

GREAT DERBY NUMBER!

The **Greyfriars Herald** 1¹/₂


No. 32 (New Series)

FULL OF SCHOOL STORIES AND ARTICLES

June 5 1920.



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(A thrilling incident in our splendid racing tale.)

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THE BOYS' PICTORIAL



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A PANORAMA OF MIGHTY SKY-SCRAPERS!



A fine view taken from the deck of a ship in New York harbour. Recently a strike of liftmen took place, and some people had to walk up over fifty flights of stairs.—P. H. Hillaway, 27, Blackberry Terrace, Southampton.

A FAMOUS CRICKETER.



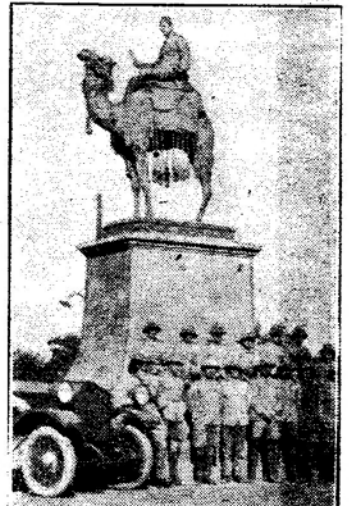
Hirst of the Yorkshire County Cricket Club—a cricketer whose fame as a bowler is world-wide.—Taken by Eric Rhodes, 22, Bar Street, Scarborough.

THE EYE OF AN ARMY!



A kite balloon used in the war by the French for reconnaissance or "spotting" purposes.—Taken by W. F. Glanfield, 82, Camden Road, Ipswich.

TO GORDON'S GREATNESS.



Members of the Armoured Cars section at the magnificent monument to General Gordon at Khartoum.—Taken by Fred Harrison, 24, Stratford Grove, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

FIVE HAPPY READERS OF "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD."



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Editorial

By Harry Wharton.

A BUMPER NUMBER!

Dear Chums All,—With the aid of my competent staff, whose handsome chivvies appear above, I have tried to make this a bumper number of the HERALD. Vernon-Smith, who is kept busy at cricket practice, has allowed Bunter to take over the sports column for the time being, and Billy revels in the job. Of course, he takes the opportunity to bemoan the fact that he isn't included in the team, but nobody takes any notice of that.



DICK PENFOLD



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ARTHUR A D'ARCY

"THE LUCK OF THE ESTORS."

Our brilliant new serial, "The Luck of the Estors," the opening chapters of which you will find on page 12, commences in magnificent style with the thrilling races on Epsom Downs on Derby Day. Major Cherry, the author, is a thorough sportsman himself, and is such a lover of horseflesh that he will not fail to interest you with his tale of the racing stables. Let me hear if you like this story which I have secured for you.

THE RETURN OF HERLOCK SHOLMES!

In next week's issue of THE GREYFRIARS HERALD will appear the first of a series of new adventures of Herlock Sholmes and his pal Dr. Jotson. So many old readers have asked me to revive the great comic detective that I have set Peter Todd to work again, and Toddy has recorded a fresh series of Sholmes's cases which are even more screamingly funny than the first popular adventures.

"The Case of the Missing Cricketer" will be the first adventure. How Sholmes is consulted by Sir Filbert Duxegg, the captain of the Dudshire County Cricket Club, and how he saves the team from defeat, will delight you all.

Yours cheerily,
HARRY.

GUSSY'S FETCHING LITTLE WHEEZE! - - - Drawn by FRANK NUGENT.



1. Master George Gore of the Shell Form of St. Jim's thought it great fun to purloin D'Arcy's "toppah," and then to dare him to take it from him. But Gussy thought of a bright little wheeze for getting it without going too near to danger.



2. From his minor, Wally D'Arcy, Gussy borrowed a neat little toy aeroplane, and, attaching a string and a fork to it, he sent it whirling round the trees in great style. "My hat!" he chirped, "this is weally a most fetching ideah—eh, what?"



3. "Hi, what the thump!" howled Gore in bewilderment, as he suddenly discovered himself hatless. And before he had recovered from his astonishment Gussy made off at top speed with his jolly old chapeau. "Ta-ta, deah old bean!" he chortled.

THE WRONG MAN!

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

By OWEN CONQUEST

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

I.
Fag!

"**D**RAKE!"
Jack Drake was coming off the gangway from the Benbow, when Daubeny of the Shell called to him.

It was Wednesday afternoon, a half-holiday at St. Winifred's, and Drake and Rodney were heading for Little Side, with their bats under their arms. Drake did not stop as he called back to Daubeny:

"Can't stay now."

"Ransome wants you."

"Rats!"

Daubeny smiled.

"Well, that's his message," he said. "You can please yourself about goin', of course."

Jack Drake stopped then, fixing his eyes upon Vernon Daubeny; his brows knitting in a frown.

"More boat fagging—what?" he asked. "I should have thought that Ransome was fed with that, after what happened last time."

"I think not," smiled Daubeny. "Ransome's at the nets now, and he wants you to fag at bowlin'."

And Daubeny of the Shell strolled away, and walked down to the cricket-field with Egan and Torrence. The three nuts were grinning as they walked away together.

Drake and Rodney looked at one another rather grimly.

"There goes my cricket for the afternoon," said Drake at last. "That is, if I go."

"Well, it's good practice, bowling to a Sixth-former," remarked Dick Rodney comfortingly.

"That isn't what I want. Daub has put him up to this; to keep me away from Little Side," said Drake savagely. "Ransome was in Daub's study last evening, Toodles says. But

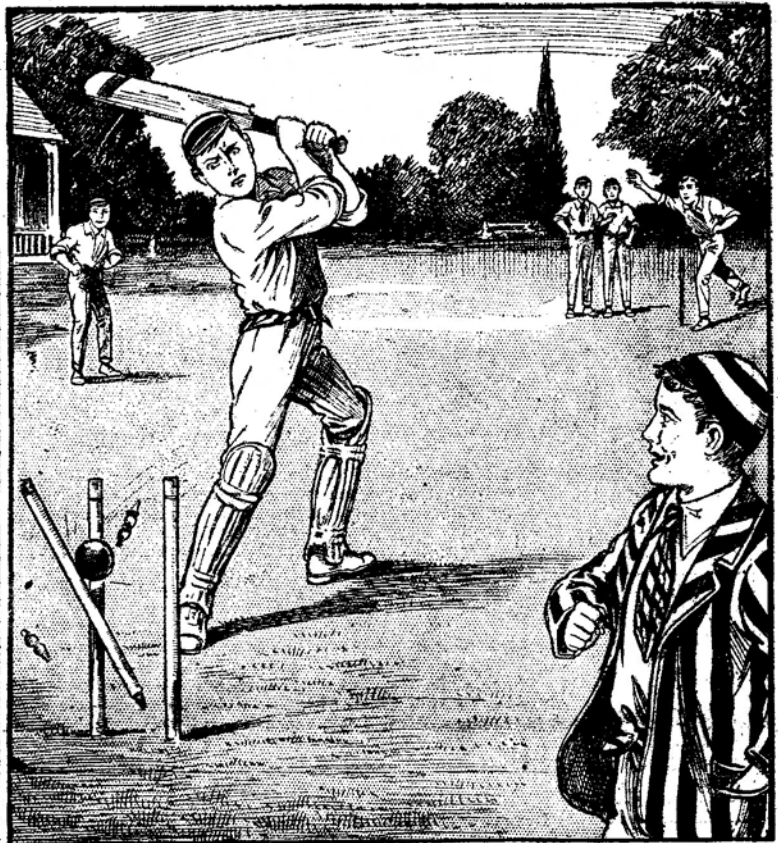
"You'd better go, old chap. After all, it's rather a compliment, in a way. Only good men are called on to fag at bowling for the seniors."

Ransome doesn't mean it as a compliment, though. And what's he at the nets for at all? He doesn't care for cricket; he dodges it all he can. He can't keep up a wicket for toffee, against anything like bowling. I—I suppose I shall have to go. Toodles, old porpoise, take my bat in, will you?"

"Certainly, old chap," said Tuckey Toodles, relieving Drake of the willow; and Drake, with a rather glum brow, started for Big Side.

Ransome of the Sixth was there, with his chum Steyne, and two or three other Sixth-formers. The bully of the Sixth smiled as the junior came up.

"Come here, Drake. I hear that



The Sixth-former never knew where the ball was till he saw his middle stump down.

you're a fairly good bowler, for a fag," he said.

Drake made no reply. He was quite well aware that Ransome was fagging him for reasons quite apart from cricket, and that the senior did not care in the least what his bowling was like.

"Take the ball—catch!"

Ransome tossed the cricket-ball to Drake quite suddenly; but Drake's hand came up quickly, and he caught it.

"Sold again!" he said sarcastically.

"What do you mean?" snapped Ransome.

"You intended that for my face," said Drake coolly. "I mean what I said."

"Don't bandy words with me, you young sweep! Send me down a few, and don't be a clumsier young ass than you can help."

And Ransome stepped to the wicket.

Drake's brows were knitted as he went on the crease to bowl. The sense of injustice was strong upon him. That Ransome was hand-in-glove with his old enemy, Daubeny of the Shell, he knew well enough, though he had, of course, no proof of it. The prefect was acting within his rights, technically, at least. It was his privilege to call upon any junior to fag at bowling for him, so long as the said junior was not engaged in a match. And Drake was never likely to be booked for a match, so long as

Vernon Daubeny was junior captain of St. Winny's. Drake would have had no objection to bowling for Lovelace, or Armitage, or any Sixth-former that he liked or respected; but with Ransome it was different. But a junior had not the privilege of picking and choosing.

He sent down a couple of balls carelessly, and Ransome knocked them away. Lovelace of the Sixth came strolling on the field with Oliphant.

"Hallo, young 'un, do you call that bowling?" called out the captain of St. Winifred's good-naturedly. "You can do better than that."

"The young sweep's sulkin'," said Ransome.

"Eh—what? What are you sulking about, Drake?"

Lovelace had apparently forgotten the "prefects' licking" which had been administered to Drake in his study a few days before. Drake, as the recipient of the licking, naturally had a longer memory.

Drake coloured.

He liked "old Lovelace," the captain of the school, and he did not like to be considered sulky.

"I'm not sulking, Lovelace," he said quickly. "I don't want to fag for Ransome, that's all."

"Stuff! Put your beef into it, and don't slack."

Drake gave it up.

Lovelace was not likely to understand, or to sympathise with, his

private feud against Hubert Ransome. "Don't keep me waiting, Drake," called out Ransome impatiently.

"Right!" Drake's eyes glittered as he grasped the ball to bowl again.

This time he could not be accused of slacking.

The ball he sent down would have beaten some good batsmen, and Ransome was very far from being a good bat.

The Sixth-former, in fact, never knew where the ball was till he saw his middle stump down.

"Bravo!" exclaimed Lovelace heartily. "That's better."

Drake grinned as he caught the expression on Ransome's face. The bully of the Sixth had not bargained for this.

Steyne set the bails up again, and tossed the ball back to Drake.

"Pull up your socks, old man," he murmured to Ransome. "You won't get into the first eleven at this rate."

Ransome scowled.

"That was a fluke, of course," he said. "You don't think that little rascal can really take my wicket, do you?"

"Ahem!"

Drake put all he knew into the next ball. It had occurred to him that this was a very convenient way of taking down the Sixth-former a peg or two, and making him as tired of cricket-fagging as of boat-fagging. The ball came down like a bullet, and Ransome swiped at where he thought it was, but where it certainly wasn't. His middle stump was whipped out, and again his wicket had a toothless look.

Some of the Sixth-formers on the field chuckled aloud. Ransome stared at his wicket, and his teeth came together.

"Another fluke, old man?" murmured Steyne. "Flukes are cheap to-day."

"Oh, shut up!"

"Keep your wool on, old top. Accidents will happen," grinned Steyne.

"By Jove! That kid knows how to bowl!" remarked Oliphant. "You ought to be in the junior eleven, Drake."

"Better tell Daubeny that!" answered Drake.

Sawyer major of the Fourth, who was fagging in the field, tossed the ball back to Drake with a wink.

