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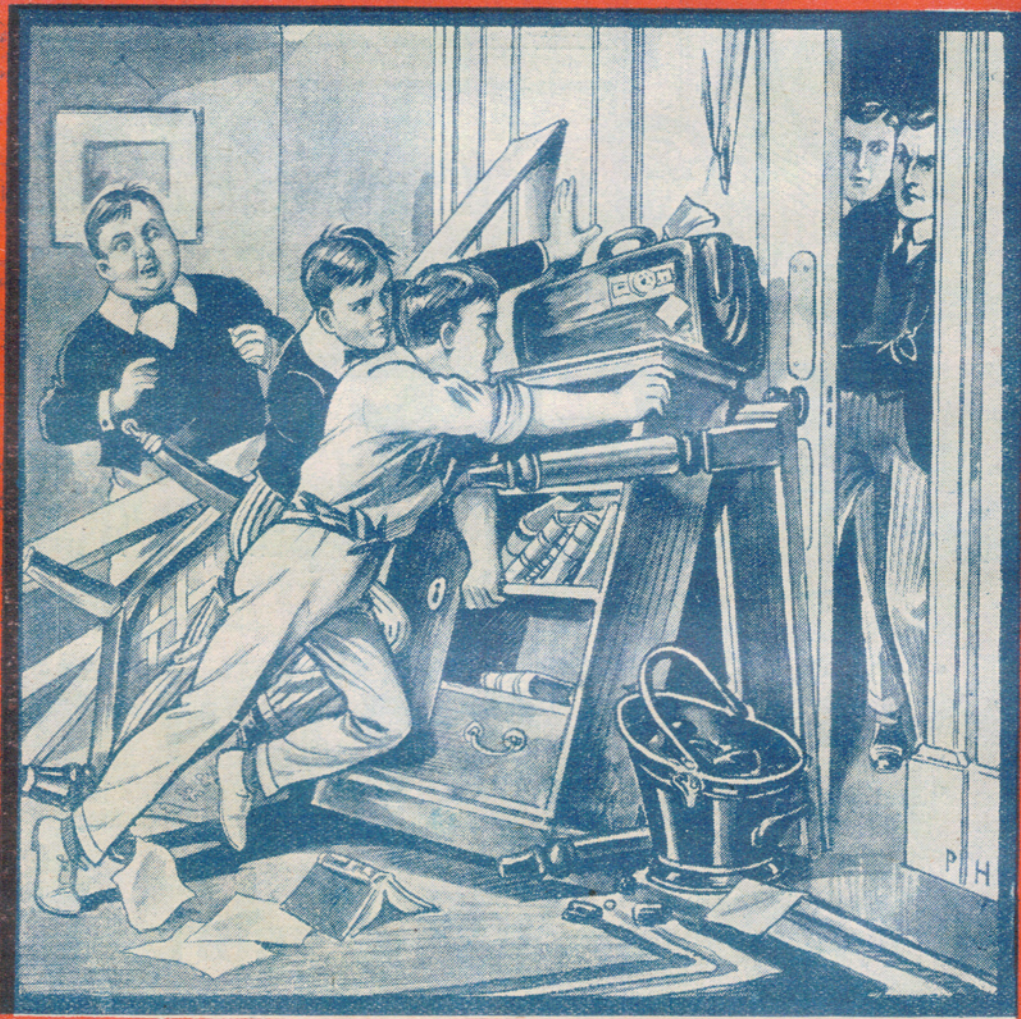
The Greyfriars Herald 1^d 1²



No. 31 (New Series)

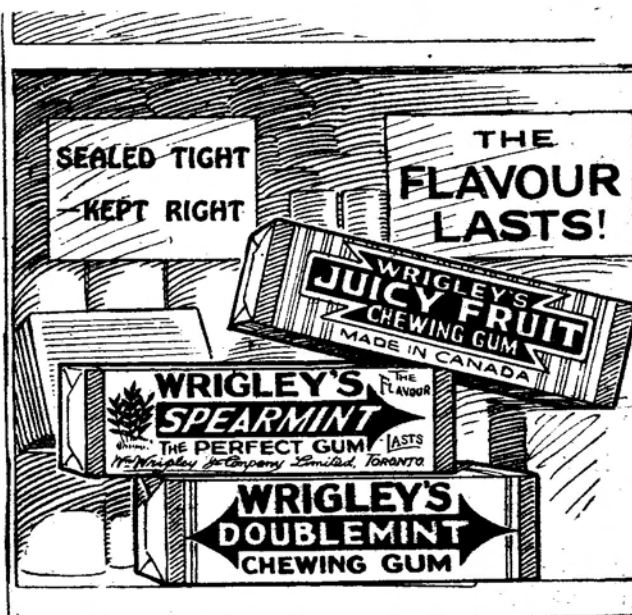
FULL OF SCHOOL STORIES AND ARTICLES

May 29, 1920.



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Editorial

By Harry Wharton.

OUR GREAT DERBY NUMBER!

On Wednesday, 2nd June, a race is run at Epsom, which is one of the greatest events of the year. Thousands of people who are not keen sportsmen as a rule are thrilled with interest in the Derby, and so in next week's issue of THE GREYFRIARS HERALD there will appear the opening chapters of a racing story which will thrill you one and all, whether you know anything about the sport or not.

This magnificent new serial, which opens in stirring fashion at Epsom on Derby day, has been specially written for our little journal by Major Cherry, Bob's uncle, and when you have read the opening instalment I am sure you will all congratulate me in having had the luck to secure it.

If you have a drop of sporting blood in your veins you will enjoy every word of this great tale, which is called "The Luck of the Estors!" Order your HERALD to-day, and tell all your chums to get our Great Derby Number!



TOM MERRY



JIMMY SILVER



ARTHUR A DARCY

MAULY WAKES UP!

So many readers have written to me asking why Lord Mauleverer, who is fashion editor, never does a hand's turn of work, that I have made the lazy rascal turn to and do something. Having written "Fashions for Fags," which appears on Page 9 of this issue, Mauly was thoroughly exhausted, and is not likely to be fit for further work for sometime.

THE RETURN OF HERLOCK SHOLMES!

A wild burst of cheering I know will greet the reappearance of the great comic detective who used to delight readers of the old GREYFRIARS HERALD. Peter Todd has been hard at work on some fresh adventures, which will very shortly appear. Look out for them!

HARRY WHARTON.

BUNTER'S BOLD BID FOR A BANK-NOTE! - - - Drawn by FRANK NUGENT.



1. Walking along the bank of the River Sark the other day Billy Bunter had the shock of his young life. "My Aunt Rebecca!" he cried, his eyes glistening through his round spectacles. "A fiver! What a splash I'll be able to make!"



2. And although he's called the Poipoise, Billy doesn't like getting wet as a rule, but before you could say "short shot socks with spots" over to yourself half a dozen times, he made a beautiful header after the oof just as Johnny Bull strolled up.



3. But the splash Billy made sent that fiver shooting high into the air, enabling Johnny to make a beautiful catch. "Ha, ha! This is what you might call a run on the bank!" he tootled, as he made off to stand the fellows a feed.

UP AGAINST THE PREFECTS!

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.

Trouble to Come!

"**D**RAKE'S late!" Daubeny of the Shell made that remark, with a smile, to his chums Egan and Torrence. The St. Winifred's fellows were gathering for evening call-over, on the deck of the Benbow, in the fine May evening.

Late-comers had come scrambling over the gangway from the shore, and joined their respective Forms, and Mr. Packe, the master of the Fourth, was beginning to call the roll.

There was one fellow absent from the ranks of the Fourth. It was Jack Drake, who had gone on "boat fagging" with Ransome of the Sixth that afternoon. Ransome was absent, too, but prefects of the Sixth Form were privileged beings. It was quite otherwise with juniors of the Fourth.

"He can't still be faggin' for Ransome," murmured Egan, in answer to Vernon Daubeny's remark.

Daubeny shook his head.

"More likely they've had a row," he said. "I noticed that Drake was lookin' ratty enough when they started. Packe will rag him for missin' call-over, anyhow."

"Rodney's lookin' anxious!" grinned Egan.

"Silence!" called out Lovelace, the captain of St. Winifred's; and the Bucks of the Shell ceased to whisper.

Daubeny grinned as he looked across at Dick Rodney, in the Fourth. Rodney certainly did look anxious. He had been feeling uneasy about his chum that afternoon, and Drake's non-appearance at roll-call worried him.

Mr. Packe had not yet noted the roll in a droning voice, and was not yet at the "D's."

But Jack Drake's name came at last.

"Drake!"

Daubeny and Co. grinned at one another. Dick Rodney cast a glance round anxiously.

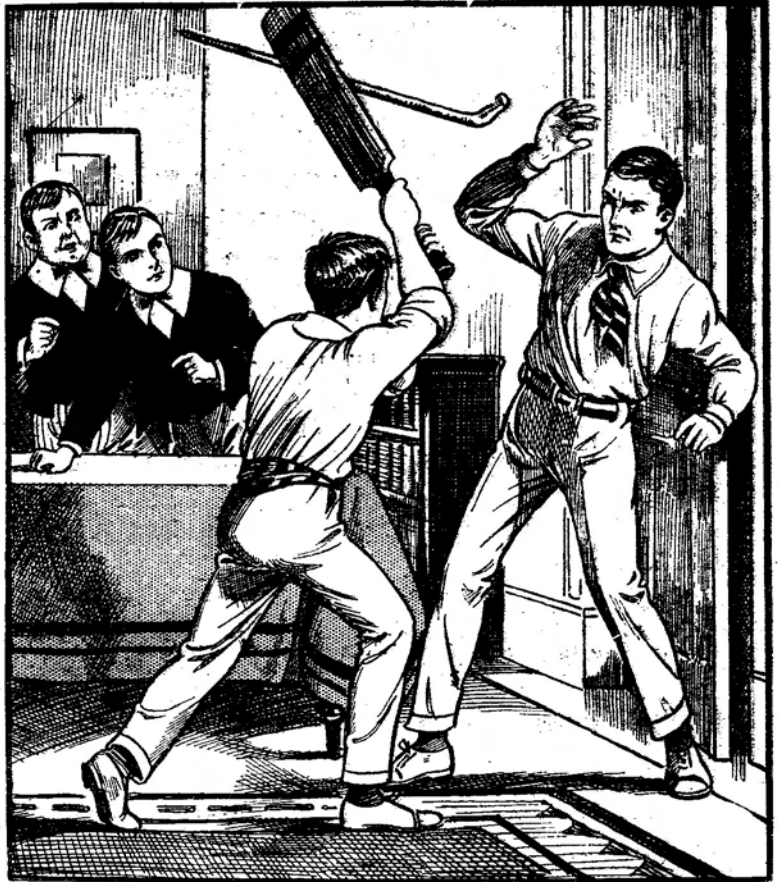
There was a patter on the deck as a lithe figure ran from the gangway, and Drake, a little breathless, wedged into the Fourth.

"Adsum!"

The answer came just in time. Mr. Packe gave the junior a rather severe glance, but he made no comment, going on with the roll.

Drake was breathing rather hard as he stood among the Fourth-formers. He had been running to get back to the Benbow, in time.

The roll-call was finished at last, and the School dispersed. Jack Drake and Rodney walked away together, and Daubeny, who was very curious to know what had happened that afternoon, followed them across the deck.



Crash! Drake's bat met the ashplant cane, and it was knocked whirling from the prefect's hand.

"You just did it, Drake," he said. Drake gave him a grim look.

"Where have you left Ransome?" went on Daubeny. "I understood that you were fagging for him this afternoon."

"You knew I was," answered Drake curtly. "You fixed it up with Ransome to fag me, to keep me away from cricket."

"My dear man, you must think I have a lot of influence with Sixth-form prefects!" said Daubeny.

"You have, with Ransome's kind," said Drake. "How much did you lend him, for his services, Daub?"

"You'd better not let anyone hear you makin' insinuations of that kind against a prefect," remarked Daubeny. "I fancy you'd be called up before the Head. But where did you leave Ransome?"

"Three miles down the Chadway," answered Drake. "I chucked away the oars, and the boat had to be stranded—and I left Ransome with it, and walked home. Now you know."

"My hat!" ejaculated Daubeny.

"Any more questions you want to ask?" snapped Drake.

"But—but you're gassin'! You wouldn't dare—"

Drake turned his back on the nut of the Shell, and walked away. Vernon Daubeny stood staring after him. His face broke into an unpleasant grin.

He had wondered whether Drake's temper would prove too much for him that afternoon, but he had never looked for such recklessness as this, and never ventured to hope for it. The reckless junior had played into the hands of his old enemy more completely than Daubeny could have hoped.

"Come down to the study, Rodney," said Drake. "I'm famished."

