

THE MISSING CRICKETER! SEE PAGE 9.

# The Greyfriars Herald 1½d



No. 33 (New Series)

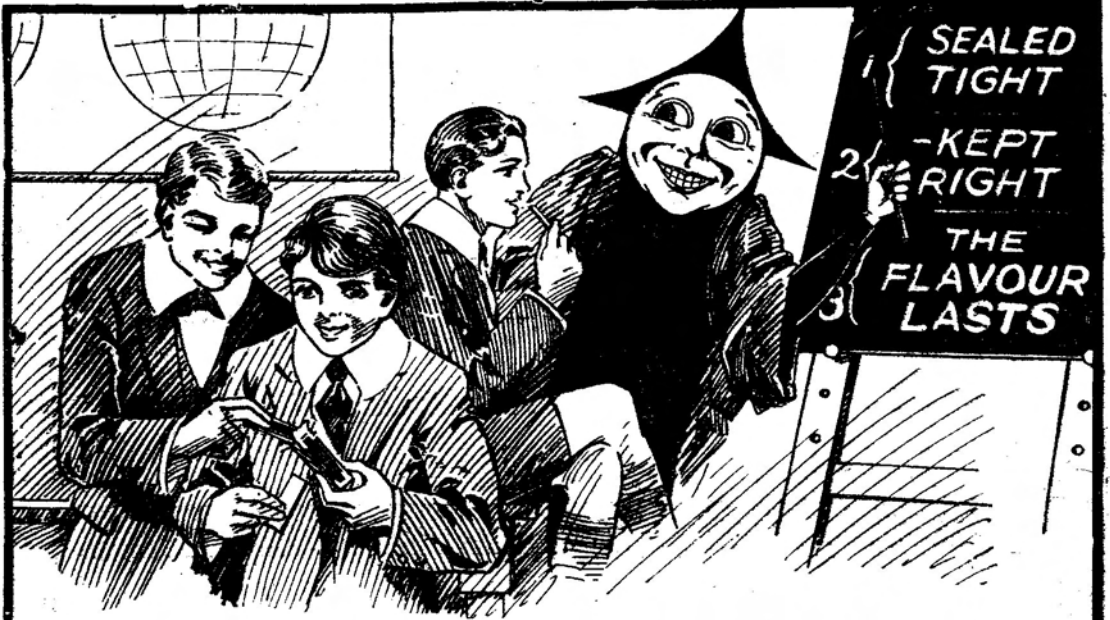
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June 12, 1920



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OCCASIONAL  
Contributors  
from  
GREYFRIARS

# Editorial

OCCASIONAL  
Contributors  
from  
Other Schools

By Harry Wharton.



**HERLOCK SHOLMES**  
MY DEAR CHUMS,—Your own desires have prevailed, and Herlock Sholmes, the great comic detective, has come to life again, just as Billy Bunter does in the Form-room, when Skinner prods him with a pin. You will find the first adventure in this issue.



**JOIN MY STAFF!**  
Now I want each one of you to join my staff for a week—no, don't all rush up to the office!—I mean that I want you to give me a hand in your own homes to enable me to make THE GREYFRIARS HERALD as perfect a paper for British boys and girls as possible by our combined efforts. Will you join in? You will? Topping! Then here's your job:



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When you have read this issue, ask yourself this question: If I were Editor of THE GREYFRIARS HERALD how would I run it? Then take a postcard and write down your views in the form of a short essay.

Would you have pictures illustrating incidents from the complete school story on the cover, or would you have thrilling scenes from the serials? Would you have more about Greyfriars in the paper, or would you have plenty of good serial yarns? If the latter, would you have sporting, Redskin, or detective serials, or tales of adventure in the South Sea Islands and other distant portions of the world? These, and other questions, you can deal with as briefly as possible.

Send your postcard addressed to THE GREYFRIARS HERALD, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4, and mark it on the top left-hand corner "Essay."



**GET BUSY!**  
Now I want to hear from every one of you fellows, and also from each of my many girl chums. For the best postcard I will award a prize of 6s. So spare a few moments one evening and get to work to help out

Your cheery pal,  
HARRY.

SILVER TAKES A BIG FALL - - - Drawn by FRANK NUGENT.



1. Algy Silver, of the Third Form at Rookwood, had just returned from playing in the challenge round of the "shove ha'penny" tournament at The Bird in Hand, and was busily piling up stones to enable him to sneak back into the school without being seen.



2. But just as he was climbing through the window up strolled Mr. Bohun, his Form-master, who is a trifle short-sighted. "Dear me, likewise tut-tut," he murmured, "here is an interesting piece of stone of the antediluvian period. I'll just remove it."



3. Then a wild yell rang out as Master Silver hurtled from his perch. Those stones were not soft to fall upon, and when Mr. Bohun had exercised his arm for about ten minutes, Silver was jolly sorry he had been out of bounds after the "tin."

# A SURPRISE FOR THE SCHOOL!

*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.

### Toodles Wants to Know!

"IT'S about us!" said Tuckey Toodles dismally. To which Drake and Rodney replied, simultaneously:

"Fathead!"

The chums of the Fourth were sitting on the bowsprit of the old Benbow, their legs dangling over the water, enjoying the fresh breeze and sunshine on the river. But Tuckey Toodles was evidently not enjoying himself that fine afternoon. His fat face was very lugubrious.

"I tell you, Drake—" he recommenced.

"Ass!" interrupted Drake.

"It's about us," persisted Tuckey Toodles. "There's a meeting of the governors in the Head's cabin at three. Raik thinks it's about us. He says we're going to be called in before the governors—"

"Bosh!"

"And sacked!" said Tuckey Toodles impressively.

The two juniors on the bowsprit chuckled. They were not at all impressed by Tuckey's impressive announcement.

"Raik's pulling your leg, you ass," said Drake. "Nobody knows who swamped the poor old Head with water last week, and if the Head knew, he wouldn't call a meeting of the governors to deal with us. Besides, how do you know there's a meeting at all?"

"I heard Mr. Packe mention it to old Vavasour. He said—"

"Oh, bother what he said!" interrupted Jack Drake. "If you couldn't listen to what people say, Tuckey, you wouldn't have so much to worry about. Run away and play."

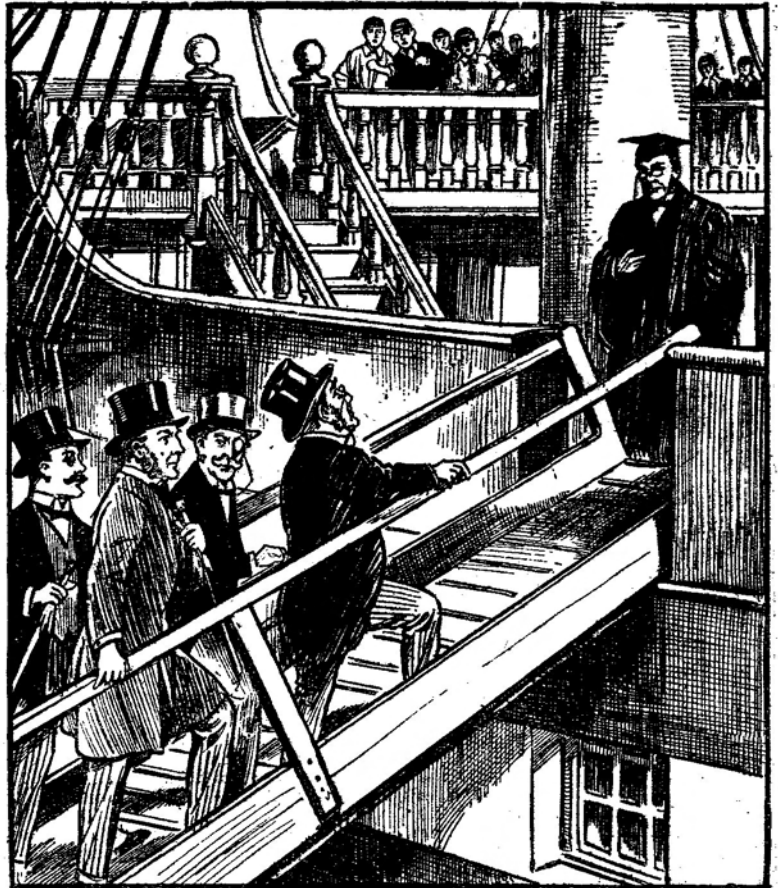
Tuckey Toodles glared wrathfully at the two juniors on the bowsprit. He was in a state of mortal funk, and the cheery carelessness of his two study-mates had an exasperating effect upon him. Ever since that memorable occasion when Tucky had swamped the Head from the maintop, in mistake for Ransome of the Sixth, the fat junior had been on tenterhooks. The Head had caught a cold, and undoubtedly it was a very serious matter to cause Dr. Goring to catch a cold. But the facts had not come to light, and Drake and Rodney declined to be scared.

"Raik thinks—" he began again.

"Bother Raik!"

"Now, look here, Drake, old chap," said Tuckey persuasively, "it looks to me as if the Head knows, and he's going to make an example of us. The best thing to do is to go to the Head, and own up in a frank and manly way. Don't you think so?"

"Well, go ahead and do it. I don't mind."



The governors were coming on board the Benbow, and some of the juniors gathered—at a respectful distance—to watch them.

"I don't mean me. I mean that you should go to the Head and own up in a frank and manly way," explained Toodles.

"But I didn't swamp the Head. You did."

"I did it on your account," said Tuckey. "It comes to the same thing. You can own up that you did it—in a frank and manly way—"

"I don't think it's specially frank and manly to tell whoppers, old top!" said Drake, laughing. "If you get called up on the carpet, we'll come along and take our whack."

"I say, Rodney—"

"Well?" grinned Dick Rodney.

"Don't you think you'd better go to the Head, Rodney, and own up?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Tain't a laughing matter," said Tuckey Toodles warmly. "Well, look here, if you ain't going to own up, suppose you sneak into the Head's cabin—"

"What?"

"And you can hear what they're talking about, when they come, and see whether it's about us," said Toodles. "You could hide under the table, or behind the Head's desk in the corner, and listen—"

"You awful rascal!" exclaimed Jack Drake. "Do you want to be dipped in the river?"

Drake and Rodney scrambled off the

bowsprit—but Tuckey Toodles did not wait for them.

He scuttled away along the deck before they could get to close quarters. "Come back and be ducked!" roared Drake.

Toodles came down into the Fourth-form quarters with a run, and there was a crash as he collided with Pierce Raik in the passage. Raik spun against a study door, and Tuckey Toodles sat down with a bump.

"You silly chump!" gasped Raik. "Where are you running to?"

"Ow! Those beasts are after me!" spluttered Tuckey.

"There's nobody after you, you dummy!" growled Raik. "I've a jolly good mind—"

"I—I thought they were after me!" gasped Toodles. "I—I say, Raik, do you really think it's about us—the meeting of the governors, you know?"

"Certain," answered Raik, with a grin. "I noticed Mr. Packe looking at you very queerly in class this morning—"

"Oh, dear!"

"And the Head was speaking to him about you on deck after class. I caught your name—"

"Ow!"

"I'm afraid it's all up with you, Toodles," continued Raik, with an air of great commiseration. "I'm sorry.

You might have got off with a flogging, but as the Head has called a governors' meeting, it's pretty certain that you're going to get the sack."

"Wow!"

"I really don't know what St. Winifred's will be like without you," said Raik. "We shall miss you awfully."

Tuckey Toodles almost wept.

"I—I say, Raik, old chap—" he murmured, as he scrambled up. "I—I say, suppose you go to the Head

"What should I go to the Head for?"

"And—and own up—"

"Own up?"

"Own up that you swamped the water over his napper—own up, you know, in a frank and manly way—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Raik.

"I—I say, you know—"

"You'd better go to him yourself and own up, and mention Drake and Rodney," said Raik. "That's my advice."

Tuckey Toodles shook his head, and rolled away with a dismal look. He was not inclined to do the owning-up personally. Daubeny of the Shell was lounging in the doorway of Vane's study, and he spoke to Raik as the fat junior disappeared.

"What's that about a meeting of the governors, Raik? Anythin' in it?"

Raik grinned.

"There's a meetin', right enough, he answered. "It isn't about that fat idiot, of course; I've been pulling his silly leg. He's let out that he mopped the water over the Head the other night, and Drake and Rodney were in it. It would be rather a joke for the silly duffer to march in to the Head and give them away."

Daubeny laughed. That kind of joke was quite after Daub's own heart.

"But what's the meetin' for, I wonder?" he said. "There hasn't been a governors' meetin' here since the school came on board the Benbow."

"Blessed if I know!" answered Raik. "I shouldn't wonder if we're goin' back to old St. Winny's. The rebuilding must be gettin' towards finished by this time. The governors might come here about that. Or perhaps they're goin' to hold an inquiry into fellows gettin' out of bounds, and goin' down to the Lobster Pot to play billiards," he added satirically.

Daubeny frowned, and turned away. Raik went on deck to look for Tuckey Toodles, with the amiable intention of further harrowing that fat youth's feelings.

But he did not find Toodles.

Tuckey had vanished, and Raik sought him up and down the Benbow in vain.