Drake was in quite a good humour now.

He had fully taken Ransome's measure, and he knew that the feeble bat could not put up a defence against his bowling. That afternoon's fagging was likely to turn out an entertainment.

Ransome watched for the ball with all his eyes, prepared for the bullet-like attack that had beaten him before. But this time it did not come. It was a slow ball that curled under his willow this time, and clumped on his off-stump.

"How's that?" chuckled Drake.

"Out!" grinned Lovelace. "I say, Ransome, this won't do, you know. You will have to improve on that."

Ransome did not reply; he could not trust himself to speak. He was sorry by this time that he had called Drake away from Little Side. His

wretched cricket had never been so completely shown up before. He took his stand again in a mood almost of desperation, determined to stop the ball by hook or by crook.

He stopped it, barely. But the next ball caught him napping. The bails went down for the fourth time.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lovelace and his companions burst into a laugh. They could not help it. Drake grinned cheerfully.

"Shall I send down some more, Ransome?" he called out.

Ransome stepped away from the wicket, almost choking.

"Done?" asked Lovelace. "Well, really, the kid seems to be a bit above your weight, Ransome. Drake, you can send me down a few, if you like."

"Like a shot, Lovelace!" answered Drake readily.

Ransome walked away, with his bat under his arm, his brow black. Jack Drake went on cheerfully bowling for the Sixth-formers, while Ransome strode back to the Benbow. He was not likely to fag Drake at bowling again.

The Wolf and the Lamb!

"TEA ready?"

Jack Drake and Rodney asked that question simultaneously, as they came into No. 8 Study on the Benbow.

Tuckey Toodles was busy in the study.

Tuckey was not much of a hand at cricket, but he was an adept at cooking and getting meals. He had expended five shillings—provided by Drake—in the school canteen to the best advantage, and the study table looked very inviting to two hungry cricketers.

"Just on!" said Tuckey brightly. "Only got to make the coffee. You open the sardines, Rodney. I say, Drake, Ransome came in here asking for you a few minutes ago."

"What did he want?"

"I don't know; I think he's coming back, though. He seemed to be rather waxy."

Rodney laughed.

"He's been no end chipped about his batting this afternoon," Rodney remarked. "He's never been shown up like that before. But I suppose even Ransome can't lick a chap for taking his wicket."

"He'll find some other excuse, though," said Tuckey Toodles sagely. "I know Ransome. He'll come you for the way you do your back hair if he can't find any other reason."

"Well, let's have tea," said Drake.

The chums of the Fourth sat down to tea. They were only half-way through that cheery meal when there was a heavy footstep in the passage, and the door was thrown open. The juniors rose quickly to their feet as Ransome of the Sixth entered.

The prefect had his ashplant under his arm, and his look evidently boded trouble.

"Oh, I've found you!" he said, his eyes gleaming at Drake.

"Have you been looking for me?"

"Yes."

"Well, here I am," said Drake coolly. "What's the row? Is it

against the rules to take a prefect's wicket now?"

Ransome compressed his lips.

"I haven't come here about the cricket," he said. "You know that well enough."

"My mistake! Have you come to tea?"

"Have you done your lines?" asked Ransome, taking no notice of Drake's humorous question.

"My lines! What lines?"

"I gave you fifty lines yesterday for kicking up a row in the common-room."

"Any excuse was better than none, wasn't it?" said Drake.

"I haven't come here to argue with you, Drake. Have you done the lines, or not?"

"Certainly."

"Where are they, then?"

"I put them on your study table, as you told me."

"I haven't seen them."

"Better look again," suggested Drake. "I put them there, and they're there, right enough."

"I've been to my study, and they're not there," said Ransome.

"Then somebody's bagged them."

"I'm not likely to believe that," sneered Ransome. "You haven't done your lines, and I'm going to cane you. Hold out your hand."

Jack Drake did not hold out his hand; he clenched it instead.

"You know the lines are there," he said. "You're making this an excuse to pitch into me because I made you look a fool at the wicket. You're not going to cane me, Ransome."

"Will you hold out your hand?"

"No, I won't."

"Then I shall take you to your Form-master."

Drake breathed hard.

"Follow me!" said Ransome curtly. "I am going to report the matter to Mr. Packe at once."

He left the study.

"My hat!" murmured Rodney.

"You'll have to go to Packe, Drake. You can tell him the facts."

"And Ransome will tell him the reverse," said Drake. "Which is Packe going to believe?"

"I say, I saw Daubeny hanging round Ransome's study," said Tuckey Toodles. "Just like him to bag your lines, and get you into a scrape."

"You'd better go, old chap," said Rodney. "Packe will come here if you don't, and—"

"I'm not going."

Drake sat down again.

The cheeriness of the tea-party had departed. The three juniors sat in anxious silence, waiting for what was going to happen. It was not long in happening. Before ten minutes had elapsed Mr. Packe, the master of the Fourth, rustled into the study, with a frowning brow.

"Drake! Why did you not come to my study?" he exclaimed angrily.

"Did not Ransome tell you to do so?"

"Yes, sir. But—"

"Then you should have come. Do you think that my time is to be wasted in this manner?" exclaimed the Form-master.

Drake was silent. He had placed himself in the wrong again, and there was nothing to say.

"It appears that you have neglected to write out an imposition," said Mr. Packe irritably; "and you have also refused to be caned by a prefect, and refused to obey his order to come to my study. This kind of insubordination, Drake, will not be allowed at St. Winifred's. I can assure you on that point. I shall cane you myself, and with severity. Hold out your hand!"

Mr. Packe had thoughtfully brought his cane with him. Drake obeyed in silence.

Swish, swish, swish, swish!
"There," said Mr. Packe; "I trust that will be a lesson to you, Drake. You must keep your rebellious temper in control, my boy."

And Mr. Packe whisked out of the study, evidently in a state of great annoyance.

Drake sat down again, squeezing his hands hard, in grim silence.

"Have some jam, old chap," said Tuckey Toodles comfortingly.

Drake shook his head.

"Have some butter, then. We don't often get butter," said Toodles temptingly. "I'll spread it thick for you, old chap."

Drake grinned faintly.

"It's all right, fathead," he said. "Tuck in, and don't mind me. Ow!"

"Well, I'll go on, if you don't mind," said Toodles. And he went on, with undiminished appetite.

"Ransome's scored again," said Drake, breaking the silence at last. "But I'm not going to stand this. It's no good talking to Packe. I'm going to make Ransome sorry for this—somehow."

Tuckey Toodles looked up, with his mouth full.

"Leave it to me, old boy," he said. "I'll think of a wheeze to make him sit up. You know what a chap I am for wheezes."

"Br-r-r-r!"

Tea in No. 8 Study finished rather uncomfortably.

A Wonderful Wheeze!

"I VE got it!"
Drake and Rodney were in the common-room, after prep., when Rupert De Vere Toodles came up, with a most mysterious look, and addressed them in a deep whisper. Drake looked up, not very good-temperedly.

"What have you got, you ass?"

"The wheeze."

"Eh? What wheeze?"

"Fixing Ransome, you know."

"Ass!"

Drake turned away with that brief and uncomplimentary rejoinder. It really looked as if he lacked faith in Tuckey Toodles and his "wheezes."

Tuckey Toodles stared at him, breathless with wrath and indignation.

"Why, you—you cheeky ass!" he stammered. "You—you ungrateful Hun! After I've been thinking it out no end—"

"Oh, dear! Give us a rest, Toodles!"

"After devoting my brain-power to it half the evening!" breathed Toodles. "And after I've thought of a wheeze for fairly making Ransome

squirm. If you call that grateful, Drake—"

"Give us a rest!"

"If you call it gentlemanly—"

"Look here—"

"If you call it decent—"

"Let's hear the wheeze, old chap!" said Drake, breaking into a laugh. "Sit down and try this toffee, and tell us all about it."

Tuckey Toodles' indignant wrath disappeared at once.

"Certainly, old chap," he said. "I knew you were only joking, of course. The fact is, Drake, I'm going to back you up; and anybody who is down on you will have to reckon with me! See?"

"Which is more than enough to make Ransome tremble in his shoes," said Dick Rodney solemnly.

"Exactly! Now, the wheeze—I say, this toffee is good, quite good!—the wheeze is this— Are you listening, Drake?"

"Oh, yes. Fire away!"

"It's dark on deck now," said Toodles, with a return of his mysterious manner.

"It generally is at night-time, isn't it?" said Drake.

"Of course; I was only mentioning the fact. There's a light on the gangway, and another on the poop, but, as there's a lot of cloud, the stars don't show much. It's quite dark—dark enough for the deed!" said Tuckey Toodles, with a dramatic intensity that was quite Byronic.

"What deed?"

"Going for Ransome, you know," said Tuckey, less Byronicly. "Now this is the wheeze. Any more toffee?"

"That's the lot."

"Oh, all right! Well, the wheeze is this— We can get that tin pail from the canteen, without being noticed—"

"What on earth for?"

"And tie a string to the handle," said Toodles.

"Eh?"

"I get into the maintop," said Toodles; "I lower the string, you tie it on the pail, full of water, you know, and I pull it up into the maintop. See? Then you get Ransome underneath—"

"Oh!" said Drake, beginning to understand.

Tuckey Toodles grinned expansively.

"See? You can easily get Ransome on deck somehow, and get him close to the mainmast. Then I swamp the pail of water right down on his napper. That's the wheeze! I say, we'll put some ink in it, you know! He, he, he!"

Drake laughed.

"Jolly good idea—if we can get Ransome under the maintop all ready for you," he said.

"Well, you fellows can do that part of the business," said Toodles. "I can't do it all, you know. I'll be in the maintop ready with the pail. You do the rest. As soon he comes by I swamp him. I shall shin down the shrouds and get away long before he's finished coughing. He will never know who mopped him! Of course, that's important!"

Drake and Rodney exchanged a grin.

They had been, as a matter of fact, discussing various ways and means of making Ransome of the Sixth "sit up," in punishment of his sins, but they had not yet devised a scheme. Tuckey Toodles' suggestion came at the right moment.

"Might be worked," said Rodney thoughtfully. "If Toodles doesn't make a bungle of it—"

"Oh, I say, you know—"

"The notice-board's on the mainmast," said Drake. "Ransome might be got to go and look at it."

"Good! That's easy! We can fix that. There's an electric light over the notice-board—that can be put out."

"Yes, rather," said Toodles. "I don't want Ransome to see me in the maintop if he looks up. If you think you can get Ransome there—"

"Quite easy," said Rodney. "Come on; it's a good stunt, though it's yours, Tuckey."

"Because it's mine, you mean!" said Toodles warmly.

"Ahem! Yes, of course."

The three juniors strolled out of the common-room, and repaired to the deck of the Benbow. Lights gleamed from the sides of the old warship upon the river, but on deck it was very dusky. Rodney strolled along to the mainmast, and stood looking at the notice-board there for a few minutes, while he made sure that he was not observed. Then he quietly detached the electric lamp, and the mast and board were plunged into darkness.

A minute or two later Drake joined him with the pail from the canteen.

"Now, Toodles—"

"I'm ready!" murmured Toodles.

"I say, Drake—"

"Yes—quick!"

"I shall expect you to stand me a spread in the canteen for this—"

"All right! Buzz off!"

"Right-ho, old fellow! Of course, I'm doing this out of friendship, not for the sake of the spread, you know!"

"Buck up!"

Tuckey Toodles was off at last. Tuckey was not much of a hand in the rigging, and he never ventured up to the cross-trees; but even Tuckey was quite at home in the maintop. In a few minutes he had swarmed up the ratlines and was peering down at the deck from the round top.

A string fluttered down, and Drake caught it. He jerked it to show Tuckey that he had caught it, and then tied it to the handle of the tin pail, which had been filled from the tap outside the canteen.

Tuckey Toodles drew up the pail on the cord.

It disappeared into the darkness above the heads of the two juniors, and Tuckey laboriously landed it in the top. A few splashes of water came down, and the juniors jumped away.

"All ready now!" said Rodney.

"Yes, come on!" muttered Drake. "We'd better get through before some ass of a prefect notices that the light's out."