Rodney's face was very grave as he followed Drake down to No. 8 in the Fourth. He was dismayed by the news he had just heard.

In No. 8 Study, he handed out a meal for Drake, who ate with a good appetite. He had missed his tea, and he was hungry. Tuckey Toodles came into the study, and joined Drake at the table. Tuckey hadn't missed his tea, but he was quite ready for another.

"I say, old chap, you're booked for an awful row!" Tuckey remarked, with his mouth full.

Grunt from Drake.

"I heard Daub saying—"

"Bother Daub!"

"Oh, yes, but I heard him saying you'd stranded Ransome down the river, and Egan and Torrence were chortling over it no end. Egan says you'll get a prefect's licking."

"Br-r-r-r!"

"Prefects' lickings are awfully

tough," said Toodles, perhaps by way of comforting his study-mate. "One beast pins you down with your nose on a chair, while another beast lays into you with a fives-bat. I've had some, you know. I was up before the prefects last term, owing to a misunderstanding about a pot of jam in Armitage's study—"

"Dry up, Toodles!"

"Well, I was only being sympathetic," said Tuckey. "I advise you to shove an exercise-book into your bags. I did, and it wasn't half so bad."

"Fathead!"

Tuckey Toodles sniffed. He felt that his sympathy was being received with ingratitude. So he gave up sympathising, and devoted his whole attention to the table.

"It's rather serious, though, Drake," Rodney remarked, after a long silence.

"I suppose it is."

"You stranded Ransome three miles away?"

"Yes."

"Then he's got to walk home, and leave the boat?"

"Same as I did."

"But it's his boat, and—and if you chucked away the oars, I suppose they're lost for good?"

"They're probably out at sea by this time," answered Drake coolly.

"Oars cost money," remarked Tuckey Toodles sentimentously. "Ransome's mean. He will want you to pay for them."

"But—but—" said Rodney.

Drake gave an impatient shrug of the shoulders.

"I meant to make Ransome fed with fagging me at boats," he said. "I've done it. He will think twice before he takes me again."

"Yes, but—"

"You know as well as I do it was a trick!" said Drake savagely.

"Daubeny put him up to it—lent him money, too, most likely."

"Oh, I say!" ejaculated Toodles.

"I believe so," said Rodney quietly. "But we can't prove it, Drake, and an accusation like that would get you into trouble with the Head, without any proof to offer. The Head wouldn't dream of taking any notice of it."

"I know that. I'm not thinking of accusing Ransome. I know there's going to be a row when he gets back, and I suppose I can stand the racket."

"It will be a prefects' licking, at least."

Drake's eyes gleamed.

"We shall see," he answered.

Sawyer major of the Fourth put in his head at the doorway.

"Drake here? Hallo, Drake! Ransome has just come on board. He's looking like a Hun—"

"He would!" assented Drake.

"He's coming here, I think," said Sawyer.

"Let him!"

There was a heavy tramp of feet in the passage outside. Sawyer major dodged away, and Ransome of the Sixth appeared in the doorway, with an ashplant in his hand.

At Close Quarters!

JACK DRAKE rose quickly to his feet.

He had expected trouble to follow his escapade on the river that afternoon, and now the trouble had come. But it did not find Drake in a submissive mood.

The sense of injustice was strong upon him, and, perfect as Ransome was, the junior was not in the least inclined to submit.

Ransome's face was dark with anger as he strode into the study. He was gripping the ashplant till his knuckles showed white.

"So you're here!" he said, in a gasping voice. "You cheeky little cub! I've had a three-mile tramp home—"

"Rather a twister for you, after so many smokes!" remarked Drake.

"Drake!" whispered Rodney.

But his chum did not heed.

Tuckey Toodles sat with wide-open mouth and eyes. He had never heard a prefect talked to like that before, and it almost seemed to him that it was time for the skies to fall!

"I suppose you know what to expect now, Drake?" said the Sixth-former between his teeth.

"Yes, I've an idea," assented Drake.

"I'm going to thrash you till you can't howl!" gasped Ransome.

Drake made no reply to that.

But as the infuriated senior advanced upon him he backed round the study table. His eyes were gleaming.

"Come here!" said Ransome savagely. "Hold out your hand!"

Drake put his hands behind him.

Rodney looked on, not knowing what to do. The prefect had the right to use the ashplant, and defiance of his authority was a serious matter. Dick Rodney's sympathy, of course, was with his chum, but he was dismayed.

Ransome strode round the table, with a furious face. All through that weary tramp back to the school on the river he had comforted himself with a mental picture of the thrashing he was going to administer to his rebellious fag.

Drake did not retreat further.

He caught up a cricket-bat from the corner, and stood on the defensive.

"Hands off!" he said quietly.

"Put that bat down!" roared Ransome.

He halted, his eyes fixed on the junior furiously, but Drake did not put down the bat, and his look showed plainly enough that he was ready to use it.

"Do you hear me, Drake?" panted the prefect at last.

"I'm not deaf."

"Put that bat down!"

"Rats!"

"Oh, crumbs!" murmured Tuckey Toodles, wondering whether he was dreaming. In his amazement and excitement he even forgot to eat.

Ransome made a spring towards the junior, his ashplant swinging in the air.

Crash!

The bat met the ashplant, and it was knocked whirling from the senior's hand. The next moment the

business end of the bat clumped on Ransome's chest, and he went staggering back.

"Oh! Ah! Ow!"

"M-m-my hat!" stammered Tuckey Toodles.

"Get out of my study, Ransome!" said Drake quietly. "Get out! Do you hear? You'll get hurt if you don't!"

"You—you—"

"Get out!" shouted Drake.

"I—I—"

Clump! Clump! Clump!

The cricket-bat smote Ransome again, forcibly. The prefect made a clutch at it, but he did not catch it—only with his wrist, and he gave a howl of anguish.

"Get out!"

Ransome backed away to the door, the junior following him up with lunging bat.

"I—I—I—I'll make you pay for this!" stammered the prefect, as he was driven out of the study under a shower of lunges.

"Get out!"

Ransome backed out, and, almost white with rage, hurried away. A number of the Fourth had gathered in the passage, and they were looking on at the extraordinary scene with staring eyes.

Drake slammed the door of No. 8.

He pitched the bat into the corner again, with a grim brow.

"I—I say, you've done it now!" gasped Toodles.

"Old fellow—" murmured Rodney.

"He'll come back with the other prefects," said Toodles. "I say, there'll be an awful row! Fancy batting a prefect! You'd better hook it, before they come, Drake. You can hide in the hold—"

"Cheese it, you fat duffer! You two had better clear off," said Drake.

"I'm going to lock up the study."

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Toodles.

"I'm not going to clear off," said Dick Rodney quietly. "If you're going to hold out, Drake, I'll hold out with you."

"No need for you to get into a row, too. Better hook it."

"I'm staying."

Drake stepped to the door.

"Cut, Toodles!" he said.

Tuckey Toodles rose to his feet.

He hesitated.

Tuckey certainly was not of the stuff of which heroes are made, but he was in a state of great excitement now, and the danger was not close at hand—yet. So long as the danger was not too near, Rupert de Vere Toodles was capable of heroism.

"I'm not going!" he said.

"Ass! Clear off while you're safe."

"No fear! I'm standing by you, old top! We'll bar up the study and keep 'em out!" said Toodles. "I'm with you, old chap. Lock the door."

"Look here—"

"Rats! Do you think I'm afraid?" demanded Toodles. "I'm not a chap to brag, but I'm as brave as a lion. I'm sticking to you."

Drake turned the key in the lock.

There was no more time to waste, for heavy footsteps already sounded along the passage. The enemy was

evidently returning with reinforcements. Sawyer major's voice squeaked through the keyhole:

"They're coming! Look out!"

And Sawyer's footsteps pattered away in a great hurry.

Tuckey Toodles had taken up a cricket-stump, apparently with the intention of using it as a weapon in the coming conflict. But as the heavy footsteps stopped outside the door, Tuckey seemed to be seized with hesitation, and he slid the stump behind the armchair. On second thoughts—which are proverbially the best—Tuckey considered it injudicious to think of "stumping" Sixth-form prefects!

The door-handle was turned, and then rattled savagely.

"Locked!" said the voice of Armitage of the Sixth.

Thump! Thump!

"Open this door!" hissed Ransome. The juniors in the study did not speak.

They were committed to hostilities now, and they realised that the matter was serious. Tuckey Toodles cast a longing glance at the window. His heroism had oozed away already. But outside the window flowed the waters of the Chadway. There was no retreat for the unheroic Tuckey.

"Will you open this door?" roared Ransome.

"No!" said Drake.

"Leave it to me, Ransome." It was the voice of Oliphant, another prefect. "Drake!"

"Well?"

"Let us in at once."

"What for?"

"Because you're told."

"That isn't good enough!" answered Drake. "I'll open the door if Ransome makes it pax."

"Why, you—you cheeky little idiot—"

"Pax!" repeated Armitage. "Do you think we're Fourth-form fags, you cheeky imp?"

Thump! Thump!

"Open the door!" shouted Ransome.

"Go and eat coke!"

"Obstinate little beast!" said Oliphant. "Leave him alone; he will have to come out at bed-time."

"If he doesn't open the door, I'll smash it in!" said Ransome, in a voice almost choking with rage.

"It isn't much of a lock. A chisel would do it," said Armitage. "Cut off and get a chisel, or something, and we'll wait here."

Ransome's footsteps were heard hurrying away. Drake and Rodney looked at one another, and Tuckey Toodles gave a gasp.

"Oh, dear! Had—had—hadn't you better open the door, Drake, old chap?"

"Shut up!"

"I—I say—"

"Shut up, I tell you."

And Tuckey Toodles shut up, but with very deep misgivings.

Holding the Fort!

L END me a hand with the table, Rodney!"

"Right!"

The study table was swung to the door, and jammed there. Against the

table the armchair was planted, and then the other articles of furniture. The noise was heard outside the study, and Armitage and Oliphant were heard chuckling. Apparently they did not take the matter so seriously as the enraged Ransome. But though they chuckled, they were none the less determined. Neither of them liked Ransome very much, but they were quite in agreement with him in putting down rebellion against the authority of the high and mighty Sixth.

Ransome came hurrying back, with a chisel in his hand, and a hammer in the other. He was savagely determined to get at the rebel of the Fourth without delay.

"Go it!" grinned Oliphant.

Knock, knock, knock!

Ransome drove the chisel between the door and the jamb, just over the lock, and hammered it in.

The study doors on the Benbow were not of the same solid construction as the old warship itself. The Benbow's old oaken planks had braved the sea for a hundred years, and were as stout as ever, but the study bulkheads were of a much more modern make. In a few minutes Ransome's chisel was driven well home, and the door was creaking ominously, and the lock groaning. There was a loud crack as it gave.

"Done it!" said Armitage.

Ransome pushed the door hard.

But the barricade within kept it closed. It came open an inch or two, and stuck again.

"My hat! They've got it barricaded!" said Oliphant. "Jevver hear of such cheek? Take that stuff away at once, Drake!"

No answer.

"Do you hear me?"

Still no reply.

"All right," said Oliphant. "Put your shoulders to it, you fellows. Now then, all together!"

Under the gaze of a crowd of juniors farther along the passage, the three big Sixth-formers put their shoulders to the door, and shoved.

The door opened another couple of inches.

It could not open further, for Drake and Rodney were bracing themselves against the barricade within, shoving with all their strength to keep it in place.

"All together!" murmured Oliphant. "Go it!"

The door creaked and groaned, and the barricade trembled. Another inch was gained. There was a terrified squeak from Tuckey Toodles. Never had a hero so thoroughly repented of his heroism as the unfortunate Toodles did at that moment.

"I say, old tops, let them in!" he gasped. "I—I haven't got anything to do with this, Oliphant. I haven't, really, you know!"

"Pull that stuff away then!" growled Ransome.

"I—I say, Drake, do you mind—"

mumbled Toodles.

"Keep away, you fat idiot!"

"Oh, dear!"

"I'll lick you if you don't help, Toodles!" shouted Ransome, through the narrow opening.

"No, you won't," said Oliphant.

"Let the kid alone. We can manage without help from a fag."

Ransome gritted his teeth, but he made no reply to his fellow-prefect. He exerted his strength on the door, and the barricade gave again.

Drake breathed hard.

The juniors had the advantage of position, but the strength of three powerful seniors was too much for their resistance. It was evident that the door was yielding. But Drake was not disposed to yield. His blood was up now, and he was utterly reckless of consequences.

"Stick to it, Rodney!" he whispered.

He made a bound across the study for his bat.

The barricade yielded more, as his support was withdrawn, and in another minute the door would have sprung open. But that minute was more than enough.

Drake rushed back to the door, bat in hand, and thrust it recklessly through the opening.