While Raik was looking for him, Tuckey Toodles was ensconced in a shadowy corner behind the Head's desk, in the Head's cabin, having sneaked unseen into that sacred apartment. Tuckey was determined to know whether the governors' meeting was concerned with his important self, and funk had driven him to take a risk which bolder fellows might have hesitated to take. Curled up in his

hiding-place, palpitating, Tuckey Toodles waited in trepidation for the meeting, which was now nearly due.

#### What Toodles Knew!

"THE merry old governors!" remarked Jack Drake.

The great men were coming on board the Benbow.

Some of the juniors gathered round—at a respectful distance—to watch them.

There was a good deal of surmise among the St. Winifred's fellows as to what the august meeting was specially about.

It was more than two whole terms since St. Winifred's had been shifted to the old warship anchored in the Chadway, while the rebuilding went on at the old school. It was understood that when the rebuilding was complete the school would return to its old quarters, but exactly when that would happen nobody knew. But a good many of the fellows, as well as Raik, surmised that the governors' meeting had something to do with that matter.

The great men, as they arrived, were shown down to the Head's cabin, all of them watched with interest by the St. Winny's fellows. At the other end of the shore gangway was a collection of cars and carriages, waiting for the dispersal of the august assembly.

"Where's Toodles?" asked Rodney suddenly.

"Give it up," answered Drake carelessly. "What does it matter? Let go and get some cricket. We don't want to waste a half-holiday."

"But Toodles—I haven't seen him since we chased him, an hour ago," said Rodney uneasily. "He couldn't be idiot enough—" He paused.

"I dare say he's in the canteen."

"Let's go and see."

"What the thump does it matter about Toodles?" asked Drake, in surprise.

"You remember what the fathead was saying," said Rodney. "If he has been idiot enough to sneak into the Head's study—"

"Phew!"

Drake looked quite aghast at the suggestion.

What would happen, if Tuckey Toodles were found hiding in the Head's cabin during the august convocation of the governors, was hardly to be imagined!

"He wouldn't be idiot enough, Rodney."

"He's idiot enough for anything. Let's see if we can find him."

"Right-ho!"

The two juniors hurried away in search of their fat study-mate.

Tuckey Toodles was not to be found in the canteen—his usual lurking-place when he had any cash. He was not in the common-room, nor in the study. Neither was he to be seen anywhere about the Benbow, and fellows who were asked shook their heads.

"I saw him sneaking round the Head's study about half an hour ago," said Sawyer major of the Fourth. "I haven't seen him since."

"Oh, my hat!"

"You didn't see him go in?" asked Rodney.

"He was peering in; the Head couldn't have been there," answered Sawyer.

"He's done it!" said Drake. "The utter idiot is eavesdropping again—at the governors' meeting!"

Sawyer major whistled.

"What a fiere!" he remarked. "If they find him there—my hat! I wonder what will happen if they find him?"

Sawyer major chuckled, apparently finding something entertaining in that question.

"Well, we can't rout him out, if he's there," said Drake. "Let's go down to the cricket, Rodney."

And the chums of the Fourth took their bats ashore.

Tuckey Toodles was not to be seen on the playing-fields, or anywhere along the bank of the Chadway, and Drake had no further doubt that he had concealed himself in the Head's cabin, in order to ascertain whether the governors' meeting was concerned with his precious self.

The juniors were thinking a good deal about him while they were at the nets, and when a stir in the line of vehicles at the gangway announced that the governors were departing, they came back to the Benbow.

They ventured as near as they could to the Head's cabin; but if Toodles was there he was still a prisoner. The governors were gone, but apparently their meeting was to be followed by a meeting of the masters. Mr. Packe and Mr. Vavasour, the masters of the Fourth and the Shell, came along and entered the Head's study, and they were followed by the other masters.

"Poor old Tuckey!" murmured Drake. "He's getting more than he bargained for, I think. Serve him right; but I hope the fat duffer won't be caught. The Head would give him an awful licking."

"Just what he should get," grunted Rodney. "But I hope he won't be caught, all the same."

The masters' meeting was, fortunately, brief.

In ten minutes the staff emerged, and Drake and Rodney noticed that there were signs of unusual animation about them as they walked away. Mr. Packe and Mr. Vavasour passed near where the two juniors were standing, and Drake caught the words "West Indies" as they passed.

"West Indies!" Drake repeated, when the two gentlemen were gone.

"They haven't been holding a discussion on geography, have they?"

"Here comes the Head!" murmured Rodney.

Dr. Goring came out of his cabin and ascended to the poop, doubtless to take a little fresh air after the discussion below.

"Now there's a chance for that fat-head to get clear," muttered Drake.

"Why doesn't he come out?"

"Perhaps he doesn't know they're all gone!" grinned Rodney. "He may stick there till the Head comes back."

"Oh, the ass!"

The two juniors waited, but there was no sign of Rupert de Vere Toodles issuing from the Head's cabin.

"Wait here for me," muttered Drake at last. "I'll give him the tip. He's got to get out while he's got a chance, the howling idiot!"

Drake tiptoed to the Head's door, and opened it softly.

The cabin was vacant.

Drake glanced round the room, and called softly.

"Tuckey! Are you here, you dummy?"

"Oh! Is that you, Drake?"

A fat figure crawled out from behind the desk in the corner.

"Hook it while you've got a chance," whispered Drake. "I guessed you were here, you burbling chump!"

"I say, Drake, I heard them—"

"Hook it!"

"What do you think the meeting was about?" exclaimed Tuckey Toodles breathlessly. "I—"

"Don't jaw, ass; get out!"

"It wasn't about us, Drake; it was—"

"I know that, ass. Will you get out?" breathed Drake.

"Yes, but I—"

Drake scudded away.

He had no desire whatever to hear what Tuckey Toodles had learned by eavesdropping, and he was very anxious to get clear before the Head returned.

"I say, Drake—"

But Drake was gone.

Tuckey Toodles rolled out of the cabin, very red and flustered. He had found it very hot and close in his hiding-place behind the desk, during the long confabulation of the governors. The Head's step sounded on the companion, and Tuckey rolled away. Fortunately, he escaped unseen. He joined Drake and Rodney on deck breathlessly.

"I say, Drake, I heard—"

"Shut up!" growled Drake. "Don't tell me what you heard. You'd no business to hear anything."

"But it's awfully interesting!" gasped Tuckey. "I was never so surprised in my life. I'm going to tell you, in strict confidence—"

"You're not going to do anything of the kind," said Drake.

"Of course, you fellows will keep it a secret," said Tuckey, unheeding. "It's not going to be generally known till the Head makes the announcement to the school—"

"Dry up!"

"And he's got to let our people know, and see what they think," continued Toodles. "It's a ripping idea, and no mistake! I shall be jolly glad to see the West Indies."

"The West Indies?" repeated Drake, remembering Mr. Packe's words. "What about the West Indies?"

"That's what they were talking about. They said—"

"Rats! Let's go and have tea, Rodney."

"But I say—" howled Tuckey.

"Bosh!"

Drake and Rodney went down to their study for tea. But Tuckey Toodles followed them at once. The fat junior was almost bursting with the tremendous importance of his discovery, and he was determined to impart the secret—in strict confidence.

But his study-mates were equally

determined not to hear it. They were, as a matter of fact, rather curious, but they did not mean to share in Tuckey's eavesdropping. As soon as the fat junior opened his mouth, Jack Drake picked up a loaf from the study table, and poised it in the air.

"Where will you have it?" he demanded.

"I say—"

"You say one word about what you heard in the Head's cabin, and you'll get this—on the boko!" said Drake.

"You silly ass, don't you want to know that—"

"Shurrup!"

And Tuckey Toodles, with a mighty effort, shut up. During tea he sat in a state that was very near to bursting. His mouth opened a dozen times to impart the news that was bubbling up within him, and each time a threatening gesture from Drake stopped it. For once in his fat career Tuckey Toodles did not linger over a meal. He jumped up before Drake and Rodney were finished.

"You silly asses!" he gasped. "I won't tell you now! I'll tell somebody else!"

And the indignant Tuckey rolled out of the study, in search of somebody else.

#### Startling News!

"H A, ha, ha!"

A roar of laughter greeted Drake and Rodney as they strolled into the common-room after tea. The Fourth-formers of St. Winifred's seemed to be in a high state of hilarity.

"Something's on," remarked Drake.

"Oh, it's Toodles."

Tuckey Toodles was the centre of attention in the common-room. He was standing on a chair, where he had mounted to make his amazing announcement, whatever it was. But the juniors refused to be either amazed or impressed; they were howling with laughter.

"I tell you—" roared Toodles.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What's this game?" asked Rodney.

Sawyer major wiped his eyes.

"It's Toodles—good old Toodles! Ananias was a baby to him! George Washington couldn't hold a candle to him! This is the biggest whopper he's ever whopped!"

"But what—"

"He says he heard it in the Head's study," chuckled Raik. "He's telling us all in strict confidence—it's not to go any further—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I tell you it's straight!" shrieked Tuckey Toodles. "The Head was talking it over with the governors—"

"Go it!"

"They all agreed. In fact, I think it was old Admiral Plummy's idea—he's chairman—"

"Pile it on!"

"It was old Plummy that made the governors buy the Benbow, when we had to shift out of St. Winny's. And now he's got the wheeze—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I tell you it's so! The Benbow is going to be fitted out at once for going to sea—"

"What?" exclaimed Drake and Rodney together.

"And those whose people will let them go are going on the voyage!" howled Tuckey Toodles. "We're going to the West Indies—"

"Keep it up!"

"And Florida, and Trinidad, and South America—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And—and up the Orinoco river—"

"And after that to the moon, I suppose?" chortled Raik. "And when we've done the moon, a trip to Mars?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I tell you it's true, every word!" exclaimed Toodles. "I heard them talking it over, I tell you. And after the governors had mizzled, the Head told the masters all about it."

"Bow-wow!"

"If you can't take my word—"

"Ha, ha, ha! Give us something easier."

"It's too rich, Toodles, old man," chuckled Daubeny of the Shell. "The governors haven't sense enough to think of such a jolly good wheeze."

"It does sound rather startling," said Dick Rodney, laughing. "Is that what you were bursting to tell us in the study, Toodles?"

"I wasn't bursting to tell you. I've just mentioned it to these fellows in confidence. It's not to go any further—the Head would be waxy if he knew that it was out—"

"Well, if there's anything in it, the Head will jolly soon be waxy," said Drake. "He can't fail to hear of it now."

"Oh, I say—"

"But it's only one of Toodles' yarns," said Sawyer major. "They grow bigger every time."

"Are we going to work the ship, Toodles?" asked Raik, grinning. "I can see us doing it!"

"No; there's going to be a crew, of course," said Toodles. "Old Plummy is engaging a sea-captain to take command. I can tell you his name, too—Captain Topcastle."

"What?" ejaculated Drake. "I know a Captain Topcastle; I've met him at home. He commanded one of my pater's ships that was sunk by the Huns in the war."

"That's the man, then!" exclaimed Tuckey triumphantly. "Old Plummy mentioned that he had been submarined."

Some of the juniors looked a little more impressed at last. It really looked as if there might be something in Tuckey's amazing communication.

"And the Head said—" resumed Tuckey.

"What else did the Head say? Pile it on!"

"He said the father of one of the boys—one of us, you know—was offering to bear a big part of the expense of the voyage. He said it was a gentleman who had employed Captain Topcastle—"

"My pater, then!" ejaculated Drake.

"Just what I thought," said Tuckey Toodles. "I thought of that at once, because your pater's rolling in money, Drake, through his blessed tin-mines in Nigeria."

Drake whistled. "Blessed if I don't think there's something in it!" he said. "I had a letter from my pater yesterday, and he said I should soon be receiving some news that would please me. He wouldn't tell me what it was, because the details hadn't been settled."

"Is Tuckey telling the truth, then?" ejaculated Sawyer major, in astonishment. "Blessed if I ever thought a miracle would happen on the old Benbow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "I told you it was straight," said Tuckey Toodles reproachfully. "The Head's going to make an announcement to the school in a few days. Of course, he mustn't know we know. I've told you fellows in confidence—"

There was a roar of laughter again. Tuckey Toodles had told about half the Lower School in confidence, and certainly the news was likely to be talked about from stem to stern of the Benbow before an hour had passed.

"We're not all going, you know," continued Toodles. "The Head said that St. Winifred's was ready now to take back part of the school; it can't accommodate the lot. Those that don't go on the voyage will go back to the school. I'm going on the voyage, you bet. I'm going to look for a diamond-mine in South America. We may all come home rich, you know. I only hope the Head won't come—or old Packe! I don't think they ought to let our Form-master come! It won't be like a holiday if old Packe comes along—"

"TOODLES!" It was a terrific voice in the doorway.

Tuckey Toodles spun round in dire alarm, as he recognised the voice of the gentleman he had just been describing as "old Packe."

Mr. Packe was looking in at the open doorway with a look that the fabled basilisk might have envied.

"Toodles!" "Oh, my eye!" gasped Tuckey.

He stumbled off the chair, and fell with a bump to the floor. Mr. Packe advanced into the room. There was a sudden silence. The expression on Mr. Packe's face deprived the juniors of any inclination to laugh now.

"Toodles, you—you—you—" spluttered Mr. Packe.

Tuckey sat up breathlessly, and blinked at the master of the Fourth. Mr. Packe glowered down at him.