The two juniors walked away quickly.

They had to look for Ransome of the Sixth now. They ran into Sawyer major, of the Fourth, close by the

poop, and there was an exclamation from Sawyer.

"Yow! What's that thumping light out for?"

"Shush!"

"That you, Drake?"

"Yes. Hush! Have you seen Ransome?"

"Yes, he's in the canteen now," said Sawyer major. "I saw him go in with Steyne. After some supper, I suppose."

"Good! Keep clear of the mainmast for a bit, Sawyer."

"What on earth for?"

"Something's going to happen there!"

"You stay here, Drake," whispered Rodney. "I'll go into the canteen with Sawyer. Ransome's less likely to smell a rat then."

"Oh, all right."

"But what on earth's the game?" demanded the mystified Sawyer.

"I'll explain. Come along!"

By the time Rodney and Sawyer major reached the canteen, the latter was apprised of the "wheeze," into which he entered with great enjoyment. The two Fourth-Formers strolled into the canteen, which was near closing. Ransome and Steyne were seated at a little table, with supper before them, and the two juniors carefully avoided approaching them. They came up to Mr. Capps' counter, as if they had not observed the presence of the two seniors.

Ransome and his chum were discussing the important subject of flat racing over their supper, and they did not notice the juniors, till Ransome's name reached their ears, and made Ransome start and look up.

"Not after the show he made to-day, Sawyer! Lovelace wouldn't think of putting in Ransome for the match on Saturday."

Ransome pricked up his ears.

Feeble cricketer as he was, he was very keen on having a chance to show his form—or his want of it—in a senior school match.

"Well, look on the notice-board, that's all," said Sawyer, in reply to Rodney's remark. "The cricket-list is up."

"I know; but—"

"Well, if Ransome's name isn't in it, I'll stand you two ginger-pops," said Sawyer emphatically.

Ransome rose from his table.

"I'll come back in a minute, Steyne," he said.

Steyne nodded, and Ransome left the canteen abruptly. The chatter of the juniors had keenly interested him.

If Lovelace had put his name into the list for the senior school match on Saturday, it was an unexpected triumph for Ransome—he certainly had not ventured to hope for anything of the kind. He was almost breathlessly eager to ascertain whether it was the case.

Sawyer major closed one eye at Rodney, as the prefect hurriedly quitted the canteen.

"Taken the hook!" he murmured. "I'd better stand you those two ginger-pops, Rodney, as his name isn't there! But you can pay for them."

Rodney chuckled.

The fish had certainly taken the bait, and they listened for the sound

of an uproar from the deck. Ransome would hurry to the notice-board on the mainmast; he would find the light out, and strike a match; and then—then Tuckey Toodles, in the maintop above, was ready for him. It seemed as if nothing could save Ransome, of the Sixth from the rag.

But it was said of old that the best-laid schemes of mice and men gang oft agley; and such was to be the fate of Toodles' wonderful wheeze!

Toodles Does It.

"HE'S coming!" breathed Toodles. In the darkness of the maintop Rupert de Vere Toodles was crouching and waiting, his grip on the tin pail nearly full of water.

Below him was darkness.

Through the gloom he caught the

subject, and he did not lose a second. Meanwhile, there was a series of extraordinary sounds on the deck. The recipient of the painful of water and ink was evidently excited.

"Groogh! Grooogh! Oooooooh!"

Voices sounded from various direction, and there was a sound of hurrying feet.

"What's the matter?"

"Where's the light?"

"What's up?"

"Oooooooh!"

"The light's out. Anybody got a match?"

"Gug-gug-ug-gug!"

Tuckey Toodles slipped from the chains to the deck, in great relief. He was safe now.

"Ooooooh!" came the spluttering howl. "A light—a light here! Upon my word, this is—is—is— Ooooh!"



The Head's gown was soaked with ink and water.

sound of footsteps approaching the mainmast.

Tuckey Toodles grinned.

Ransome, of course—coming to the notice-board in the dark—and as soon as he was fairly within range—

Toodles grasped the tin pail with both hands, and leaned a little over. Dimly, below, a form loomed—too dim for Toodles to make it out, but sufficient to guide him.

Tuckey drew a deep breath, and acted.

Swooooooh!

The pail was up-ended, and the contents, mixed ink and water, shot down in a stream upon the figure below.

Swamp! Splash!

"Grooooooh!" came a choked exclamation from the gloom.

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Toodles. "He's got it!"

Tuckey Toodles was not always prompt to act; but even Toodles realised the need of rapidity now. Leaving the tin pail in the top, he rolled over on the ratlines, and fairly shot down the shrouds. He had to vanish before there was a light on the

The grin died off Tuckey Toodles' fat face.

He stood rooted to the deck, thrilling with horror.

For the gasping voice was not that of Ransome of the Sixth. It was the voice of Dr. Goring, the Head of St. Winifred's.

Tuckey Toodles had bagged the wrong victim in the dark.

"Ooooh! Bless my soul! I—I am drenched! Goooh!"

"Oh, crumbs!" groaned Tuckey Toodles.

He found the use of his limbs suddenly, and bolted below to No. 8 Study. There he dived under the table, where he lay breathless and palpitating. He had bagged the Head with a pail of inky water, and the horror of his exploit almost made him faint.

But no one had eyes or thoughts for Tuckey Toodles. A crowd was gathering on deck. Ransome of the Sixth came from the direction of the canteen—two minutes late. The Head, unfortunately for himself, had preceded him upon the fatal spot. Mr. Packe and Mr. Taight came running up, and

Lovlace, the latter with an electric torch in his hand.

"The—the Head!" ejaculated Mr. Packe.

"Good heavens!"

"What—what—what—"

"I—I—I have been drenched!" spluttered the Head. "Upon my word, I—I hardly know what has happened. I—I—grooogh!"

Rodney and Sawyer major came hurrying from the canteen. They had heard the sudden uproar, and expected to find Ransome in an unenviable state. At the sight of the Head they modestly retired behind the crowd. They had no desire whatever to get into the limelight just then. Jack Drake joined them, with a startled face.

"That idiot Toodles—" he muttered.

"Hush, for goodness' sake!" breathed Rodney.

"Mum's the word!" whispered Sawyer. "My hat! If—if it gets out that we had a hand in this—oh, lor!"

It was evidently necessary to be circumspect. Swamping a prefect was serious enough, but swamping the Head—

"But—but—but what has happened, sir?" stammered Mr. Packe, in bewilderment. "You—you are in a—a—a shocking state, sir—"

"Ooooch!"

Certainly the Head was in a shocking state.

His gown was soaked, his head was drenched, and his august features were running with water and ink. Tuckey Toodles had had wonderful luck in fairly hitting the target; the only misfortune was that it was the wrong target!

"I—I—I—" The Head spluttered again. "I—I hardly know—I—I came on—grooogh!—deck. I noticed that the light was out on the mainmast, and came here to ascertain—oooooh! Then something—something very wet—ow!—suddenly burst upon me, like a—a—a water-spout! Oooch!"

"It—it must be a trick—"

"Someone must have thrown a bucket of water!" said Mr. Taight, the master of the Shell, in hushed tones of horror.

"Ooooch!"

"Pray allow me to assist you to your study, sir," said Mr. Packe. "This is—is shocking—unparalleled! The delinquent—"

"Ooooch!"

Mr. Packe kindly assisted the Head away. The hapless old gentleman left a trail of inky water on the deck as he retreated. There was an excited buzz of voices on the deck when he had gone.

"Who on earth could have done it?" exclaimed Lovlace. "Who could have had the cheek to mop the Head?"

But there was no answer to that question.

There were three juniors on deck who could have answered, but they certainly did not intend to do so. Drake, Rodney, and Sawyer major scuttled below to No. 8 Study, very disinclined to join in the excited discussion of the subject. As they came

into No. 8 an agonised voice squeaked from under the table:

"Ow! Go away! I'm not here! I don't know anything about it—"

"You fat idiot!"

"Oh! Is that you, Drake old chap?" Tuckey Toodles crawled out, blinking with anguish. "I—I say, old top, keep it dark! The—the Head got it! I—I shall be sacked for this! Oh, dear!"

"You utter idiot! Keep your silly mouth closed, and it won't get out," said Drake. "It was only a mistake, but the Head wouldn't understand that—"

"Oh dear! There'll be an inquiry to-morrow—"

"Mum's the word!" said Rodney.

But the next day the Head was in no state for making inquiries. The School learned that he was laid up with a severe cold. And, sympathetic as the juniors were, they could not help feeling a little relieved. They were sorry for Dr. Goring, but if the Head's inquiry had brought the facts to light they would certainly have been sorrier still for themselves!

THE END.

Another rattling, fine, long complete yarn of the school on the river will appear next week!

WHAT'S THE BIKE WORTH?

SEE—



The Screamingly Funny Complete Story of Billy Bunter in

THE "MAGNET," 1½d. JUST OUT!

RESULT OF TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION.—No. 27.

Owing to the large number of entries for Tuck Hamper Competition No. 27, the result has had to be held over for a week to permit of the usual care in judging being taken.—Your Editor.

MY KRICKET KOLLUM

By

BILLY BUNTER

LARST weak, deer reeders, I de-scribed how Highcliffe came, soar, and konkered.

The Remove teem was hopelessly outklassed, for the sinful reeson that I wasn't in it!

"This afternoon," I said to Wharton, "you are dew to play a match against the Upper Forth. I hope and trusted you have lern't your lesson."

"What lesson, porpus?"

"Why, the folly of leeving me out of the side! If you will give me a plaice in the teem this afternoon, I'll undertake to make Temple and Co. look like a set of novvices."

Wharton smiled at me in his superior fashun.

"But you can't batt—" he began.

"Eh?"

"And you can't bole—"

"What?"

"And you don't understand the ruddiments of the game!"

I farelly brissled with indignashun.

"Another wurd of krittisism from you," I said grimly, "and I'll grabb you by the throate and sufferkate you!"

With a skorful larf, Wharton bekkoned to Nugent and Bob Cherry, and the rotters seezed me as if I had been a sack of koke, and slung me out of the window. I lauded in a huddled heap on the flaggstones in the Close, and I wondered why the stars had suddingly appeared in the day-time!

I was terribly cut and broosed, but I was able to hobble out on my krutches to see the match with the Upper Forth.

Wharton wun the toss.

"We'll batt first, with the wind in our faver," he said.

"And you'll get out for a duck, or I'm no profit!" I ecksklaimed.

Temple was boling, and he skored a brilliunt gole with his first effort.

Wharton's middel stump shott out of the ground, and smote the umpyre on the nose!

Peel after peel of larfter rang out as Wharton krawled back to the pavillion.

Wharton's downfall was the beginning of a startling kollapse on the part of the Remove.

Man after man went in, padded and gluvved, and looking kapable of mity things; but they could make no head-way against the feeerce boling of Temple.

The hole side was dismist for the pewny totle of fore. And Temple got that littel lot off his own batt.

And so wunce agane the Remove had to bough there nex to defect. And they will keep on being defeeted until Wharton wakes up, and diskovvers that there is only one reel kricketter in the Form.

And his name, deer reeders?

You ought to no it by hart.

It's W. G. Bunter!

THE END.

HELD TO RANSOM!

Our great detective serial
By **GEORGE WINGATE**

Introduction.

A villainous gang under the leadership of Tarbov Strang capture old Mark Steel and his brother Paul. Through the aid of young Roddy Steel, Gordon Pyke, the great detective, is enabled to get on the track of the notorious criminal. He rescues Mr. Steel and his brother from a yacht and then sets off to discover Strang. Ashore he comes face to face with the noted criminal.

Strang's Last Resort.

PYKE side-stepped and struck out, catching Strang on the ear. The villain swung round and eyed the detective cautiously before attempting to close again. Pyke stood ready.

Strang lowered his head and rushed in, and Pyke upper-cut, but he could not stop his opponent, who did not attempt to box. Then Strang clutched Pyke, who could not wrench himself free, so he had to wrestle to keep his footing.

Strang, ducking, had him round the middle in a trice. As he set himself for a throw over his shoulder, Pyke threw all his weight forward, and when the lift began Strang stumbled, and they fell.