It caught Hubert Ransome on the waistcoat, and there was a gasping yell from the bully of the Sixth.

"Yooooooggghh!"

Ransome staggered away from the door, and sat down in the passage.

"Oh, my hat!" stuttered Oliphant.

"Here, look out! Oh—ah—yareooh!"

A lunge of the bat through the opening caught Oliphant on the ear. He backed away from the door, roaring. Armitage jumped back, just in time to escape another lunge.

The door slammed again.

Drake and Rodney jammed the furniture into place once more, panting. The attack had been stopped.

Outside, the voices of the prefects could be heard, in tones of fury, and some chuckling from the distance. Fourth and Third and Shell were crowded down the passage now, looking on, and they seemed to be enjoying the scene. But the prefects were not enjoying it. Oliphant and Armitage were almost as furious as Ransome by this time.

"Smash the door in!" shouted Armitage. "By gad, I'll make an example of the cheeky little cads!"

"Hold on!" murmured Drake.

The two juniors brazened themselves on the barricade again. There came a furious pressure from without, and the door yielded a few inches. Drake thrust out the bat, but the enemy were on their guard this time, and it was clutched, and jerked away from his hand.

"Now, then!" panted Ransome. "Shove!"

"It—it's going!" gasped Rodney.

Drake caught up the inkpot from the shelf. With a swig of his hand, he sent the ink swishing through the opening, and it splashed over three red and furious faces.

There was a chorus of howls, and the pressure on the door ceased. Once more it was slammed shut.

The attack was not renewed this time.

Three lofty prefects of the Sixth Form were splashed with ink, and they had had enough for the present. Their footsteps were heard retreating.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Rodney.

"How is this going to end, I wonder?"

"They'll bring Lovelace!" stuttered Tuckey Toodles. "Oh, dear! Lovelace will think I'm mixed up in it, you know! It's awfully inconsiderate of you, Drake, I must say that!"

"Dry up, you fat chump!"

The juniors waited.

The enemy had been driven off successfully, but it was only too certain that the matter would not end there. They waited anxiously to learn the next move on the part of the prefects.

It was not long in coming.

A steady footstep came along to the door, and there was a sharp tap.

"Drake!"

It was the voice of Lovelace, the captain of St. Winifred's.

"Hallo!" said Drake.

"Open the door at once."

"Can't be done."

"I order you, Drake, as captain of the school," said Lovelace, very quietly.

"I'm not going to be licked by Ransome."

"I shall see into that matter. Now, you've played the goat quite enough in this study. If the door isn't opened at once, I shall ask Dr. Goring to step here. You know what that means."

There was silence, and the juniors looked at one another. In his most reckless mood Drake would not have thought of defying the authority of the Head, and he knew that Lovelace was in earnest.

"Well?" snapped the captain of St. Winifred's.

"I'll give in to you, Lovelace," said Drake at last. "Wait a minute, old top."

"I'm waiting."

The furniture was dragged away, and the door opened. Lovelace of the Sixth stepped into the room, with a grim brow.

"A precious young ass you've made of yourself!" he snapped.

"I'm not going to be bullied by Ransome! I've given in to you, not to him," answered Drake coolly.

"If Ransome's going to lick me, I'm going to put up a fight."

"You're not dealing with Ransome now, but with me. You'll be taken before the prefects. Come along."

Drake followed the captain of St. Winifred's from the study. Dick Rodney followed.

"You're not wanted, Rodney," said Lovelace shortly.

"I helped Drake—"

"Dry up, you young ass, and stand where you are."

And Lovelace led Jack Drake away, a good deal like a lamb to the slaughter.

A Prefect's Licking!

LOVELACE'S study, in the Sixth-form quarters, was rather crowded.

It was a meeting of the prefects.

The whole august body had gathered to deal with the case of the rebellious Fourth-former—a matter which they regarded with due seriousness.

The prefects sat or lounged round the study, and Jack Drake stood in the middle of the room, quite erect and

self-possessed, and perhaps a little defiant. Arthur Lovelace, as head prefect and captain of the school, took the lead in the proceedings.

Ransome's narrow eyes glittered at the self-possessed junior. He was not wholly pleased by the turn affairs had taken. The matter was out of his hands now, and though a prefect's licking could be made severe enough, it was not nearly so severe, in any case, as the thrashing that Ransome was yearning to administer. But as he had failed to deal with the recalcitrant junior on his own, the prefects' meeting had to deal with him, and Ransome was only called on to state his case.

He stated it, however, to a sympathetic audience. Of the secret scheme between him and Daubeny of the Shell, the other prefects naturally suspected nothing. And Drake only

that, Lovelace?" roared Ransome furiously. Some of the prefects were grinning involuntarily.

"Shut up, Drake!" said Lovelace sharply. "I asked you if you had anything to say in your defence."

"Lots! I won't fag for Ransome, and I believe he's only fagging me to keep me away from cricket—"

"That's utter rot. You'll fag for Ransome when you're told," said Lovelace. "Gad! You'll be refusing to fag for me, next!"

"So I would, if you were a cad like Ransome."

Lovelace coughed.

"That's enough. You're sentenced to a prefect's licking, Drake, and I hope it will be a lesson to you."

Drake cast a glance towards the door. Armitage strolled to the door, and leaned his back on it.

The august meeting rose. Lovelace



The prefects lounged round the study while Jack Drake stood defiantly in the middle of the room. "Anything to say?" asked Lovelace.

suspected it; without a vestige of proof he could not make the accusation. No one present would have believed a word of it; it would have been looked on as a reckless slander. A indeed, Drake, though his suspicions were strong, was not certain. He knew that Ransome disliked him on his own account, and how much Vernon Daubeny had had to do with the matter he could not tell.

To the other prefects it seemed simply a case of a rebellious fag, and such a case they were prepared to deal with drastically.

Lovelace turned to Jack Drake when Ransome had finished.

"Anything to say?" he asked laconically.

"Oh, yes."

"Go ahead, then, and cut it short."

"Ransome's a rotten bully—"

"What?"

"And a sneaking cad—"

"Eh?"

"Am I to stand here and listen to

selected a cane, and Oliphant pushed out a chair into the middle of the room.

"That's for you, Drake," he said.

Drake did not move.

"Bend down," said Lovelace, frowning. "I'm ready, Drake."

"I won't!"

Lovelace knitted his brows. He was a good-hearted fellow, and he meant to be just, according to his own ideas, but he was growing very angry now.

"Put him down!" he said.

Armitage and Royce took hold of the junior's shoulders, and swung him towards the chair.

Drake clenched his hands hard for a moment.

But resistance was too hopeless; he had no chance in the grasp of a big Sixth-former, and there half a dozen prefects in the study.

He was swung to the chair, and forced upon his knees, and made to lean, over the chair-seat. A strong

hand on the back of his head kept him in position.

Then Lovelace began with the cane. Swish! Swish! Swish!

Ransome looked on with glittering eyes. He would have preferred to wield the cane himself, but there was no doubt that Lovelace was laying it on with plenty of vigour.

Swish, swish, swish! Thwack, thwack, thwack!

The lashes fell steadily, and Jack Drake had to grit his teeth hard to keep back a cry of pain.

But he made no sound.

His face paled a little, but his teeth remained shut, and no cry escaped him, much to Ransome's disappointment.

Twenty times the cane rose and fell, though the last strokes were light.

"He hasn't had enough," growled Ransome angrily.

"That's for me to decide," answered Lovelace curtly. "Drake, you can get out."

Drake rose to his feet.

His face was white, and he was feeling the pain of the infliction acutely. He staggered a little as he turned towards the door.

"It's your own fault, you know," said Lovelace, not unkindly.

Drake made no answer.

Dick Rodney was waiting in the passage outside, with an anxious brow. He took hold of his chum's arm.

"Come on," he said softly.

Without a word, Drake accompanied him to No. 8 Study. That celebrated apartment was in a state of considerable disorder now. Rodney looked at his chum's strained face anxiously.

"I—I suppose you've had it bad?" he said hesitatingly.

Drake nodded.

"I—I didn't hear anything—outside—"

"I wouldn't let Ransome hear me howl," muttered Drake. "But—but it hurt, all the same."

"Sit down, old chap," said Tuckey Toodles comfortingly.

"Ass!"

"Oh, I say!"

Drake was not feeling inclined to sit down, just after a prefects' licking. He moved restlessly to the window, and stood looking out on the darkening waters of the Chadway.

When he turned from the window at last, his face was still a little pale, and his eyes were gleaming.

"I've had a prefects' licking because I won't fag for Ransome," he said in a low voice. "But it won't make any difference. I won't fag for him!"

"Oh, I say!" murmured Tuckey Toodles.

"I'll back you up, old chap," said Rodney quietly.

There was more trouble ahead for No. 8 Study on the Benbow!

THE END.

Next Tuesday's long complete tale of the Benbow will be the "The Wrong Man!" It is the story of one of Tuckey Toodles' bright ideas, and of the booby trap he set in the effort to do his study-mates, Drake and Rodney, a good turn. You will all enjoy reading this rattling yarn.

ODE TO SUMMER.

From the leaky pen of
NUGENT MINOR.

O Summer, hear thou Art once more,
And once more thou Art hear;
We all surround the cricket-ground,
And Cheer and Cheer and Cheer!
We here the Banging of the Bat,
The Biffing of the Ball.
O Summer sweet, you're hard to beat;
We love thee, One and All!

No more on muddy Football Fields
We wallow in the Mire;
No more we roast the fragrant toast
Before the Form-room fire.
No more we revel in the Snow,
Or skate upon the Ice.
O Summer, thou Art at the prow,
And everything is snice.

Then bring me fourth a Ginger-pop,
That I may drink to thee!
Long may you rain, and Come again
When Winter's had its spree.
O Summer, thou Art simply grate!
Then fill the festive Cup,
And drink to Summer, for it brings
The glorious Breaking-Up!

(Looks as if Nugent minor wants
breaking up, also!—Ed.)

RESULT OF TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION.—No. 26.

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

SIDNEY HARTWELL,

20, Dawson Street,
Plumstead, S.E.18.

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

George Heighington, 23, Dublin St.,
Darlington; Miss I. Draper, 34, Erith
Terr., Millfield, Sunderland; W. L.
B. Coleman, 30, Victoria St., Nor-
wich; Gilbert E. Smith, 68, Wood-
lands Park Rd., King's Norton,
B'ham; Chas. J. Winder, 2, Gavin
St., Plumstead, S.E.18; Wilfrid Little,
Ivy Dene, 61, Whitehall Rd., Hales-
owen, nr. B'ham.

CORRECT SOLUTION:

Dear Readers,—Learning that many "Greyfriars Herald" Clubs are being formed, Fisher T. Fish came forward with the kind offer to be president of each and every one of them at a gigantic salary. Aided by the Boxing Editor, Fishy slid out on his neck.

HARRY WHARTON.

MY KRICKET KOLLUM

By
BILLY BUNTER

THE edditter having entreated me on bended knees to kontribute a weakly kricket artikle to "The Greyfriars Herald," I am endeavouring to meat his wishes.

The 1st match of the seezon, so far as the Remove was konserned, took plaice on Saterdag. Highcliffe were the vissitors.

Shortly befour the match, a list of the players was x-ibbitted on the skool notiss-bord. I skanned the list in the hope of seeing my own name; but alas! I skanned it in vane!

I sort an erly oportewntwiny of telling Wharton what I thought of him. (Wharton happens to be skipper of the eleven.)

"This is more personnal jellussy on your part!" I said warmly. "You no in your hart that I'm the best senter-forward in the Remove, and yet you've left me out of the kricket-team!"

"Bow-wow!" said Wharton.

"Enuff!" I said sternly. "Are you going to give me a show, or knot?" Wharton larfed, and he through a cooshin at me with such forse that I vannished threw the open doreway.

In dew corse, the match was plade, and I joined the army of specked faters outside the pavvillion.

Frank Courtenay, of Highcliffe, through me a simperthettick nodd.

"Not playing, Bunty?" he said.

"No," I replide. "Wharton has sellected his own speshul palls. He has no use for a reel jeeny-ass, like me."

"Ruff luck!" said Courtenay. "Now that you're not playing, it will be a walk-over for us."

Highcliffe then started to batt, and it seemed as if they would never finnish.

The boling of Wharton and Bob Cherry was treeted with silent content. It was noked all over the feild, and the Remove were kept bizzy.

For over three hours Highcliffe kon-tinewed to hitt.

Wharton was in a state of kollapse by this time. His tung was loling from his mowth, and he was panting like a dogg.

"I—I can't shift these felces for toffy!" he groned. "They have already skored neerly a thowsand runs, and they don't seem to no when to stopp."

"We sha'n't get an innings to-day!" moned Bob Cherry.

