

The Secret of the One-Eyed Seaman!

NEW STORY
ON PAGE 4

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No. 35 (New Series)

FULL OF SCHOOL STORIES AND ARTICLES

June 28, 1920



THE ONE-EYED SEAMAN MAKES HIMSELF AT HOME!

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CHEERY VERSES!

MY DEAR CHUMS,—I have had a whole heap of ripping letters from you lately, and I welcome them one and all. Most of you have had replies, and I shall try and answer the others quite soon. Of course, it is not possible for me to answer them all in THE GREYFRIARS HERALD, for if I did so, there would be no room for the school tale, serials, and other topping features.

A Bradford chum, who sends me his full name and address, as I prefer you all to do, but who wishes to be known only as "Cheerio," writes as follows:

"There is only one fault I have to find about THE GREYFRIARS HERALD—it ought to be published every day 'The Daily Herald.' All my chums send their best wishes."

"Cheerio" also sends me a stunning little poem, and I'm sorry I can only find room for two verses. Here they are:

What paper's first in school and sport?
A journalistic leader.
Whose reputation holds the fort?
Whose stories thrill each reader?

Whose reputation and renown
Will never be imperilled?
Whose greatness never will go down?
The good old GREYFRIARS HERALD!

CONCERNING PHOTOGRAPHS!

Some of you are very anxious to know when the portraits you have sent will be published. On account of the very great pressure on the space in the HERALD, owing to so many new features and so forth, I have had to hold a good many photographs over, but I shall publish more as the opportunity occurs.

Your cheery pal,
HARRY.

GUSSY'S LITTLE BASKET TRICK! - - - Drawn by FRANK NUGENT.



1. Our pal, Arthur Augustus D'arcy, had just received a "fivah" from his aristocratic people, when Bill Boncham, the burly burglar, who had included St. Jim's on his nightly round of calls, popped his intelligent crumpet into Gussy's study.



2. But although the Swell of St. Jim's hastily deposited his remittance in the handy old waste-paper basket, Bill spotted the manoeuvre. "I'm werry partial to waste-paper o' that description," he murmured, as he dived after the dibs.



3. "Well, take the giddy basket as well, deah boy!" cried Gussy as he suddenly pulled the thing over Bill's head. "Now don't get watty! I'll 'phone up for a nice, black motor-car to give you a twee wide to Courtfield to the Hotel de Oakun!"

THE SECRET OF THE ONE-EYED SEAMAN!

A splendid, long, com-lete tale of the magnificent new series dealing with the adventures of the boys of the Benbow

By OWEN CONQUEST

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

CHAPTER I.

Spoo!

"TURN out, you fellows!" Jack Drake sat up in his hammock, and yawned.

Through the porthole of No. 8 cabin he caught a glimpse of blue waters and bright sunshine.

It was a sunny morning on the wide Atlantic, where the old Benbow was ploughing her way westward.

Three hammocks were slung in the cabin occupied by Drake, Rodney, and Tuckey Toodles. Drake and Rodney turned out before the bell had ceased to ring, but Tuckey Toodles was not in such a hurry. He peered at his study-mates over the edge of his hammock.

"I say, Drake—"

"Turn out, you slacker!"

"Hold on! Don't you fellows be in such a hurry," said Tuckey. "I've got an idea—"

"No time for your ideas now," answered Drake. "There'll be a race for the baths, as usual. Get up!"

"I don't specially want a bath," said Toodles. "I think this idea of bathing is rather over-done. Look here, I've got a jolly good idea. There's lessons to-day, and I don't want any lessons."

"Same here," said Drake, laughing. "But it's all in the day's work. You can't cut lessons."

"That's the idea," said Tuckey eagerly. "You see, we've been seasick. Now we've got over it, it's all right. But look here—Mr. Packe doesn't know that we've got over it, does he? Suppose we keep it up?"

"Keep it up!" repeated Rodney.

"That's it! We stay in our hammocks, you know, and when they come in to turn us out we groan awfully. We complain of sickness, and pains inside, and things. Old Packe will come and look at us, and he'll be awfully sympathetic. He's rather an old ass, you know. And we get the day off!" said Toodles brightly.

"You blessed fat humbug! Turn out!"

"Don't you think it's a good idea?"

"No, ass!"

"Well, I do," said Toodles obstinately. "You fellows can go and grind Latin, if you like; I'm going to be ill."

There was a scampering of feet outside the cabin, and Drake and Rodney, without giving any further attention to Tuckey Toodles, hurried out for "tubber."

Toodles laid his head to rest again.

The fat and fatuous Tuckey was quite pleased with his idea, which seemed to promise a day off from classes—a consummation devoutly to



Toodles unwrapped the parcel, and a raw cod's-head was disclosed to view. That was the morsel Daubeny had bagged for the invalid.

be wished, from Tuckey's point of view.

For three or four days after the school-ship had put to sea Tuckey had been ill, and he had not enjoyed his food, which was the heaviest misfortune that could possibly have happened to him. Now that he was well, and the roll of the Benbow no longer affected his well-stocked interior, the brilliant scheme of turning his seasickness to account had occurred to him. An extra hour in bed, and a day's loafing about the ship instead of work, appealed irresistibly to Tuckey. Indeed, if his little scheme was a success, Tuckey did not see why he shouldn't keep up his invalid stunt for a week or more.

So he closed his eyes again, in happy repose.

He was awakened by a rough shake, and opened his eyes again to blink at Mr. Packe, the master of the Fourth, who had come into his cabin.

"Toodles! Why are you still in bed?" exclaimed Mr. Packe severely.

Tuckey gave a deep groan.

"Bless my soul! What is the matter with you, Toodles?"

Groan!

"Are you ill, boy?"

"Yes, sir," groaned Tuckey Toodles. "I—I'm awfully sorry, sir, but—but I don't think I can get up, sir! I—I feel it very much, sir, as—"

as I was looking forward to lessons to-day. But—but I feel so awful, sir

"Dear me, this will never do!" said Mr. Packe. "I thought you had quite recovered from your seasickness, Toodles."

"So I thought, sir," moaned Toodles. "But—but it's come on again awfully, sir! I—I feel as if everything were turning round, and—and upside down, and—and—ow!" Tuckey finished up, with a deep groan.

"If you feel as bad as that, Toodles, you had better remain in bed," said Mr. Packe.

Tuckey's eyes glimmered.

"Yes, sir! I—I think I'd better, sir—"

"I will ask the doctor to see you."

"D-d-don't trouble about that, sir," said Toodles, rather hastily. "It—it will pass off. In fact, I—I feel better already!"

"Do you feel well enough to get up?" asked Mr. Packe, with rather a searching glance at the fat junior.

"Oh, no, sir!"

"Then I will send Dr. Pankey here."

Mr. Packe quitted the cabin, and Tuckey blinked after him with a rather doubtful expression. He had no doubt about being able to pull Mr. Packe's leg, but he was not quite so sure about the medical gentleman.

However, he was in for it now, and he worked up an expression of anguished martyrdom as the ship's doctor came in.