Pyke's hand closed on Strang's neck, and, raising himself, he was putting his knee on his chest, when, with a tremendous heave and a kick, Strang threw him across his body and gripped his shoulder.

Over and over they rolled, now one on top, now the other, neither able to secure a proper hold. Strang at last desisted. With both hands he pushed Pyke away, and he rose himself. His face was a mottled red by this time; his lips were drawn tight, showing his big teeth, his nostrils wide open. When Pyke stood facing him, a second later, he did not continue his rushing tactics. He had found out his own weak point; he felt his strength waning. At all costs he was determined to get it back.

At once Pyke was on him again, left and right, right and left, seeking the point, but never quite getting it. Half blinded, and wholly desperate, Strang groped with both hands outstretched to keep him off; and then suddenly, to Pyke's surprise, he turned and flung himself on his face. There was a quick movement of his hand, and then he lay still.

Pyke pulled him on to his back.

"Do you surrender now?" he demanded.

Strang looked up at him, a strange leer on his bruised face.

"No," he said, "I'll never do that. No man will ever take me alive. You're too late!"

His rasping, mocking laugh rang out—more bitter than ever.

Pyke dropped on his knee, a look of tragedy in his eyes.

"You've taken poison!"

"Yes. I've always kept it handy, in case. I'm going out. You were too much for me. I give you best. And I don't bear a grudge. Any other man—" His chest heaved convul-

sively. "But you—I don't mind so much. I've tried for big stakes, and lost, and life—life—"

He half rose, flung out both hands, and fell back—dead.

For twenty seconds Pyke knelt beside him, just gazing. Then he searched his pockets. Rolls of notes were in them, the fortune that old Paul Steel had earned in Australia. And he found other papers also—papers so full of interest, that the light of triumph sprang into his eyes.

He had won! Nothing remained to be done, except to round up all the scoundrels involved in the conspiracy, and with these papers in his possession not one could escape. He laid a handkerchief over the dead villain's face, took a last look at the still form, and then swiftly strode away.

At the farmer's house, he hired a horse, and soon was galloping to Bodmin. As he rode up the old world street, he saw Roddy standing outside the police station, and the lad ran forward to meet him.



Strang twisted round and fell to the ground.

"I got your letter, boss," he cried, "and the scoundrels are locked up all right!"

Pyke jumped off the horse.

"Good! Had you much of a—but I needn't ask, I see you've got a lovely black eye!"

Roddy grinned.

"It was a bit of a scrap," he admitted. "Just two bobbies, and Tigg, and myself, and the men put up a jolly good fight against us. Tigg was great. He brought down the biggest of them by diving between his legs. Such a wallop!"

"Ah, where's Tigg, now?"

"Oh, messing around the car, of course, just purring over it. Tigg! Tigg!"

Tigg came out of a stable yard, his waxen face crinkled in a grin.

"Good man, Tigg!" Pyke said, "Resourcerful as ever. Well, Tigg, you can get the car out. We're starting for London at once."

"Whew!" Roddy gasped. "And Strang?"

"He's dead," Pyke's voice changed. "He took his life, when he found he couldn't escape. We must notify the police. There'll be an inquest, of course, which we'll have to attend. But I mean to round up all the villains before they can get tidings of his death. The conspiracy is smashed."

"And father and Uncle Paul are in Plymouth!"

"That's all right. We'll pick 'em up on our way home. Your family troubles are over also. I've got back all the money belonging to your uncle!"

Roddy's eyes were shining.

"We owe everything to you," he said huskily. "You came to us that terrible night when we thought Uncle Paul had been murdered, and that father would be held guilty of the crime. You said you'd be our friend, and—haven't you just! We'll never be able to thank you enough. But you know how we feel, don't you?"

"See here, my boy," Pyke replied, as he lit a cigar, his eyes twinkling, "that's all very fine, but where do you come in? You seem to forget all about that!"

"Oh, as for anything I did—" Roddy scoffed.

"Now hold on. It's for me to talk about that. And I tell you quite frankly, that if it wasn't for all you did, I would still be hunting down Strang, and not feeling quite certain that I'd ever catch him. For one thing, I would never have come up with him so soon, if you hadn't boarded the scoundrel's yacht at such risk, and wired me from there. That stroke of yours was his undoing. And there's a lot more, but I don't want to talk over-much, for I see you don't like it. Still, there's something I mean to say. You once remarked that you'd like to help me in my work. I'd be very glad. Will you join up with me?"

Roddy's eyes danced.

"Of all the chances in life!" he began.

"Then that's settled. And I believe I'm going to have the best help of any 'tee in Britain. Now, shake, and we'll get off!"

They shook hands. Both were smiling. Both had found what they wanted.

"It's great!" Roddy gasped.

"As good for me as for you," Pyke assented. "Now, Tigg! We're waiting for you! Hurry up!"

And he slipped his arm through Roddy's, and led him towards the car.

"Drive the firm of Pyke and Steel to Plymouth!" he chuckled. "We'll all have a jolly luncheon there to celebrate the partnership. For I guess our work is done, and we're entitled to enjoy ourselves. And, egad, we will!"



The GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

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



Mr. Justice Wharton was in a very good humour when he arrived at the police-court this week. His worship was observed to "tip" the court usher.

There was a packed attendance, and, in consequence, the gallery was in a state of partial collapse!

THE WITNESS FOR THE DEFENCE! Cliff House Girl's Vigorous Protest!

A good-looking youth named Montague Newland stepped briskly into the dock, charged with paying secret visits to Cliff House, for the purpose of playing kiss-in-the-ring with the fair pupils.

Prisoner appeared quite unconcerned. He smiled brightly at two young ladies seated in the gallery, and then, with a contemptuous flick of his fingers at the magistrate, he sat down.

Mr. R. Cherry, K.C., rose to deliver his speech for the prosecution. He was loudly cheered as he cleared his throat.

"I very much regret, gentlemen," mumbled the learned counsel, nibbling furiously at his chewing-gum, "to see in the dock a youth who, until to-day, has borne an unblemished character. But we cannot afford to be sentimental. This young man has broken the law, and he must be punished. (Cries of "Hear, hear!") mingled with shrill feminine protests of "Shame!")

Mr. Cherry: I will now call upon Detective-inspector Penfold to give evidence.

Detective-inspector Penfold: This afternoon, your worship, I was gathering wrinkles on the foreshore at Pegg, when prisoner happened to pass. I followed him, and saw him vanish through the gateway of Cliff House school. There is not the slightest doubt that he visited that establishment for the purpose of playing kiss-in-the-ring.

Magistrate: Did you not follow the rest of his movements?

Detective-inspector Penfold: No, your worship. I endeavoured to do so by disguising myself as a straw hat, but unfortunately I was blown away. (Loud laughter.)

Mr. Richard Russell, K.C., for the defence, said that his client, Mr. Newland, was the victim of a malicious and trumped-up charge. "It is not my intention to make a lengthy speech (Cries of "Thank goodness!") and I now propose to call a most important witness, who will establish my client's innocence up to the hilt! Miss Howell, let me assist you into the witness-box."

There was quite a stir in court as Miss Phyllis Howell entered the box.

Magistrate: Good-afternoon, Miss Phyllis! Sorry I can't raise my wig, but some silly ass has stuck it on with seccotine! (Laughter.) Trot out your evidence, if you don't mind.

Witness: I wish to protest most vigorously against the absurd charge which has been brought against Mr. Montague Newland. (Don't laugh, Mr. Cherry, or I shall not scruple to attack you with my hatpin!) Mr. Newland came to Cliff House, not for the purpose of playing kiss-in-the-ring—

Magistrate: Perhaps it was snakes-and-ladders? (Laughter.)

Witness (indignantly): Don't interrupt! Mr. Newland came to Cliff House with the best of motives. He had taken some snapshots of Marjorie Hazeldene and myself, and after printing them he brought them over to us.

Magistrate: If you'll undertake to present me with one of the snaps, I'll see that prisoner gets off. (Cries of "Stow it, Wharton!" and "Bribery and corruption!")

Witness (smiling): You may have one of the snaps, with pleasure.

Magistrate: Thanks awfully! Prisoner is acquitted.

Foreman of Jury: But we find him guilty, your worship!

Magistrate: Go and eat coke!

The foreman promptly adjourned to the fireplace.

My Weekly Interview

By the Special Representative of
"The Greyfriars Herald"

This week: FISHER T. FISH

"IN No. 9 Study," said the editor, smiling at me across a pyramid of rejected manuscripts, "you will find a charming young American citizen named Fish. I should like you to interview him for 'The Greyfriars Herald.'"

I departed, and made tracks for No. 9 Study.

As I drew near that notorious apartment, a curious clicking sound came to my ears.

Entering the study, I was astonished to see the Yankee junior seated at a typewriter. It looked a jolly nice machine, and Fishy's fingers were travelling over the keyboard at a great rate.

"That looks a ripping 'bus, Fishy!" I remarked.

Fish looked up.

"Guess you're about the tenth galoot who's told me that!"

"Whose machine is it?"
"Mine," said Fish. "For the present, anyway."

"Do let me have a smack," I pleaded. "Just for half an hour."

Fishy turned his sharp-featured face towards me.

"My terms for the hire of this machine are a bob an hour," he said. "I'll let you use it for half an hour on payment of a tanner."

"You beastly Shylock!"

"Take it or leave it," said Fish. So I took it. I paid over the nimble sixpence, and changed places with Fishy.

"Guess I'll be back in half an hour," observed that youth.

And he strolled out of the study. When Fish had gone, I studied the typewriter, and was lost in admiration of its wonderful mechanism. It was something like Quelchy's machine in appearance, but it looked newer and smarter, somehow, than Quelchy's.

Fixing a blank sheet of paper into the typewriter, I attempted to write a letter to my pater. I say "attempted," because the result was far from perfect.

Not being used to the keys, I frequently hit the wrong one, and this is how my letter looked when completed:

"greyFriars School?x!
"friardalEkent.

"mY dEar pater?—justafewlines hoping You Are quite welll asitleaves meatpresent. i have just borroWed a RippinG Typewriter. i am not used TO the Beastly thing, but i think YoU will agree that I have done quite well under the CiRcUmStAnCes.

willl you please send me a ReMit-TancE assoonaspossible, because i am in the state known as ???"x-x-/?&?"? stony.—i remain

youraffectionateson?x*!!!"

I was in the act of adding a post-script to this weird and wonderful epistle when the door of the study was thrown open, and a whirlwind entered.

The whirlwind proved to be Quelchy. He stood and glared at me with eyes which were nearly bulging from their sockets.

"Boy!" he rumbled. "How dare you? How dare you defile my machine with your grimy fingers?"

"Your machine, sir!" I faltered. "But—I—I understood it belonged to Fish!"

"Nothing of the sort!" snarled Quelchy. "I certainly told Fish that he might borrow it for an hour when it came back from the repair depot, but I expressly stated that he was to use it in my study, and not in his own. As for you, sir, you have no right whatever to tamper with my machine, and I shall chastise you severely! Bring the typewriter along to my study!"

Very reluctantly I obeyed, and as soon as the machine had been restored to its usual place Quelchy picked up a cane, and gave me three stinging cuts on each hand.

And the only consolation I got out of the affair was that my sorry fate was shortly shared by Fisher Tarleton Fish, the prince of swindlers!

THE END.

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.

Breaking the News.

When Pat's uncle died, Pat sat down in sorrow and indited the following letter to his cousin, Mike:

"Dear Mike,—I am sorry I have lost your address and I can't find it. Will you send it to me as soon as possible as I want to tell you that poor old Uncle Dan died quite suddenly after a long illness. He laid for many days quite still and speechless, inquiring all the time for a little water with some lemon in it.

"The doctor tells me he died from illness, but, Mike, me bhoy, between ourselves, stoppage of the heart was the real cause. He was 85 years of age last March, and had he lived till now he would have been dead a fortnight ago.

"I enclose five shillings which father sends unbeknown to me. I would beg of you not to break the seal of this letter until two or three hours after you have read it, by which time you will be more prepared for the sorrowful news.—Yours, PAT."—Sent in by I. Whitehead, 66, Stockton Road, Newport, Mon.