And they didn't!

Highcliffe monnopperlized the play, and they were at the wickits till sun-sett.

The Remove feeldsmen were so exhawsted that they had to be karried on stretchers to the sauny.

And so the 1st match of the seezon ended in hopeless dizzaster. But a verry different tail would have to be told if Wharton had only had the common-sence to inklude me in the side!

FASHIONS FOR FAGS AND OTHERS

Some Ideas for the Coming Summer
By LORD MAULEVERER

"MAULY," said the editor, dashing into my study in that fearfully energetic way he has, "we want a special article on summer fashions!"

"Well, dear boy," I drawled, "what's that got to do with me?"

"Everything, you lazy, born-tired slacker! It's high time you woke up. You've been Fashions Editor for goodness knows how long, and you've never written a single giddy paragraph for the paper!"

"Writin' articles," I replied languidly, "is such a fearful fag."

"You're too lazy to live!" said the editor sternly. "Now, look here, Mauly, unless I receive a full-page article from you by bed-time, I'll sack you from the editorial staff!"

This dire threat spurred me to action.

I didn't want to forfeit my job as fashions expert, because it's jolly nice to be looked up to as an authority on dress. I shouldn't like my photograph to disappear from the editorial page of the "Herald." It's top-hole, being a member of the editorial staff, even though one does no manner of work.

"Very well, dear boy," I said, with a sigh of resignation; "you shall have that merry article."

"Mind it's a good one!"

"I'll be careful to make it interestin', enlightenin', upliftin', an' entertainin'," I promised.

And then, as soon as the editor's retreating footsteps had died away, I adjusted the cushions beneath my noble cranium, and dropped into a sound slumber.

Getting Busy!

I AWOKE with a start, an hour before bed-time.

Piet Delarey, my study-mate, was seated at the table, doing his prep. "Mauly," he said reprovingly, "you've slept for four solid hours! I'm beginning to think you've developed an attack of this new sleeping-sickness!"

I struggled into a sitting posture.

"Do you know, dear boy," I said, "that unless I get an article on summer fashions written by bed-time, I shall be sacked from the staff of the 'Herald'?"

"Serve you jolly well right!" grunted Delarey.

"Don't be hard on me," I pleaded. "I was wonderin' if you would lend me a hand?"

"But I know nothing about summer fashions!"

"That doesn't matter. I'll dictate the article, an' you can take it down in shorthand. Savvy?"

Delarey shook his head.

"Can't write shorthand," he said briefly.

"Can you use a typewriter?"

"After a fashion."

"Come along, then."

"Where to?" asked Delarey, in astonishment, as I moved to the door.

"Quelchy's study. I believe I am right in sayin' that Quelchy's dinin' with the Head this evenin'. We shall therefore have access to his typewriter. I'll spout out the article, an' you can do the necessary thumpin' at the keys."

"But—"

"There's not a minute to lose," I said, with unaccustomed briskness. "Buck up!"

Delarey didn't seem to relish the idea, but he's a decent sort, and he followed me to Quelchy's study. That sacred apartment was unoccupied, and I beckoned to Delarey to seat himself at the typewriter. Then, making myself comfy in Quelchy's armchair, I commenced to dictate, as follows:

SUMMER FASHIONS!

"It is really surprisin' how few people know how to dress decently in the summer months.

"On one occasion I saw Billy Bunter sallin' forth in a mornin'-suit an' a high topper. He calmly informed me that he was goin' over to Cliff House to tea. To tea, mark you, in a mornin'-suit!

"As for the topper, it is hopelessly out-of-date. You seldom see a topper worn nowadays, in the really select circles. A few professional men still adopt it, but it will soon be doomed—obsolete—defunct. An' a topper should never be worn in the vicinity of Greyfriars. It isn't safe. It encourages the village urchins to resort to mud-throwin'. Stick to the straw hat in summer. That is a golden rule. But be sure it's the right type of straw hat. I saw Fisher T. Fish wearin' a hideous, shapeless piece of head-gear that would have disgraced a dust-heap. He said it was the very latest type of straw hat from America. An' it was jolly fortunate that when he was walkin' along the cliffs a gust of wind swept the hateful atrocity into the sea.

"The very best brand of straw hat is that possessin' a brim not more than two and one-sixteenth inches in width, an' a band containin' a blend of not less than fifteen colours. The colour-scheme of a straw hat is most important. Sky-blue an' pink should be the predominant colours.

"An' the masters are not free from blame, either. I saw Quelchy goin' golfin' the other day, in a salt-an'-pepper coat that might have been fashionable in the days of the Romans, but which has no part in the modern scheme of things. An' instead of a fashionable tweed cap, Quelchy wore an atrocious thing—a cross between a Trilby an' a concertina! His trousers were baggy—an' baggy bags are an abomination! An' his boots were

hefty, hideous, an' shapeless, whereas footwear—real footwear—should be a thing of beauty an' a joy for ever."

"Quelchy certainly looked the biggest freak I've seen for many a long day. An' in the Form-room his personal appearance leaves much to be desired. Why do masters wear those beastly flappin' gowns? An' as for the mortar-board, it ought to be pelted out of existence. It is neither use nor ornament.

"As for his boots, he will be well advised to wear size seven instead of size nine, which give his feet the appearance of horse's hoofs.

"It would take up too much time an' space if I attempted to criticise the personal appearance of the Head and the other masters. Suffice it to say that at present they look a most unattractive set of guys.

"Now, with regard to spats—"

A Startling Climax!

WHEN I had got to this stage in the dictation of my article, Delarey suddenly jumped to his feet, and made a dash for the open window.

"What the thump—" I began, in astonishment.

"Somebody's coming!" panted my typist.

And he was through the window in a jiffy. He vaulted off the outer sill into the Close; and then, before I had time to follow suit, the door of the study opened, and who should come in, snorting like a fiery dragon, but Quelchy!

"Mauleverer!" he rumbled. "How dare you enter my study without permission, and avail yourself of my armchair?"

"Oh, crumbs! I—I—"

"You also appear to have made use of my typewriter!" thundered Quelchy. "What is this document which I see in my machine?"

So saying, Quelchy whisked the article out of the typewriter, and started to read it. His brow grew black as thunder.

"You have insulted me in a most flagrant manner!" exclaimed Quelchy, picking up a cane. "I will trouble you to place yourself in a suitable position across this chair, in order that I may administer a richly merited castigation!"

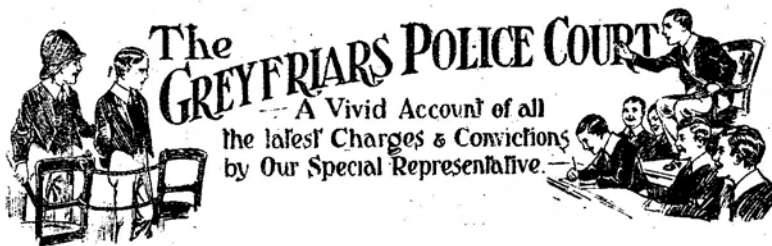
I will draw a veil over the painful scene which followed.

But stay! I have one more hint to offer on the subject of fashions.

Always see that your trousers are padded, at the back, with a piece of linoleum, six inches square.

Unfortunately, I had overlooked this highly important point, with the result that during the twenty-four hours following my licking I experienced considerable difficulty in sitting down!

THE END



The GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

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

Mr. Justice Wharton turned up smiling at the Greyfriars Police-court this week, and before the proceedings began he chatted affably with the prisoners concerning the weather and the Reward's cricket prospects.

The prisoners imagined they would be let down lightly, but they were disappointed!

COKER AND HIS MOTOR-BIKE! Lively Scenes in Court.

Horace James Coker appeared to answer a charge of riding a motor-cycle in a manner dangerous to the public.

Prisoner appeared in the dock on crutches, and swathed in bandages.

Magistrate: You appear to have been a source of danger to yourself as well as to the public, Horace! What have you done to your nose?

Prisoner: Blow my nose!

Magistrate: Not in this Court, old chap. We're rather nervous of earthquakes! (Laughter.)

Mr. Richard Rake, K.C., for the prosecution, said that it was a very shocking affair.

Magistrate: If you're referring to prisoner's face, I quite agree. (Laughter.)

Mr. Rake: Yesterday afternoon, your worship, prisoner mounted his motor-bike in the Close, and was heard to remark that he was going to Courtfield. He started off at break-neck speed, and the first person he knocked down was Mr. Gosling, our respected gate-porter. Mr. Gosling himself was unhurt, but the broom with which he was sweeping up the leaves was decapitated. (Laughter.)

Mr. Rake (indignantly): I can assure the Court that this is no laughing matter! The broom lost its head

Magistrate: So did Coker, apparently! (Renewed laughter.)

Mr. Rake: Mr. Gosling claims damages to the extent of threepence farthing, and it is the duty of the jury to see that he gets it!

Voice from the gallery: Bow-wow!

Magistrate: Turn that dog out, somebody! I have repeatedly said that dogs are not to be allowed into Court.

Prisoner: What are you doing here, then, you insolent young puppy? (Laughter.)

Magistrate: Be careful, Horace, or you will find it necessary to obtain a further supply of bandages! Will my rakish friend kindly proceed?

Mr. Rake: After bowling Mr. Gosling over, your worship, prisoner dashed along the road at a terrific pace—

Magistrate: And bowled a maiden over, I suppose?

Mr. Rake: Stale, your worship, stale! That joke came out of the Ark

with Noah. As I was saying, prisoner dashed along the road at a terrific pace, and collided with a number of chickens.

Magistrate: He threw them into a flutter, what?

Mr. Rake: Yes, your worship. The unfortunate fowls were forcibly deprived of their feathers. But the mad joy-ride did not end there. A fat pig was run over—

Magistrate: My hat! Billy Bunter in the wars again! (Laughter.)

Mr. Rake: I don't mean Bunter, your worship. I'm referring to another sort of prize porker. Prisoner ran over it, and then, continuing his merry antics, he bumped into the Town Hall at Courtfield, doing considerable damage to the brickwork.

Magistrate: And to his chivvy, by the look of it! (Laughter.)

Mr. Rake: I regard this case as extremely serious, and if the jury don't return a verdict of guilty, I'll get amongst them!

Magistrate: Where's the counsel for the defence?

Mr. Rake: In the tuckshop, your worship.

Magistrate: Then we will endeavour to manage without him. Gentlemen of the jury, kindly retire to the fire-place and consider your verdict!

After an interval of half a second, the jury brought in a verdict of guilty, with a recommendation to mercy on account of what prisoner had already suffered.

His worship remarked that it was a very bad case. He could not, under the circumstances, award corporal punishment, but he would confiscate prisoner's motor-bike on the next half-holiday and use it himself.

Prisoner: You dare! I'll jolly well

Magistrate: Take him below!

A dozen brawny constables promptly complied.

FAMOUS CRICKETER IN THE DOCK! The Tragedy of a Muffed Catch!

The next prisoner to appear in the dock was Frank Nugent, who saluted his worship with a contemptuous flick of the fingers.

Magistrate: Don't play the giddy ox, Franky! It moves me to tears to see a personal friend of mine in the dock!

Prisoner (disrespectfully): Bow-wow!

Magistrate: What is the charge against this misguided young man?

Mr. Robert Cherry, K.C., said it cut him to the heart to have to conduct the prosecution against an old and trusty pal of his. (Cries of "Cut it out, Bob!" and "No sentiment, please!")

Mr. Cherry: I must ask the Court

to excuse me while I shed a few silent tears!

Magistrate: Would my learned friend like to borrow a fire-bucket? (Laughter.)

Mr. Cherry (sobbing fitfully): I am afraid I must retire from the Court. You'll have to engage another prosecuting counsel. I can't stand here and condemn an old pal. Boo-hoo!

The learned counsel then hurried out of the Court.

Magistrate: In the absence of Mr. Cherry, I call upon Mr. Richard Russell to conduct the case for the Crown.

Mr. Russell: Certainly, your worship! I'll conduct any old case for five bob. (Laughter.)

Magistrate: You will find a couple of half-crowns in the poor-box.

Court Usher: No, he won't, your worship. When Mr. Cherry left the Court, the poor-box accompanied him! (Loud laughter.)

Mr. Russell: Never mind. I'll collect my fee later on. Meanwhile, let me outline the case for the prosecution. On Saturday last a cricket-match was played between Greyfriars Remove and Highcliffe. The Remove batted first, and made 100, thanks chiefly to the brilliant display of that eminent batsman—myself! (Cries of "Order!" and "Stop blowing your own trumpet!")

