeking to stampede their cattle, but it showed no signs of fighting so powerful and well armed a force. The Apaches had shepherded them along pretty well to the fort. Then they had wheeled their horses and had disappeared over the plains.

Uncle Baldy was seated by the campfire with a group of rough-looking troopers.

"Go to bed, boys, and get some more sleep!" said he. "The Injuns won't attack to-night. They're not in force yet, and they are waiting for the big Apache bands coming up from the south. Go to bed and get your rest. Ye'll have your share av ih' fun to-morrow. I am thinkin' out a scheme! And, listen, the 'lectric telegraph is still ticking."

This was true. Where in the still air that single candle burned unflickering and upright at headquarters, the electric instrument was still ticking away industriously.

Then, of a sudden it stopped. "Wire's cut, boys," announced Uncle Baldy briefly. "Some war-band o' Redskins have got astride o' it."

And, a few minutes later, the military telegraphist confirmed Uncle Baldy's words.

The wire had been cut, and Fort Madison was cut off from the world. And the last message that it sent was that a big convoy of ox waggons, women and children was on its way to the fort, almost unprotected.

#### The Circle of Death!

THE bugle rang out through the fort.

"Ye won't go to bed to-night, boys, after all," announced Uncle Baldy, as Buffalo Bill's voice was heard calling him by name. "Buffalo Bill, he's on the move!"

Teekoopi came moving like a shadow through the crowd of troopers and cowboys, who were gathering together, exchanging rumours and news.

"Chief Prairie Wolf, he wantee see you!" said Teekoopi.

The boys followed Teekoopi to the spot where Prairie Wolf had already set up housekeeping in a captured Navajo lodge.

It was a fine lodge, and suited to Prairie Wolf's dignity. It was supported by seventeen poles, eighteen feet or more in length, and tapering

from three inches at the butt ends which rested on the ground.

The small ends were tied together with thongs of raw buffalo hide, and raised until they formed a cone-shaped framework on which was laid a wall of buffalo skins. These skins were very skilfully shaped and fitted, and were made soft, having been "dubbed" or curried, by scraping, to the requisite thinness to make them pliable and then rubbed with the brains of the buffalo which had worn the skin in life. These skins were sewn together by buffalo sinews, which were taken from the long and powerful muscle that holds up the ponderous head of the shaggy beast.

As the night was warm, the edges of the skin walls of the lodge were rolled up, and Prairie Wolf's domicile bore a very close resemblance, in cut and pattern, to the Sibley type of army tent in which the Dandy Fifth were bivouacked.

Prairie Wolf was seated on a divan of buffalo robes, plundered from the enemy, and had made himself quite at home—Indian fashion.

Before his lodge stood a tripod of three sticks, bearing a square bag containing pipes and pipe stems for ceremonial smoking. All these things had been issued to Prairie Wolf by the troops, having regard to the fact that he was now a friendly chief who had rendered signal service to the government.

And Prairie Wolf was full of new dignity.

He grunted at the sight of the boys. "Hook-ay-hay! Num whit!" said he, which meant, "How do you do, you are welcome!"

Prairie Wolf was smoking the great peace pipe, filling the air with a blue cloud of smoke.

"Hallo, Wolf," said Kit Desmond, without much ceremony, "what's doing? Do you want to smoke the pipe of peace with us?"

And he held out his hand for the pipe.

But Prairie Wolf shook his head.

"I-sto-met-mah-son-ne-wah-kein!" he grunted, ("That's foolish, don't do so!") "Make um sick!" he added solemnly. "Brave him smoke pipe. Big chief him smoke pipe. Boy him no smoke. Pipe heap bad along boy stomach. The Paleface boys shall drink Mok-ta-bo-mah-pe in the lodge of the great Red Chief, Prairie wolf."

Mok-ta-bo-mah-pe, turned out to be coffee. It was strong and black and highly sweetened, and Prairie Wolf, who like all Redskins, loved to adulterate his drinks, had laced it with a secret herb only known to the medicine-men of the Navajoes.