Dr. Pankey was a fat little gentleman, with a plump good-humoured face, but very keen eyes. Tuckey found it a little difficult to meet those sharp eyes, and he closed his own with an expression of deep suffering.

"Feeling bad again, what, what?" said Dr. Pankey.

"Yes, awful, sir!" answered Tuckey faintly.

"Let me feel your pulse, please." Tuckey put out a fat paw.

The medical gentleman felt his pulse, and shook his head very seriously. So serious did he look, in fact, that Tuckey felt a little alarmed, and wondered whether he really was ill.

"H'm, h'm, h'm!" murmured the medical man. "You are feeling rather run down, Master Toodles—lacking in energy—"

"Yes, sir," said Tuckey faintly.

"A strong disinclination to rise—"

"Just so, sir."

"You think you'd like to stay in bed during the morning?"

"Exactly, sir."

"But you could manage a good breakfast if it were brought to you here?" asked the doctor sympathetically.

Tuckey's eyes sparkled.

"I—I think so, sir," he replied.

"In—in fact, I'm sure. So—so long as I don't have to move—"

"Quite so. A really hearty breakfast—"

"Oh, yes."

"Do you think you could manage some of Mr. Capp's confectionery after it?"

"Oh, I'm sure I could, sir."

"Some jam-tarts, perhaps?"

"Yes—yes!"

"Five or six?"

"Yes, or—more than that, I—I think, sir!" gasped Tuckey, his eyes shining. Never had Tuckey Toodles felt such a deep respect for the medical profession as he did at that moment.

Dr. Pankey looked at him thoughtfully.

"I thought so," he remarked.

"Just the symptoms I expected. I will give Mr. Packe a prescription for you, Toodles, and meanwhile you shall not be disturbed."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" gasped Tuckey.

He winked at the doctor's broad back as the medical gentleman quitted the cabin. He had hardly dared to hope that his little scheme would work out so successfully as this. Visions of unlimited loafing danced before Tuckey's dazzled eyes. His fat face was beaming like unto a full moon when Drake and Rodney came back into the cabin.

Doctor's Orders!

S LACKER!"

"Lubber!"

Drake and Rodney came in fresh and bright from the salt-water bath on the lower deck, and proceeded to dress, shooting these remarks at Tuckey Toodles as they did so.

Tuckey grinned at them over the edge of the hammock.

"You fellows are awful chumps," he remarked. "I've got the day off. I say, old Pankey is a jolly good doctor. He knows what a chap wants when he's ill. I'm going to have breakfast in bed. He, he, he!"

"I've a jolly good mind to bump you out of that hammock," said Drake.

"Here, don't you be a beast, Drake. If you had any sense, you'd do the same. Old Pankey is as simple as a baby; anybody could pull his silly old leg!" said Toodles, grinning.

"He struck me as rather a downy old bird," said Rodney. "Are you sure you've pulled his leg, fatty?"

"Yes, rather. He said the symptoms were just what he expected," chuckled Toodles. "Doctors don't know much, you know. They just listen to what a patient says, and guess. I know 'em! You fellows can go and mug up lessons. Put in some Latin for me! He, he, he!"

"Slacker!"

"Lubber!"

Drake and Rodney went away to breakfast, leaving Tuckey Toodles to himself.

Tuckey rolled over in luxurious comfort, and waited for breakfast to arrive.

For some time he lay in happy anticipation of the attractive meal the medical gentleman had described.

But it did not arrive.

Tuckey began to feel puzzled at last. By this time the school breakfast would be over; in fact, he could hear the St. Winifred's fellows scampering on the deck above. It would soon be morning school, and still his breakfast had not come.

Had he been forgotten?

It was not like so excellent a doctor as Dr. Pankey to forget a suffering patient, and Mr. Packe, too, was a kind-hearted gentleman. Yet no one came near the cabin.

The scampering on the deck ceased.

The juniors had gone to lessons, and now Tuckey could only hear the sounds of the seamen at their work.

He was more and more puzzled, and he was growing fearfully hungry.

Now that seasickness was a thing of the past, Tuckey found his appetite very keen. It was always good on land, and on the sea, in the keen, salt breezes, it was terrific. He turned his longing eyes again and again on the cabin door; but it did not open.

Extraordinary as it seemed, there was no doubt that he had been forgotten.

Tuckey put a fat leg out of the hammock, and drew it in again. It would not do to get up and go inquiring after his breakfast; if he could get up for breakfast, he could get up for lessons. As a matter of fact, Tuckey would rather have been at lessons, with a solid meal inside him, than famishing in his hammock. He began to wonder whether his little scheme was such a "corker" after all.

The door opened at last, and Tuckey gave a whoop of joy and relief. Slaney the steward's mate, entered. But he carried nothing but a broom. Tuckey's whoop died away suddenly, and he blinked at the man.

"Where's my brekker?" he exclaimed breathlessly.

The one-eyed seaman squinted at him.

"Wot's that, sir?" he asked.

"My breakfast!" wailed Toodles.

"I'm ill, and I'm to have my breakfast in bed. They've forgotten me—suffering here like this!" Tuckey almost wept with self-commiseration.

"It's a shame! I say, Slaney, you go and tell the doctor they haven't given me any breakfast."

"I come 'ere to sweep, sir," answered Peg Slaney surlily.

"You go to the doctor!" howled Toodles excitedly. "I can't go—I'm ill. You go at once, I tell you! I say, I'll give you a bob!"

Slaney grinned.

"I don't mind obligin' a gentleman, sir," he answered; and Tuckey having extracted a shilling from his trousers, which Slaney handed to him, the coin changed hands, and Slaney quitted the cabin.

Tuckey Toodles waited feverishly.

It was ten minutes before footsteps were heard outside, and then Dr. Pankey came in, with a cheery face and a twinkling eye.

"Now, now, now, what's the trouble, my dear boy?" exclaimed the doctor.

"I haven't had any breakfast!" wailed Toodles. "It's past ten, and I haven't had a mouthful, sir!"

Dr. Pankey nodded.

"That's right—that's right," he said, rubbing his plump hands.

"That's my prescription."

"What?"

"What you require, my lad, is a day's fasting," explained the medical gentleman. "You'll feel ever so much better after it. You'll hardly know yourself by this evening."

Tuckey Toodles blinked at him in horror. He was quite sure that if he had no food before the evening, it would be necessary for the Benbow's sail-maker to sew him up in a hammock, to be buried at sea.

"But—but you said—" he babbled.

"Quite so; I was ascertaining the symptoms of your complaint," said the doctor blandly. "My prescription is a day's fast, to be repeated to-morrow, if there are no signs of improvement."

And Dr. Pankey rubbed his plump hands again, and beamed upon the unhappy invalid.

Tuckey Toodles gazed at him. His respect for the medical profession vanished on the spot, never to return.

It dawned upon the hapless Tuckey that in the previous interview it was not the doctor's leg that had been pulled!

"Don't you feel any better yet, my boy?"

"No, I don't! I—I'm dying, I think."

"Nonsense! That is simply the result of a superabundance of nourishing food. When you have missed your dinner, as well as your breakfast, you will feel perfectly able to get up and attend lessons with your schoolfellows."