A WICKET WHEEZE!



INDIGNANT BATSMAN: "What do you mean, 'Out'? Why the bails are still on the stumps!"

UMPIRE: "Yes, but you are out 'leg before'—not 'out on bail'!"

Changed His Note.

Bunter: Say, old fellow, don't I owe you half a quid?

Wharton: So you do, now you come to mention it.

Bunter: Got change for a pound note?

Wharton: Yes.

Bunter: Then lend me another five bob, will you, old chap?—Sent in by R. M. Beddington, Dibden Burlicu, near Southampton.

Hard to Match.

They were sitting in the club room discussing cricket when a new member commenced to tell about his prowess at the game.

"I remember," he said, "when I used to play for the Essex Grass-hoppers, we wanted forty runs to win one day. I was last man in, but the captain knew he could rely on me, and he told me to go all out. There was a deadly googly bowler on, but I hit the very first ball fair and square. While it was going up I ran a ten, while it was coming down I made ten more runs, ten while the opposing team were finding a shovel, and ten while the fielders were digging the ball out! The match was won!"—Sent in by F. Tatum, Hackney Children's Homes, Chipping Ongar, Essex.

Then She "Went Off."

The dear old lady had just been introduced to the damaged Tommy.

"So you were wounded by a shell, my poor man?" she said. "How terrible! Did it explode?"

"No, mum," murmured Tommy wearily, "it just crawled up and bit me!"—Sent in by G. M. Ritchie, Bayview, Helensborough, N.B.

A Sweeping Protest.

Charlie (referring to the Derby): We've got such a jolly sweep up at our club.

Constance: A sweep, Charles! Well, I never thought much of your club friends, but I didn't know you had begun to take in people of that sort!—Sent in by P. Gamble, The Deanery, Exeter.

Bad Eggs.

A lady who was going in for poultry-keeping, asked the advice of an expert regarding the subject.

"Well, to breed chickens," the man said, "keep the hen on the eggs for three weeks, but for ducklings you must keep the eggs under for four weeks."

A month afterwards he saw the lady again, and asked how the chickens were getting on.

"Well," replied the lady, "no chickens came at the end of three weeks, so I took the hen off, I didn't want ducklings!"—Sent in by E. Gorton, 6, Worsley Road, Farnworth, Bolton, Lancs.

Hardly Likely.

Brother: How dare you hit my dog? He only sniffed at you.

Sissie: Well, you didn't expect to wait until he tasted me, did you?—Sent in by F. Eskriett, 11, Fremantle Street, Surrey Square, Old Kent Road, Walworth.

The Wrong Box.

Mr. Quelch (at the telephone): Hallo; give me the Theatre Royal, Courtfield, please.

Operator: Yes, sir. (Puts him through).

Mr. Quelch (eagerly): Can I have two boxes for to-night?

Person at the other end: Sorry, sir, but we only supply one at a time. This is the undertakers!—Sent in by E. Melrose, 261, Oldham Road, New Cross, Manchester.

Couldn't Beat It:

Neighbour: I hope that drum I gave your little boy on his birthday doesn't cause you any annoyance?

Father: Oh, not in the least. His uncle gave him a knife on the same day!—Sent in by C. Herman, 35 Lower Market Street, Hove.

HIS ONLY TROUBLE!



RUPERT: "Dear me, how very annoying! I do hate to have my clean collar messed up like this—first day on, too!"

Tree'd Her!

A concert in aid of a local fund had been arranged in the village, and all the local "stars" were booked to appear. Among the number, Miss Winnie Waile was down to sing, and before she began, she took the opportunity of apologising for her cold. Then she started:

"I'll hang my harp on a willow tree-e-e—Ahem! On a willow tree—Oh!"

Each time her voice broke on the high note. She tried twice more, and then a voice came from the back of the hall:

"Try hangin' it on a lower branch, miss!"—Sent in by A. Cadet, 37, Richmond Road, Bayswater, London, W.2.

On The Wrong Number!

"Think of a number!"

"Yes!"

"Double it—add six to it—halve it—take away from it the number you first thought of."

"Yes!"

"And the answer's three!"

"No!"

"But it must be!"

"Well, it isn't!"

"Then what did you think of?"

"Next week's number of the best boys' paper for boys and girls, 'The Greyfriars Herald'!"—Sent in by G. H. Clinch, 730, Garrett Lane, Lower Tooting, S.W.17.



The Luck of the Estors

THE OPENING CHAPTERS

Our magnificent new racing serial specially written by

MAJOR CHERRY

CHAPTER I.

AS the sun rose in golden splendour over Epsom Downs, a picture such as is seen but once in a year burst into view.

Scattered in every direction were picturesque groups of caravans and tents, among which curling wisps of blue smoke ascended from scores of wood fires, to be lost in the vast waste of blue overhead.

In parti-coloured shawls, brown corduroys, and loud checks, the motley throng of gipsies, tricksters, touts, and other race-track hangers-on, who had taken up their pitches on the previous night, were busily engaged in the preparation of their morning meal.

But entirely deserted were the great covered stands which in the afternoon would be packed with thousands of the most fashionable patrons of the sport of kings, from all parts of the British Isles.

And, set like a great, twisted emerald hoop in the centre, was the famous racecourse.

It was the second Wednesday in June, the day of the greatest event in the annals of the Turf—the Derby.

As the day advanced the gathering on the Downs was swelled with ever increasing numbers of folk, amateur and professional, who arrived by the race specials, in chaft-a-bancs, coaches, motor-cars, smart dog-carts, donkey-barrows, and on "Shanks's pony." All gravitated to that great green magnet, the racecourse, which, for generations on Derby day, has attracted all the gold and dross of the sporting world.

But of all the vast concourse who dwell in anticipation of the big race, none experienced more joyous eagerness and enthusiasm than young Tony Draycott.

Tony was a stable-lad in the employ of Lord Estor, that grand old sportsman whose name was a household word throughout the length and breadth of the land, and he had the proud charge of attending Epsom with some of the other hands on duty with the string of horses from the Estor stables.

It was his first Derby, and Tony felt a very important person indeed as he went about his work.

Just about noon a jovial, florid man of medium height entered the stables, and looked round the place with an appraising glance. It was Barney

Bulfin, Lord Estor's trainer, with whom Tony had found a home at Newmarket ever since the death of his father, some years before.

"Well, how goes it, Tony?" he asked. "Everything all right?"

The lad hastily laid down a bagful of sandwiches, and sprang briskly to his feet.

"Everything's O.K., guv'nor," he cried, his eyes sparkling; "but, my hat, it seems an awful long wait!"

Barney smiled at the youngster's impatience.

"Ah, well," he said, "it's less than a couple of hours to the first race, Tony. And I haven't forgotten my promise to let you see the big event. Nobody's been down here, I suppose?"

"Nobody, guv'nor. There have been a good many touts and curious ruffians hanging round, though, at a respectable distance."

"There always are," said the famous trainer. "But they're only on the prowl out of curiosity, or to try and pick up a few tips about the gees. However, get on with your luncheon, sonny."

Barney turned to greet the head groom, who came across just then, and with him, and followed by Tony, who began to make inroads on his sandwiches, he went in turn to the first three racers—Luana, Colleen, and Romany Lad. Of them Luana had been scratched from the two o'clock race, but the other two were to run in the five furlongs and selling plate events.

As Barney approached, the fourth racer of the Estor string turned her graceful head and gave a little whinny of pleasure.

The sun-streaming through the open shutters above the stall burnished the silken coat of the beautiful mare with a sheen of living gold.

The trainer gave the magnificent creature an affectionate pat, and pride shone in his eyes as they roved over the slim, muscular legs, arched neck, and shapely body of the thoroughbred. No sculptor viewing his own finished masterpiece could have felt greater satisfaction than Barney did as he stood before this graceful animal, upon which he had lavished the best of his vast knowledge of horseflesh to bring to the perfection necessary for a Derby runner.

And Barney felt that he stood on the threshold of the greatest success of his career. His skill and attention had developed a Derby favourite. Today, he felt confident, the roll of fame of Derby winners would have emblazoned upon it the name of the golden-brown mare standing before him—Sunfire.

"What's the latest from the ring, Mr. Bulfin?" asked the head groom, as they stood regarding the mare.

"The mare's a hotter favourite than ever," answered Barney. "From even the betting has gone to two to one on. It's lucky his lordship made his wagers six weeks ago, when the prices were better. The King's horse, Court Royal, has been made second favourite, at three to one against."

"Gosh!" cried Tony. "And I wanted to put another five bob on our mare. That means I shall only get back seven-an'-six when she romps home!"

The trainer frowned, but said nothing. Barney was a bit of a character on the Turf, and often had Tony listened to his grievance that so many evils had crept into the "king of sports and sport of kings." Often, too, had he been warned against the practice of betting.

"Betting is a mug's game throughout, Tony," the trainer was wont to remark. "It's demoralising to win, and it's worse to lose. As you know, you don't always get 'certs.,' even though you are on the inside of the business. As for the general public who bet from the outside—pshaw!"

Barney's outbursts usually ended rather tamely, but for all his principles he left Tony pretty much to his own devices. He trusted the lad implicitly, but he knew from his wide experience the dangers of close association with a sport in which money had come to play so important a part.

Tony himself was conscientious, and had a strong affection for the kindly trainer who had been a second father to him, but he was also very human in some respects, neither better nor worse than scores of other healthy British youngsters with sporting blood in their veins.

The famous trainer gave the sleek, glossy coat of the favourite a final pat, and then turned away.

"For once the general public really

are on to a good thing," he murmured. "Sunfire's a cert., if ever there was one! Even with a bad start—which isn't likely, with a mare of Sunfire's even disposition—she'll win by a couple of lengths."

"And a rare feather it will be in your cap, sir," said the head groom. "And, if I may say so, you deserve it."

"We've all worked mighty hard, Perkins," said Barney; "but it's for Lord Estor's sake I shall be chiefly glad to see the Blue Ribbon of the Turf won for the stables. He's a fine old sportsman, and his luck hasn't always been of the best."

"You're right, sir," said the groom. "But that was a fine stroke of bizney when his lordship got first call on the services of Danny Wade."

"By Jingo, it was, Perkins!" agreed the trainer. "But it's time the owner got back some of the terrific expenses he incurred. Heading the list of winning jockeys last year, Danny knew his own worth, and stuck out for a retaining-fee which even Lord Estor couldn't afford without big returns. However, to-day he will make his first big win, when Danny takes the violet-and-white past the post ahead of the rest of the field."

So saying, with a cheery nod Barney left the stables.

When the trainer had departed, Tony took a seat on some turf outside the stables to finish his lunch, and there he was joined by his chum, Dick Selby, a bright stable-lad of about his own age, who had just returned from the performance of an errand for Perkins.

Dick had a very special interest in the races at Epsom, for he had been nominated to ride Romany Lad in the five-furlongs event.

Wade's services that day had been reserved but for the Derby, and, knowing the curious affinity which existed between the black thoroughbred and the stable-boy, Barney Bulfin had strongly advised the owner to allow Selby to wear the violet-and-white hooped jacket which was the famous insignia of Lord Estor on the Turf.

Some fellows might have been a little envious, but Tony was not built that way. He wished his chum success in the fine chance which had come his way, from the bottom of his heart.

"How ripping if you pull the race off, Dick!" he said. "Anyway, I've put a bit on Romany Lad, for luck."

"You're a good pal, Tony," said Dick, touched by the loyalty of his chum; "but I hope you haven't been a silly ass as to put much on the gee. The bookies are offering ten to one against the Lad's chances, and, as you know, even Barney isn't any too hopeful that he'll place, considering the bunch up against him. Still, you can bet, Tony, I'm going all out to win."

Further conversation was interrupted by Perkins, who found each of the boys a job of work to do inside the stables. Through being busily employed, the minutes slipped rapidly by for the youngsters, until the time arrived for Romany Lad to be led from his stall.

Dick Selby set off for the jockey's quarters to change his attire and to "weigh in," whilst Tony helped the

grooms to put the finishing touches to the toilet of the thoroughbred.