After a pannikin of the coffee the boys both felt their weariness pass from them, for the herb was a powerful stimulant. But they were still bruisèd and aching in every muscle from their tremendous ride to the fort.

They had just finished coffee when Uncle Baldy made his appearance at the door of the lodge, carrying under his arm a big bundle of clothing.

"It's one of my ideas, boys!" said he, unrolling the bundle, and displaying the print dresses and pink sun-bonnets that were the favourite

wear of the white women on the plains. "We are gwine to fix up a little decoy for these hyar Redskin varmints, and we start in a half-hour. But first of all, me an' ole Prairie Wolf will do medicine on ye, or ye'll be all to pieces. Strip off your clothes!"

The boys stripped. "Now lay on them buffler robes!" said Uncle Baldy, "an' me an' ole Wolf, we'll soon take the stiffness out o' your bones."

He himself took Kit in hand, and Prairie Wolf attended to Joe.

They rubbed and they pummelled the boys, greasing them from head to foot with a strong-smelling ointment made of the fat of the grizzly bear, and heavy loaded with some Indian embrocation.

This massaging acted like magic. The boys felt themselves tingling all over. But the ointment drew the stiffness and weariness out of their bodies, and they felt quite spry and lissom again.

They dressed in their deerskin clothes. Then Uncle Baldy gave them each a sun-bonnet and a print frock to put on, and they yelled with laughter as they slipped into these, for they looked exactly like a couple of young Paleface girls of fourteen or fifteen.

And they laughed still more when Uncle Baldy and Prairie Wolf, removing the heavy war-bonnets of feathers that they were wearing, hung them up in the lodge, and also dressed themselves up in calico dresses and sun-bonnets, till they looked like a pair of very ancient and disreputable gipsy women.

And this was Uncle Baldy's scheme. At one o'clock in the morning they were to move out from the fort with bullock waggons, to play the part of a convoy of women and children settlers flying for refuge to the fort. It was known that a powerful war-band of Redskins was on the look-out for this convoy.

But the real convoy had been diverted to the southward, and they were to take its place. They would be attacked by three hundred Apaches and Navajoes who would find in that dummy convoy a very different proposition to the easy murder of a lot of helpless women and children.

For each sun-bonnet and print dress covered a hard fighting cowboy or trooper of the Dandy Fifth, and hidden in two of the great waggons, or prairie schooners, was a novelty in Indian warfare, in the shape of two Dalgren guns loaded with shell.

The boys were wide awake now. The twelve waggons were there, waiting outside the fort, laden with dummy belongings and cases. They were drawn by teams of fast horses, which would drag them ten miles out from the fort, where the ox teams were waiting them. Then the horses would be exchanged for the slow moving oxen, and the convoy would roll out on the prairie under the guidance of Buffalo Bill and Buck Dixie, arriving at the spot where the Indians would surprise it at dawn.

Each waggon carried ten men, apart from the teamsters and the troopers who were dressed to repre-

sent convoy riders. And there were a hundred and fifty in the party altogether.

The waggons were protected by double tilts of canvas with raw buffalo hides placed between them forming a shelter that was arrow proof, and almost bullet proof.

The cowboys and troopers were delighted with their rig, and noisy was the laughter as the mob of print dresses and sun-bonnets gathered round the waggons and jumped.

But a call from the bugle produced a dead silence.

Then Buffalo Bill and Buck Dixie took their place at the head of the column, and away they rolled over the starlit prairie, the waggons lurching and rolling like great ships at their unaccustomed speed, as the great teams of horses dragged them at a trot across the soft prairie turf.

Ten miles out on the prairie, they found the ox teams waiting for them, and these were hitched to the waggons in place of the horse teams.

Then on they went, heading through a shallow valley towards the sunny country, describing a wide circle, which eventually brought them in the darkest hour before dawn on to the waggon trail, twenty odd miles from Fort Madison, and heading slowly for the fort.

The boys had a glimpse of the scout work of Buffalo Bill and of Buck Dixie.

The night was very dark and cloudy, but these two experienced plainsmen brought their mock convey into the wheel marks of the true trail in the pitch-black darkness, whilst a detached scout galloping up at the same moment, brought the news that the real convoy of women and children was fifteen miles to the south and already surrounded by strong patrols of troops, disguised as Navajoes and Apaches.