"Were you alluding to me, Toodles?" he thundered.

"Oh! Oh, no, sir!" stuttered Tuckey.

"I distinctly heard you, sir, refer to me as 'old Packe'!"

"Not at all, sir! I—I wouldn't! I—I—I was referring to another beast, sir—"

"What?" "I—I mean another old Packe, sir!" babbled Tuckey.

"Get up, Toodles! I require to know how you have learned anything regarding the Head's intention of sending the Benbow to sea. So far, the matter has not been mentioned outside the Head's study, yet I find you discussing it here."

The juniors exchanged glances. Mr.

Packe's words were a confirmation of Tuckey's amazing news.

"I—I—I—" burred Tuckey Toodles helplessly.

"How did you know anything about it, Toodles?"

"I—I didn't, sir! I—I never heard a word! I—I wasn't behind the Head's desk when the governors were there—" babbled the fat junior.

"What!" ejaculated Mr. Packe. "You—you were concealed in the Head's study during the governors' meeting?"

"No!" howled Toodles. "I—I've just told you I wasn't, sir!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Silence! This is not a laughing matter. Toodles, follow me at once; the Head will deal with you."

"Oh, dear!" Tuckey Toodles limped out of the

room after the angry Form-master, with a dismal countenance.

Shortly afterwards loud sounds of woe were heard proceeding from the Head's study—which seemed to indicate that Dr. Goring's birch was getting some exercise!

When Tuckey Toodles was seen again, he was crawling to his study in a series of contortions, groaning deeply.

That evening the juniors of St. Winifred's were excitedly discussing the new prospects that had opened before them—with the exception of Rupert de Vere Toodles. Toodles was not in a mood of happy anticipation, like the rest. He was groaning dismally in his study, in the lowest of spirits, and so long as the effect of the birching lasted, Tuckey, like Rachel of old, mourned and would not be comforted.

All Aboard!

ST. WINIFRED'S had heard the news, owing to Tuckey Toodles, earlier than had been intended. But the next day the official announcement came.

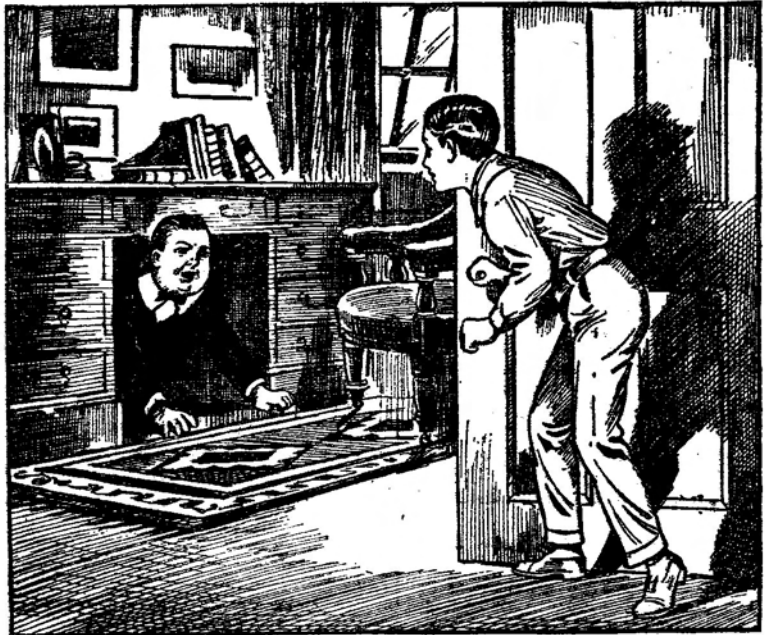
Needless to say, no other topic was discussed on the Benbow, and the fellows who were going on the voyage were in the seventh heaven of delight.

Not all of them wanted to go, and not all that wanted could go, but it was likely that a very considerable proportion of St. Winifred's would go to sea with the old Benbow.

There was a great deal to be done to the Benbow before she could be ready for sea, and that could not be done while the school was on board.

A few days later, therefore, St. Winifred's dispersed from the old warship, Captain Topcastle coming on board to superintend the ship being towed down the river to Chadport, where she was to be refitted.

The fellows who were booked for the sea went to their homes, to wait until the Benbow was ready to sail; the rest returned to St. Winifred's School.



Drake glanced round the Head's study, and called softly. A fat figure crawled from the desk. "Oh, is that you, Drake?"

which was now able to accommodate their number.

With them went the Head, and all the Sixth Form, as well as the Third-form fags, who were considered too youthful for the school at sea.

But most of the Fourth and the Shell were booked for the voyage, among them Jack Drake and Rodney, and Tuckey Toodles, and Daubeny and Co., and some of the Fifth were also in the number.

Dick Rodney and Tuckey Toodles went home with Jack Drake for the unexpected holiday while the Benbow was refitting at Chadport.

There was a good deal of shopping to be done for the voyage, and Tuckey Toodles found it advantageous to do his shopping in Jack Drake's company. Drake had plenty of money now, and Tuckey Toodles certainly hadn't; and undoubtedly Tuckey obtained a better outfit than would have been the case if he had done his shopping alone.

"But what about arms, you fellows?" said Tuckey Toodles suddenly

one evening. "We ought to take arms with us."

"Well, we're going to," said Drake. "We're not going to have our arms amputated, I suppose?"

"I don't mean arms—I mean arms," explained Tuckey lucidly. "Weapons, you know—guns and things. Do you think your pater would spring another twenty quids, Drake?"

"I know I'm not going to ask him!" grinned Drake.

"I might do it on ten," said Tuckey reflectively. "You see, we're bound to be armed. I intend to shoot lions and tigers in South America—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We ought to bring home their skins, you know; that'll make the stay-at-home fellows, at St. Winny's green with envy," said Tuckey coolly. "We'll have a tiger-skin rug in the old study at St. Winny's when we come home, old scout."

"Not if you look for the tiger in South America!" said Rodney, laughing. "There aren't any lions or tigers here, fathead!"

"Well, elephants, then—"

"Or elephants, ass!"

"Well, I suppose there's something to shoot," said Tuckey Toodles peevishly. "I mean to take a gun. Of course, you fellows couldn't be trusted with firearms. I'm a dead shot, you know. I can hit anything with a pea-shooter, and I dare say it would be the same with a rifle. Besides, I'm going to shoot Red Indians. You needn't say there aren't any Redskins in South America, Rodney—there must be."

"I don't think they'll let you shoot them, though!" grinned Rodney. "And I don't think Mr. Packe would, either."

"It's rotten for old Packe to be coming—as I told him," said Toodles. "There's nerve for you—I'll bet either of you fellows wouldn't have told old Packe that you didn't want him to come—"

"Nor you, if you'd known he could hear you."

"Still, the Head isn't coming—that's something," went on Toodles hastily. "Things might be worse. Do you mind if I ask your pater to stand me a rifle, Drake? I'd ask my father, only—only—his money is mostly tied up in War Loan, you know—"

"You can ask him," grinned Drake. "I don't think my pater will help you to commit suicide. But you can ask him."

Tuckey Toodles did ask him, but apparently met with a refusal, for certainly a rifle was not part of Toodles' outfit when he went on board the Benbow at last, at Chadport.

It was a great day for Jack Drake and Co. when they met once more on board the old warship, wonderfully altered since they had last beheld it.

Captain Topcastle was in command, with a smart crew; the old ship had been newly refitted and painted from stem to stern, and there was a good deal of alteration in the junior quar-

ters. The old ship rocked to her anchor in the harbour, and Tuckey Toodles' expression changed suddenly as he felt a motion beneath his feet.

"I—I—I say, I hope we sha'n't be seasick, you fellows!" he said.

"You will!" said Rodney cheerily. "You won't be able to eat anything for about a week, old chap. Think of that!"

"Oh, dear!"

"There'll be a burial at sea before we've been a week out, in that case!" said Drake, laughing.

"I—I think I'd better have a jolly good tuck-in to-night, then, as we're sailing to-morrow," said Tuckey Toodles thoughtfully. "Come along to the canteen, Drake, old chap, will you? Lucky you've got plenty of money."

Tuckey Toodles did lay in a good supply that evening, and to judge by his complexion when he went to bed, he was likely to feel the effects on the morrow, whether he was seasick or not. Tuckey's slumbers were very uneasy that night, while the other fellows slept soundly in their hammocks, and dreamed of tropic seas and woody islands and the Spanish Main.

THE END.

In next Tuesday's issue of "The Greyfriars Herald" will appear the first ripping complete story of a new series by OW N CONQUEST. The title of the tale will be THE SCHOOL AT SEA, and in it Daubeny and Co. have a last flutter ashore and meet a queer customer. The experience of Tuckey Toodles and others when the Benbow begins to bound over the briny, will keep you in roars of laughter! Bring all your chums aboard for the voyage!

#### RESULT OF TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION.—No. 27

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

J. HANLEY GRIFFITHS,  
The Maese,  
Llanbythter, S. Wales.

Tuck Hampers have been awarded to the following six competitors, whose solutions came next in order of merit:

John Abel, 183, Shields Rd., Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Wm. Wood, 32, Hopkins St., Bolton, Lancs; Jack Moore, 120, Wellesley Rd., W. Croydon; E. Lidgett, 32, Scotland Green, Tottenham, N.17; W. Horcroft, The Drive, Rotton, Willington, Eastbourne; Arthur L. Jeffery, 10, Denmark St., Bedford.

#### CORRECT SOLUTION:

Dear All,—Since the appearance of the first instalments of the fine detective serial by George Wingate, many chaps in the Remove have been asking why their yarns of pirates, brigands, etc., have not been used first, as they were submitted first. It's because the best gets served first in editorial labour.

HARRY.

## MY KRICKET KOLLUM

By  
BILLY BUNTER

"LOOK hear, Wharton," I said, stopping the kaptin of the Remove kricket eleven in the passidge. "I suppose you want to win the match this afternoon against Courtfield County Counsel Skool?"

"Of course!"

"Then you'd better give me a place in the team. You left me out when you plade Highclife and the Upper Forth, with the ressalt that the Remove was wacked to the wide! I trusted you have propheted by your mistaik, and that you will inklude me in the eleven on this suspicious okasion."

Grately to my serprize, Wharton said:

"All serene, Bunt. I'll put your name down to play."

I was farelly flabbergasted. You see, I had fooly ekspeketed to be left out, owing to personnal jellussy on Wharton's part.

"Thanks orfully!" I said.

When the other feloes new that I had bean selekcted to play, their was weeping and nashing of teeth.

Evveryboddy said that Wharton was mad.

"Weight and sea!" I said grimmy. "I will show you dowting Tommuses that I can batt like a Jessup or a Nobbs!"

"Ratts!"

I then fownd, to my konsternashun, that I hadn't any kricket flannels.

But then I rekkerlekcted that Bolsover major had a nice cleen soot of flannels.

Akkordingly, I maid my way to Bolsover's study, and ransackt his chest.

I got into the flannels with sun differkulty, but it was a tite skweeze.

However, it was no use growsing. Having chanjed into kricket attire, and parted my haro on both sides, in order to look nuttish, I hurried away to the pavvillion.

The Courtfield team had arived by this time. Wharton won the toss, and elekcted to batt 1st.

Alass! The Remove wickits fell like ninepinns. Man after man went in, and came out agane kwicker than he went. And at last I heard a grate cry.

"Bunter!"

"Where's Bunter?"

"Bunter aloan can save the side!" It was my sooprem moment. As I stept out of the pavvillion, swinging my bat over my sholder, I was the enclosure of all eyes.

But befour I had taken a kuppel of paces, a hevvy hand fell upon the nape of my nekk, and a voice—the voice of Bolsover major—rored out:

"You fat theef! You've bagged my flannels!"

And then the beestly booly bumped me with such vigger that Wharton had to tellyfone for the ambulause.

THE END.



# THE MISSING CRICKETER!

The first story of our magnificent new series dealing with the amazing adventures of

**HERLOCK SHOLMES**  
DETECTIVE

Written by

**PETER TODD**

**S**HAKESPEARE—a well-known playwright—has very truly observed that one man in his time plays many parts. This is particularly true of my amazing friend, Mr. Herlock Sholmes. During our residence together at Shaker Street I had the opportunity of witnessing many of his rôles—indeed, I have even seen him lurch upon a roll. But the case of the missing cricketer brought to light a fresh side of his variegated character, to my increasing astonishment and admiration.

Sholmes was glancing over the morning paper when Sir Filbert Duxegg, the captain of Dudshire County, was shown in by Mrs. Spudson. The strange disappearance of Mr. H. Walker, the champion bat of Dudshire, was then absorbing public attention.

Sholmes, I knew, was interested in sport. He was an expert at shove-ha-penny, and at marbles he had few equals. On horses his opinion was final; he knew why Squared Jim had won the Swindleton Handicap, and why Nobbled Nick had lost. With his usual judgment, he had backed Welsh Rabbit for the War Stakes. But I was yet to learn that his knowledge of cricket was equally extensive and peculiar.

He glanced up over his paper at our visitor, with his penetrating glance.

"Good-morning, Sir Filbert," he said affably.

Our visitor gave a start.

"You know my name!"