Tuckey Toodles groaned.

His wonderful scheme died a sudden death. Toodles could have kicked

himself for ever having thought of it.

"Keep up your spirits, Toodles," said the medical gentleman kindly. "I think I see signs of improvement. I should not wonder if you are quite recovered by dinner-time."

Dr. Pankey left the cabin, and Tuckey was certain that he heard him give a chuckle as he went down the passage.

"Ow!" groaned Toodles. "Beast! Yah! Oh, dear! Ow!"

Tuckey lay and groaned.

There was no breakfast for him now, even if he did get up, and he resolved to "stick it out" till dinner-time. Surely by that time Mr. Packe would take compassion on him, even if that stony-hearted medical man did not relent. He would have crawled into the school canteen for a breakfast at his own expense, but it was not open during school-hours. There was nothing for it but to wait—in a very repentant mood.

That morning seemed the longest to Tuckey Toodles that he had ever known. A whole morning at Latin would not have seemed nearly so long. He could have sobbed when a burst of cheery voices and a scampering of feet announced that classes were over. Drake and Rodney looked in.

"Hallo! Still going strong?" grinned Drake.

"Drake, old chap, get me something to eat!" gasped Toodles. "Anything—just a cake—a bun—an old crust—I'm famished! They haven't given me any brekker—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Get me something, there's a good chap!" groaned Toodles.

"Can't be done; doctor's orders!" grinned Drake. "Mr. Packe's told us that you're on diet, and nobody's allowed to give you a crumb till you're well."

"Ow!"

"Better get well quick!" grinned Rodney. "I think I'd recover in time for dinner, if I were you, Toodles."

The two juniors departed, roaring with laughter.

But the invalid of No. 8 cabin was not left without company.

Nearly all the Fourth Form came, in twos and threes, to look in, and chuckle, and advise him to get well. Evidently his "illness" was a joke all over the ship by this time. Tuckey blinked at them with sad, lack-lustre eyes. He did not see the joke himself.

Daubeny of the Shell came in, with Egan and Torrence, to look at him. The three Bucks seemed highly entertained.

"Feelin' hungry, old top?" asked Daubeny.

Toodles groaned.

"I'm dying, Daub, old chap—dying of hunger, you know. Give me something to eat, like a good fellow. You're not a beast, like Drake."

"I've brought you something, old chap. I nipped into the cook's galley and got it for you," answered Daubeny. "Keep it dark, of course."

"Oh, thanks!" gasped Toodles. "You're a prince, Daub! You're the best chap that ever breathed! Oh, dear!"

"You'd like some fish?"

"Yes, rather!"

"Here you are, then."

Daubeny tossed a paper parcel on the hammock, and the Shell fellows walked away, chuckling.

"Good man!" gasped Tuckey, unfastening the paper wrapping with feverish fingers. "Daub's the best chap in the school. I—I always liked old Daub! That's the sort of pal to have! Why, what—Oooooooh!"

The parcel was unwrapped, and a raw cod's head was disclosed to view. That was the morsel Daubeny of the Shell had bagged for the invalid.

"Ooooooh!" spluttered Toodles.

Famished as he was, even Tuckey Toodles was not equal to tackling a raw cod's head. He hurled it furiously across the cabin.

"Beast! Rotter! I always said he was the biggest cad at St. Winifred's! Rotter! Oh, dear!"

Tuckey Toodles turned out of his hammock.

He was in time for dinner; he would not have risked missing dinner that day if the penalty for eating it had been grinding Latin for the rest of his natural life.

Grinning faces greeted him as he arrived; even Mr. Packe, at the head of the table, indulged in a faint smile.

"Toodles! Do you feel better?" he asked.

"Ye-e-es, sir," mumbled Toodles.

"Are you well enough for classes this afternoon? If so, you may sit down to dinner. Otherwise, the doctor's orders are—"

"Quite well enough, sir!" gasped Tuckey. "I—I'm looking forward to classes this afternoon, sir!"

"Then you may sit down, Toodles."

Tuckey Toodles did full justice to the dinner.

Peg Slaney's Secret!

WHAT the dickens—"

"It's Slaney—tipsy!"

"The cheery brute!" exclaimed Drake indignantly.

Lessons were over for the day, and Drake and Rodney had come to their cabin, to meet with a surprise. No. 8 was not unoccupied, as they had expected to find it. In the long canvas chair was a recumbent figure—that of Peg Slaney, the one-eyed seaman.

The man was fast asleep. His swarthy face had a dull red flush in it, and he was breathing stertorously. The aroma of rum in the cabin was very powerful, and there was an empty bottle on the floor. Evidently the man had retired to the juniors' cabin, as a safe and secluded spot while the fellows were at lessons, to indulge in a secret guzzle, and the strong drink had mastered him and stranded him there. Drake and Rodney stared at him in angry disgust.

"What's the row?" asked Tuckey Toodles, following them to the doorway. "I say, what about tea? Why—what—the awful, cheeky beast!"

Drake knitted his brows.

"What are we going to do with him?" he asked. "He can't stay here. Shall we roll him out, and hand him over to the boatswain?"

"It would serve him right," said Rodney. "But—"

He paused.

The sight of a man under the influence of drink naturally roused a

feeling of contempt and disgust; but Rodney felt a little compassion, too, for the hapless wretch.

"The brute couldn't have meant to go to sleep here, Drake," he muttered. "Captain Topcastle is a stiff old Johnny, and goodness knows what will happen if he hears of this. We're not bound to make it known."

"That's so; but he can't stay here. The blessed cabin is reeking with that muck he's been drinking."

"Let's wake him up—if we can."

"Oh, all right," grunted Drake.

Rodney took the man by the shoulder, and shook him vigorously. Slaney mumbled in his sleep. A crowd of juniors gathered round the doorway; Tuckey Toodles had soon spread the news of what was toward in No. 8. Daubeny of the Shell looked in among the others, and called to Drake.

"You ought to report this, Drake."

"Rodney thinks not," answered Drake. "No bizney of ours to get the beast into a row, so long as he clears off."

"He ought to be punished," said Daubeny viciously. "If the captain knew this, he might kick him out of the ship at the first port, and get rid of him."

Drake looked round.

"What the thump do you want to get rid of him for?" he demanded.

"The man doesn't do you any harm, does he?"

"Daub doesn't like him," said Sawyer major. "That's the man who knew Daub's father in South America. I've heard him say so."

"It's only his yarns," said Daubeny. "He makes out he knew my father in Venezuela, but it's lies. The ruffian ought to be booted out of the ship. You've no right to keep this dark."

"Oh, rats!" answered Drake curtly.

"I dare say the poor brute doesn't know any better. Here, wake up!"

He joined Rodney in shaking the intoxicated man. Slaney's eye opened at last, and he blinked round him dazedly.

"Gold and silver!" he muttered. "Gold and silver—gold and silver! Spanish doubloons and silver bars! Avast there."

"What the thump is he saying?"