Uncle Baldy chuckled as he heard this news. His plan was beginning to work. He sat in the waggon alongside the boys with his long Kentucky rifle between his knees feeling the serrated notches on the butt and counting them. Everyone of those notches represented a Redskin who had paid the forfeit of his life in payment of the sacking of Uncle Baldy's home, and the murder of his wife and child, many years ago. There were thirty-seven notches on the rifle-butt, and there was room for a dozen more.

In the darkness, close alongside the waggon, jogged Prairie Wolf, a comic figure in his sun-bonnet and print dress, as he sat sideways on Maud the mule.

The convoy slowed down, then stopped half an hour before the dawn. The spare oxen and horses closed up behind it, and as the first grey of the dawn streaked the sky, it presented a real picture of a timid and bewildered train of fugitives in an enemy country.

On each side of it were two long divides or prairie ridges which looked black and forbidding in the grey light of the dawn.

Uncle Baldy peered with delight at the preparations. Nothing had been forgotten to deceive the eyes of the cunning Redskin watchers.

There was not a Redskin in sight

as the dawn broke. But this was no sign that there were no scouts dogging the trail.

And seated on a box, close by the waggons, was Laramie Jack, a cowboy, wonderfully attired in a print dress and ancient bonnet and shawl, nursing a baby.

It was a rag baby. But that did not matter. Laramie Jack nursed it as to the manner born.

(Continued on page 10, col. 3.)

## My Weekly Interview

By the Special Representative of "The Greyfriars Herald"

This week: OLIVER KIPPS

**Y**OU shall have a nice, soft job this week," said the editor soothingly.

I gave a snort. "That's exactly what you told me last week," I said. "You sent me to interview Micky Desmond, and you assured me that he wouldn't harm a hair of my head."

"Well, he didn't." "No, but he gave me a thump which made my nose three times its normal size. And if you think I'm going through the same ordeal again, you're jolly well mistaken!"

"Keep your wool on," said the editor. "I want you to go and interview Mr. Oliver Kipps, the celebrated juggler."

I brightened up at once. I'm rather pally with Kipps, and I considered I should be perfectly safe with him. Besides, I was anxious to see a clever exhibition of juggling, not having seen one for a dog's age.

"What you are," I said. "I'll go along and see Kipps."

"Give my love to him, and to all the little Kippses," said the editor.

I nodded, and with a jaunty step proceeded to No. 5 Study, which was occupied by Kipps and a quiet fellow named Dick Hilary.

The latter was out, but I found Kipps at home.

There was evidently a big feast cooking in the study, for the table was laid with dainty crockery.

"Be seated, brother," said Kipps, waving his hand towards the coal-scuttle. "Coming to the feed?"

"I've not been invited," I said, in an aggrieved tone.

"Sorry I can't invite you, as I don't happen to be the founder of the feast," said Kipps. "What can I do for you? State your business briefly, old chap. The guests will be arriving soon."

"I should like you to entertain me with a bit of juggling," I said eagerly.

"With pleasure," said Kipps. "I haven't time say for a long time, though, and I'm afraid my hand has lost some of its cunning."

"Never mind," I said. "Do the best you can."

Kipps picked up three beautiful

Wedgwood cups, and tossed them into the air one after the other. He caught them with wonderful dexterity, and I was wondering how long he would be able to keep it up, when—

Crash! One of the cups collided heavily with the ceiling, and a shower of fragments, mingled with plaster, descended on to the table.

"My hat! You've done it now!" I exclaimed.

"These little accidents will happen," said Kipps ruefully. "I've gone off quite a lot. I used to be able to keep six cups in motion at once. Wonder if I've forgotten my famous teapot and sugar-basin trick?"

"What's that?" I asked. "Why, I throw the teapot and the sugar-basin into the air alternately, without upsetting a single lump of sugar, or causing the lid to come off the teapot."

"By Jove! I'd simply love to see it done!"

"Feast your eyes on me," said Kipps.

And he commenced operations with the teapot and the sugar-basin.