"Evidently," said Sholmes, carelessly turning over the newspaper page, upon which a photograph of the Dudshire captain appeared. "Pray be seated. I am Herlock Sholmes. You may speak quite freely before my friend Dr. Jotson."

I gazed at Herlock Sholmes with silent admiration. With no clue but the photograph under his eyes, he had recognised the captain of Dudshire at a glance.

I could see that our visitor was also impressed. This nonchalant display of my amazing friend's powers had given him confidence in Herlock Sholmes.

"You have called in reference to your missing batsman, I presume?" continued Sholmes.

"That is the case." Sir Filbert leaned forward eagerly. "To-day we play Slopshire, and if Walker is not found we shall never pull through. Yesterday he disappeared—"

"Without leaving a clue?"

"He was last seen in the dressing-room. Nothing was found there but an empty bottle—"

"Ah!" I could see that Sholmes was interested. "Was there any distinguishing mark upon the bottle?"

"A label bore the name 'Johnnie Walker.' The police surmise that it may have contained some intoxicating fluid."

"It is possible."

"Mr. Sholmes, our only hope is in you."

Sholmes glanced at his watch.

"At what time does the match begin to-day, Sir Filbert?"

"Ten-thirty."

"And it is now half-past nine. You have not been in a hurry to call in my services," said Herlock Sholmes, with a touch of irony. "You relied on the official police, no doubt. However, if your only hope is in me, it is up to me to justify your faith: Dudshire will win the match to-day, Sir Filbert."

"Then you think—" exclaimed the baronet eagerly.

"I do not think; I know. By the aroma that floats in at the window,



Sholmes opened with a beautiful right swing to the wicket-keeper's nose.

I judge that your car is waiting below. Let us be off. Rely upon me, Sir Filbert. I have, as a matter of fact, backed Dudshire to the extent of eighteenpence, and if they should be beaten to-day the financial results to me will be serious. Allons!"

We hurried down to the car.

In a few minutes we were whizzing through the busy streets, en route for the Dudshire County ground. It had been my intention that morning to attend the funeral of one of my patients, but I was too keenly interested in Sholmes's work to think of it now.

The Dudshire ground was already crowded when we arrived.

The visiting eleven undoubtedly counted upon an easy victory, in the absence of Dudshire's champion bat. But they reckoned without Herlock Sholmes.

The bottle was produced. Sholmes examined it attentively, and his expression showed that the scent emanating from it was familiar to him.

Sir Filbert watched him anxiously. Sholmes spoke at last.

"This bottle contained spirits," he said. "Walker has been spirited away."

"The stumps are already pitched!" exclaimed Sir Filbert, in despair. "Mr. Sholmes, can you do nothing for us?"

"Everything," answered Herlock Sholmes quietly. "I have said that Dudshire shall win. Play me."

"You!" ejaculated the Dudshire captain. "Come, then! There is no time to be lost!"

I could scarcely believe my own eyes when Herlock Sholmes ran lightly into the field, bat in hand, to open the innings for Dudshire. Accustomed as I was to the versatility of my amazing friend, I was not prepared for this development.

But I watched with confidence. And my confidence was soon justified.

It is safe to say that such cricket had never been played before on the Dudshire County ground.

From the first ball of the first over Sholmes was master of the situation.

He opened brilliantly, with a beautiful right swing to the wicket-keeper's nose, and there was a cheer from the Dudshire crowd. Then he gave a miss in baulk, modulated rapidly into C minor, and potted the red, amid growing enthusiasm.

Eager eyes followed him as he charged square-leg, boxed the compass, and, with an obligato entirely on the G string, took a header, and scored a bull's-eye on the pavilion clock.

Dismay fell upon Slopshire, utterly unaccustomed to play of this quality.

But Sholmes was not finished yet.

Without stopping to take the rest, he huffed his opponent's king, and in less time than it would take to recite "The Charge of the Gas Company" he had beaten the opposing ranks, reached high-water mark, and put the lid on. Then there was enthusiastic clapping, as he jazzed with amazing velocity and cannoned off the cushion.

Little more remains to be told. Nonchalant as ever, Herlock Sholmes checked with the knight, and trumped the ace, amid thunderous cheers.

He was borne shoulder-high from the field.

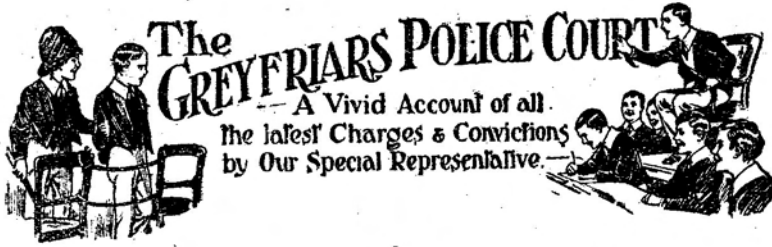
"Well, Jotson?" he said, with a smile, a few hours later, as we took our seats in the train for London.

"Sholmes!" I gasped.

It was all I could say. There were no words in which I could express my admiration for my friend's astounding abilities.

THE END.

Next week's case will be "The Bacon Mystery!"



**The GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT**  
— A Vivid Account of all  
The latest Charges & Convictions —  
by Our Special Representative.

Mr. Justice Wharton was in great form during the police-court proceedings on Wednesday. He dealt out sentences with a liberal hand, and his temper was somewhat ruffled—probably on account of the fact that P.-c. Johnny Bull inadvertently hit him on his worshipful pate with a trancheon!

**PUNISHING A PROFITEER!**  
Notorious Swindler in the Dock!

There was a buzz in the court when Fisher Tarleton Fish, a well-dressed youth with a face like a fruit salad, was hustled into the dock.

Magistrate: How now, you scurvy knave? Whom have you been swindling?

Prisoner: I guess—

Magistrate: So do I! I guess and calculate you will go to prison for two days with hard labour!

Mr. R. Cherry, K.C.: Steady on, your worship! You haven't heard the evidence!

Magistrate: And I don't want to! (Cries of "Shame!" "Do your duty!" "Get on with the washing!" etc.)

Magistrate: I suppose I must humour these hecklers?

Voice from the Gallery: If you don't you'll go out on your neck!

Magistrate: What is the nature of the charge against prisoner?

Mr. Cherry, K.C.: He has been guilty of profiteering, your worship. He had the cheek to convert the junior common-room into a restaurant, and he charged fancy prices for the stuff he sold. I propose to call Mrs. Mimble, the proprietress of the school tuck-shop, as a witness.

(Mrs. Mimble was hereupon assisted into the witness-box by means of the steam crane provided for that purpose.)

Magistrate (touching his wig): Good-afternoon, ma'am! What do you know about this matter?

Witness: Really, Master Wharton, I must say you do look that comical with a wig on! (Loud laughter.)

Magistrate (sharply): You are not here to discuss the personal appearance of the presiding official! You are here to state your evidence in a clear, concise, and comprehensive manner!

Witness: Gracious, Master Wharton, you'll be the death of me! (Laughter.)

Continuing, witness said that prisoner entered her shop on the previous day, and bought up all her stale pastries. She allowed him a considerable reduction in price, on account of the staleness of the articles.

Magistrate: How many pastries were sold altogether, ma'am?

Witness: Six dozen.

Magistrate: And how much did you charge prisoner for them?

Witness: Sevenpence-ha'penny the lot, Master Wharton.

Mr. Cherry: After obtaining this vast quantity of stale tuck for sevenpence-ha'penny, your worship, prisoner attempted to re-sell the pastries to the public at sixpence each.

Magistrate: This is the most flagrant case of profiteering which has yet been brought to my knowledge! Where are the gentlemen of the jury?

Court Usher: Playing a hopscotch

match against the Upper Fourth, your worship.

Magistrate: Very well. In their absence, I will bring in a verdict of dreadfully guilty. Prisoner will be sentenced to two hours' imprisonment in the coal-hole, and he will be made to consume, at one sitting, all the stale pastries he didn't manage to sell.

Mr. Cherry: In that case, you are sentencing him to a painful, lingering death, your worship! (Laughter.)

On hearing the sentence, prisoner attempted to put an end to himself by producing a small phial, which contained some of Billy Bunter's homemade lemonade. Fortunately, however, P.-c. Johnny Bull intervened, and the sentence was duly carried out.

**REPORTS IN BRIEF.**

Mr. Peter Hazeldene sought to recover the sum of fourpence-halfpenny from Mr. Gerald Loder, who had cheated him at cards.

Magistrate: I have no sympathy to waste on you. People who play cards for money cannot expect to have their grievances remedied in this court.

Mr. Hazeldene: We were merely playing nap for penny points—

Magistrate: A game of poker is more in my line. Hand me the court poker, somebody!

Mr. Hazeldene received a severe castigation before leaving the court.

Cecil Reginald Temple appeared in the dock to answer a charge of insulting behaviour.

Magistrate: Who has he been insulting now?

Mr. Cherry, K.C.: You, your worship. He referred to you as a female of advanced years.

Magistrate: What the thump did he mean by that?

Prisoner: I meant that you were an old woman—and so you are! (Laughter, and cries of "Hear, hear!")

Prisoner was fined a shilling, and his worship was seen to hurry away in the direction of the tuck-shop.

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 Money Prizes  
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 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.

**Solving the Problem.**

1st Old Lady (in a tramcar): Open this window, or I shall smother, conductor!

2nd Old Lady: Close that window, conductor, or I shall freeze!

Irate Old Gent (interrupting): Close one window, conductor, and smother one of those women, and then open it and freeze the other!—Sent in by A. L. Quarm, Netherton, Brookville Road, Portswood.

**A-May-zing Reason!**

A cavalry officer was being tried for drunkenness, and among the witnesses for the defence was his batman. In the course of his evidence, the batman mentioned that the officer had expressed a wish that he might be called early on the following morning.

The court was visibly impressed. They reasoned that a drunken man would hardly be capable of giving special instructions of that nature.

But the climax was reached when the batman was asked why the officer had wished to be called early.

"Well, sir," replied the witness, "he said it was because he was to be Queen of the May!"—Sent in by E. Cox, 21, Adelaide Road, Shepherd's Bush, W.12.

**IT TAXED HIM TO LIVE!**



ACTOR: "I never accept less than £40 per week."

FRIEND: "Phew! You must find the income tax very heavy on that."

ACTOR: "No, I can't say I do. You see I only had one week's engagement all last year!"

**Correct!**

"Bunter," said Mr. Quelch, "do you know what 'celerity' means?"

"Yes, sir," said the Owl of the Remove; "it's what you put hot plates down with!"—Sent in by W. David, South View, St. Osyth Road, Clacton-on-Sea.

**A Very Bad Job.**

Old Garge had been working for Farmer Hogg for nigh on fifty-six years, when one day his master told him that he must leave, but would receive a small pension for life. Old Garge was very surprised.

"Oi doan't quite understand, zur," he mumbled.

Whereon his master told him again, and explained more fully the situation.

"Ah, now Oi zee what you means, zur," said Garge, "but Oi doan't much hold wi' it, for when Oi comed here Oi bargained for a permanent job!"—Sent in by A. Wells, West View House, Pangbourne, Berks.

**The Limit!**

A man wounded in the riots had just had a bullet removed from his leg, and was telling his fellow victims in the hospital what a fine job the surgeons had made of it.

"Humph!" said his neighbour, scenting fun. "I dunno. When they took a bullet from my arm, they left a sponge in."

"Yes," said another, "and they left a knife in my leg!"

Just then the surgeon looked in and inquired:

"Any of you chaps seen my hand-bag?"

Then his latest victim collapsed!—Sent in by J. G. Houlston, 88, Orchard Street, Otley Road, Bradford, Yorks.

**A Running Expense!**

Bingle: I bought a tie-pin the other day, and it cost me five hundred pounds. What do you think of that?

Jingle: H'm, I bought a motor-car the other day.

Bingle: Oh, and what did that run into?

Jingle: A tramcar!—Sent in by G. Flude, 9, Compton Road, Leicester.

**Thought He Was Kidding!**

Mrs. Hawkins: I want a pair of shoes for my little boy.

Shop Assistant: Certainly, madam. French kid?

Mrs. Hawkins (drawing herself up): No, young man, he's my own son, and born in Brixton!—Sent in by G. C. Dawson, Boys' High School, Wellesley Road, Colchester.

**What a Cheek!**

Bill Tight, who was noted for his meanness, called one day in at the local barber's establishment.

"Hoo much for a hair-cut?" he demanded.

"Eightpence," was the reply.

"And hoo much for a shave?"

"Fourpence."

"Ah, well," murmured Bill, "ye can just shave ma head!"—Sent in by G. Hadden, 169, Bolingbroke Street, Heaton.

**Understood Then!**

Mr. Justice Wharton had failed hopelessly to make Wun Lung, who appeared in the dock at the Woodshed Assizes, understand that he was to place sixpence in the poor-box. At each attempt he was met by a stolid "No savvy!" from the prisoner. At last Mr. Cherry, K.C., decided to try his luck, so he addressed the accused.

"Now then, you almond-eyed, walking tea-caddie," he said, "his honour says you are fined a bob."

"That is a velly big lie, Bob," put in Wun Lung hastily; "it's only a tanner!"—Sent in by A. Arnsley, 64, Griffiths Road, Wimbledon, S.W.19.