"Talking about gold and silver," chuckled Sawyer major. "He's been dreaming that he's a merry old pirate. Here, wake up, Captain Kidd!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The one-eyed man sat up dizzily.

"Get out of here," said Drake. "Don't come into this cabin again to booze, or there'll be trouble. Understand that?"

Slaney made an effort to pull himself together. But the poisonous liquor he had consumed was too much for him, and his head rolled and lurched. Drake and Rodney helped him to his feet, and he stood bearing heavily on them, mumbling and staggering. If the St. Winifred's fellows had wanted a lesson in temperance, such as the Spartans drew from the drunken Helots, they had it now.

"For goodness' sake, stand up!" said Drake. "If you're seen like this you'll get scalped."

The man squinted a dizzy eye at him.

"Asking your pardon, sir," he mumbled. "It's the rum—the blessed rum! I had to take it, sir, up the Oriuoco, to keep down the fevers. I'll be all right in a minute. Asking your pardon, sir—"

"The captain ought to be called," growled Daubeny.

Peg Slaney started as he saw Daubeny. He pulled himself together, as if the sight of Daub's face had a sobering effect on him.

"Belay there!" he muttered. "I tell you I'm all right! I just sat down a minute, Master Drake, to look at something—where is it?" He groped in his pockets. "Where's it got to? That there dockyment—"

"Oh, get a move on!" exclaimed Drake impatiently. "There's no documents here—you're dreaming. Buzz him along, Rodney."

Slaney staggered out of the cabin, between Drake and Rodney, the juniors making way for them.

"That there dockyment—" he muttered.

"This way!"

Slaney was piloted along the passage. What to do with him was a puzzle, for the juniors felt a natural disinclination to hand him over to punishment. But the problem was solved by the appearance of Mr. Capps, the steward. Daubeny had cut away to call him.

Mr. Capps grasped the unsteady man by the arm.

"Pretty state you're in, for the young gentlemen to see!" said Mr. Capps. "You come alonger me, you worm."

Drake and Rodney were only too glad to be rid of their charge. They returned to their cabin, and Drake opened the port, and waved a book about to clear the air of the lingering aroma of rum. As he closed up the canvas chair, Rodney uttered an exclamation.

"What's this?"

"What's what?" asked Drake, looking round.

"That boozy bounder must have left this here," said Rodney, picking up a paper from the floor. "I suppose that's the 'dockyment' he was mumbling about."

It was an old paper, almost yellow with age, thick and crinkled. It was covered with writing, in a language the juniors did not understand—neither English nor French.

"Spanish, I think," said Jack Drake, glancing at it. "What the thump is he doing with Spanish papers? He's not a Spaniard."

"Well, it's his," said Rodney. "Better keep it, and give it to him when he's sober."

"Let's see it, Drake."

It was Daubeny's voice. The Shell fellow came eagerly into the cabin. Rodney closed his hand over the paper.

"No business of yours, Daub," he said. "Here, you take it, Drake, and put it safe."

"Right-ho!"

"Let me see it, I tell you!" breathed Daubeny. "I came back for that—"

"How the dickens did you know anything about it?"

"He was mumbling about a document, and so I thought—"

"Well, it's his, and not yours," said Drake curtly. "Besides, it's in Spanish, and you couldn't read it."

"Dr. Pankey knows Spanish. He's going to get up a Spanish class on board," said Daubeny. "I'd get help from him—"

"What the dickens do you mean?" exclaimed Drake indignantly. "This may be a private paper. It's no bizney of yours."

Daubeny closed the cabin door. His face was eager and excited.

"Don't play the goat, Drake," he said, in a low voice. "How do you know what that paper may be worth? You heard what that drunken brute was muttering—about gold and silver and Spanish doubloons. Now we find a paper written in Spanish belonging

him bragging among the seamen that he's going to be rich—it's a joke in the fo'c'sle about it. That paper may be worth a fortune."

Drake put the yellow paper into an inside pocket.

"That's a jolly good reason why you shouldn't see it, then," he said. "I'm certainly not going to help you rob the man. I'm going to give this back to Slaney when he's sober."

"Without looking at it?" hissed Daubeny.

"It wouldn't be much use looking at it, as I don't know Spanish—but most certainly I sha'n't look at it, or you either," answered Drake.

"You agree with me, Rodney?"

"Of course."



"Belay, there! What's the row?" Mr. Piper, the boatswain, came tramping up and caught Daubeny and Torrence by the collars.

to him, that he's mighty uneasy about. Doesn't it look—"

"Well?" grunted Drake, as the Shell fellow paused.

"Doesn't it look as if it's a clue to something—buried treasure, perhaps, in South America?" exclaimed Daubeny eagerly. "It looks like it. The rotter doesn't know he's lost the paper. We can keep it dark—us three. We can get it translated, a bit at a time, so that we can keep the secret, if there is one, and—"

"And rob the steward's mate!" said Drake scornfully. "A likely idea! I wonder you're not ashamed to suggest it—even you, Daub!"

"If there's gold or silver buried somewhere, it's no more his than ours," muttered Daubeny. "And I tell you I'm sure of it. I caught a word on that paper before you covered it up—the word 'oro'—"

"And what does 'oro' mean?"

"It's the Spanish word for gold."

"My hat!"

"I tell you, I know that black-

guard," said Daubeny. "I've heard

Daubeny gave the chums of the Fourth a bitter look.

"I don't believe you," he snarled. "You're going to keep it, and keep the secret to yourselves. But—"

Drake threw open the door.

"Get out!" he said curtly.

"I tell you—" hissed Daubeny.

"Get out!"

Drake's eyes were gleaming with anger, and he advanced on the dandy of the Shell with his hands up. Vernon Daubeny backed out into the passage. He gave Drake a last look of hatred, and turned savagely away. Drake slammed the door after him.

An Attack in the Dark!

THE Benbow ploughed on over a moon-lit sea, with a whirl of cordage and canvas, as Drake and Rodney and Toodles sat at prep in No. 8 that evening. Jack Drake rose from the table with a yawn. "That's done," he remarked. "I think I'll go and look for that Slaney man now. I'd like to get rid of this paper before bed."

Tuckey Toodles looked up quickly. Tuckey knew all about the mysterious yellow paper. Few things happened in No. 8 without Rupert de Vere Toodles knowing all about them.

"I say, Drake, old chap, I wouldn't be in a hurry to get rid of that paper," said Toodles. "Suppose there's a buried treasure—"

"Rats!"

"I'm speaking from a moral point of view," said Toodles loftily. "Slaney oughtn't to be allowed to find it, if there is. He would spend the money in drinking. Now, I—"

"You'd spend it in eating!" grinned Rodney.

"Well, give it to me, and I'll go and find the man for you," said Toodles. "I won't finish prep. I don't mind leaving it, to oblige a pal like you, Drake. You see—"

"You won't get your fat paws on it—I'll see that!" retorted Drake; and he left the cabin, leaving Tuckey Toodles to settle down to prep. again with a disappointed snort.

Drake went on deck, to look for Peg Slaney. Round the Benbow the moonlight gleamed on the sea, and the ship's lights flashed out over the waters. But under the spreading canvas it was very dusky. Drake had had hardly made two steps when there was a sudden rush of feet in the shadows, and he was seized and dragged backward.