Mr. Russell: Highcliffe then batted, and they scored 99, with only one more wicket to fall, when an easy catch was spooned in the direction of the prisoner, who was fielding at point. Did he hold that catch, gentlemen? Did he clutch the leather in his grimy palm, thereby saving his side from defeat? I regret to say, gentlemen, that the answer is in the negative. Prisoner muffed the catch, and gave Highcliffe the victory. (Cries of "Shame!" "Butter-fingers!" etc.)

Magistrate: Where's the counsel for the defence?

Prisoner: I'm conducting my own, old sport!

Magistrate: Be careful how you address me, sir, or you will find yourself called upon to answer an additional charge of contempt of Court!

Prisoner: Contempt of my grandmother!

Magistrate: What have you to say in extenuation of your conduct?

Prisoner: The catch in question was a jolly difficult one. I'll guarantee that not a single fellow seated in this Court could have held it.

Magistrate: Nonsense!

Prisoner (hotly): It isn't nonsense! The ball came swift and low, and I couldn't get my hand to it in time.

Magistrate: Can you demonstrate to the Court exactly how the ball was travelling?

Prisoner: Certainly, your worship!

So saying, prisoner produced a cricket-ball from his pocket, and hurled it at the magistrate. His worship received the ball full in the chest, and fell backwards, causing the whole Bench to collapse.

Jurymen and barristers and policemen were mixed up in a wild melee on the floor; and when they had sorted themselves out they found that prisoner had escaped.

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.

Not so Daft!

The lady told Daft Davey to go to the grocer's and buy half a dozen of his largest eggs. So off ran Davey, and told the man that he wanted six eggs laid by a black hen.

"But, Davey," said the grocer with a smile, "I can't tell by what coloured hen the eggs were laid. Can you?"

"Sartinly, I can," said Davey. And he selected the six biggest from the crate.

"Hi, there," cried the grocer, as Davey threw the payment on the counter, "you've taken the six biggest!"

"That's right," murmured the daft one, as he edged out of the shop, "that's how you can tell!"—Sent in by L. R. Hodge, 5, Abbotsford Avenue, Tottenham, N. 15.

Putting him Off!

Irate Golfer: Confound you, boy, you made me miss that putt!

Caddie: I—I didn't do nothink, sir!

Irate Golfer: It was your beastly hicough that made me miss!

PROPERLY "UP A TREE!"



PUSSIE: "Run away home you silly pup! You're wasting your time barking there—go and learn to climb a tree!"

Caddie: B-but I didn't hiccup that time, sir!

Irate Golfer: Of course you didn't! It was the first time this round you've missed, and I allowed for it!—Sent in by A. Black, 53, Trafalgar Street, Lowestoft.

Was a Wasp!

The usually stout-hearted Tommy came into the house, yelling enough to bring the place down.

"Good gracious, Tommy," cried his mother, "whatever is the matter with you?"

"Boo-hoo!" howled the youngster, "a fly stung me!"

"A fly! Why, ordinary flies don't sting!"

"No, but this one had a football jersey on!"—Sent in by Miss Emily Bick, 42, Langhorn Street, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Swelling the Crowd!

About a score of trippers from Wigan came up to London for the week-end, and when they got outside of Euston Station they became dispersed in the crowd. Arriving in Trafalgar Square, one of them approached a policeman on point duty. "Excuse me, lad," he said, "but has tha seen any o' t'others?"

The bobby looked at his questioner with a smile.

"There's a lot of people in London to-day," he said humorously.

"Ay, that there be," was the reply, "there's a trip in from Wigan!"

—Sent in by J. Fisher, 13, Plainfield Terrace, Newton Street, Boswell, Scotland.

A Time-ly Bet.

Two men were brought before a magistrate for cardsharpping. On being asked how the trick was worked, one of the prisoners replied:

"Well, yer honour, it's like this 'ere, you put a bob down, and if two Jacks come out together, you win."

"What are your names?" queried the magistrate.

"Jack McCusty and Jack Shark, yer honour."

"Then you get nine months and your accomplice gets six," murmured his honour, "and I'll bet you a shilling that neither of you two Jacks come out together!"—Sent in by S. Burn, 3, Christ Church Parade, Armley, Leeds, Yorkshire.

Cause for Thankfulness!

Mr. Quelch: Ah, we have all much to be thankful for. Now, tell me, Bunter, something for which you have to be thankful.

Billy (promptly): Like the rest of 'em, sir, I'm thankful you've strained your arm, 'specially as it's the right one. Nobody's had a licking for about a week!—Sent in by F. Bottomley, 48, Downhills Park Road, Tottenham, N. 15.

What he Wanted!

The auctioneer held up a pair of antique silver candlesticks.

"Come, give me a start," he said.

"Pourpence!" came a voice from the crowd.

"What?" exclaimed the horrified auctioneer.

"Ah," murmured the bidder, "I thought that would give you a start!"

—Sent in by L. Thomas, 62, Cotehele Avenue, Prince Rock, Plymouth.

Unreasonable!

Fussy Old Lady: Those goose berries look very dirty, my man.

Owner of the Stall: Well, wot do yer expect—their faces was washed and hair parted down the middle for fourpence a pound?—Sent in by Miss J. Baird, 16, Lindrop Street, Fulham, S.W.

Giving Himself Away!

The Justice regarded the pickpocket narrowly.

"H'm, so this is your first offence, is it?" he said.

"Belave me, ut is, sorr," replied the prisoner earnestly.

"Well, you certainly managed to

A CHEERY PROSPECT!



UNCLE: "What are you bringing in your bow and arrow for, Jimmy?"

JIMMY: "So that when you get in, I can have a game at 'harpooning the whale!'"

get the handkerchief out of the gentleman's pocket very cleverly. How did you do it?"

The accused smiled knowingly.

"Be jabbers," he said, "you can't learn that in a day, sorr, it's only done by practice—long practice!"—Sent in by S. Bailey, Central Buildings, Matlock Bank, Matlock.

A New Complaint!

Doctor's Boy (at the telephone): Yus, this is Doctor Sawyer's, but the doctor's hout at present.

Voice over the 'phone: Well, will you tell him that Mrs. Perkins has a bazaar coming on, and wants to know if he can do anything for it.

Doctor's Boy: Righto, I'll tell 'im the moment 'e comes in. Meawhile, put a mustard plaster on, and renew every two hours.—Sent in by H. V. Suller, Milton Cottage, Mercton Street, Norman Park, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia.

A Stale Complaint!

Orderly Officer: Any complaints? Private Bang: Yes, sir, there's somethin' wrong with this meat.

Orderly Officer: (trying a piece): Why, my man, this is quite good; the poor starving people in Wellington's time would have been glad to have had it!

Private Bang: I dessay, sir—p'r'aps it was fresh then!—Sent in by F. E. Baker, Colebrook House, Winchester, Hants.



RODDY STEEL.

Pyke's Intrepid Resolve!

WHEN the launch swept by Roddy stood gazing eagerly as Pyke rushed to the bridge, after the villain, Strang. Pyke saw him stand up when out of range of a revolver shot. Very coolly he raised his binoculars to his eyes and scanned all aboard the tug.

Then the bullet had not hit him! He had feigned being wounded so as to escape a second shot! Roddy fancied he detected a mocking grin on his face, but the launch was plunging away so fast amid sheets of spume that he could not be sure. And, whilst still watching, he noticed that the tug's helm had been put hard down. Pyke intended to follow in pursuit.

The launch was nigh a mile away before the tug had turned, and was forging after it at full speed. Pyke joined the lad.

"Strang wasn't pinked, boss," Roddy said. "That was just a fake."

"Yes, so I saw. And the skipper says we can't overhaul him. But on the other hand the launch can't live in these seas when out of the lee of the coast. He'll have to put back; then—Ah! They're in trouble already."

The launch was experiencing heavy weather for a craft of her size and build. The waves were running high and swift, and it could not ride them any longer. It had to crash into them, and every few moments was being swept from stem to stern. Roddy looked up at the bridge and saw the skipper's hawk eyes fixed on his quarry, his hands on the wheel ready to turn whichever direction the launch took.

They had not long to wait. The launch came round in the trough between two waves, and for a moment was lost to sight. It lay in immediate danger of being overwhelmed by a huge sea, but it rose, labouring heavily, and managed to get bow first to the shore and then sped past.

The tug took a few points to starboard to cut her off. Pyke's face was set hard; neither he nor Roddy spoke;

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 Steel'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. Strang's gang captures old Mark Steel and his brother Paul, and has them placed on board a yacht lying in the mouth of Thames. Roddy follows them to the ship, and, climbing on board, manages to send out a wireless message for help before he, too, is made prisoner. Gordon Pyke receives Roddy's message and sets out to the rescue. At night in the Channel the tug he chartered collides with the yacht and sinks her. Unaware of the ship's fate, Strang approaches in a fast motor-launch. Pyke fires a shot from his revolver and the villain topples over.

it was just a chance whether the launch would get past the tug.

Back it came, and Pyke drew his revolver from his pocket again. It might be that the tug would be able to crash into it; in any case the launch could only pass with a few yards to spare. The men aboard became more distinct; and they were crouching low to escape a shot. Strang was steering.

Roddy's heart was thumping hard. He could see the villain's face clearly after a while, the large and drooping eyelids, the big teeth, the heavy brows. The villain's face was white and drawn, and his gaze was fixed on Pyke, and Pyke's on him. The great detective was leaning over the tug's bow, his revolver poised in his fingers.

Could Strang clear the tug? Thirty seconds would decide. Nearer and nearer it came, and Pyke had steadied himself ready to take aim when Strang put the helm down. The launch obeyed the touch quick as a bird on the wing. It shot along the side of the tug and a hoarse cry from the skipper on the bridge told of his disappointment. Pyke ran along the deck, fired and missed, fired again and missed. And Strang waved a hand in scorn, and his hard, rasping laugh rang with a note of triumph.

Again the skipper swung the tug round, but when he started in pursuit, the launch, now sheltered by the shore and in comparatively smooth water, had travelled far. But the skipper held on, keeping between the villain and the open sea, and making him hug the coast.



GORDON PYKE

Pyke strolled back cool and smiling.

"That's the first time I've seen Strang!" he remarked. "If I gained nothing else by all this I wouldn't grumble. The clue that has eluded me all these years is solved at last; I've got it. He has held me at bay so far by managing to hide his identity. And to track the mysterious Tarboy Strang was like finding one's way in a fog. It's quite a different thing though to run down the notorious Count Poltini!"

"That's his name, then!" Roddy said. "You know a lot about him, I guess, boss?"

"A very good deal. He must put up his last fight now. I wonder where he'll try to land, for much depends on that. And now we had better arrange about those scoundrels who were on the yacht and who are now our prisoners. We'll signal to the coastguards to have the police ready to take them to gaol."

He returned to the bridge and Roddy hurried to his father and uncle. Both were very shaken after their terrible experiences, but old Mark's eyes had still the same indomitable look, and his voice rang firm and strong.

"Will that scoundrel be caught?" he asked. "I could die happy if only he got his deserts."

"He'll be run down, father. You can trust Gordon Pyke," Roddy reassured him. "But you mustn't talk of dying. You and Uncle Paul will live many a happy year yet."

"He's got Paul's money, all he worked so hard to save all those years," old Mark groaned. "And poor Paul is terribly shaken, Roddy. He's had the worst time of us all. And to think that I—I—!" His voice choked.

"Yes, I know, father; but wasn't it very natural that you should think Uncle Paul hadn't reformed, his ways?" Roddy urged, trying to soothe him. "We never heard from him all the years he was in Australia. You and he are friends again, and that's the great thing, and before long he'll

pick up health, I'm sure he will. As for the money, even if that cad Strang gets off with it somehow, we'll see that Uncle Paul never wants for anything. He can live with us. And now you had better both come along to the cabin and make yourselves as comfy as you can. I guess the boss will want me soon."

Old Mark's eyes shone as he looked at his son.

"You've done no end, my son," he said. "And if it hadn't been for you coming aboard that yacht we'd be out of this world now. How you managed that—"

"We'll have time to yarn over everything later on," Roddy cut in, "when Strang's collared and everything is fixed up."

"You feel sure he will be?"

"It's a dead cert. He's met more than his match in Gordon Pyke whatever tricks he has up his sleeve yet."

He led the old men to the cabin and persuaded them to have a rest. When he came up again and looked around he saw that the tug had travelled many miles along the coast, and that the launch was drawing in to the shore. Strang had chosen a lonely spot on which to land. As far inland as Roddy could see the country stretched out bleak and houseless.

A whistle from the bridge caused him to look up. Pyke, standing by the skipper, was beckoning, and the lad quickly joined them.

"Strang is wideawake as ever," Pyke explained. "We can't follow him there, the water is too shallow. I'm going after him in a boat. I want you to go back in the tug and hand over the prisoners when you get to the docks. See your relations to an hotel and make all arrangements for them. Then come on to me. The skipper says we're off Fowey. Take the car round to Bodmin and wait there till you hear from me."