**A Blockhead!**

Mr. Quelch (in suspicious tones, to Bunter): How came this block of wood to be thrown through my window? Do you know, boy?

Billy (nervously): I—I don't know, sir! That is to say, if I did throw it, I must have lost my head!—Sent in by A. Lawson, 11, Aubett Park, Highbury, N.5.

**HIS EXPERIENCE!**



TEACHER: "Now, Rupert, when is the time for picking fruit?"

LITTLE RUPERT: "When the farmer takes his dog for a swim!"

**Time He Knew!**

"What pleased me most," said the man, who had just returned from abroad, "was the wonderful clock at Strasburg."

"Ah, how I should have liked to have seen it!" exclaimed the ignorant youth. "And did you see the watch on the Rhine, too?"—Sent in by Miss Vera Williams, 45, Dashwood Road, Battersea, London, S.W.8.

**Quite So!**

The shopkeeper sent Patrick, his new assistant, downstairs to bring up a pair of boots. After a few minutes Pat returned bearing one lace boot and one button boot.

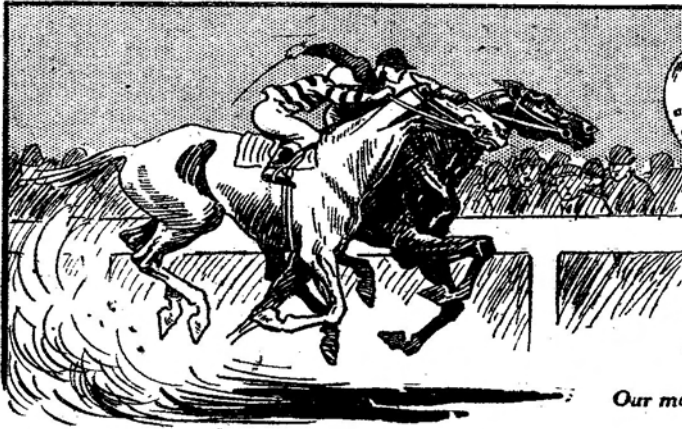
"Why, Pat, you great silly," said the shopkeeper, "have you ever seen a pair of boots like this before?"

"Yes, sorr," replied Pat promptly; "there's another pair below just like this!"—Sent in by H. E. Butler, 17, St. John's Terrace, Weymouth.

**A Solid Fact!**

Mr. Twigg: Now, Paget, can you tell me how iron was first discovered?

Master Paget: Please, I once heard father say they smelt it!—Sent in by C. Lazarus, 19, Clanricarde Gardens, London, W.2.



# The Luck of the Estors

THE OPENING CHAPTERS

Our magnificent new racing serial specially written by

**MAJOR CHERRY**

### The Derby Mystery!

FOR a few seconds following the announcement of the veterinary surgeon that the Derby favourite had been drugged, a breathless hush fell over the stable. From Lord Estor to the youngest stable-boy all were too utterly flabbergasted to say anything. It was Barney Bulfin, the trainer, who broke the silence.

"Sunfire doped!" he stammered. "There must be some mistake!"

"Unfortunately there is no shadow of doubt," said the vet. "This mark on the leg was caused by a hypodermic needle, through which the drug was introduced. Had not the mare been running to-day you would never have discovered that anything was wrong with her. Nevertheless, when she went to the post, she wasn't fit for the gruelling mile and a half over the Derby course."

Suddenly Lord Estor turned to the head groom.

"Are all hands present, Perkins?" he demanded.

"Ay, sir!"

"Good! Bring them together here!"

When the stable-lads were mustered about him, Lord Estor turned to the veterinary surgeon.

"Tell us, Whitcombe," he said, "how long ago do you think it is since this drug was injected into the mare?"

"Not longer than half an hour at the outside," replied the vet.; "possibly not more than a few minutes before the race!"

Lord Estor turned and gazed searchingly at each one of his employees. All of them felt uncomfortable under the scrutiny. The reputation of the stable had never been in doubt before. All connected with it had apparently pulled together with Lord Estor and Barney in keeping it free of the shady practices, which had crept into a good many of the operations in connection with the Turf.

The grand old sportsman was obviously controlling intense emotion as he commenced to address them.

"You fellows have all heard what has been done," he said. "Sunfire has been doped. Had I been told before the race that such a thing could have happened to a Derby horse, I should have laughed at the idea. That it should have occurred to my own mare,

the favourite, I can still scarcely credit. Sunfire has been in your care, and under observation all the time; still, if there is any one of you who can throw any light on this wretched business, let him speak up for the honour of our stable."

A painful silence again fell. A full ten seconds elapsed, and then Lord Estor drew a Havana from his case, and turned sadly away. His hands trembled as he applied a match to the cigar, while his back, usually so straight and soldierly, was bent as though the full weight of his years had suddenly descended upon him.

Barney Bulfin stretched out a restraining hand.

"You—you are going to report the affair to the Jockey Club Stewards, now, I suppose, sir?" he said, in a low, faltering voice.

Lord Estor turned and looked his trainer straight in the eyes.

"No, Barney," he said, "I'm not. The race has been won and lost. I've lost and I accept my defeat. It would only cause a fearful scandal, and wouldn't help us in any way towards discovering the scoundrel who has tampered with the mare. On the other hand, if we keep mum about

the matter we can get quietly to work in an effort to track down the culprit."

"But, sir——"

"I know you feel the matter as keenly as I do, Barney," broke in the Owner; "but I have definitely decided not to make a public fuss about the affair." He turned towards Perkins, and the other stable-lads. "D'you hear, boys?" he said. "I want to keep this business dark. Don't breathe a word of it outside the stables. Do you all promise?"

"Ay, sir!"

"Thank you, boys!"

He walked slowly from the stable, whilst the lads gazed after him, a sad and serious little group.

Suddenly to the astonishment of all, Tony Draycott took a quick step forward.

"Sir!"

Lord Estor swung round.

"Oh, sir, I say, we—we're all jolly sorry for you, you know!"

The Owner's face lighted into a faint smile as he gazed at the flushed face of the stable-lad.

"Thank you, Tony," he said quietly, "I know you are!"

Next moment he had left the stable, followed by Barney and the veterinary surgeon.

For a few moments, the hands discussed the occurrence in excited whispers, and then Colleen was prepared for the selling plate event.

Meanwhile, Lord Estor and Barney sought out Danny Wade, the jockey, and drew him aside from the crowd which thronged the paddock. In a few words they told him of the report of the veterinary surgeon.

"Phew!" muttered the famous jockey. "I almost thought there was something fishy like that, when the mare croaked up so suddenly. Yet it scarcely seems credible." For a few moments he flicked his polished riding-boots with the whip he was carrying. "Is there anyone you suspect, sir?" he asked.

"No," replied the Owner, "there is nobody whom I can conceive of doing such a dastardly thing."

"I suppose, Danny," put in the trainer, "there is nothing you noticed before the race—nothing that——"

"You can take it from me, Mr. Bulfin," snapped the jockey, "that if I'd ha' noticed anything suspicious before

### READ THIS FIRST.

*Lord Estor, a grand old British sportsman, is attending Epsom with his daughter, the Hon. Dorothy Cavanagh, a charming girl of sixteen. For some time the luck of the Estors has been bad, but now they expect a welcome change, for among the horses in the Estor string is Sunfire, the Derby favourite. Just before the big race, Tony Draycott and his chum, Dick Selby, two stable lads, see Danny Wade, the famous jockey retained by Lord Estor, drop a sheet of notepaper covered with mysterious letters and figures. They return it to Wade, who hastily stows it in his pocket. After leading the field in the Derby, Sunfire suddenly goes to pieces and does not even secure a place. Afterwards a veterinary surgeon examines Sunfire, and he gives the startling verdict, "The mare has been doped!"*

the race, I'd ha' said something about it."

"Quite so—quite so, Danny," replied Barney easily, "but naturally we want to make a few inquiries among ourselves to bring to light any little thing that might have been overlooked at the time."

"Well," growled the jockey, "you'd better cross-examine some of those chaps you've got in the stable. I don't like the look o' one or two of 'em."

"We've spoken to them already, Wade," said Lord Estor, "but I intend to hold a further inquiry when we get back to Newmarket. Meanwhile, I don't want you to breathe a word of this discreditable affair to any outsider."

"Oh, I'll keep my trap closed," said Wade. "I don't want my name linked with a beastly business of this sort." He ground his teeth together. "But, gosh! I'd like to get my hands on the throat of the scoundrel who doped the mare! I missed the chance of my life—the chance of bringing home a Derby winner!"

Leaving Wade and Barney still chatting together Lord Estor made his way to the portion of the members' enclosure where he had left his daughter, the Hon. Dorothy Cavanagh, in the care of some friends. He discovered her among a little group of well-known society folk, and in her presence, he assumed a cheery mood that he was far from feeling.

Dorothy was a charming, unaffected girl of sixteen, and realising the terrific disappointment her father had suffered over the failure of the beautiful Sunfire to lift the Blue Ribbon of the turf, she greeted him with eyes brimming with affection and sympathy.

Standing side by side, father and daughter watched the horses file from the paddock for the selling plate event, and then the race was run. As the horses thundered down the course, both strove to catch a glimpse of the violet-and-white, the Estor colours, and soon saw that Colleen was not among the leaders. By a spurt which was made a few seconds too late, the mare shot into fourth place, and Lord Estor turned away, with a grim smile on his aristocratic face.

Dorothy slipped her slim, white hand into his.

"Daddy dear," she murmured. "It's our unlucky day. But things will take a turn."

And in a curiously strained voice, as though addressing only himself, the Owner made reply.

"They must!" he muttered.

**Wade Drops a Bombshell!**

**A**LTHOUGH he had no horse entered for the race, it had been Lord Estor's intention to attend the Oaks on the Friday following the Derby. But the unsavoury mystery of the doping of Sunfire so preyed on his mind that instead of staying the night in London, as he had arranged, he returned with Dorothy to Grange Hall, his country seat near the little village of Framham, Suffolk, a few miles from Newmarket.

On the same evening, Perkins, with Tony, Dick, and the other stable-

hands, boxed the Estor string of horses at Epsom Station, and entrained for Newmarket via London.

On the following morning while Barney Bulfin and Tony were breakfasting together at the former's beautiful little home on the edge of the Heath, a note arrived from the owner requesting them to present themselves at the Hail at ten o'clock.

Promptly to time they reached the grand old mansion, which had been the home of the Estors for over three centuries. Tony had several times been inside the Grange Hall on various reasons, but he felt the same sense of awe that he had experienced when he had first set foot in the place, as he followed Barney and a resplendant footman through the old oaken hall, hung with "ancestors," and bordered with suits of armour of various periods.

The footman led the trainer and the stable-boy to the library, and there they were greeted by Lord Estor and Dorothy, who had been apprised only a few minutes before by her father,

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of the truth concerning the running of Sunfire in the Derby. A few minutes later, Danny Wade, the jockey, arrived, and then Perkins, and the other stable-hands, who had attended the Epsom meeting, were ushered in together.

When the door had closed behind the footman, the Owner opened the proceedings.

"I have invited you all here, boys," he said, "to discuss with me the—er—painful occurrence of yesterday, and to see if we can discover some clue which may lead us to the apprehension of the dastardly rogue who tampered with the mare. A rumour about the affair has reached the public, but only two of the morning papers cast veiled aspersions on our stable. There was some talk yesterday at the Club of an inquiry to be held on the running of Sunfire, but Wade so obviously rode a good race, that I am glad to say the idea was abandoned. Now I ask that each of you shall endeavour to think whether anything has occurred recently in the stables or out of them, that may have a possible bearing on this mysterious business."

"Since yesterday night, sir," spoke up Barney, "I've been wracking my brains with thinking, and I'm as much in the dark now as I was when I started."

Each in turn, the stable-hands followed the suit of the trainer, and expressed his utter inability to help

the Owner to a solution of the mystery.

Danny Wade meanwhile sat silent with his hands clasped across his knees.

"Come, Wade," said Lord Estor, "what have you got to suggest?"

The jockey unclasped his hands, and rose slowly to his feet.

"I suggest, sir," he said, slowly and distinctly, "that one o' the people here present hasn't said all he might ha' done."

It was as though an electric shock had passed through the little gathering. The stable-hands shot bolt upright in their seats and gazed open-mouthed at the famous jockey. Dorothy leaned forward eagerly, and Lord Estor bit through the cigar he was in the act of smoking.

"Good gracious, Wade!" exclaimed the Owner. "What do you mean?"

"Simply what I said, sir," replied the jockey. "You asked that each should tell you anything that has occurred in the stables or out of 'em that might have a possible bearing on this here fishy business. Well, all I say that there's one sitting in here now that could say a good deal if he cared to open his mouth."

"To whom do you refer, Wade?" demanded the Owner sternly.

"To him!"

Wade swung round and shot out a finger straight out in the direction of Tony Draycott.

The boy half rose from his chair in surprise, flushing to the roots of his hair, as all eyes turned upon him.

"Young Draycott," cried the Owner. "Impossible!"

"What a beastly shame!" exclaimed Dorothy. "How dare you say such a thing, Mr. Wade? Why daddy's known Tony since he was no higher than this table. Tony knows no more about the wretched business than you or I do, so there!"

The pretty face of the girl was crimson with indignation, and Tony shot her a glance brimming with gratitude for her generous-hearted defence of his honour.