As Romany Lad was led out by the groom entrusted with the task, Tony turned away with a little sigh. He would have liked to have seen his chum's race, but he had received permission to view the Derby, and he could not expect too much.

The head groom divined what was in the youngster's thought, for with a twinkle in his eye he rapped out a sharp order.

"Go and help Jenks with the Lad, Tony. We've got quite enough hands here in the stables; it's time you did somethin' for a living!"

"Oh, good egg!"

With a bound Tony darted after Romany Lad and the groom, for the order he took as tantamount to permission to witness the two-thirty race, in which Dick was to ride.

Near the entrance to the paddock they were joined by Barney Bulfin and Lord Estor himself, who was wearing an immaculate frock-coat and a silk topper of the favourite dove-grey shade he had made so fashionable.

UNEARTHED!

The great comic detective
HERLOCK SHOLMES
and his colleague
DR. JOTSON.

Both will appear in next Tuesday's issue of "The Greyfriars Herald." Please tell all your chums, and oblige your Editor!

With his field-glasses slung over his shoulder, and smoking a long cigar, he viewed the black thoroughbred with approving eyes.

"By Jove, he certainly does look in magnificent trim, Bulfin," he said. "If he doesn't give his usual trouble at the starting-gate I shouldn't be a bit surprised to see him pull the race off."

Barney shook his head doubtfully. "Oh, the Lad's got the right heart for a racer, sir," he said, "in spite of his temper. But he's just a trifle too heavily muscled, and that's against him in the matter of speed. With a shade of difference in his physique, he'd show a clean pair of heels to a good many of the greatly fancied cracks. As it is, I think he'll see the tails of Charleroi, the French horse, and at least two others."

Barney was not a pessimist, by any means, but he was one of the best judges of horseflesh on the Turf, as his success as a trainer testified, and he was in the custom of saying exactly what was in his mind. And, wisely, Lord Estor relied implicitly on his advice.

In less than five minutes Dick Selby arrived on the scene, wearing silken jacket and cap, and bearing in his hands his whip and saddle. Lord Estor shook hands with the youngster, and engaged him in conversation, while Barney, the groom and Tony

attended to the saddling of the racer. The groom then led Romany Lad into the paddock, and Tony only waited for the chance of taking a final grip of his chum's hand before hurrying away to secure a position as near to the rails of the racecourse as he could.

As he wended his way among the crowd a suppressed excitement seemed to be possessing the throng. Suddenly some cheering broke out away to the right, and went rolling round the course, until ten thousand voices had taken up the shout:

"The King!"

Tony caught the words, and strained to see over the shoulders of the people in front of him. Being small, he was unable to see much, but he caught a glimpse of a little procession of carriages as they wended their way along the course to that part of the grand-stand reserved for Royalty.

There was a lull, and then the cheering broke out again with greater intensity as his Majesty and the Queen alighted and made their way into the enclosure, acknowledging gracefully the welcome of their loyal subjects.

No sooner had the Royal carriages departed than the runners in the two-thirty race filed out of the paddock and made their way to the five-furlongs starting-point.

With the aid of two or three good-natured sportsmen in the crowd, Tony managed to worm his way nearer to the rails, and then he drew from his pocket the old pair of field-glasses with which Barney had once presented him.

Through them he was able to see, to his great joy, that Romany Lad had drawn the inside berth, by the rails, but it was also apparent that Dick was having a handful of trouble with the horse, which was up to his usual trick of dancing about, to the confusion of the other runners.

Twice the Lad was the cause of false starts, but at the third attempt Dick Selby got him away well with the others.

The horses were well bunched together as they came into the straight, but, tingling with excitement, Tony could see the violet-and-white hoops prominent. But more prominent still was the olive-green borne by the jockey of Charleroi.

The French horse was leading, and was making desperate efforts to take the inside berth.

"Charleroi! Charleroi!"

A note of triumph crept into the shouts of the vast numbers of backers of the French horse; but their elation was a bit premature.

With but a furlong to go, Dick Selby leaned forward and whispered into the ear of his mount. Never was Barney's judgment vindicated in better fashion, for, as though having understood the requirement of his young rider, Romany Lad made the supreme effort of his career.

Inch by inch he crept up with the French crack. The crowd roared with excitement, and Tony Draycott nearly burst his lungs with the yell he gave.

Moving at the rate of an express train, the favourite and the outsider came pounding down the course together. They were neck and neck! Dick gave a flick of his whip to hasten the Lad ahead, but was hindered by

the jockey of the French horse. Immediately he changed his whip into his left hand, but his opponent veered the favourite towards the rail and shut him in. It was as deliberate a case of "bumping" as had ever occurred.

Romany Lad tried to bore through, lost his stride, and crashed to the ground. Like a stone from a catapult Dick shot over his head. As a shout of horror rose from the crowd, two other racers stumbled over the hope of the Estor stables, and came down headlong to the turf.

"Let me get through!"

With a wild cry Tony dived under the rails, and made at top speed for his chum, who lay, a pathetic, motionless little heap, in his gay silken colours. But quick though the youngster was, a number of ambulance-men were quicker, and were already examining the jockey by the time Tony arrived on the scene.

"He—he isn't killed, is he?"

One of the men looked up into the anxious face of the stable-lad, and shook his head.

"No, it's not as bad as that, sonny."

Tony breathed a sigh of relief, and he felt even more relieved a few seconds later, when Dick gave a little groan and opened his eyes.

Having thoroughly assured himself that his friend had indeed only been knocked out temporarily, Tony turned to look for Romany Lad. The other racehorses and jockeys had extricated themselves from the mêlée, and were surrounded by a curious crowd, which the police were using frantic efforts to disperse.

As the onlookers scattered, the Estor thoroughbred trotted out, led by the groom from the stables, and, seeing that his services would not be required, Tony hurried away to report himself to Perkins. He had time to notice with satisfaction, however, that the red flag had gone to the masthead near the judge's stand, indicating that an appeal had been lodged against the running of the French horse.

Everybody was excitedly discussing the race as the lad made his way back through the crowd, and on every side knots of punters were haranguing the bookmakers, all of whom had suspended payment, pending the decision of the judges. It was while he was hurrying past one of these groups that Tony heard his name called out.

"Hallo, young Draycott! Hope you didn't have anything on your owner's gee?"

The speaker was a burly, florid individual, who stood on a raised platform, looking over the heads of the waiting backers by whom he was surrounded. He was wearing a startling yellow-and-green check suit, and a couple of huge diamond rings blazed on his fingers. Behind him was a large white board, bearing in letters of scarlet the announcement:

"JERRY GROAT—THE OLD FIRM!"

Tony recognised the man at once. He was a bookie of notorious repute whom he had often seen hanging about the stables at Newmarket. Without slackening his pace, he gave a chaffing reply to the other's remark.

"Oh, I only lost a couple of thousand, Jerry!"

"Hi, youngster!"

Tony stopped, and swung round.

"What is it?" he demanded impatiently.

Jerry Groat smiled broadly, and wagged a fat finger at the lad.

"You've never been free in handin' out tips to your pals—like me," he said; "but I'll return good for evil, an' give you one. Don't you ever again back gees from your own stables. His lordship's got good horses, but he ain't got the next most important thing—good luck."

Tony gave a loud snort.

"Pooh! Is that all you've got to say?" he said, as he turned away.

"No, I've got plenty more," retorted the bookie. "I like talking to nice, intelligent lads like you, what backs losers all the time!"

"Right; I'll come back and listen to you after the Derby," shouted Tony—"when you've finished paying out on the favourite!"

Tony knew that five out of six punters were having "a bit on" the favourite, and that a win by Sunfire would give most of the bookmakers a pretty severe shaking-up. It afforded him intense satisfaction to think that Jerry Groat and others of his ilk were likely to get a little set-back in their all-too-successful careers.

The Derby!"

ONCE clear of the worst of the crowd, Tony sprinted the rest of the short distance round to the back of the stables, for he knew that it must be very nearly time for the Derby runners to set out for the paddock. He stopped to answer a question by one of the special police on duty near the stables who knew him by sight, as to the judges' decision in the last race, and was about to move on, when he felt his arm clutched. He turned to confront a rather unprepossessing person, with a blue handkerchief wound round his neck, who bore a dirty envelope in his hand.

"Is Mister Perkins down 'ere, kid?"

Tony eyed the man suspiciously.

"I guess so," he answered. "What do you want?"

"I've gotter give 'im this 'ere note—it's urgent."

"Well, I'll take it to him."

The man shook his head.

"No, I can't do that; my orders was to give it to 'im pussonally."

"See here, you can't go in," said Tony. "The police won't let you nearer to the enclosure than this, as you know well enough."

He made to move away, but the man took a couple of quick steps after him and placed a restraining hand on his shoulder. The special constable who was only a few yards away had found a fresh source of interest in a couple of cheeky gipsy boys, otherwise he would have speedily been on the track of the grubby messenger. As it was, the man succeeded in having his word with the stable-lad.

"Look here, kid," he whispered hastily, "I don't want to see Perkins—this 'ere packet's for you. It's like this; my boss ain't none too eager for

Sunfire to win, and says if you do a li'l job for him he'll— Ooch!"

The man's last sudden remark was wrong from him as he doubled up beneath Tony's fist, which caught him in the region of the belt-buckle.

"Beat it, you worm!"

Like a windmill in action the stable-boy attacked the grubby stranger, his whirling fists getting home half a dozen times before the other took to his heels, letting out loud yells of pain.

Glad of a little extra excitement, a number of men and boys lounging near-by started in pursuit. They knew and cared nothing as to the offence the man had committed, but set out on his trail like a whooping band of Red Indians. Tony chuckled to himself as he saw the fellow, who was probably more fool than rogue, being headed off for a shallow, weedy pond, into which he was eventually thrown with the greatest enthusiasm.

When Tony got back to the stables he found that Sunfire had not yet left her stall. Romany Lad was back, and was being thoroughly groomed after his tumble in the two-thirty race, and Perkins was standing by, watching the operation, chewing on a straw reflectively.

"Hello, sonny!" said the head groom, as he espied Tony. "Dick put up a great race, I hear."

"You bet he did," cried Tony, "and if it hadn't been for the foul he'd have won, without a doubt. Was the French horse disqualified?"

"Yes, so I heerd say. But that don't do his lordship nor us any good. It's funny how that the luck o' the Estors has always been bad, more or less."

"Well, we've got a jolly good bit of luck in Sunfire," said Tony brightly. "She'll put a different complexion on things! Why, hello, Dick!"

The lad darted towards the slim figure in silken hooped jacket and cap, with a coat thrown loosely over the shoulders, who appeared at the entrance of the stable, by the side of Barney Bulfin. But instead of getting a cheery reply to his greeting, Tony received an unexpected rebuff as the jockey drew himself up to his full height of about five feet two inches.

"Who the blazes are you talking to, boy? Get out of the way!"

The stable-boy stopped short, and mumbled a hasty apology as he recognised in the newcomer none other than Danny Wade!

Without taking further notice of the lad, the great jockey turned and addressed himself to the trainer. For a few seconds he chatted away, and then he announced his intention of going to "weigh in."

Tony watched him depart, with admiration in his eyes. He had several times seen the jockey during the trials of Sunfire on Newmarket Heath, and although he had no particular liking for Wade, who had been rather spoiled by success, yet he revelled in the wonderful art of the man. To be a winning jockey was the great ambition of the stable-lad, and he looked forward to the time when he, too, might sport the violet-and-white of the house of Estor. Dick

Selby had got his start at the game, but then he, being older, had had a good deal more experience of the race-horses than Tony.

But the voice of Barney Bulfin in his ear interrupted further rumination.

"You can make yourself scarce, Tony," said the trainer. "One of the other boys shall take the mare out. Wade is inclined to be a bit touchy, and he may not like to see you in the paddock."

"All right, guv'nor; I'll be back directly after the race."

As he left the stables Tony saw his chum, Dick Selby, who had changed from his jockey's rig, coming round by the paddock, and hurried to meet him.

"Feeling fit again now, old chap?"

Dick smiled ruefully.