Roddy's cheeks paled.

"You're going single-handed to tackle Strang and those ruffians with him!" he gasped.

"I am," Pyke said cheerfully.

"But they'll see you land! They'll see you alone! They'll only have to hide in the bracken and wait till you're passing to have a shot at you!"

Pyke smiled.

"That's what they'll hope for, no doubt," he assented.

"But—but—" Roddy's anxiety was growing greater every moment. "Why wouldn't you wait until darkness and land then, boss?" he suggested.

"Just because Strang wouldn't see me in that case," Pyke chuckled. "I'm very anxious he should know I'm after him."

"Then mayn't I come with you?"

"No. I'm sorry to refuse you, my lad, you're so keen, but it's best that Strang should think you're not in this show. You'll have your own share of a scrap if"—he paused for a few moments—"if everything works out as I hope," he added, with a slight hesitation, and Roddy knew that he was not certain how the final tussle with Strang would end. "Now,

skipper, we're in far enough, don't you think? If you'll lower the boat I'll pull away."

The tug hove to, the boat was lowered, and Pyke slipped the oars into the rowlocks.

"Cheerio!" he cried, as with sweeping strokes he pulled away, a smile on his face.

And Roddy nodded and tried to smile also, but his features were strained. For, gazing at the shore, he saw Strang and his confederates climbing up the cliff and looking back continually at Pyke. And on beyond the cliff the moorland stretched out for miles. No help could come from there to the intrepid detective if attacked.

"Why has he gone?" Roddy gasped, dismayed.

"Oh, as to that," the skipper said, "it's a 'cute game, but too full of risk, I reckon. He wants to hold Strang to that ground, and he says that Strang will seize the chance to try and wipe him out. For if Pyke was dead the villain could get clear away. No one else could catch him."



Pyke waded out to the launch.

Gordon Pyke has a nerve and no mistake."

"He has," Roddy choked. "But I wish he'd taken me along. There, that scoundrel Strang is looking back again!"

Face to Face.

PYKE pulled steadily to the shore, and when he came near to the launch he looked at the tug. A flag had been run up to the masthead. This was a signal he had arranged with the skipper; it meant that Strang and the other scoundrels were not yet returning. From the bridge, looking through his binoculars, the skipper could see the wide sweep of moorland, and could observe every movement of life there. As long as the flag fluttered in the breeze, for so long would Pyke be safe.

Pyke stepped into the launch and made a swift examination. There was nothing of importance to him

aboard. He next emptied the petrol tank and tins. Then he sealed the cliff and looked around.

There was no sign of Strang, so he sat down. In half an hour the flag on the tug was lowered and the tug steamed towards Plymouth. And before long Pyke saw the villains returning. He waited until they were a hundred yards distant, and then, rising and standing so that all could see him, he presently descended the cliff, waded out to the launch, and sat down.

The scoundrels came to the edge of the cliff, saw the intrepid detective loading his revolver, and hesitated. Strang began arguing with them, and Pyke smiled. They had not any weapons! If they had they would have rushed the launch. They walked back, and Strang, the last to leave, shook his fist at Pyke, and Pyke laughed aloud.

His plan was quite simple, but entailed a long vigil. It meant staying in the launch for the rest of the day and for the following night. It was evident that the gang were not going to risk their lives; they meant to clear out somehow. And as for Strang, his intention was different. He intended holding his ground.

For, in truth, no other course lay open to him. As Strang had said to his confederates in London when, believing that he was leaving England for ever, Pyke was the only man he had ever reason to fear, and that if Pyke knew his true identity he would follow him to the ends of the earth. And Pyke had seen him at last and knew he was the notorious Count Poltini.

Yes, the game was up unless he could wipe Pyke out. It had come to that, and what better place could he have chosen if the chance was given him than this wild moorland! Strang must hold his ground! Pyke felt certain of that. But he had no intention of meeting the arch-villain until the latter was alone.

So he stretched himself comfortably in the stern of the launch, lit his pipe, and smoked leisurely. The day passed, twilight gathered, night fell. Then his danger began. The gang might venture to rush the launch in the darkness; Strang might be able to stimulate their courage to this point. He must be alert.

So he crossed to the bow, and there he sat through the night, his revolver ready. The hours dragged slowly; no noise broke the silence but the gentle splash of the waves on the shingle. He was cramped and tired when the first hint of dawn crept into the sky. And then he jumped out of the launch, and, hugging the edge of the cliff he crept along the shore for fifty yards, cautiously climbed to the summit, and lay down behind a clump of bracken.

He had not long to wait. Presently he saw figures moving along the shore. The gang had returned, all except Strang. The ruffians, seeing that the launch was apparently empty, went into the water. Very cautiously they advanced, and then they rushed it from both sides, think-

ing, no doubt, that Pyke might be in it and lying down. When they found it unoccupied, they clambered in and started to set the engine going. Pyke chuckled!

They had been fooled. He had prepared for this. Hurriedly they examined the tank, and then uncorking the tins they found them full of sea water! Hoarse imprecations reached him where he lay, and he chuckled the more. Their hope of escape by sea was cut off; they would have to seek safety by land.

He saw them scramble out of the launch and hurry to the cliff. He saw them reach the summit and strike off along a track in a body, talking earnestly, gesticulating often, hurrying at a quick step, urged on by fear. On this also he had counted, and he had vowed that they would not escape. Not one connected with Strang would go free if he could help it. It was to catch these scoundrels that he had directed Roddy to get round to Bodmin.

He also started off, crouching low, trusting to the deceptive light to hide him. He dipped into a hollow, and then he ran. Getting ahead of them he broke into a jog trot, and it took him an hour to get across the moor. By this time the sun had risen, the birds were singing, the light was bright everywhere. But he was well ahead, so did not care.

He got on to a rough road, and after a further mile he came to a small village. Here he turned into a farmhouse, had a chat with the owner, and in ten minutes a boy was driving to Bodmin with a letter Pyke had written. Pyke accepted the farmer's invitation to breakfast, and as he was enjoying it he saw the ruffians passing down the road.

"They're fixed up!" he ruminated contentedly as they hurried on, ignorant of the trap laid for them. "Roddy will deal with them. Now to stroll back."

The great detective strolled along, recalling the months and years in which his sole thought, his sole ambition had been to drag this villain into the light of day, and crush his power for evil for ever. And now the hour was striking. His pulse was beating fast, a great sense of exhilaration pervaded him, his eyes were shining like stars. And of fear he had not a thought. He was only longing to get to grips.

For he would fight Strang on equal terms if Strang played the game. He was not going to creep up behind him and shoot him down like a dog, though that might be a fate he richly deserved. No, he would meet him as man to man, and let the best man win. There would be more satisfaction in that.

He came to the edge of the moor and looked round. Somewhere in that great stretch of bracken Strang was waiting! A lark soared up and sang, and other birds circled over his head, and the insects droned as the heat of the day increased. Often he stopped in challenging expectancy.

Thus he crossed the moor, and, believing that Strang might not have seen him he bent his steps in the direction of a small knoll. He climbed the knoll, and there he stood, a conspicuous figure for miles around.

And at last he saw the man he sought, the man who was seeking him. Away to the right Strang had come into view. He also was walking leisurely. He came straight for the knoll, and as he drew nearer Pyke saw that his hands were clasped behind his back, his hat slightly tilted over his eyes. He stopped when some fifty yards away out of range of a revolver shot and Pyke beckoned to him.

"I don't shoot if you don't!" he cried.

Strang nodded and came on. Pyke walked down the knoll to meet him.



The gang rushed the boat from both sides.

and when ten paces distant Strang stopped again.

"Do you surrender?" Pyke demanded.

Strang laughed, that harsh, rasping laugh.

"Not likely!" he replied. "If you can make me surrender, you are welcome. You've promised not to shoot, and that's what I expected from you, for you're a man, I'll say that. And if ever I were willing to surrender it's to you I'd go. You've beaten me unless I can get the better of you now, and you seem to be willing to have a square fight. That's sporting, and I thank you for it. And now I'm ready if you are."

He dropped his hat on the ground, and carefully folding his coat he laid it down and rolled up his shirt sleeves. Pyke also took off his coat, and they walked towards one another. When three paces away they stopped and looked into one another's eyes. For ten long seconds they gazed.

Then they sprang forward simultaneously.

The conclusion of this exciting detective serial will be given in next week's issue of "The Greyfriars Herald," in which will also appear a magnificent new feature which will delight you all.

AN ODEFUL TRIBUTE TO THE ESTEEMED COMPANIONFUL PAPERS By HURREE SINGH

The "Magnet" and the "Gem" are fine;

I chant their praises songfully;
They both unite to keep us bright
And gay when things go wrongfully.

The stories of our worthy school
Are written with much skilfulness.
When troubles come, and we are glum,
They nobly fill the billfulness!

The Famous Five are all alive
With every playful prankfulness;
In work and play they lead the way,
And take the frontful rankfulness.
We ever seek to shield the weak,
And fight their battles proudly;
Then, when the fray has cleared away,
We laugh both long and loudly!

Terrific are the penful powers
Of Sahib Richards, Frankfully.
With eager joy the British boy
Devours his stories thankfully.
And Martin Cliff describes each tiff
With much amazing mirthfulness;
If cads condemn the good old "Gem"
We'll wipe them off the earthfulness!

Long may we read of feastful feed;
Of goals obtained with kickfulness;
Of japeful larks on gay young sparks,
To whom we give the lickfulness.
Whoever looks for ripping books
To make the hours fly dancefully,
Should never fail to read each tale,
And order them advancefully!

Before I close my worthy rhyme,
Just let me say remindfully—
Get next week's "Herald" sharp to time,

And do not be behindfully;
For Major Cherry's ripping tale
Of Epsom and its sportfulness
Will cause a quick and busy sale
Of the terrific sortfulness!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

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

TREASURE TROVE!

To the Editor of "The Greyfriars Herald."

Dear Sir,—I have just made a most remarkable discovery, and I am so excited that I scarcely know how to write this letter.

Whilst going through some old volumes in the school library, I came across a faded and tattered parchment, relating to a treasure which was hidden over a century ago in one of the smugglers' caves on the coast.

The document is in the form of a piece of doggerel, which runs as follows:

"He who would ye treasure fynde
First of all must bear in mynde
That he needeth pick and spade;
Deep and low ye golde is laid.
Visit Conway's Cave by night,
Take six paces to ye right,
Dig and hew with strength and zest
Till ye fynde ye old oak chest,
Packed with golde, and silver, too—
Treasure trove that's good to view.
Diligently search, and ye
Shall be rich for years to be!"

This quaint rhyme bears the signature of the notorious smuggler, Cap'n Conway, after whom the cave is named.

I feel sure you will agree that I have made a breathless and truly wonderful discovery. I am passing the secret on to you because I'm not one of those selfish fellows who delight in keeping things to themselves.

I suggest that you and all your chums set out with picks and spades at the first opportunity. If you follow the directions laid down, you will soon be rolling in riches!—Yours faithfully,
HAROLD SKINNER.

(Skinner's attempted practical joke has fallen completely flat. Any ass can see that his letter is a "catch." He fondly hoped to make fools of the editorial staff, but it didn't come off!

At the earliest opportunity our Fighting Editor will go along and have a "few words" with Master Skinner!—Ed.)

ALL THE LATEST NOVELS!

The Public Library, Courtfield.

To the Editor of "The Greyfriars Herald."

Sir,—I beg to advise you that we now have in stock a very fine selection of novels. The following should make an irresistible appeal:

"AFTER LIGHTS OUT,"

By Gerald Loder.

"THE HUMAN DOOR-POST,"

By Tom Dutton.

"CONCHOLOGY FOR THE MILLION."

By Alonzo Todd.

"FROM BOOT-BOY TO BARONET."

By Sir James Vivian.

"A FOOL THERE WAS."

By Horris Koker.

"THE MAD MOTOR-CYCLIST."

By Paul Pontifex Prout.

"THE SOUPERIOR KOOKERY-BOOK."

By W. G. Bunter.

"THE HARM OF THE LAW."

By P.-c. Tozer.

"DRIVEN TO DRINK."

The Story of a Distracted Gate-porter.

By William Gosling.

These priceless books will be loaned to the Greyfriars boys at twopence per volume.—Yours faithfully,

A. BIGGE-CRAMMER,
Chief Librarian.

(We shall most certainly avail ourselves of this tempting offer!—Ed.)

My Weekly Interview

By the Special Representative of
"The Greyfriars Herald"

This week: HURREE SINGH

"WHY did Hurree Singh?"

The editor fired this conundrum at me as I stepped into his sanctum.

"Because he knew that I was coming to interview him, I suppose," I said. "That's enough to make any fellow's heart glad, and cause him to burst into song."