The attack had come so suddenly that he had no chance to resist. In a second he was sprawling on the deck, with three fellows scrambling over him.

"Quick—keep him quiet!" panted the voice of Vernon Daubeny.

"We've got him!" muttered Egan.

Jack Drake struggled furiously.

He was in the grasp of Daubeny and Co., and they had him at a disadvantage. A knee was planted on his chest, and a hand slammed over his mouth, to keep back a cry for help. While Egan and Torrence grasped him fast, Vernon Daubeny dragged at his pockets.

Drake gasped and struggled. The thievish hand groping in his pockets told him what the Shell fellows were after—evidently the Spanish paper belonging to Peg Slaney.

He tried to shout, but the hand over his mouth stifled his cry. But he was not inclined just then to stand on ceremony. There was a sudden fiendish howl from Egan, as Drake's teeth closed on his fingers.

"Yooop! Ow! I'm bitten! Ow!"

Drake's mouth was free for a moment, and he shouted. The watch on deck was not far away.

"Oh! Help! Help!"

A crashing blow in the face made him gasp. He struggled and kicked fiercely. Egan was sucking his damaged hand, and Torrence and Daubeny had plenty to do to hold the sturdy Fourth-former, without seeking for the Spanish paper. Drake got his right hand free and struck out, and Torrence rolled over.

There was a stamping footstep, and a gruff voice close at hand.

"Belay, there! What's the row?"

Mr. Piper, the boatswain, came tramping up, almost falling over the sprawling juniors. He caught Daub-

eny and Torrence by the collars, and jerked them to their feet.

The attack had been futile; the Spanish paper was safe in Drake's pocket. He stood and gasped for breath, ready for another attack. But Daubeny and Co. had had enough.

"What's this 'ere?" demanded Mr. Piper.

"Only a rag," stammered Daubeny. "Let me go, will you?"

"It's all right, Mr. Piper," said Drake breathlessly. "Thank you for coming. It's all right."

Mr. Piper grunted, and rolled away. Daubeny and Co. stared at Drake, rubbing their bruises, and muttering. But they did not venture to renew the attack. Drake backed away, and slipped below again, dabbing his handkerchief to his nose. He had been more damaged than the Bucks in the conflict.

"What's happened?" exclaimed Rodney, jumping up in surprise as Drake came breathlessly into No. 8.

Drake dabbed his nose, which was streaming crimson.

"Only Daub and Co. after Slaney's weird document," he said.

"My hat! They haven't got it?"

"No fear!"

"Better give it to me to take care of," suggested Tuckey Toodles.

"Oh, cheese it! Ow! I'm going to bathe my nose! Ow! You can come with me, Rodney, if you've finished, in case there's more trouble."

"Right-oh, old scout!"

But there was no more trouble just then. Daubeny of the Shell had also a nose to bathe, and for the present, at least, Daub had had enough.

THE END.

Next week's rattling, long, complete story of this new series of the boys of the Benbow will be "The Mysterious Document!"

RESULT OF TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION.—No. 29.

In this competition two competitors sent in a correct solution each of the pictures, and the prize of £2 10s. has therefore been divided between them as follows:

W. H. FINCH,
Stewart Hall,
Stirling, N.B.

FRED J. BROWN,
519, Fishponds Road,
Fishponds, Bristol.

A Tuck Hamper has been sent to each of the following competitors, who sent in a solution containing one error each:

E. Furby, Elm Lodge, King's Road, Walton-on-Thames; William Strathearn, 142, Dalry Road, Edinburgh; Harry Banham, 4, The Cloisters, Windsor Castle; Della Kent, 26, Mill Road, North Heath, Kent; A. W. McLeod, 152, Molyneux Road, Kensington, Liverpool.

THE CORRECT SOLUTION:

Dear Chums,—We have been having some splendid open-air swimming at Pegg Bay recently. But you should see the tide come in with a rush as Bunter takes the water! Meanwhile, this paper is going swimmingly. It always stays on top, and refuses to take a dive! Sea?

HARRY.

MY KRICKET KOLLUM

By
BILLY BUNTER

BUNTER, old man, you are our only hope!"

There were tears in Wharton's eyes as he spoke.

"This afternoon," he continued, "we are dew to meat St. Jim's on the kricket-feeld, and ½ our feloes are on the sick list! Nugent's down with hooping koff, and Bob Cherry's got the mumps! Johnny Bull has sprained his rist, and Toddy's horse de kombat. Talk about a chapter of accidents! It's orful!"

"Trussed me to fill the breech!" I said. "I'm ¾ a team in myself. Dry those teers, and leave it to me to skore plenty of goles!"

"But we don't want goles," said Wharton retchedly. "You see it's kricket—not footer!"

"All games are alike to me," I replied. "Whether it's hopskotch or lorn-tennis, you can allways count on W.G.B. to put up a good show."

Wharton looked gratefully relieved.

"But, I haven't any flannels!" I said. "If you will give me fifty bobb out of the kricket funds—"

Wharton made a rye face.

"Fifty bobb is rather a lot of munny," he said.

"Oh, verry well," I said, with a shrugg of the sholders.

"If you can't afford to ekwipp your players, you can't ekspekt to win matches!"

And I walked away.

"Wum minnit!" shouted Wharton.

"Sorry I spoke like a meen boest, Bunter. Here's the fifty bobb. Nip over to Courtfield and buy your flannels, and don't be long."

I borrowed Squiff's bisickle, and spedd away in the direkshun of Courtfield. My brane was in a wirl.

I fooly intended to buy the flannels, of course. But when I reached Courtfield my intenshuns fell flat.

You see, I happened to catch site of the bunn-shop, and there was a most tempting array of good things in the windo. There were doe-nuts, and mades of onner, and mackaroons.

They did me verry well in the bunn-shop—to the tune of fifty bobb.

When I got back to Greyfriars, I fownd, to my sorro, that the match was over. St. Jim's had wun by a tremenduss marjin.

Wharton akksted me owtside the pavvillion.

"You fat frawd!" he rored. "Ware are yore flannels?"

"I didn't buy any," I said. "They were all two deer!"

"Give me back the fifty bobb, then!"

"I—I'm sorry—"

"You mean to say you've blewed it?"

I confessed that I had. And I will draw a vale, gentle reeder, over the seen that foloed.

Any kommunikashuns for W. G. Bunter should be addressed to the skool sannytorium!

THE END.

THE CHOPSTEIN VENUS!

Our Great New Series dealing with
the amazing adventures of

HERLOCK SHOLMES
DETECTIVE

Written by

PETER TODD

I.

HERLOCK SHOLMES was drawing his usual quart of cocaine from the cask, after breakfast one morning, in our rooms at Shaker Street, when the door was flung suddenly open, and a man, hatless, breathless, and wide-eyed, rushed in. "Mr. Sholmes!" he gasped, sinking upon a chair. "I—I—"

"Calm yourself Mr. Chopstein," said Herlock Sholmes.