"Not so bad, considering," he said, "though I feel more than a bit sick at having lost the race through a foul."

"Still, it's jolly lucky you didn't lose your life as well. But you put up a rattling fine show, old fellow, and you'll get your chance again before long. I'm just going out of the enclosure to find a spot to view the big race. Come along with me."

"That's not a bad idea," said Dick. "I know Perkins won't expect me to show up until after the next race."

One or two of the Derby runners had already appeared in the paddock, and the fashionable crowd from the member's enclosure pressed forward to view the horses.

"I think we had better recede into the background," said Tony. "It wouldn't do for us to be seen hanging about here. We can get out round by the back way, and make our way along to the enclosure for the general public, a few hundred yards above the winning-post."

The crush was becoming more dense every moment, and in turning to avoid one little group of people they nearly ran into Lord Estor himself, who, with his daughter, the Hon. Dorothy Cavanagh, was chatting with Wade, whom they had met some few moments after the jockey had parted from Barney Bulfin.

As the two boys walked quickly past, Wade drew a handkerchief from his coat-pocket and daintily flicked some dust from his high, polished boots. At the same moment Tony saw something flutter to the ground.

Without a second's thought, he dived to retrieve the object. It was a folded sheet of notepaper, and on it was inscribed a number of letters and figures. Tony raised his hat to Lord Estor and the girl, and addressed the jockey.

"You dropped this, sir, I think."

Wade swung round, and his eyes met Tony's.

"What's that?" he asked sharply.

"I saw this drop from your pocket," said Tony, tendering the note.

The jockey took the folded piece of paper, and glanced casually at it. Then, with a violent start, he thrust it back into his jacket, and turned on his heel.

"H'm; he didn't seem over-pleased to get his letter back," said Tony, as he rejoined his chum. "It was a

queer kind of thing, too—all written over with letters and figures in twos and threes."

"Danny never was noted for his manners," said Dick. "It's a pity he's such a boor."

The chums made their way from the paddock enclosure, and got out on to that portion of the ground where Jerry Groat and other well-known racecourse characters of his type were doing a roaring business before the big race.

After striding along in silence for a few moments, Tony spoke his thoughts aloud.

"I shouldn't be surprised that it's a cipher of some kind."

"What is?" demanded Dick.

"Why, that note I picked up for Danny Wade, of course."

course, came the string of beautiful thoroughbreds, the bright colours of the jockeys flashing in the sunshine.

Led by a stable-hand, each horse moved in procession before the stands, whilst thousands of pairs of eyes gazed in admiration at the spectacle. At the conclusion of the parade, one after the other the stable-hands released the bridles of their charges, and the thoroughbreds trotted away to the starting-point.

In swift procession horse after horse passed by. Tony and Dick knew most of the racers by sight, and the others they identified by the shimmering scarlet, gold, green or blue of the jockeys. Both gave vent to rousing cheers as Sunfire glided by, her golden-brown limbs moving in a long, easy stride. Not since 1780, when Lord



"You dropped this, sir, I think," said Tony to the famous jockey. Wade took the note and gave a violent start.

"Oh, bother the note!"

"I was thinking it seemed rather curious, that all," said Tony. "But it wasn't such a fishy affair as the experience I had coming back to the stables after the two-thirty race. Ha, ha! That was really funny."

In a few words Tony told his chum about the unkempt individual who had accosted him about Sunfire.

"Pooh! The man must have been mad!" cried Dick. "Who ever heard of any funny business being played with a Derby favourite? It's impossible."

But the matter soon went out of the minds of the boys as they wormed their way among the dense crowd to secure a position of vantage as near to the course as possible. At last, hot and bedraggled, they came out close to the rails, and waited, with veins tingling with excitement, for the Derby runners to appear.

Suddenly there was an eager stir, as, filing from the paddock to the

Derby first instituted the race, was ever so pretty a thoroughbred seen at Epsom.

The course for the Derby is one-and-a-half miles, so from where Tony and Dick were standing the start could not be seen. To them it was announced—as to most of the race-goers—by the ringing of the bell near the judge's stand. Their first view of the race was obtained as the runners came into sight rounding Tattenham Corner.

The gate had gone up on an almost perfect start. Sunfire had drawn an outside berth, but, waiting his opportunity, Wade brought the mare round the turn with a magnificent rush which secured him the coveted place on the rails. The two chums saw the violet-and-white hooped jacket swing to the fore, and they gave vent to a mighty shout of pure joy.

Court Royal, the King's horse, who was a trifle ahead of the rest of the

(Continued on page 19.)



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 Pipe of Peace!

THE boys looked round the interior of the big prairie schooner, as the great prairie waggons are called.

The prisoner had gone.

There were his bonds of buffalo hide, stout thongs of raw hide cut through by a sharp instrument, and a slash through the waggon tilt showed where he had made his escape during the excitement of the firing. When the routed Indian force had raced past, he had mingled amongst the Redskins running on foot till he had had a chance of grabbing at the mane of one of the riderless ponies and making off with the rest.

This was the opinion of both Buffalo Bill and of Buck Dixie, when the boys called them to the waggon.

Buffalo Bill did not seem at all upset by the escape of his prisoner.

"I expected he was shamming when I carried him in after the fight," said he. "The rascal seemed limp enough, though, when I laid him in the waggon and bound him."

"But how did he cut his bonds?" asked Kit wonderingly.

Buffalo Bill examined the cut tilt of the waggon, and the place where the fugitive had climbed down the high wheels in his escape. Then he shook his head and laughed.

"I searched him all over for his knife," said he, "but he must have had it hidden away in the toe of his moccasin. So he was able to reach down his wrists, and cut his bonds with a very sharp blade hidden in his footgear."

Buck Dixie nodded.

"That means that we have a very ugly enemy loose!" said he, "I would sooner have had Big Tree under lock and key!"

Buffalo Bill laughed.

"We are surrounded by ugly enemies these days, Buck," said he, "and when the Apaches get well on the move, there will be a good many more of them to deal with. But this morning's business will scare off the Redskins from this neighbourhood for a while. They won't come on to Fort Madison till they are in far greater strength. As for Chief Big Tree, we have got his horse, and a Redskin without his best horse is only half a man!"

But the trumpet was sounding now for "boot and saddle." The patient

oxen were yoked up to the waggons, and the mock convoy, which had done such good service, rolled slowly on over the prairie towards Fort Madison.

When they reached the high ground at the end of the shallow valley in which they had caught the enemy napping, there was not a Redskin in sight though they covered a view that was many miles in extent. The whole of the Navajo and Apache force had disappeared from sight, as though the prairie had opened and swallowed up every brave.

But, far away to the southward, the keen eyes of Buffalo Bill could make out the faint feathers of signal smokes, which told all wandering bands, to give the neighbourhood of Fort Madison a wide berth, and to proceed to the south-west.

By some magic of his own, Buffalo Bill could read these signals of smoke, which were so faint that none of the troopers of the Dandy Fifth could pick them up at all in the clear air of the prairie.

The eyes of the boys, with their young sight, had improved considerably since they had been on the prairies, for in youth, the eye adjusts itself quickly to new surroundings. But even they could not make out the

faint smoke signals, by which the Redskin force was announcing the disaster which had befallen it.

Buffalo Bill knew that they were making for the very distant spurs of the Funeral Hills, which were nearly two hundred miles away.

Here they would be able to hide, and to come down on the prairie at their choice to hunt the buffalo for their stock of provisions, or to make forays.

The Redskins had no stomach for the sort of fighting they had tasted that morning. Their tactics were exactly the same as those which General De Wet, and his broken commandoes of Boers, afterwards brought to perfection, many years later, in the Boer War, and which were only stopped when Viscount Kitchener fenced the whole country with blockhouses and barbed wire.

And they were playing a game now, which in the last few years General Von Lettow Vorbeck, the German commander in East Africa, used against General Smuts' force—the game of bluff and dissolution.

It is not for nothing that the Apaches and Navajoes had learned their game of warfare from the buffalo that grazed on the plains.

These vast herds would spread or draw together at will, each little commando under the leadership of one bull buffalo, and order prevailing through the countless thousands of beasts that dotted the plain.

The Redskin force had dissolved in the same fashion. The boys could see nothing, as their eyes swept the vast, rolling prairies, which, cloud-dappled and stretching away for miles all round, seemed quite empty—just a sea of grass.

But Buffalo Bill knew that, in the folds of that great plain, which looked so flat, and was yet undulating, numerous little bands of the broken force were all trekking towards the south-west, where they could take refuge in the hidden valleys of the hills, and get in touch with their allies, the Apaches, who were now mobilising for the great Redskin rising.

"Some weeks will elapse before they are ready, boys," said Buffalo Bill, pointing with his gloved-hand towards the distant horizon, where the Redskins were hidden. "It takes time, even for savages to prepare for war. They must have a great hunting of

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 Bellevue, 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. Buffalo Bill captures Chief Big Tree of the Apaches, but when the boys look in his waggon they find he has escaped.

buffalo to provide the commissariat, and the women will be kept busy sewing garments and moccasins. And they will want horses from Mexico, and guns, which will have to be paid for. We discovered their plans before they were ready by our visit to the secret valley of the Navajoes. If they had had another three weeks, the rising would have taken us by surprise, and it is likely that Fort Madison would have been wiped out in a big surprise. But now we will be ready for them, and forewarned is fore-armed."

The ox-train travelled very slowly, for the long strings of yoked oxen were not capable of travelling at an average speed of more than two and a half miles an hour.

The boys, who were short of sleep, were glad enough to turn in on a pile of fine smoked and quilled buffalo robes, taken from the Redskins, and to have a good snooze in the waggons, as they lurched and lumbered along over the soft prairie.

When they awoke, it was well on in the afternoon, and they were yet some miles from Fort Madison.

But a thrill of excitement went through the column of waggons, for there were Redskins in sight, and a vedette was sent forward, scouting.

But Teekoopi, the Indian friendly, shook his head at the sight of the little string of Redskins, which showed along the top of the fold of the prairie ahead of the waggons.

"Him no bad Injun. Him good Injun. Him nice Injun!" said Teekoopi.

And almost as soon as Teekoopi had spoken, the peaceful nature of the Redskins ahead of them was betrayed by the sight of ponies dragging what the French-Canadians call the travois. These are the tent or wigwam poles, which, when the wigwam or skin tent is struck, are lashed in bundles of six or seven each side of a pony, their ends being allowed to trail on the ground.

On these carts without wheels, Indian bundles of goods, and even Indian babies are lashed for transport, and the trail of such a party is easily read on the prairie, for the ends of the poles scratch their message of peace in the turf.

War-parties carry no wigwams unless they are in strength. Nor are the women and children taken on warlike excursions.

The Redskin party turned out to be a tribe of Soshones, Teekoopi's own people, who were coming into Fort Madison to offer their services as hunters and scouts.

The Soshones had no friendship for Navajo and Apache, and their coming betrayed how quickly and how far the news of the great rising had already spread.

Teekoopi was wild with delight, when the slow-moving waggons topped the ridge, and showed the advance guard of troopers already in converse with the party of Soshones.

These were some eighty in number, fine-looking men, accompanied by their squaws and paposes.

The paposes or babies were disposed of in true Redskin fashion, for, comfortably wrapped up in their birch-

bark cradles, they were all hung from the branch of a large cotton-wood tree, by strong leather thongs.

This was a sight that made the boys laugh like anything. Kit said that he had never seen a baby tree before. They climbed out of the waggons, and ran before the convoy. Teekoopi, forgetting his Redskin stolidity, and letting loose a yell of delight as he neared the lodges.

The babies, who were continually sucking their thumbs, as they all swung gently in their queer cradles, in the breeze, all seemed to be Teekoopi's cousins and nephews, and Teekoopi eagerly led his friends off to his uncle's lodge, which was plainly marked in great red painted figures of an animal that was intended to look like a deer.

etiquette that the first lodge a stranger enters on visiting a camp or village, is his home as long as he remains the guest of the tribe.

A Redskin may murder his visitor when he has left. But his hospitality is that of the Bedouin Arab, who will never harm his guest in the tent or in the camp.