"Rats! The real answer is 'Because he saw Tom Merry.'"

"That's about the worst conundrum I've heard since my nursery days!" I said. "Do you want me to go along and interview this nigger fellow?"

"Hurree Singh isn't a nigger!" said the editor warmly. "He's an Indian Nabob."

"Same thing."

"Look here, if you start calling Inky a nigger he'll pulverise you!"

"He's welcome to try."

"Now, be a good chap, and trot along to Study No. 13."

"An unlucky number!" I groaned. "I'm bound to meet trouble of some sort!"

"Don't talk rot. You'll find Inky as nice as pie. Buck up and interview him. I'm waiting for your 'copy.'"

I went along to No. 13 Study with some misgivings. I'm a superstitious sort of chap, and whenever the number thirteen crops up I can't help feeling uneasy.

Bob Cherry and Mark Linley were in the study, chatting about cricket.

Of Hurree Singh there was no sign. "Inky's far and away the finest

bowler we've got," Bob Cherry was saying. "You never know what sort of a ball he's going to send down next. He's got you guessing all the time."

"I quite agree, Bob," said Mark Linley, "that Inky stands head and shoulders above everybody else when it comes to bowling."

"What rot!" I chimed in. "What utter rot! What Inky doesn't know about bowling would fill whole volumes! Like several others I could name, he's simply been given a place in the Remove eleven because he happens to be a pal of the skipper. He's no shakes as a bowler, and his batting is simply appalling! Now, I don't claim to be a clever exponent of marbles or hopscotch, but so far as cricket is concerned I could knock spots off Inky!"

"My ludicrous chum is talking through the rear portion of his neck!" said a voice.

And Inky himself stepped out from behind the screen.

"Oh, here you are!" I said, endeavouring to conceal my surprise. "Did you hear what I said?"

"Every word, my esteemed gas-bag."

"Well, it's quite true!"

"Then we will adjournfully retire to the worthy field, and test the truthfulness of your remarks."

"Hear, hear!" said Bob Cherry.

Inky picked up a bat and ball, and went along to the cricket-ground.

"Would you like to bowlfully bowl, or batfully bat?" asked Inky, turning to me.

"Oh, I'll batfully bat, I think," I replied.

I took my stand in front of the wicket, and Inky, taking a lengthy run and spinning himself round like a catherine-wheel, delivered the first ball. It sent my middle stump careering into space.

"Out!" said Mark Linley.

"That was a fluke," I said.

But unfortunately it was followed by a good many more flukes!

Inky sent down a dozen balls, and clean bowled me on no less than ten occasions. The remaining two balls struck me on the shin and elbow respectively.

I felt an awful ass, and was only too glad to let Inky take a turn at the wicket. I fondly imagined I should soon be able to settle his hash.

But I imagined a vain thing.

Every ball I sent down was despatched to the farthest limits of the field.

Inky showed me no mercy. He smote like a Trojan, and I put in a good hour's leather-chasing, which is more than equivalent to six months' hard labour.

Finally, unable to endure it any longer, I sank down in the grass, fervently wishing I had never criticised Inky's cricketing ability.

"Ring up for the ambulance!" said Bob Cherry.

Shortly afterwards the tea-bell rang, and the fellows walked away in the direction of the dining-hall.

But there was a certain special representative who didn't walk. He crawled!

THE END.



The CRIMSON ARROW

A Thrilling New Serial Story of Buffalo Bill and the Redskins

By Mr. PAUL PONTIFEX PROUT

(Master of The Fifth Form.)

The Duel!

THE little groups of disguised troopers hidden away in the waggons peeped out curiously from under the tilts as they watched Chief Na-na-tau-quah riding towards their camp.

Most of them knew the Chief Big Tree, as he had been a well-known figure amongst the Redskins who, in times of peace, loafed about the frontier forts, and most of them knew the story of the enmity of this Apache warrior to the white men.

"That thar is th' rooster that stole the pain-killer out o' the doctor's shop," said Laramie Jack. "He's comin' back fer another dose o' medicine. This is th' right drug-store ter git it!"

A chuckle ran through the waggons as the Chief Big Tree rode up within rifle-shot, shouting his challenges to any men who might be with this supposed convoy of women to come forth and fight to the death.

These challenges to single combat were not frequent amongst the Apaches, though the Sioux and the Pawnees races, more sportsmanlike and chivalrous in nature than the Navajoes and Apaches, would sometimes ride forth, like knights of old, demanding a single encounter.

Buffalo Bill was right when he said: "The further west, the worse the Indian." The eastern tribes who people the Atlantic shores of the American continent, the Delawares and the Iroquois, were always more gallant and open in combat than the far western tribes who had been driven towards the Rockies by the advance of the Palefaces.

So it was quite a novelty to see a single Redskin offering combat, and an Apache at that.

But, to do him justice, Chief Big Tree looked a fine figure of a warrior as he sat his fine steed. He was mounted on a real horse, and not the usual Indian cayuse. And this made some difference in the conditions of the combat.

The Apaches have had nothing to learn in the matter of horse-stealing, and the red horse on which Big Tree was mounted was a real bit of Mexican blood crossed on a powerful English stock. It was above all comparison with the native horses caught from the wild and degenerated droves which have ranged on the plains of

America since the first arrival of the Spaniards.

There is a common superstition that the Redskin was always magnificently mounted on a splendid wild steed caught fresh off the boundless prairies. But this was not the case. Horses, like all stock, and all flowers, need careful cultivation and human selection to keep them from running back into weeds, and the wild horses of the prairies, grass-fed and uncared-for, had nothing like the stamina or power of the horses of the Paleface. So it happened that when the Red Man wanted a good horse he stole it from the Palefaces, and this horse-stealing was the beginning of the murders and robberies that ended in the Indian warfare which assisted to wipe out the Red race of America.

"Come forth, O ye Paleface men!" yelled the Apache warrior, brandishing his tomahawk so that its keen blade glittered in the sunshine. "Behold, we Apaches fight not with squaws!"

Uncle Baldy chuckled under his breath at this challenge.

"Big Tree, he's got th' spike, think-in' that he an' his crush hev been beaten off by a parcel o' wimmen!" said he. "An' he's bin gittin' up his

spirits by pourin' spirits down 'is neck!"

Uncle Baldy had rightly summed up the source of this sudden access of bravery.

Big Tree, smarting from the beating off of his warriors, had consumed the best part of a bottle of "Taos lightning," as the villainous whisky sold by the native traders to the Indians was called. And he had recklessly ridden out to issue his own challenge.

He knew that he was safe enough in riding up within rifle-shot of the Paleface waggons. There was mighty little code of honour in Indian warfare. A dead Indian was a good Indian, and it was a war to the knife on both sides. But a challenge to single combat was always respected as a flag of truce, and not a rifle was levelled at Big Tree as he sat there, a splendid figure in the sunshine.

His face was almost hidden by his huge war-bonnet of eagle feathers, which cast deep, sharp shadows over his eyes and the high cheekbones of his red face.

He was stripped to his deerskin trousers, and his body was reddened with a red ochreous earth, which had also been rubbed over his horse.

He sat there, a blood-red statue of murder and ferocity, and the boys, though they had now seen something of Redskins and Redskin warfare, thought that they had never seen such an expression of Redskin ferocity and hate.

"Come forth, ye squaw-men!" taunted Big Tree. "I, Big Tree, war chief of the Apaches, would drink blood!"

"I guess he'd sooner drink blood than the doctor's medicine that he stole, the varmint!" chuckled Uncle Baldy.

There was a stir in the camp. Buffalo Bill was getting Buckskin ready for the encounter.

He had tossed up with Buck Dixie as to which of the two should encounter this Redskin ruffian. And he had won the toss.

Buck Dixie had not noticed that Buffalo Bill's penny for tossing was made up of a split coin which bore the head of the Republic on both sides. Which showed that he had yet something to learn in the matter of scouting and observation.

Buck Dixie was, therefore, looking disgusted with his luck as he helped

READ THIS FIRST.

Into Fort Madison, the headquarters of the 5th United States Cavalry—the famous "Dandy Fifth"—rides a little group of horsemen bringing news of an uprising of the Redskins. The leader of the party is Buffalo Bill, and other members are Buck Dixie, Deadwood Dick, Uncle Baldy, Jake Bellew, old Prairie Wolf, a former Navajo chief, and Kit and Joe Desmond, two British boys whose father is a prisoner in the hands of the Indians. A mock convoy sets out from the fort, and the Redskins make an attack, which is beaten off with heavy loss. Afterwards some mysterious crimson-coloured arrows are found sewn into the quivers of the fallen braves. While Buffalo Bill and others of the convoy are resting, a magnificently mounted Redskin rides in and issues a challenge to single combat.

his friend to cinch up the girth of Buckskin's saddle. It was to be a fight to the death, as ruthless as the rest of Indian warfare. There were pistols in Buffalo Bill's holsters, but these he would not touch unless there was a sign of treachery on the part of his opponent.

Big Tree's arms were a tomahawk and scalping-knife. Buffalo Bill had no tomahawk. His weapons were a length of lead pipe, taken from one of the waggons, and his bowie-knife.

The winner would take the horse of the loser, and his scalp.

If Buffalo Bill fell, the law of the prairie would be obeyed. He would be killed and scalped under the rifles of his own friends, and they would not interfere, provided the fight was a fair one.

But perhaps even Big Tree knew that if he drew any other weapons than those shown on his person he would be riddled by a volley of bullets.

He was walking his horse round in a circle, whooping like a rooster, when Buffalo Bill, with the length of lead pipe in his hand, looking like a riding-whip, rode slowly out from between the waggons.

"Thou callest for a Paleface warrior from amongst these women, O Big Tree!" he called. "Lo, here am I—Buffalo Bill, ready to meet thee and to send thee to the Happy Hunting Grounds!"

The whoop died away on the lips of Chief Big Tree.

Buffalo Bill's name was not so well-known amongst the Apache tribes as it was amongst the Sioux, the Arapahoes and the Navajoes; but they had heard enough of him amongst the Apache nations to know that he was a great warrior, and big medicine.

So Big Tree became suddenly sober. He realised that he was up against a bigger proposition than he had looked for. He was an expert with the tomahawk, mounted on horseback. It was his line of fighting. In this type of contest he was, in a sense, the Carpenter of the Apaches.

But he had been looking for a bull-master out of this group of ox-waggons—some slow-moving son of Kansas, as slow as his own oxen, who could be tomahawked or knifed before he knew there was a fight on. And Buffalo Bill was a bird of another feather altogether!

But the Chief Big Tree had committed himself. He had filled himself up with the strong "Taos lightning," and had gone off, boasting that he would come back with a Paleface scalp.

And his friends were watching him from the ridge—four hundred of them.

These were not all friends, either. Some of the younger Navajo chiefs were already beginning to chafe under the airs and dignity that the better-mounted and equipped Apaches were putting on. The Redskin brave was a sulky and a touchy temper, and the younger Navajoes did not like the Apache "swank," nor the pries they had had to pay for the Apache alliance.

So it was too late for Chief Big Tree to retreat.

Nor, indeed, could he run away. One glance at Buckskin told him that he was up against a better horse than his own.

So off he went, setting his horse going like an arrow from the string, in accordance with the Redskin custom, and riding out in a wide circle that would give him plenty of room to manoeuvre about his antagonist.

Buffalo Bill hardly seemed to be taking notice of his Redskin adversary. He sat loosely in his saddle, putting Buckskin to a gentle canter by a pressure from his knees.

Big Tree was soon racing round him in wide circles, whooping like a madman, working himself up for the fray, whilst Buffalo Bill followed his course at an easy hand-gallop which increased in speed when suddenly Big Tree, having chosen his ground, and,

missing Buffalo Bill's shoulder by a good two feet.

The scout could have unseated his enemy there and then. But he had a purpose in prolonging this single combat as long as possible.

The four hundred Redskins who crowned the ridge up the valley were intent upon the fight. The scouts they had posted were not attending to their duties. Their eyes were fixed on the grassy arena where the combat between their champion and the Paleface was going on.

And every minute gained fought for Buffalo Bill and his friends. They were accomplishing their purpose in keeping this powerful war band off the trail of the real convoy of women and children that was hastening to the shelter of Fort Madison. And the longer they held this mob of



With a sudden spring Buckskin leaped upon the roan, seizing its mane in its teeth. At the same time Buffalo Bill brought down the lead pipe on the head-dress of the chief.

as he thought, manoeuvred his enemy on to it, rode down a long, gentle, grassy slope at racing speed, whirling his tomahawk.

But Buckskin, amongst other accomplishments, was the finest buffalo-hunting horse in the world. He needed no prompting from his master against the charge of an angry buffalo. He could turn on a spigence, and could stop dead in mid-career without unseating his rider.