I looked at our visitor with great interest. I had, of course, often heard of Chopstein, the celebrated sculptor, whose latest work had caused so much commotion in artistic circles.

"My latest, greatest work," he sobbed, "lost, stolen or strayed! Oh, Mr. Sholmes, if you cannot find my masterpiece—"

"Herlock Sholmes can find anything, from a German indemnity to a needle in a haystack," I interrupted severely. "Only this morning he found a pin which had been left by accident in the armchair—"

"Let us have a few details, Mr. Chopstein," said Sholmes quietly. "You may speak quite freely before—"

"You have heard of the statue, of course," said Mr. Chopstein, calming himself with an effort. "It was my celebrated statue of Venus. I am the leader of the Neo-Sculptors. My methods are ultra-modern. I used a pick-axe for my work—the results are astonishing. This statue—this masterpiece—was a miracle of art. I intended, at first, to call it 'The Riven Oak'; later I thought that 'The Fallen Zeppelin' would be a better title; but I finally decide upon 'Venus.'"

He wept.

"And now?" said Herlock Sholmes.

"It was removed from the gallery, where it was exhibited, and left standing on the pavement for a short time. The road was up. The street in which the gallery stands is a very busy one, so naturally the road had been up for several days. It was necessary to procure a trolley to convey it to the corner, where the car was waiting to carry it away. While they were fetching the trolley, the statue vanished."

"Extraordinary!" I exclaimed.

"Very!" said Herlock Sholmes drily. "The theft must have been observed—"

"That is the extraordinary part of the story," exclaimed Mr. Chopstein. "There were a number of workmen on the spot, engaged in laying paving-stones, but no one appears to have seen the statue removed. They have been questioned, but they do not seem

to have observed the statue at all. Yet it vanished."

Sholmes looked very thoughtful. "We will proceed at once to the spot. Take courage, Mr. Chopstein." In a very short time we arrived at the Balmcrumpet Art Gallery.

The pavement was still up outside the building.

Workmen were laying paving-stones at a rate of speed which indicated that they did not desire to put the country to the cost of providing them with old-age pensions. A number of blocks stood about, with men sitting on them, discussing Ruskin and Joe Beckett. The foreman did not venture to interrupt. On a cart close at hand, laden with fresh paving-blocks, was the name, "John William Robinson, Contractor, Clapham."

Sholmes glanced at it, and addressed the foreman.

To my surprise, and that of Mr. Chopstein, his questions did not refer to the missing statue.



"The missing Venus!" said Sholmes quietly.

"You have a fresh lot of paving-blocks there?" he remarked casually. The foreman nodded.

"Have you sent any away?" asked Sholmes carelessly.

"One was sent back to the yard this morning," answered the foreman, with a stare, evidently surprised at the question.

"Ah, why?"

"It had not been squared properly; it must have been sent on by mistake, as it was quite unfit for laying. I really don't see how you know anything about it," added the foreman.

"Mr. Sholmes," gasped the sculptor, "you are wasting time! Can you—will you—find the missing statue—"

"I trust so," answered Herlock Sholmes tranquilly. "It will be necessary for me to take a taxi; kindly advance me ten pounds off my fee, as I shall have to go several miles!"

Mr. Chopstein obeyed in silence, and Sholmes hailed a taxi.

"Wait for me at this corner," he said.

He stepped into the taxi, and I was still more amazed when I heard him give the direction to the driver:

"Clapham!"

II.

WE waited.

Mr. Chopstein fumed with impatience and anxiety. It was evident that his faith in my amazing friend had received a shock.

It was with great relief that I saw, at last, the taxi returning. It stopped at the corner, and Sholmes jumped out.

"Look!" said Herlock Sholmes calmly.

He pointed into the vehicle. We looked, and Mr. Chopstein uttered a cry of joy. For a moment I could not understand his transports. What appeared to me a shapeless chunk of stone lay on the seat of the taxi. But a word from Herlock Sholmes enlightened me.

"The missing Venus!" he said quietly.

"Sholmes, you have found it—"

"Evidently!"

Leaving Mr. Chopstein weeping tears of joy over his recovered masterpiece, we walked back to Shaker Street. It was not till Sholmes was in his armchair, with his feet on the table, and a tankard of cocaine at his elbow, that he consented to satisfy my curiosity.

"A very simple matter, my dear Jotson," he said. "You heard the question I put to the foreman?"

"Undoubtedly; but I did not see any connection between a paving-block, and the missing statue of Venus."

Sholmes smiled slightly.

"You forget, Jotson, that Mr. Chopstein is an exponent of the new art. The Chopstein Venus was left standing on the pavement for a few minutes. A number of paving-blocks were standing there also. The foreman's eye fell upon it. Not being a Neo-Sculptor he did not recognise it as a statue. So far from supposing that it was a masterpiece of the new art, he took it for a paving-block that had been carelessly cut. As it was too irregularly shaped for using to repair the pavement, he sent it back to the contractor's yard at Clapham—where I found it, Jotson. That is all."

"Sholmes!"

"It was a natural mistake on the part of the foreman, and no harm is done," yawned Sholmes; "but had the foreman been a little less careful, the statue would have undoubtedly been used in repairing the pavement, and the world of art would have mourned for ever the loss of the Chopstein Venus!"

THE END.

Next week's laughable adventure will be
"The Case of the Missing Heir!"



The GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

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



The police-court proceedings commenced on Wednesday afternoon in the junior common-room, but a number of spectators arrived on the scene with ash-pans and cleared the court. Consequently, the proceedings were deferred until bedtime, and they eventually took place in the Remove dormitory.

His worship looked exceedingly fetching in a suit of rainbow-coloured pyjamas.

Serious Charge Against a Prize Porker!

The first prisoner to appear in the fireplace (which served the purpose of a dock) was William George Bunter. He was deposited in the grate, and P.-c. Johnny Bull mounted guard over him with a poker.

Mr. Robert Cherry, K.C., conducting the case for the prosecution, said that prisoner had been obtaining money by false pretences.

"He got hold of an old cigar-box, your worship," said counsel, "and made a slit in the lid. Then he went round collecting money on behalf of a certain Greyfriars fellow who was alleged to be in a very bad way, owing to lack of nourishment."

Magistrate: Did he succeed in raking in the shekels?

Mr. Cherry: Yes, rather, your worship! With tears in his eyes, he explained that the fellow he was assisting was on the brink of starvation,

and would not survive until the morning, unless he received prompt financial help. The people who heard this story were deeply touched—

Magistrate: Very "touched" indeed, I should imagine, to swallow a yarn like that! (Laughter.)

Mr. Cherry: Prisoner was so plausible, that nobody suspected it was a swindle.

Magistrate: I suppose the fellow who was on the brink of starvation was Bunter himself?

Mr. Cherry: That's so, your worship! It was a most ingenious fraud.

Detective-inspector Penfold, of Jot-laud Yard, then gave evidence:

"On the 32nd instant, your worship, I was standing in the Close—"

Magistrate: Disguised as an elm-tree?