In my eagerness to watch the proceedings I stood quite close to the juggler, and I happened to jog his elbow just as the teapot and sugar-basin were careering in mid-air.

"You silly ass!" roared Kipps. "You—"

Bang! Crash!

A scene of indescribable destruction followed.

The teapot landed in the middle of the crockery, smashing plates and cups and goodness knows what. It was ably assisted by the sugar-basin, the contents of which flew in all directions. In fact, it seemed to be raining sugar.

Kipps gave one wild glance at the damage. Then he turned, and fled from the study.

For a few moments I stood paralysed, scarcely knowing what to do.

Then the door opened, and Vernon-Smith came in.

The Bounder glared at the smashed crockery; then he glared at me.

"You—you—" he spluttered.

"Are you aware that all this crockery belongs to me? You've smashed at least a quid's worth of stuff, you dangerous imbecile, and now I'm going to smash you!"

I backed away from the angry Bounder, feeling furious with Kipps for having left me in the lurch.

And then, to my intense relief, Kipps himself walked in.

"It's all right, Smithy," he said. "It was I who smashed up the happy home."

"You!"

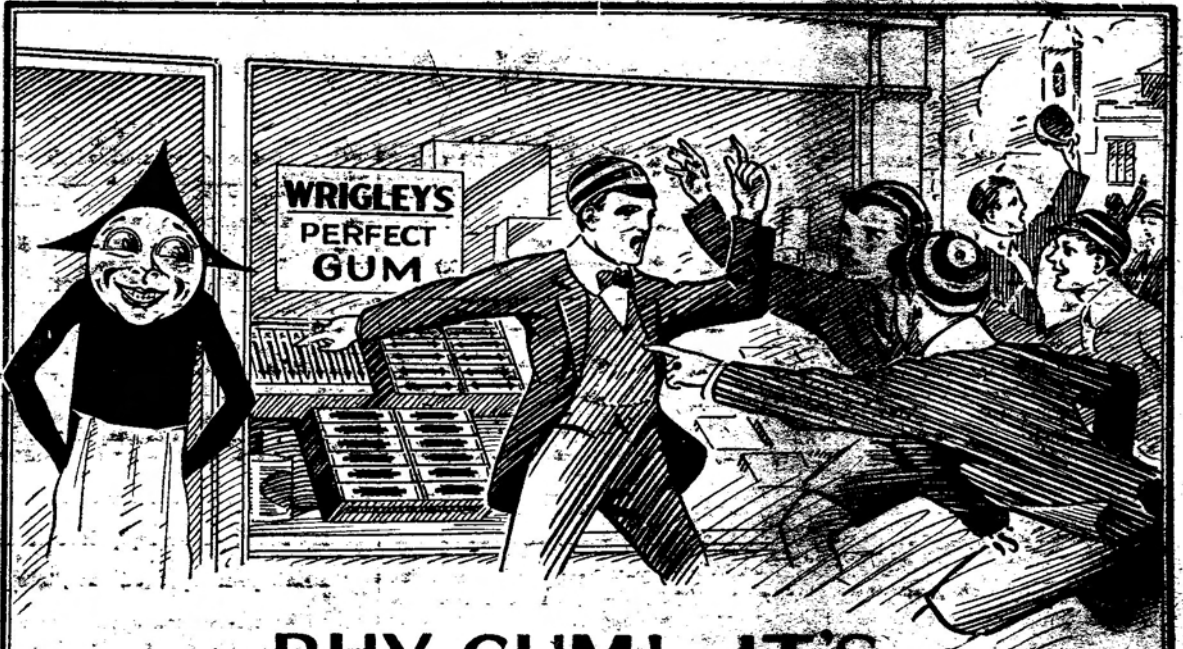
"Yes. And I've just telephoned to Courtfield for a new set of crockery. They've promised to send it over at once, in time for the feed."

This information quite mollified the Bounder, who turned to me with an apologetic air.

"Sorry I jumped to conclusions," he said. "Will you do me the honour of staying for the feed?"

I stayed. And, gentle reader, it was a feast for the gods!

THE END.



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