So smooth were his paces that Buffalo Bill delighted in riding him at a canter, holding a full glass of water without spilling a drop.

So Buckskin rose to the occasion as Big Tree, with an ear-piercing whoop, swooped down upon his master, the great roan travelling at racing speed.

He stopped dead as the Redskin charged, and half turned, so that the tomahawk whistled through the air,

ruffians spellbound, the better the chance of a surprise by the relieving party that would be sent out from Fort Madison as soon as the women and children from the settlements were safe under the protection of the fort.

It was a great fight that followed. Buffalo Bill, affecting to panic, raced away from his antagonist, who, yelling with delight, chased after him as the scout rapidly circled round the camp.

A Redskin is reckless of horseflesh, and loves the spectacular part of the fight. Big Tree had no thought for his horse, and it was Buffalo Bill's object to get his antagonist's steed wounded.

Buckskin entered into the game. Thus he had often taken the freshness out of an ugly buffalo bull in the heat of the hunt. He knew the right

distance to keep ahead of his antagonist, and, what was more, he had the speed to keep this station.

Three times round the camp the Redskin chased the scout, his horse travelling three-quarters of a mile at each lap in this strange race.

Then he wearied of this stern chase, and showed the hand of treachery.

He was as expert at throwing the hatchet as in wielding it, and, whirling the long-helved tomahawk in a rapid series of circles, he let it fly at Buffalo Bill's head.

But, as though he had been shot, the scout dropped out of his saddle, hanging at the side of his horse in true Redskin fashion, and the heavy war-axe whistled harmlessly past him.

Big Tree yelled savagely as he drew a second tomahawk from its hiding-place amongst the Navajo blankets that were tied at his saddle-bow.

A dozen rifles were levelled at the Redskin, and Big Tree might have paid for this bit of treachery with his life had not Buffalo Bill lifted his hand as a sign that no one must fire.

With a sudden twist and turn, Buckskin faced round. Now the tables were reversed. Big Tree was running from the scout, who had manoeuvred him to his right hand.

Leaning forward on the neck of the roan he urged it to full speed. Missing his treacherous stroke with the thrown tomahawk, his courage had broken, and he had not even the pluck to use his second weapon. He was endeavouring to make towards his own friends on the ridge, who were yelling with an excitement that is unusual amongst Redskins.

They had seen that Big Tree had missed his stroke.

And now they saw the strange sight of their champion headed off from them like a buffalo bull cut away from the herd.

The great red horse twisted and turned, striving to dodge past Buckskin. But Buckskin was always there first, till at last the panting of the roan told Chief Big Tree that if he was to risk a stroke at the redoubtable scout, he must risk it whilst his horse could still stand on its feet.

He reined in the roan with a sudden turn and swerve, and brandishing his tomahawk in a clever feinting stroke, timed the real stroke to a nicety. It was a downward feint and an upward blow, that was intended to catch Buffalo Bill under the chin and knock him off his horse, stunned.

But the blow was guarded, and, with a sudden spring, Buckskin leaped upon the roan, seizing its mane in its teeth.

And at the same moment Buffalo Bill brought down that harmless-looking length of lead pipe upon the feathered head-dress of the chief with a blow that sent horse and rider rolling to the earth in a cloud of dust.

There was no more fight in Big Tree.

A whoop of anger and dismay went up from the watching crowd of Indians as Chief Big Tree lay on the ground, a huddled heap of feathers and Redskin bravery, whilst his antagonist sat still as a statue looking down upon his vanquished enemy.

Big Tree was not killed. The heavy

feathered war-bonnet had saved him a fractured skull, but he was insensible and breathing heavily.

In Indian parlance "his spirit had departed from him for a while, and he was riding in the Happy Hunting Grounds!"

The crowd of watching Redskins, a mile away, began to move forward, the young braves urging their fellows with mocking shouts and yells to the attack. But the older and more experienced warriors were holding back. They did not like the look of that quiet circle of tilted waggons, whose defending women shot so straight and so hard. In short, they were beginning to have their suspicions that the convoy was a plant.

But when Buffalo Bill, jumping from his saddle, picked up that inanimate Redskin rooster and pitched him like a bolster over his saddle-bow, and, jumping to his saddle, led the captured roan off the field of battle, nothing could restrain the angry young bucks of the watching force.

Shaking their muskets and bows, they trotted down the valley in a great moving horde, little dreaming of the disaster they were courting.

A Mysterious Disappearance!

IN the two waggons facing up the valley were some harmless-looking cases hidden by sacking curtains.

These were barely moved aside as the gunners behind them brought the two new-fangled Dalghren guns to bear upon the wild-looking feathered mob.

They only waited till Buffalo Bill and his captive brave and steed were safe within the circle of the waggons.

Then, with a double crash, the cannon were fired, their echoes rolling and thundering over the prairie. Two shells burst well in the mob of Redskins, bowling over a dozen feathered riders right and left.

It was the first time that cannon had been used against the Red Man in prairie warfare. Redskin warfare does not lend itself to the use of artillery. But the effect of the two shots were magical.

Ninety-nine out of a hundred of those wild braves had never seen a cannon fired before. They saw the waggons start back under the recoil of the guns, and the next thing they were aware of was a fiery blast in their midst, that came with a shattering and deafening roar that stunned them.

The Redskin column halted dead. Their yells of threat and anger died away. Then the ponies, scared and shaken, turned and ran. The stampede started a panic, muskets and bows and arrows were dropped, and, with a yell, the whole crew were off up the valley.

Then another yell broke from them. For, rising to the crest of the ridge, they sighted a cavalry column advancing, smart and orderly, from the direction of Fort Madison.

If their scouts had been keeping their eyes open during the combat between Chief Big Tree and Buffalo Bill, they would have seen the dust of this column. But the Dandy Fifth

had advanced to within two miles of them before they were aware of their coming.

They wheeled round again and came racing down the valley in an utter rout, dividing wide of the waggons and scattering over the skyline as fast as they could go.

But the Dandy Fifth had scented them. At the sound of the cannon they had opened their ranks and put their horses to full speed.

And what a cheer went up from the waggons as those blue-coated horse-men, their swords glittering in the prairie sunshine, raced down amongst the bewildered Redskins, cutting them off in little bunches from the rout and riding them down.

There was a rush of lilac sun-bonnets and print dresses outside the waggons, and the strange sight was seen of women waving their bonnets and shouting at the top of their hoarse voices as they fired scattering volleys after the flying Redskins, rolling many a brave into the dust as he rode for his life.

That was the most unkind out of the fight, which was too like a set battle for any Redskin to stand. To be charged and cut up by the new-fangled cavalry sabre was bad enough, but to be potted like running sheep by women in lilac sun-bonnets was the bitterest pill that the Apache and Navajo braves had ever taken in their constant life of warfare.

They had come out to murder women and children, looking for an easy scalping job and a rich plunder. But all they had got out of their venture was a drubbing from a crowd they supposed to be women. And, as they scattered like chaff before the charging troopers of the Dandy Fifth, there was many a Navajo and Apache brave who swore vengeance dire against the Paleface when he could catch him alone, but also swore never again would he attack a Paleface convoy.

There were not many prisoners taken, and the cavalry did not chase the Redskins far out across the prairie for there were many other isolated bands of Redskins hovering in the neighbourhood, and it was easy enough for a small body of scattered troops to fall into an ambush and get cut up.

So, in less than half an hour they came riding back, a few unwilling Navajos secured to their stirrups.

And it was a noticeable fact that they had succeeded in running down only the young Navajo braves, who were mounted on the cheapest and least desirable ponies. The better mounted Apache braves had got right away.

But huddled up on the ground, here and there, were one or two Apache warriors who would never see home again, for the bullets from the waggons had found their billets, and these cruel warriors had bitten the dust.

They looked as evil in death as they did in life. And Joe and Kit Desmond, who had stripped off their print overalls and sun-bonnets, and who had marched out of the camp with a burying party, felt their hearts sink when they realised that their father

was in the hands of a nation of such ruffians as these.

Jake Bellew, the old trapper who formed one of the burying party, was for scalping these dead Redskins before they buried them.

But the boys were horrified at this notion, and Kit told Jake bluntly that if he tried to scalp a dead Redskin in his presence he'd tar and feather him when they got to the fort.

Jake laughed grimly at the threat.

"When we've had as much to do with Injuns as I hev, sonny, ye won't miss th' chance o' a few scalps to decorate your lodge!" said he. "Thar's nothin' that sets off a teepee better'n a few nice scalps. I don't hold with buryin' Injuns like Christians," added Jake Bellew. "It's better to leave 'em out for th' crows an' the kites as an example to th' rest of the varmints!"

Jake spoke only according to his lights. He was one of the old disappearing generation of Rocky Mountain trappers. In fact, he was almost the last of their pioneers who, taking their lives in their hands, had braved the Indians and had trapped the beaver from the frozen regions of the north to the very borders of Mexico.

It was these trappers, who had worked their way up from the great rivers of America in the course of their trade, exploring their tributaries to their very head waters in the snows of the huge ranges of the Rocky Mountains.

And all the time they had carried their lives in their hands, setting their wits at the same time against the cunning beaver they were hunting and the more cunning Redskin, who was hunting them for their own wits or scalp.

It was such men as these, who were employed by John Jacob Astor at the beginning of the last century, to explore the first trail from the head waters of the Missouri, across the Rockies and down to the waters of the Pacific.

In those days the American states were at war with England. But it was these intrepid American fur-hunters who were the first to lay the foundations of the great cities of Vancouver

and Victoria, British Columbia. This was the country which was known as Astoria and the American-born successor to this first great exploring venture, Lady Astor, sits in the present House of Commons as the first British woman member of Parliament.

Out of deference to the British prejudices of the boys, Jake did not scalp the dead Redskins. But he took their deer-kin clothing and mocassins, their beds and their medicine-bags, and their war-bonnets of feathers.

Disguise and camouflage played a great part of Redskin warfare, and it was part of Major Lincoln's policy always to keep on hand a fair number of these Redskin dresses for the disguise of his scouts and spies.

The boys were glad when the depressing job of burial was over.

And Buffalo Bill came and approved their work. He insisted on leaving a bow and a quiver of arrows at the head of each lonely grave, together with a few sticks of tobacco and a calumet, and before the convoy got under way again, food was placed on each grave in accordance with the Redskin belief that the soul of the departed warrior needed these few small comforts to start him on his new career in the Happy Hunting Grounds.

And in this work Buck Dixie himself joined, whilst Jake Bellew looked on with eyes that were half approving.

"Look at 'em, boys!" he muttered to Kit and Joe under his breath. "I always do say that we men who fight Injuns all our lives grow to be like Redskins ourselves after a while. I want to scalp a Redskin when I see one, for I'm just a rough old cayuse of a trapper. But Buck and Bill Cody—they are the high tone braves. They are the chief men, an' when they kill a Redskin they send him off in style to th' Happy Huntin' Grounds, same as if he was one o' their own Lodge."

The waggons were wheeled out into line. But the column did not move on. There was no chance of another attempt by the scattered Redskins to rush the waggons that were so heavily escorted.

So, right along the line, fires of buffalo chips were lighted, and coffee was set boiling, whilst biscuits and dried buffalo meat were served out all round. The troops had been on the move since the early morning and had had no food.

The boys were nothing loth to have a spell and a cup of coffee, and they settled down with Jake Bellew, listening eagerly to his stories of trapping adventures.

Jake recounted with delight how, when the small copper cent, with the spread eagle upon it was first issued in the year 1857, he had palmed them off on the simple Indians of the frontier posts as two-and-a-half dollar gold pieces, with which the Redskins were familiar. For a few pence he had brought horses and blankets. And, later on, he had found Indians who were glad enough to exchange nuggets of gold worth a couple of pounds for common calico shirts, the market price of which was about three shillings, whilst a loaf or a cupful of brown sugar would buy a beautiful smoke-tanned and porcupine-embroidered buffalo robe.

"But ther good old days are gone, boys!" said Jake, shaking his head.

Kit laughed at this. "I don't wonder that the Redskins want to scalp us if that's the way you swindled them," said he.

Jake was about to answer, justifying the rights of the Paleface and the many wrongs that the Redskin had wrought him.

But he was interrupted by the voice of Buffalo Bill, calling to the boys and bidding them take a cup of coffee to the Indian prisoner, Chief Big Tree, who had been bound securely with thongs of buffalo hide and had been placed in one of the waggons.

The boys did the scout's bidding, and carried a can of coffee to the waggon, where the prisoner had been stowed.

But when they threw the tilt aside, they started back in astonishment.

The prisoner had gone!

Another long instalment of this great new tale of the Wild West will appear in next Tuesday's "Greyfriars Herald."

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