Witness: No, as a small shrub! (Laughter.) I saw prisoner enter the school tuck-shop with a cigar-box under his arm. Assuming my natural shape and form, I followed him into the establishment, and asked him what the box contained.

Magistrate: And what did he say?

Witness: Mind your own business, you noseey crow! (Laughter.) I asked him if he was aware that he was speaking to a detective, and he replied "Yes—and a very defective

detective at that!" (Renewed laughter.)

Detective-inspector Penfold then said that he forcibly wrested the box from prisoner, and opened it. It contained threepence ha'penny in coin, and a number of trouser-buttons, (Laughter.)

Magistrate: What did you do then? Witness: I confiscated the money, and bought myself a glass of ginger-pop and a bun.

Magistrate: Then you are as big a criminal as the prisoner, and will be dealt with as such. Gentlemen of the jury, produce your pillows!

Detective-inspector Penfold was then made to run the gauntlet. The police attempted to rescue him, but in vain.

Magistrate: That's the stuff to give 'em! We will now deal with the other prisoner.

But Billy Bunter had vanished up the chimney!

REPORTS IN BRIEF.

Sampson Quincy Ifley Field, of Australia, was charged with begging in the Close.

Magistrate: Great Scott! What did he beg?

Mr. M. Linley, K.C.: He accidentally bumped into Temple, of the Fourth, your worship, and begged his pardon.

Amid much laughter, the magistrate dismissed the case.

A desperate-looking scoundrel named Percy Looking, who was charged with breaking into No. 1 Study with intent to commit a felony, was remanded. Bail was allowed in two sureties of twopence and fourpence-halfpenny respectively.

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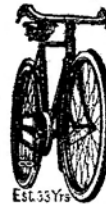
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When answering advertisements will our readers kindly mention this paper.

OUR SILVER SHILLING FEATURE

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

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

His Prize Memory!

Manager (to applicant for office job): Now, my boy, have you a good memory?

Applicant: Yes, sir—very good. I took a prize at one of the schools I attended for good memory.

Manager: Ah! What school was that?

Applicant: Er—er—I really forget now, sir!—Sent in by H. Claridge, 11, Warham Street, Kennington, London.

Sir-prise Her!

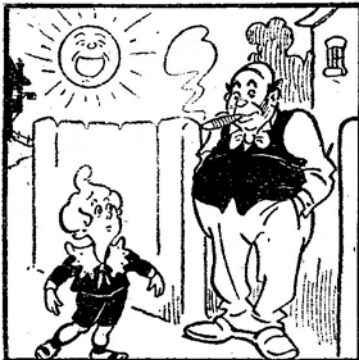
After tremendous efforts, Mrs. Bunter had just got a new servant, and she proceeded to give the girl a few necessary instructions.

"When you address me, Mary Ann," she said, "you should say 'madam,' or perhaps 'ma'am,' and you should address my husband as sir."

A little while later, whilst Mrs. Bunter was entertaining a few of her lady friends to tea, Mary Ann came rushing into the drawing-room in frantic haste.

"Oh, if you please, madam or perhaps ma'am," she cried, "the sir's tumbled down the coal-hole!"—Sent in by Miss Peggie Christie, 1253, Cathcart Road, Mount Florida, Glasgow.

NEWS TO HIM!



KINDLY OLD GENT: "Well, how old are you, my little man?"
LITTLE LUCIUS: "I'm not old at all—I'm nearly new!"

Stern Necessity!

Peter Todd and Billy Bunter were walking back to Greyfriars one day when they found a large stone jar full of ginger-beer. Billy offered to take charge of it, but Toddy insisted on half shares.

"All right," said Billy: "you can have all the ginger-pop in the top half

of the jar, and I'll have all that's in the bottom half."

They smuggled the ginger-beer into the study all right, and then Toddy was called away to see Mr. Quelch for a few minutes. When he got back he found that Billy, who was to have had the bottom-half, had scooped the lot.

"Well, of all the nerve!" began Toddy. "I'll—I'll—"

"It—it's all right, Toddy," cried Bunter, edging away. "I—I had to drink your half, you know, old chap, to get to mine!"—Sent in by J. Birch, 66, Foundry Street, Whittington Moor, Chesterfield, Derbyshire.

Bunter's Dream!

The other morning in the dormitory, Billy Bunter was relating a dream he had had.

"I dreamt," said Billy, "that I saw a ladder reaching from the ground to the clouds. At the foot of the ladder there were many pieces of chalk, and no one was allowed to ascend without taking some for the purpose of placing a mark on each rung for each bad deed committed. I thought I would go up, and marked the rungs as I went, but I hadn't got very far when I heard somebody coming down!"

"Who was it?" demanded Skinner.

"You," replied Billy.

"And what was he coming down for?" asked Toddy.

"More chalk!" cried Bunter, as he dived from the dormitory.—Sent in by D. Clements, 34, Treherne Road, Brixton, S.W.9.

Saw Through It!

Mr. Selby (to his friend, the village squire): I had a very amusing experience this afternoon, squire. I was taking my class of boys in history when I noticed one of them not paying much attention. So I suddenly asked him, "Who sealed the Heights of Abraham?" Immediately he stuttered out, "If you please, sir, I didn't!"

The Squire (with a smile): And I suppose the young rascal did all the time?—Sent in by W. Bartlett, 142, St. Michael's Avenue, Yeovil, Somerset.

Very Lucid!

It was Pat's first day as porter at the wayside station, and he quite forgot the destination of the train which came to a standstill at the place. He was quite equal to the occasion, however, and, rushing up and down the platform, he shouted:

"Here ye are for where ye're going! All ye here for there, get in; all ye in there for here, get out—and hurry up!"—Sent in by Miss Dorothy Dawson, 34, Godfrey Road, Newport, Mon.

His Idea!

"Gardener, what the dickens are you doing there?" cried Mr. Subbub, catching Old Garge industriously at work. "I don't want my garden dug about in that manner! What are you digging that enormous hole for?"

"'Cause, sir," replied Old Garge, "ye told me yesterday ye was agoin' to get a post o' honour from the Government, and that there hole's for ye to put it in!" Sent in by S. J. Palmer, 49, Vicarage Lane, Stratford E.15.

NOTHING TO CROW ABOUT!



GINGER: "I say, Pepper, I know a good wheeze for stopping a cock crowing on Sunday."

PEPPER: "Go hon!—How?"

GINGER: "Get him stuffed on Saturday night! Tee-hee!"

Well Meant!

Jinks (to club waiter): Michael, if I were to die, would you attend my funeral?

Waiter: Willingly, sir!

Jinks: Well, that's not very complimentary, Michael, you know!

Waiter: No, sir, I didn't mean that. I wouldn't be seen there, sir!—Sent in by Miss W. Bennett, 82, Dover Road, Manor Park, E.12.

A Handy Boy!

Ma: Tommy, go and fetch some treacle from the grocer's, and don't forget to take two jars.

Visitor (after the boy has gone on his errand): But, why two jars, Mrs. Brown?

Ma: Well, you see, if Tommy hasn't got two hands full, one of them would be in the treacle!—Sent in by A. Fountain, 38, Cardigan Avenue, Kirkstall Road, Leeds.