"You bet I don't, sir!" said the lad warmly, as he faced Lord Estor.

"I can think of nothing that has any bearing whatever on the doping of the mare. If I could, I'd tell you like a shot!"

The jockey gave a sneering laugh. "He's lying," he said, "anyone can see that by his face."

Dick Selby sprang to his feet in defence of his chum, but Barney hauled him back into his chair.

"Perhaps, Danny," said the trainer, "instead of speaking in riddles, you will tell us what you know about young Tony's connection with this affair."

"I'm not saying he's connected with it," retorted the jockey, "but I'd like him to answer one question: Who was the chap with the blue scarf round his neck he met after the two-thirty race, in the public enclosure at Epsom?"

Like a flash the incident of his little set-to with the racecourse tout came back to Tony, and he gave a short laugh.

"Why, I told Dick Selby all about that," he cried, "then the matter went completely from my mind. Even had I remembered it, I shouldn't have

considered it in connection with the doping of Sunfire."

And in a few straightforward words, the boy informed Lord Estor and the others of the incident which had ended so unfortunately for the tout.

At the conclusion of the narration, the Owner wiped his brow with his silk handkerchief, and gave a sigh of relief. Then he turned to the jockey.

"I am satisfied, Wade," he said, "that this boy has spoken the truth, and that he is concealing nothing more from us. I would stake every penny I have on it."

"Well, I wouldn't," muttered Wade, "in case I found myself broke!"

#### A Gallop on the Heath.

**F**IVE minutes later the gathering broke up. Officially Tony was cleared of any duplicity, nevertheless, the words of the famous jockey had sown the seed of suspicion in the mind of more than one of the stable-hands.

For a few minutes, Barney Bulfin stayed for a private chat with the Owner, and in the meanwhile Tony and Dick stood chatting on the wide drive that led up to the Grange Hall, waiting for him.

When he came out he had some orders for Tony.

"You're to accompany Lady Dorothy for her ride over the Heath, sonny," he said. "Get out the Rocking Horse and Ladybird as soon as you can, and trot 'em up to the Hall."

Leaving Barney, Tony galloped away in the direction of the stables accompanied by Dick, who offered to lend him a hand. This pleasant task of accompanying the Owner's daughter on her gallops over the Heath, often fell to Tony, and the boy looked forward to these outings with a pleasure that never diminished.

Ladybird was Dorothy's own beautiful chestnut hunter, and the Rocking Horse was a dappled-grey colt, to which Tony had taken an extraordinary affection from the very first day of the horse's arrival in the stable, some months before. In his turn, the dappled-grey was never so happy as when the boy was with him. It was one of those curious affinities between human beings and animals, for which there is no accounting.

Owing to his splendid pedigree, Barney had expected to see the colt develop quickly into a magnificent racer, and it was an intense disappointment to him, when, after a long period of careful training, the colt showed himself hopelessly outclassed in every trial on the Heath, and no promise of ever being able to meet the requirements of the stop-watch.

But for all that, had Tony had the pick of the whole stable for his rides, he still would have chosen the Rocking Horse. If the colt wasn't among the cracks when it came to running on the flat, he could jump well, and the boy liked a good gallop across country.

Helped by Dick, he saddled the colt and the mare. Then, mounting the former and leading Ladybird, he set off for the Hall.

Standing at the top steps beneath the wide porch of the mansion he

found Dorothy already waiting. She was garbed in a smartly-tailored riding-habit, and was bearing a riding-crop in her hands.

She tended Tony a cheery greeting, gave Ladybird her usual ration of loaf sugar, and, with the boy's help, leaped joyously into the saddle. In deference to her "dear, old-fashioned daddy," she rode side-saddle, but had she been left to her own devices, Dorothy, who beside having inherited all the sporting instinct of her famous father, was a thoroughly modern young lady, would have ridden astride. Chatting merrily together, the girl and Tony trotted their mounts out to the Heath, and then set off for a brisk canter. The sun was shining brightly from a sky dappled with white cloud-patches, and a fresh ozone-laden breeze was blowing up strongly from the south-west. It was a day to set the blood tingling through the veins, and the heart beating fast with the sheer joy of living.

From the Estor stables, Sunfire, Romany Lad, and one or two of the other horses wearing blankets and blinkers, were being led out to exercise. Farther across the Heath, a couple of horses from the string of Sir Digby Garston were standing in the charge of two or three stable-hands. Tony gazed across at these racers with interest, for although the matter was supposed to be a secret, he knew that a trial was to be run some time during the morning.

Suddenly the sharp eyes of the stable-boy caught the glint of the sun being reflected in two pin-points of light from a raised bank of turf, far away over the Heath.

"Look!" he cried to his companion, "I do believe there's a tout in hiding, waiting to see the trial. Let's ride over and see!"

"What fun, Tony!" cried the girl. "Come on! Whoop-ee!"

Dorothy gave Ladybird the lightest flick imaginable with her riding-crop, and the mare leapt forward like an arrow from a bow. Although the Rocking Horse had often seen the heels of the crack racers of the Estor stable, he wasn't going to let any hunter ridden by a whip of a girl leave him behind. Without waiting to know the inclination of his young rider, he dashed madly in pursuit, and soon drew alongside his stable companion.

"Egad! I was right!" cried Tony, "the spy's broke cover!"

From the green bank of grass, a man darted out, and made at top speed for a gate in a long hedgerow. With no definite intentions in their minds, but in sheer exuberance of youthful fun and spirits, Dorothy and Tony pounded after him at full-gallop.

But the tout had had too long a start. He reached the white five-barred gate far ahead of his pursuers, and clambered hastily over it. Then, feeling himself to be perfectly safe, he halted for a second, turned round, and fired off a volley of foul oaths in derision.

As they came up towards the great obstacle, Dorothy drew rein and brought Ladybird to a standstill. But Tony's blood was up. He leaned forward on his mount, and whispered a short order into the ears of the Rock-

ing Horse. At full-speed the dappled-grey dashed towards the gate.

The tout's cry's of derision changed to a yell of fear, and he swung round and rushed madly away. Tony gently touched the neck of the thoroughbred, and without a second's hesitation, the Rocking Horse responded. He shot into the air, sailed over the high five-barred gate like a bird, and landed lightly on the far side.

"Hi! Stop there!"  
The spy heard the shout, and the thunder of the horse's hoofs behind him, and realised that he might as well save his breath as run any farther. He stopped and waited until Tony drew rein beside him.

"I—I ain't been doin' nothink, mister!" he whined, backing away a step. "Honest Injun, I ain't. Wotcher been a-chasin' of me for?"

"And what have you been running away for?" retorted Tony. "You're a tout. I saw you sneaking behind a bank, trying to watch the trials. I suppose that bulge in your pocket's where you've got your field-glasses stowed away?"

The spy gave a start and scowled fiercely. He was a wiry, unprepossessing individual of medium height, with a thin, rat-like face, and a towelled crop of hair of the shade commonly known as "ginger." Seeing he only had a box to deal with, he summoned up all of the small amount of courage at his disposal.

"Well, an' supposin' I was havin' a dekkie at the gees," he snarled, "what business it it o' yours?"

"I like to know those who nosy about the Heath," said Tony. "And I sha'n't forget your face. If you'll take my tip you'll keep clear of this neighbourhood in future, or you may run into a whole nestful of trouble one day."

With that word of advice, he spun the Rocking Horse round and trotted away. Dorothy, he saw, had dismounted, and had opened the gate, and he rode through and rejoined her on the other side, while the tout, muttering to himself, made off in the opposite direction.

Chatting and laughing with the Owner's pretty daughter, as they rode back to the Grange Hall, Tony soon dismissed the encounter with the ginger-headed tout from his mind.

#### The Mystery Deepens.

**T**HAT same evening, Tony Dray set out for a long ramble through the countryside. He walked about ten miles at a good clip, and were feeling a trifle fagged as they passed Lord Estor's estate on their way home. In the twilight, the wood which hid Grange Hall from the road, looked strangely gaunt and eerie.

Suddenly Tony gripped the arm of his chum, and pointed among the trees.

"Look—there's someone crawling through there, Dick!" he exclaimed.

"One of the keepers, maybe," suggested Dick.

"A keeper doesn't crawl about as a rule," said Tony. "The chap's a poacher more likely. Let's go in and see what he's up to!"

Nothing loth, Dick followed his chum over the fence, which bordered the wood, and, bending low in the approved fashion of Redskins and Boy Scouts, the two lads set out on the trail of the intruder.

They kept at a respectful distance for a short way, and then turned off down a branch path, overgrown with bracken. Then for a couple of hundred yards they moved along as fast as they could until they came out again on the path their quarry was taking.

Concealing themselves behind some bushes, they waited for the man to appear. As he approached, Tony drew a quick breath.

"The tout!" he muttered.

He pinched Dick's arm as a signal, and both boys stepped out on to the path and confronted the trespasser.

"What are you doing in Lord Estor's woods?"

The man let out a startled cry, and sprang for the shelter of the trees; but Tony had anticipated this movement and was prepared for it. With a bound he landed on the tout's back, and bore him to the ground.

"Yow! Lemme get up!" yelled the man. "I wasn't doin' nothink!"

Tony plumped himself on the fellow's chest, and Dick took a seat a bit lower down.

"Ooch! Groogh! Gerrup, I say!"

"See here, Mr. Tout," said Tony, "I caught you spying on the Heath this morning, and now you're found trespassing in the Owner's estate. What's the game?"

"I wasn't doin' no harm, I tell you!" whined the man. "I was only goin' up to the Hall."

"What for?"

"You lemme go, you interferin' young pup! Wot's it gotter do wiv you if I like to walk up to the Hall through the wood? You ain't a keeper, are you?"

"No, he isn't, but I am!"

The boys and their captive twisted their heads round in the direction of the voice. From among the trees had stepped a burly man wearing brown velvet corduroys, and bearing a double-barrelled shot-gun in his hand. It was Robins, one of Lord Estor's keepers.

"Who's that you've got there, lads?" he demanded. "A poacher, by the look o' him."

The keeper dropped to his knees, and despite the protests of the ginger-headed individual made a thorough search through his pockets.

"He ain't got any poachers tackle," murmured Robins in a rather disappointed tone. "These are all he had on him."

He held up a couple of grubby envelopes.

"Give 'em back to me!" howled the tout. "They ain't got nothink to do wiv you!"

"Ho, haven't they, my fine fellow?" said the keeper. "I'll just make sure, anyway."

Tony and Dick rose from their comfortable seats on the anatomy of the racecourse spy.

The keeper struck a match, and examined the envelopes.

"Hallo, one's addressed to his lordship himself," he said, "the other ain't got anything on it at all."

A confident smile lighted the crafty face of the tout.

"The other's for none other than Mister Danny Wade," he volunteered. "Now perhaps you'll give 'em back to me and let me deliver 'em."

Instead of returning the letters, the keeper slipped them into his pocket.

"I'm going up to the Hall," he said, "and I shall see Danny Wade later on, I've no doubt, so I'll deliver 'em all night for you."

"But see here, guv'nor, I—"

"Gerrout of it!"

The burly keeper swung a heavy hob-nailed boot in the direction of the intruder, and the tout dodged away with a loud yelp. Robins raised his shot-gun and fired into the air. Not seeing where the gun had been pointed, the spy let loose another wild shriek, and dashed madly down the path,

"My aunt, so it is! Let me have that, will you, Mr. Robins?"

"Why, you can have it for all I care," said the keeper, handing the note over, "seems to me some kid's been practising letters and numbers, that's all. Anyway, I can't read it, so I guess you can't!"

"Well, we can have a try," exclaimed Tony gaily. "Come along, Dick."

Bidding the keeper good-night, the two boys hurried home as fast as their legs could carry them. They were filled with excitement at the discovery of a smiliar cipher to that which had been in the possession of the jockey, Wade, on Derby Day, and in view of the mystery of the doping of Sunfire they had no compunction in following up the clue.

In the library of Barney's house they



The burly keeper fired his shotgun into the air. Not seeing the direction the gun was pointed, the spy let out another wild yell as he dashed madly away.

stumbling over the fallen branches in his haste, while the boys yelled with laughter.

Tony and Dick walked as far as the main entrance of Grange Hall with Robins, and there beneath the light of the porch, the keeper halted. He drew from his pocket the two letters, and ripped open the unaddressed envelope.

"Here, I say, you know—" began Tony in protest.

"H'm, you surely don't think this is for Wade, do you?" said the keeper. "If so, why hasn't it got his tally on it outside o' it? That fellow was a crafty-looking customer, and I don't suppose speakin' the truth comes altogether natcheral to him. Phew! This is a queer go!"

"Look, Tony," cried Dick, as he caught a glimpse of the sheet of note-paper, Robins was holding in his hand, "here's another of your precious ciphers!"

pored over the cipher till well after midnight, and at the end of the time they were no nearer the solution of it than they were when they had started.

"It must be one of those beastly ciphers for which you've got to have the key-book, Tony," suggested Dick, with a yawn. "I think I'll be going home to— What's that?"

A loud imperative knocking sounded.

Tony darted out of the room to the front door and threw it open. Outside was standing a slim girl dressed in white and with a silken scarf thrown carelessly over her head. Plainly she was very agitated.