Teekoopi's aunt showed in the doorway of the lodge. She was not so cool about the sight of Teekoopi as his uncle was, for she threw her arms round him, and wept, and stroked him all over to see that he was not wounded.

But Uncle Deer-Who-Leaps, grunted his dissent of such a fuss, and reminded his squaw that he had guests. He bade her fetch water and buffalo meat for, again by Indian etiquette, it



As Deer-Who-Leaps sat smoking the pipe of peace with the boys, there appeared in the entrance of the tent, Buffalo Bill and Buck Dixie.

The troopers insisted on calling this lodge the "Old Spotted Cow."

In the lodge, on a pile of buffalo robes, sat Teekoopi's uncle.

He was a great chief, and his name was Deer-Who-Leaps, for, in his youth, he had been a great jumper.

Deer-Who-Leaps did not jump now, for he had been raked across the back by an Apache bullet, which had lamed him a bit.

He was a fine-looking old boy, and he grunted at the sight of Teekoopi, who he had not seen for a long time, for Teekoopi had been a prisoner in the hands of the Navajoes.

He did not seem particularly glad to see his nephew. But the Redskin always hides his emotions.

But it was plain he was glad to see the boys, for he turned to Kit and Joe, remarking, "Hook-ah-hay! Num-wit," which means, "How do you do? Stay with us!"

The boys knew that it is Indian

is always supposed that the visitor is thirsty or hungry.

The boys were neither thirsty nor hungry, but they drank some of the water, which the squaw of Deer-Who-Leaps brought to them in fine Soshone baskets, shaped like cups, and woven from the inner bark of the willow. And they chewed the dry buffalo meat, which was very ancient and very tough, and tasted like the sole of an old boot.

And Deer-Who-Leaps made place for them at the back of his lodge, which is the place of honour, and invited them to take Mok-ta-bo-mah-pe or coffee, which is a great Redskin-luxury.

Teekoopi squatted down in the presence of his uncle, looking as good as any little boy at a party. He was greatly pleased that his uncle had taken a fancy to his two white chums, for Deer-Who-Leaps was a great warrior and, though he was a bit lame in the back, was still a mighty hunter. He would take the boys hunting the

buffalo, and if the boys went hunting, Teekoopi would go also. And Teekoopi loved hunting buffalo better than anything in the world save the hunting of men.

Uncle Deer-Who-Leaps had brought Teekoopi up, and like all Redskin boys Teekoopi had had a very good time. The Redskin boy is the spoiled darling of the lodge. The Redskin girl is the slave, just as her mother is.

Redskins never chastise or ill-treat a boy, as they believe that his spirit would be broken and cowed down, and that instead of a warrior he will become a squaw—or coward. And so the Redskin father does not hold with the advice of Solomon, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." The Redskin father will do anything rather than punish a refractory boy.

With the girls it is different. The Redskin girl is never welcome in the lodge. Since she will never become a hunter or a warrior, her lot is a hard one. She is brought up to a life of drudgery, and does most of the work in camp or on the march.

When the boys were settled in the tent, Uncle Deer-Who-Leaps rose rather stiffly from this throne of buffalo robes, for that Apache bullet in his back still made him a bit lame and stiff.

He stalked solemnly to the tripod of three sticks that stood before his lodge, bearing his shield, and the small square bag containing pipe heads, with the accompanying roll of pipe stems decorated with beads and porcupine quills.

This collection of pipes was held in great veneration by Uncle Deer-Who-Leaps, for the pipe is the only religion of the Red Indian. Through it, he invokes the Great Spirit, and calls up the spirits of peace and war, and by the ceremony of pipe-smoking, he renders homage to the winds, to the earth and the sky, and prays for good hunting and success in war.

Uncle Deer-Who-Leaps had brought out the pipe of peace, the stem of which is decorated with eagle's quills, and which is only kept in the possession of chiefs.

Teekoopi had explained that Kit and Joe Desmond were not Americans, but English boys who had come across the Black Waters to seek their father, who was in the hands of the Apaches.

Therefore the chief felt it incumbent on him to smoke the pipe of peace with the boys, as they belonged to the great British nation, the overlords of the Siwash, the Crees, the Athabascas and the many tribes of canoe Indians inhabiting the boreal tracts to the north.

He lit the pipe solemnly from a fire-pot. This was no ordinary fire, but sacred fire caused by a flash of lightning which had struck an old willow stump. For twenty odd years that fire-pot had never been allowed to go out, but had been fed with dry buffalo chips, charcoal or punk wood, kept alive night and day.

And, when Deer-Who-Leaps had lit his pipe, he offered it to the sky, and the earth, and the winds, in a movement describing the form of a cross. Then he took four puffs, blowing them in the same direction as these movements.

The boys followed his example, as

the pipe was handed to them in turn, stem downwards, according to the custom of the Soshones.

Luckily for the boys, who were not accustomed to the use of tobacco, the ceremony of smoking the pipe of peace only consisted of taking four whiffs from the pipe.

The pipe was still in their hands, when the tent flap was lifted and Buffalo Bill and Buck Dixie, making the sign of peace, slipped into the chief's lodge and squatted down, each taking the pipe of peace and making the ceremonial puffs.

Deer-Who-Leaps had never seen either of the great scouts before, yet one glance at Buffalo Bill's strange, magnetic eyes told him that this could be none other than the famous scout, who was believed by the Redskins to have stolen the eyes of a lynx, and to have placed them in his own head, so that he could see on the darkest night as easily as at high noon. A scar on Buck Dixie's hand, taken from a tomahawk in a hand-to-hand fight with a Navajo chief, was quite enough identification mark for the quick eyes of Deer-Who-Leaps.

Surprising News.

FOR some time no one spoke. The Redskin is great at impressive silences.

It was up to Deer-Who-Leaps to break this, he being the host of the lodge.

"I greet thee well, O Lynx Eye," said he, addressing Buffalo Bill, "thy fame has been heard in the lodges of the Soshones. And thou also, O Tomahawk Hand, whom men call Buk Dixie. I have spoken."

It was Buffalo Bill who answered.

"Greeting, brother," he answered, "Thou art far from thy country. Why comest thou with thy women, and thy children into a land where there is war—great war, between the Paleface and the Red Man?"

Deer-Who-Leaps granted.

"The Palefaces are the brothers of the Soshones!" said he. "The hatchet of war has long been buried between us, and we have smoked the pipe of peace these many years. And, behold, it is not the Palefaces who have dug up the hatchet. The Red Men of the Navajo and Apache have listened to evil counsel, and they have come out on the warpath. 'Twere better for them had they stayed in their lodges in peace, hunting the buffalo and growing rich on the things of wealth that the Paleface brings into the country. But they are greedy and their young men are eager for war and blood, and they have listened to an evil counsellor, who comes from beyond the great mountains!"

"And who is this evil counsellor?" Buffalo Bill asked, remembering the queer, foreign heads of the mysterious crimson arrows.

Old Deer-Who-Leaps shook his head.

"I know not," he replied, "but in the counsel lodges it is said that there is a new chief at work, who is not a Red Man, but who has come to give their hunting grounds back to the Red Man, and to drive back the coming of the Palefaces. I, Deer-Who-Leaps,

know that these are lies, and that the days of the Red Man in his lands are numbered by the great Manitou. Wherefore, I lead my people to the fighting house of the Palefaces, so that they may be safe against the Apache and the Navajo. And I and my young men will smoke the pipe of peace with the Paleface soldiers, and we will hunt the buffalo, so that the soldiers shall have meat."

Uncle Deer-Who-Leaps was silent.

Jake Bellew, who had lifted the curtain of the lodge as the old Soshone chief was speaking, squatted himself down at the end of the speech and, taking the pipe of peace, which was handed to him with due ceremony, made medicine in the proper fashion, and joined in the pow-wow.

"My brother speaks of hunting the buffalo!" said he. "But where are the buffalo in these days, when the warriors of the Navajoes and Apaches are everywhere on the move, and there is no quietness or grazing for the herds?"

There is no Redskin word for "telling off" a person. But there was mockery in the voice of Deer-Who-Leaps as he answered.

"My Paleface brother, Jak Ballu, is a hunter of beavers," said he. "He knows their ways. He sets his traps in their runs, and baits them with the beaver oil. And he catches many beavers, because he knows their ways. But the beaver is a small animal, and his ways are easy to learn. Only the Red Man knows the ways of the great buffalo-herds. 'Tis a secret that is hidden from the Paleface. And I, Deer-Who-Leaps say that ere the sun has risen again, the great buffalo-herd will come this way, and there will be many buffalo in these plains!"

He rose stiffly from his pile of buffalo robes and, kneeling in the centre of the lodge, placed his ear to the earth, listening intently.

Jake Bellew grinned as he watched the old Redskin.

Deer-Who-Leaps remained unmoved.

"Behold, the buffalo come even now!" said he. "Not in hundreds, but in thousands. And there shall be a great killing, and the soldiers and those they protect shall have plenty of meat so that their hearts shall be strengthened, and their arms shall strike hard!"

For a few minutes his companions were incredulous. But presently the quick ears of the scouts, and of old Jake Bellew were caught by a distant rumbling sound, like the grumbling of a far thunderstorm.

"The chief is right!" said Buffalo Bill, placing his ear to the ground.

Rising, he strode to the door of the lodge.

The long line of waggons were at a standstill. The trumpeter of the Dandy Fifth stood outside the lodge in attendance on the scouts.

"Trumpeter!" ordered the scout hastily, "sound the 'corral'! Pass the words that the waggons close on the lodges. All ponies and mules inside. It is a stampede!"

Another fine, long instalment of "The Crimson Arrow" will appear next week. It is full of thrilling adventure!

THE LUCK OF THE ESTORS

(Continued from page 15.)

field, responded gamely, as did several others, but with every second the golden-brown mare widened the distance between herself and the other runners.

And now but one word echoed and re-echoed over the Downs, completely drowning all other cries.

"Sunfire! Sunfire!"

"It's all over bar the shouting, old sport!" roared Tony into the ear of his chum. "Sunfire will win by about four lengths! Hurrah!"

And from every side went up the mighty shout:

"The favourite! The favourite wins!"

But in a second the whole position of affairs changed. A sudden weakness gripped Sunfire. She swerved unsteadily in her course, and nearly fell. Flakes of foam spurted from her mouth, and adhered like snow to her flanks.

Tony and Dick stared in amazement, scarcely able to credit their own eyes.

"Great Scott!" groaned the former. "The mare's done—absolutely winded!"

With every stride the speed of Sunfire slackened. Viking and the King's horse thundered past her together a couple of hundred yards from the post, and then another horse ousted her from third place.

Between Court Royal and Viking it was a ding-dong, breakneck finish, with hardly a foot between them. Not one in a hundred even of those lucky ones in the grand-stand knew which had passed the post first until the numbers went up.

"Court Royal!"
Disappointed in the beautiful mare they had made favourite, the open-hearted public were swift to respond to the great victory of their Sovereign, and cheer after cheer rolled forth.

Feeling almost stunned by the unexpected blow to their hopes, Tony Draycott and Dick Selby walked back to the stables.

"I wonder, Dick," said Tony, after a long silence, "whether there really is anything in this superstition about the luck of the Estors?"

"If there is," answered Selby darkly, "there's also something behind it that we can't quite fathom yet."

Through being held up in the crowd several times, the boys were some time in getting back, and thus, when they reached the stables, they found that Sunfire had returned before them.

Standing in a group inside were Lord Estor, Barney Bulfin, and Perkins, while a stranger was bending down examining the mare.

"It's the vet., Tony," whispered Dick.

As the boy spoke, the veterinary surgeon arose, and, pointing to a tiny scratch on one of Sunfire's slim legs, he said:

"This, your lordship, is the mark of a hypodermic needle. No wonder the mare crooked up—she has been doped!"

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Should more than five readers qualify for the tuck hamper prizes; these will be added to. You may send as many solutions as you please, but each must be accompanied by the signed coupon you will find on this page. Write your solutions IN INK, on a clean sheet of paper, fill up the coupon below, and pin to this, and address to: No. 32, TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION, "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C.4, so as to reach that address not later than Tuesday, June 8th.

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

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