"Lady Dorothy!"

"Yes, it's I, Tony. I—I've come to see Mr. Bulfin. It's about father—he's nowhere to be found!"

Another long, powerful instalment of this magnificent new tale of the Turf will appear next week.



# THE GRIMSON ARROW

A Thrilling New Serial Story of Buffalo Bill and the Redskins

By Mr. PAUL PONTIFEX PROUT

(Master of The Fifth Form.)

## The Charge of the Buffalo!

**T**HE trumpeter of the Dandy Fifth, at Buffalo Bill's order, filled his lungs with air, and sounded the "corral."

This is a call unknown to any regular army, save to the frontier forces of the United States. But it was understood by every teamster and ox in the long line of waggons.

The oxen, which were lying down in their teams of eight, placidly chewing the cud, rose slowly to their feet.

The teamsters, who were snoozing in the shade of their waggons, jumped up hastily, and ran to their teams where they stood to attention, waiting the second call that would put them in motion.

Most of them could now hear that strange rumbling which, like the growling of distant guns, sounded from all quarters of the horizon.

It was a stampede of buffalo, and men and oxen and horses knew what that meant.

The straggling members of Chief Deer-Who-Leaps' tribe were only just coming into camp, their long, trailing bunches of tent-poles dragging slowly over the prairie grass.

But their quick ears, also, had caught the distant rumbling. Yelling to their steeds, they hurried their paces towards the slowly circling waggons, which were drawing a line round the Soshone encampment.

"Catch up! Catch up!" rattled the order along the lines of waggons, answered by the reply "All set!"

Slowly the waggons were moving now.

"Stretch out!" shouted the stentorian voice of Buffalo Bill, and, amidst the rattling of yokes and harness, and the jingling of chains, the wagon line circled round the camp like a wall drawing in on the Soshone lodges that were already erected, whilst the scurrying laggards of the Indian party hastened their ponies to get into the fortress of waggons before the gate was closed.

Babies perched and strapped on the trailing travois behind the trotting ponies, yelled angrily as they were shaken over the prairie, the poles, to which their seats were strapped, bumping violently as the Indian ponies, already scenting the stampede, hurried for safety.

Soshone braves, yelling and whoop-

ing, were chasing in the odd bunches of their ponies, which had been let loose to graze on the prairie. Well they knew that these strays, once caught in the wild stampede of the buffalo herds, would be lost to them for ever.

The manoeuvring of the waggon-trains was splendid, as fine a piece of work as the expert driving of a battery of the Royal Horse Artillery.

Teams of eight oxen are not easy to manoeuvre on unlevel ground, and the Redskins were encamped close by a spring of water, which made the ground soft and spongy. And, in this, the great one-and-half ton waggons rolled heavily, their wheels sinking almost axle deep in the soft, loamy soil.

Buffalo Bill watched the manoeuvre anxiously. But he soon realised that amongst the men of the Dandy Fifth there were expert waggoners or bull-whackers, who had learned their trade in the packing trains of the old Salt Lake and Sante Fe Trails.

Furthermore, the United States Army in its expeditions against hostile Indians had always used waggons in transporting its provisions and munitions of war, save in the case

of mountain country, where pack-mules were used.

Very often mules were used instead of oxen. Indeed, the largest six-mule waggon-train that was ever used on the plains transported the supplies for General Custer's command, during General Sheridan's winter campaign against the allied prairie tribes in 1868. This train comprised over eight hundred army waggons, and was four miles in length in single column, or one mile in length when in four columns, which was the usual formation taken by those trains in the field. For an army marching over the boundless prairie is not confined by hedges and roads, as is the case with one operating in settled country.

The thundering sound increased as the waggons closed round the Soshone camp, shutting it in by a solid wall, the ox-teams circling inwards, the tongues run under the axles and the wheels interlocked at that part of the circle facing south-west from which it seemed that the great stampede of buffalo was coming.

There were not enough waggons to entirely surround the camp in this fashion, and, where their formation was looser, the bull-whackers ran spare traces and stout ropes between the wheels making a fence that even a buffalo could not break through without difficulty.

And as the circle closed, the last of the horses were rounded up and brought into the enclosure by the yelling Soshone braves.

Old Deer-Who-Leaps, the chief, had come to the door of his lodge, and he nodded his approval as the waggons closed round his camp in orderly array.

"'Tis well," said he. "Always prosperity comes to those who are friends with the Palefaces. Behind the Paleface waggons we are in safety, and but for these, my camp would be scattered and my ponies lost. For who can stand the charge of the great buffalo herd?"

Jake Bellew was flabbergasted.

The strange thundering sound was increasing in volume now, and it sounded as though batteries of heavy cannon were being fired below the horizon. The sound was exactly that with which we were made familiar with during the heavy firing in Flanders.

## READ THIS FIRST.

Into Fort Madison, the headquarters of the 5th United States Cavalry—the famous "Dandy Fifth"—rides a little group of horsemen bringing news of an uprising of the Redskins. The leader of the party is Buffalo Bill, and other members are Buck Dixie, Deadwood Dick, Uncle Baldy, Jake Bellew, old Prairie Wolf, a former Navajo chief, and Kit and Joe Desmond, two British boys whose father is a prisoner in the hands of the Indians. A mock convoy sets out from the fort, and the Redskins make an attack, which is beaten off with heavy loss. Afterwards some mysterious crimson-coloured arrows are found seven into the quivers of the fallen braves. Some friendly Soshones join forces with the Palefaces, and their old chief, Deer-Who-Leaps, suddenly gives the startling information that a great herd of buffalo is stampeding in their direction.



But this was the sound of a million hoofs beating the prairie, as the frightened buffalo raced onwards in stampede.

Goodness knows what causes a stampede of the buffalo.

As a rule, the great herd spread over many miles of plain; grazed its way onwards in its migration in perfect peace, undisturbed even by the shooting of a few buffalo, or the hunting of the Indians, which only affected certain detachments of its vast numbers.

The herd was divided into countless smaller herds, each commanded by the boss bull, who had fought his way to mastery. The leadership of these smaller herds was attained only by a long struggle by the young bull who aspired to it. But once reached, however, the victor was recognised at once, and kept his authority till some younger and stronger bull defeated him, or till he became superannuated and was driven out of the herd to become the prey of the grey wolves, who always follow the buffalo, killing and hunting the old, the maimed, and the sick.

But all these countless herds worked together, all keeping place, and moving together as though controlled by one vast and dominant will. Perhaps a few hundred yards only divided the lesser herds, but all moved together the division being plainly marked.

But, now and then, a sudden and unaccountable panic would spread. Maybe it was caused by hunting Redskins, or by nothing more than the barking of a prairie dog at the entrance of his burrow, or the passing of a cloud shadow. Then the panic would spread from herd to herd till the vast drove of thousands, packed up close in one vast wall of cattle, would go sweeping over the plains for miles, in an irresistible charge, sweeping away all before it.

Sometimes the Redskins would create a stampede merely for the purposes of war, for since there is nothing new under the sun in warfare, they would use the buffalo as tanks, to break up a small military convoy, and to stampede their mules and horses.

But Deer-Who-Leaps, listening to the oncoming thunder, gave it as his opinion that this stampede was too large to have been directly caused by man. But he held that the buffalo had been made nervous by the passing of many Redskins through their herds, and that some small natural scare had set them off. That this would happen, he had foreseen, and all his young men were ready for the hunting when the stampede would stop, and the great herd should again divide into tired and peacefully grazing parties, when hunting would be easy, and the harvest of buffalo meat plentiful.

For buffalo cannot stampede for ever, and after a great rush, are always lethargic and peaceful, exhausted by their wild frenzy and their career over the plains.

"Buffalo him come pretty soon!" said the old chief, gazing at the horizon as the noise of the thundering hoofs increased in volume. "You get your soldier ready, O Lynx Eye," he added. "They shall shoot, and my

young men shall shoot. Only thus shall we be saved."

Buffalo Bill nodded as he issued his orders.

Notwithstanding the solidity of the circle of waggons, there was danger, even now, that, should the press of scared animals hit the circle at the centre of the herd, the whole lot might be smashed up, and men and animals and splintered waggons carried away and crushed under that terrible panic of maddened animals.

"Have no fear, chief!" replied Buffalo Bill, "In the waggons we have the big guns which speak aloud, and these shall break the herd even when they are afar off. Already today you have heard the thundering of these great guns speaking against the Apaches and the Navajo braves. Now shall you hear them speak against the buffalo. And their ranks

out ready to fire at full speed when it came to close range.

Prairie Wolf prided himself that he could drive an arrow right through a bull buffalo.

Teekoopi crouched behind the boys, ready to load rifles and hand them up just as a loader hands the guns for pheasant shooting.

"Now, boys!" said Uncle Baldy. "Now it is th' time for quick, clean shootin'. I don't hold with them cannon which Buffler Bill sets such store by for stoppin' a buffler rush. I never heard tell o' huntin' buffler, with cannon, an' I don't hold with it, tho' I'm an inventive man!"

The herd came quickly. The boys, with their guns loaded, were watching the crest of the rise, which showed in a great wave of wind-swept grass, when suddenly it seemed to break into a crest of black foam.



The Soshones were fighting against the maddened buffalo herd as the British archers fought at Agincourt.

shall be broken. I, Buffalo Bill, who men call Lynx Eye, have spoken!"

Old Deer-Who-Leaps shook his head doubtfully. True he had heard the thunder of the guns of the Palefaces. But this meant very little to him. He had never seen a big gun fired before. The noises he had taken for the sounds of distant thunder.

He had heard that the Palefaces possessed big rifles which spoke with a mighty roar, but he had always regarded these much as we regard the sea serpent—a thing more prated of than seen.

And he had seen no signs of the Dahlgren guns behind the curtains of the well-screened waggons.

All went to their stations. There were no signs yet of the oncoming stampede, but away to the south-westward rose a cloud of dun-coloured dust, like smoke, which stretched across the horizon, as the sound of the countless thundering hoofs increased to a great roar.

The boys were grouped in a wagon with Uncle Baldy awaiting the onset. Prairie Wolf, armed with the Redskin bow and arrows crouched by their side with his arrows neatly laid

It was just as though the packed ranks of the buffalo had risen from the ground. Then they came thundering on down the slope, their thick ranks stretching for miles each side of that little circle of waggons.

"Jiniiny!" shouted Uncle Baldy. "We've struck the thickest of 'em! Shoot hard and fast, boys, or we'll be swamped out with bull meat, and stamped inter putty!"

The boys caught their breath, as the vast herd topped the ridge, blotting out the green grass by their closely pressed ranks.

They had heard of theatre and crowd panics. These huge brutes were in exactly the same case. The wings of the great army were pressing on the centre, which was just one solid, bellowing pack.

The weaker bulls and cows were being trodden down in the crush. But the leaders of the herd kept their station a few yards ahead of the main rush. And, in that portion of the herd that was racing down on the camp, the beasts were twenty and thirty ranks deep.

They could not divide to pass around the camp. They were pressed in by the flanks of thousands upon

thousands of maddened, stamping, goring beasts, all leaning against one another as they raced along. It seemed a marvel how any of them could keep their feet.

In one brief second, the boys had a view of the stampede as it swept towards them, and they were awed by the magnificent, but terrifying spectacle.

The stampede had taken the shape of a vast half-moon, the sailing formation of the Spanish Armada as it swept up the Channel.

Already on either side of the camp they were encircled by the great horns of this half-moon which had swept past them, two miles away on either hand. Roughly estimated, the face of the stampede was five miles long.

It seemed impossible that there could be so many buffalo in the world. But when it is remembered that no less than thirty-one millions of buffalo are estimated to have been slaughtered in the thirteen years between 1868 and 1881, and there was paid out between these dates in the state of Kansas alone £500,000 for the bones, which were gathered up from the prairies, for the purpose of manufacturing bone manure, carbon, and lampblack, some idea may be gathered of these huge droves.

During the building of the Union Pacific railway across the American continent Buffalo Bill himself, retained as a hunter for the feeding of the men in the construction camps, shot no less than five thousand of these magnificent beasts, and the completion of this railway witnessed the beginning of the indiscriminate slaughter of the herds which ended, in seventeen years, in their extinction.

In those days on either side of the railway track through Kansas and Nebraska lay an endless string of the desiccated carcasses of these noble animals, slaughtered wantonly by the passengers, who fired at them from the passing trains. And a sudden demand for buffalo robes springing up in the markets of the east assisted in their destruction. They were slaughtered by the hunters merely for their skins, and their carcasses were left for the wolves.

But this day of slaughter had not arrived, and the horde that was sweeping down on the camp was in full force of its fiercest power.

Crash! went the two Dahlgren guns, when that wall of shaggy fronts and tossing heads was five hundred yards from the camp.

Inside the circle of waggons all was confusion, for the panic had spread to the horses and Indian ponies, and even to the oxen.

Only Buckskin and Starlight, the two splendid mounts of Buffalo Bill and Buck Dixie, stood steady, spreading a ring of quietness amongst the cavalry steeds.

Buckskin knew as much about buffalo as his master, for he was the finest buffalo horse on the plains. He showed not the slightest signs of panic, and the other cavalry horses, though snuffing and disquieted, their coats lathering with sweat, closed in on him as a leader.

And wise old Buckskin, snorting contemptuously, went on feeding as much as to say "Who cares for a frightened buffalo!"

His example did a lot to quieten the cavalry horses. But the oxen and the half-broken Indian ponies were squealing and kicking, and dashing round amongst the waggons amidst the shrieking of the squaws, and the whooping of the Soshone braves, tumbling on their noses as they strove to break their hobbles, and getting horned by the oxen.

Only the strings of Indian babies hanging in the cradles to the great limb of the cotton-wood tree were peaceful.

Deer-Who-Leaps had wisely given instruction that the babies should be left hanging in the baby tree, for he knew that this would place them out of harm if the oncoming herd did smash through the barrier of waggons. And further it would keep the squaws from running about amongst the lesser stampede in the circle of the waggons.

Bang! bang! went the guns again, their shells bursting in the front ranks of the oncoming charge, one heaving up a huge bull fifteen feet in the air. He was a leader of the herd, and as his shattered carcass fell, those behind him fell over him.

Crash! A volley sped from the ring of rifles, all centred on that vital spot. There was only one thing to be done. The herd must be broken at that spot, or the camp would be wiped out.

The boys fired blindly into the infuriated mob of cattle, snatching their rifles from Teekoopi as he loaded for them.

The Soshone arrows filled the air with a cloud. The Soshones were fighting for their camp, just as the British archers fought at Agincourt.

It was a nip and tuck affair, this stopping of a wave of maddened beef. The Dahlgren guns were now firing canister point-bank into the herd at short range, and a pile of carcasses stopped the maddened brutes behind like a wall. They came leaping over it, only to be met by the rifle fire, and they rolled over at the very wheels of the waggons.

Sometimes, so great was the power of the crush that they bumped right into the waggons, causing the very timber to groan with the force of their charge, and now the boys were firing with revolvers, point-blank.

It only lasted a few minutes. It was the pile of carcasses in front of the camp that saved them.

The herd broke and swung back and round the camp, and the boys found themselves, trembling and bathed in perspiration, still firing into space. For the herd had swept on, leaving three hundred carcasses in front of the camp, a bulwark of the dead, which had saved them from the living brute force of that panic.

#### A Surprise For Kit!

**T**HE danger was over. But the panic was still going on in the centre of the camp where the Indians, ponies were squealing and biting, and madly endeavour-

ing to break out and run, amidst the yelling of the braves, and the shrieking of the squaws.

But, into this fighting, struggling mob, bucked a queer peacemaker. This was Maud the mule, with old Prairie Wolf mounted on her back.

And Maud had her own way of quietening a panic.

When a Redskin pony jolted into her, she slewed round and kicked him in the ribs with a twenty-horse power kick that sent him rolling with his hobbled feet in the air.

She bit and she squealed, and she hit out with her fore hoofs, sailing into the middle of the scrum, and fighting like a fury. And, all the time, Prairie Wolf sat her like a true broncho-buster, lashing out amongst the frightened ponies with a heavy bull-hide whip.

And soon, under this strange treatment, the agitated ponies and oxen began to settle down.

One old ox, who had broken from his yoke, roared angrily and tried to get Maud with his wide-spreading horns.

But Maud was ready for him. Smack! smack! went her ready hoofs on the flat flanks of the angry ox.

"Ouch!" grunted the ox, and he sat down looking as if he had wished he had not spoken.

Indeed, it might be claimed that Buckskin and Starlight, with their common horse-sense, settled the panic amongst the horses, whilst Maud, with her heels, settled the panic amongst the ponies.

In a few minutes the hubbub had quieted down, and the boys looking back, saw the great buffalo stampede sweep over another ridge of the prairie and disappear.

They heard its thunder for a long time, then it died away in the north-east.

"Buffalo him get quiet now!" said Uncle Deer-Who-Leaps. "Him go bye-bye an' eat! Then we go huntin'. Catchum plenty meat, catchum plenty buffalo hump, catchum plenty marrow bones, catchum plenty tongue!"

"I should think we have caught enough meat already!" replied Kit, looking at the great heaps of slain buffalo, amongst which the young braves were already busy.

"Catchum plenty more, soon!" replied Chief Deer-Who-Leaps, with proper magnificent wastefulness of a true Redskin, who has never bought controlled steak at fancy prices.

The boys walked out amongst the heaps of fallen buffalo, which spoke to the deadly accuracy of the fire of the cowboys, and of the Dandy Fifth, for most of these had been killed outright, and very few were in need of despatch by the Soshone braves, who joyfully undertook this job of butchery.

Uncle Baldy, grinning and stripped to his trousers, was ready to undertake the job of flaying and cutting up some of these carcasses. Such a haul of good food was not to be despised, and Buffalo Bill had at once ordered that the meat should be cut

up and loaded into the waggons for Fort Madison, where there were now many hungry mouths to feed. There was to be no Redskin wastefulness, taking only the choice portions, the hump and the tongue.

So Uncle Baldy with many others were stripping for the job of flaying the carcasses and of cutting up. Most of the troops were as expert as the Redskins themselves at this butcher work, for nearly all of them had lived on the plains, and had had to depend on their rifles and their knives for their lives.

Indeed, Laramie Jack had found once a bison the residence and shelter which had saved his life in a great blizzard on the prairies.

The skin of the buffalo is at its finest in February, the period of the blizzards that sweep across the great central plains of America, and hunters who wished to secure the best buffalo robes would often risk the weather and travel far out over the naked plains in chase of their quarry.

So Laramie Jack had been caught out in the open by a blizzard. His horse had broken his leg, and Jack had been obliged to shoot it, and as he was footing it homewards, he was overtaken by the blizzard, fifty miles from anywhere, in the midst of a vast open plain that did not offer even a willow for shelter.

And, in his plight, Jack had happened on a very old buffalo bull, outcast from the herd.

It was the bull's life or Jack's. He shot the bull, and cleaning out the carcass had crept into it, saving his life by the warmth that still remained in the body against that bitter blast.

And Jack told how a friend of his, who had, done this self-same thing, taking refuge in a carcass, had come near losing his life again, for the cold had caused the ribs and the hide of his shelter to contract on him, so that he could not have got out had he not been discovered and released by his friends.

"Tell you, boys!" said Laramie Jack, with a grin. "There's worse homes than the carcass of a dead buff, when you get in a norther. But you got to be careful that your buff don't freeze up!"

The boys moved amongst the mass of slaughtered beasts and selected one fine old bull, which offered them a splendid buffalo robe, for, notwithstanding the lateness of the season, his coat was in splendid condition.

"We'll take this chap's overcoat, Joe!" said Kit. "Hand us the sharpest of the knives?"

And he got astride of the buffalo, which he supposed to be dead.

But at the first touch of the knife on its skin, the buffalo bull heaved up his great bulk with a snort and stood, vicious and ready to charge, with Kit hanging desperately to his shaggy hump.

Another long instalment of this splendid Redskin yarn in which Kit meets with an amazing adventure will appear in next Tuesday's issue of "The Greyfriars Herald."

## My Weekly Interview

By the Special Representative of  
"The Greyfriars Herald"

This week:

**Mr. LAWRENCE LASCELLES**

"WHOM do you wish me to interview this week, mighty chief?" I inquired, bursting into the editor's sanctum.

"Would you care for a run over to Rockwood?"

"No, I wouldn't!"  
"All right. Don't get your wool off. You can stay at home, and interview Larry."

"Do you mean our worthy and respected mathematics master?"

"Of course. You ought to be able to squeeze a jolly interesting conversation out of him. He's a fine footballer; he's hot stuff at cricket, and he's a jolly useful man with his fists."

I nodded, feeling quite bucked at the prospect of interviewing Larry Lascelles, who is a very charming and accomplished fellow.

And off I went to the mathematics master's study.

The apartment was deserted.  
"Larry's evidently on the cricket-ground," I murmured.

And I made myself at home in the big armchair, and waited.

After an interval of five minutes one of the kitchen-maids came in, bearing a laden tray. She set it on the table, and my mouth fairly watered as I beheld the array of good things.

Doughnuts and macaroons and cream buns rubbed shoulders with each other, so to speak, in the dish. And there were hot rolls and butter—real butter, mark you; not the horrible oily margarine they serve in Hall.

"Katie," I murmured—the kitchen-maid and I are old pals—"this is an unexpected honour. Pour out the foaming liquid, and I shall be delighted to drink your health!"

Katie frowned.  
"This is not your tea, sir," she said coldly. "It's for Mr. Lascelles. He'll be here in a moment."

"Can't you bring in another lot, similar to this, for your old pal?"

"No, sir, I cannot!"  
And with a toss of her head the kitchen-maid withdrew.

When Katie had gone, I sat staring at the good things on the tray. They seemed to mesmerise me.

Of course, I should never dream of consuming somebody else's tea—especially when that somebody else happened to be a master! And yet, I reflected, out of such a large assortment of pastries Larry Lascelles would never miss one little macaroon!

I stretched out my hand towards the tray, hesitated, and was lost. I took and devoured one of the macaroons, and I was grimly determined not to touch any more.

The next moment the door opened. It opened slowly, inch by inch, and

presently I caught sight of a fat face, adorned by a pair of spectacles.

"Buzz off, Bunter!" I growled.

Finding that I was the sole occupant of the study, the Owl of the Remove stepped fearlessly into the apartment. His fat face beamed like a full moon when he caught sight of the laden tray.

"This is prime!" he murmured.

And he started operations on Larry's tea.

"Hands off, you fat thief!" I exclaimed angrily.

But Bunter went merrily ahead. He had made quite a big inroad into the pastries when a footstep sounded in the passage.

"Larry!" muttered Bunter,

And he picked up the tray, and promptly concealed it—and his own person—behind the screen.

He was only just in time, for Larry Lascelles stepped into the study an instant later.

I rose from the armchair, and recited my usual formulæ.

"If you please, sir, I am the special representative of 'The Greyfriars Herald.' I have come to interview you—"

"I shall feel more in the humour for an interview when I have had my tea," said Larry. "I cannot understand why it has not been brought in. I gave explicit instructions to the kitchen-maid on the subject."

From behind the screen came the sound of champing jaws. Fortunately for Bunter, Larry Lascelles failed to hear it.

He strode into the passage, and glanced up and down to see if the girl was in sight.

No sooner was Larry's back turned than Billy Bunter made a dash for the open window. He scrambled through in record time, and dropped down into the Close. It was not a very big drop—only a matter of a few feet—and when Larry Lascelles came back into the study Billy Bunter was out and away.

"This is most annoying!" exclaimed Larry, with a frown. "It is inconceivable that the girl should have put my tea behind the screen. Still, I will look, to make sure."

The mathematics master stepped behind the screen, and I heard him utter a sort of bellow. Then he dragged into view a tray, which contained a collection of empty plates, and an empty teapot.

With fury in his face, Larry strode towards me, and gripped me by the collar.

"Wretched boy!" he rumbled. "You have had the brazen effrontery to consume my tea, and to stand there like a statue and say nothing about it!"

"Oh, crumbs! I—I—"

"Have you anything to say in extenuation of your base conduct?"

"I—I only took one macaroon, sir—"

"You must learn to keep your hands from picking and stealing!" said Larry grimly.

With his disengaged hand he picked up a cane, and got busy.

Phew! I don't believe in these athletic schoolmasters!

THE END.



# TUCK HAMPERS AS PRIZES!



## GREAT NEW COMPETITION.

### 1st PRIZE 50/-. And 5 Other Prizes of Tuck Hampers.

This week I am giving the above splendid prizes, which will be awarded for the best efforts in the following simple task: Below you will find an attractive picture-puzzle, and I want you to try to make it out for yourselves. I myself wrote the original paragraph, and my artist drew up the puzzle. The original paragraph is locked up in my safe, and the First Prize of 50s. will be awarded to the reader whose solution is exactly the same as my "par." The other prizes, which consist of hampers crammed full of most delicious "tuck," will be awarded to the readers whose solutions are the next in order of merit. If there are ties for the money prize, this will be divided, but no reader will be awarded more than one share.

Should more than five readers qualify for the tuck hamper prizes, these will be added to. You may send as many solutions as you please, but each must be accompanied by the signed coupon you will find on this page. Write your solutions IN INK, on a clean sheet of paper, fill up the coupon below, and pin to this, and address to: No. 33, 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 15th.

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

I enter "The Greyfriars Herald" Tuck Hamper Competition No. 33, and agree to accept the published decision as absolutely binding.

WRITE CAREFULLY.

Signed .....

Address .....

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

**D** CHUM, *now* **P** **TO** *has* **DD** *hiii*  
*The fire originated in the engine room.*

*The clown gave a LAUGHABLE exhibition.* **A** **N** **T** **U** **R** **E** *of* **H** **E** **R** *Sholmes* **A** *GA*, *of* **U**

*who* **D** **3** **R** **E** **S** **E** **E** *LAST WILL* *come* **the**

**R** **E** **A** **P** *ance* **T** **O** **D** **E** **T** **H** **I** **H** *Jack is my comrade*

**D** **O** **C** **S** *The* **R** **S** **T** **O** **F** **U** *WILL* *we were overjoyed to hear the news*

**K** **N** **O** *Thi* *It was a GORGEOUS play* *ure. Your Your,* **H** **A** **R** **E**.