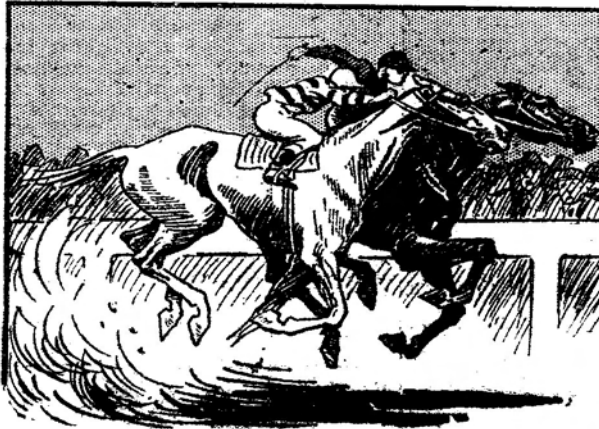
Closed the Discussion!

An Englishman, a Scotsman, and an Irishman were indulging in reminiscences of sporting occasions.

"The closest race I ever saw," said the Englishman, "was a boat race, in which one of the boats, which had been freshly painted, won by the breadth of the coat of paint!"

"The closest race I ever saw," said the Scotsman, "was one in which a horse, which had been stung by a bee, won by the height of the swelling on its nose!"

"The closest race that I ever saw," murmured the Irishman, "is the Scotch!"—Sent in by Miss Olive Atwell, 59, Morden Road, Newport, Mon.



The Luck of the Estors

Our magnificent new racing serial specially written by

MAJOR CHERRY

The Midnight Riders!

THE sudden appearance of the three masked men from the screen of bushes caused Lord Estor to stagger back with an involuntary cry of surprise. At his feet lay the inanimate form of the ginger-haired rogue whose strange missive had brought him to that ill-fated meeting at the cross-roads, and it was clear to him that one of the three mysterious newcomers had been responsible for the swift blow in the dark which had rendered the man unconscious.

Stooping down, the Owner hastily retrieved his heavy ashplant stick, and prepared to defend himself against the terrific odds. Each of the masked men was armed with a small but deadly sandbag, and, swinging these, they rushed upon the famous racehorse-owner from three sides.

The first man to get within range of the ashplant was unlucky, for Lord Estor brought the heavy stick down upon his cranium with a resounding crack. The villain uttered a low grunt, and staggered forward a few steps, to fall in an inert heap at the very foot of the signpost.

Muttering under their breaths, the other two hurled themselves at the old nobleman, each striving to get home a savage blow with his sandbag. Ducking and fighting, the Owner managed to keep his feet for a few seconds against the furious onslaught; and then one of the sandbags caught him a glancing blow on the side of his head, and sent him flying into some long grass close up to the bushes.

The two scoundrels turned and faced one another.

"Well, that's settled the hash o' Ginger and his noble lordship," said the burlier of the two. "Now we'd better be gettin' back to the car."

"What about these three stiff 'uns lyin' 'ere, Jerry?" asked the other. "You surely ain't goin' to leave 'em?"

The man addressed as Jerry walked over and looked down at the famous sportsman peer as he lay huddled among the grass.

"We'll leave him, anyway," he muttered. "He's only been knocked out. He'll have a mighty bad headache to take back to the Grange Hall with him, and thank goodness that's all! Another second, and that toad Ginger would ha' split on us!"

"Yes, that there biff you landed 'im saved the sityvation all right, Jerry," said the second man. "So Ginger was a-goin' to light out to Amerriey, was 'e? Egad, it was lucky you found that bit o' blottin'-paper, boss, wot 'e used for a-blottin' o' that there note 'e sent to 'is lordship!"

"Ay, it was that!" said Jerry. "But ever since I employed him as a tout about the Heath I've suspected 'im o' bein' a treacherous worm in sheep's clothin', as they say, so I've always done 'im the honour o' callin' round at his room—when he's been out. Two or three times I've found things which have kinder aroused my suspicions the more, and to-night I got proof positive he was playing us false."

Together the two went across to where their ginger-headed accomplice was lying in blissful ignorance of the conversation concerning him, and Jerry gave him a savage kick in the ribs.

"Tried to double-cross us—eh, Ginger?" he snarled at the unconscious form. "Well, it was a mighty bad day's work for you when you tried to get to wind'ard o' your kind friend Jerry Groat, the bookie!"

He turned to his companion.

READ THIS FIRST.

Lord Estor, a grand old British sportsman, is attending Epsom with his daughter, the Hon. Dorothy Cavanaugh, a charming girl of sixteen. The bad luck which has dogged the Estors for some time reaches a climax, for Sunfire, the Derby favourite, with Danny Wade up, loses the great race. Afterwards a veterinary surgeon examines Sunfire, and he gives the startling verdict, "The mare has been doped!" The matter is hushed up, but every effort is made to solve the mystery. Next evening Lord Estor disappears from his home near Newmarket, and Dorothy, together with Barney Bulfin, the trainer, and Tony Draycott and Dick Selby, two stable-lads, set out to seek him. The sportsman peer has received a note telling him that if he visits some cross-roads at midnight he will learn who doped the mare. He meets a ginger-haired man and a fight ensues. His antagonist is struck down suddenly from behind.

"We'd better get him to the car, I think, Bill," he said. "Gimme a hand to lift him there, and then we'll come back for him."

He indicated the rogue who had been laid out with the blow from Lord Estor's stick.

Grasping Ginger by the arms and legs, the two lifted him like a sack of coals, and staggered with him through the bushes towards the motor-car they had left a little distance up one of the roads which branched off from the corner where the white signpost stood.

Puffing and grunting—for neither of the rogues appeared to be in condition for any physical exertion—they at last got their burden to the car, and Jerry wrenched open the door at the back. Then, having dumped Ginger unceremoniously on the floor inside, they hastened back to rescue the other member of the gang.

As they picked their way through the bushes again the man called Bill stopped suddenly, and clutched the arm of his companion.

"What's that, Jerry?"

"What's that, you idiot?" said the burly man with a start.

"I—I thought I heerd somethin'."

"Pooh! It's time you went on to a water diet, for a change!" growled Jerry. "Your nerves must be gettin' in a pretty rickety state if you're skeered o' an owl! Ouch!"

His last sudden remark was caused by a small bird swiftly darting from her nest as the two men approached, and Jerry jumped back in surprise and alarm. His foot caught among the bracken, and he toppled head-over-heels, striking his head a resounding bump on the trunk of a tree.

Bill gave vent to a low, guttural laugh.

"Haw, haw, haw!"

Jerry picked himself up, rubbing his bruised cranium, and glared at his companion.

"What the thunder are you a-laughin' at?" he demanded. "It was you gettin' the wind-up what upset me."

"Well, it seemed to upset you mighty suddenly, boss. But it wasn't an owl I heered—owls don't come a-gallopin' down the road like race-horses!"

"Gallopin' down the road! Why, what the blazes d'you mean?"

"Listen!"

Side by side in the shadow of the

wood the two men stood, straining their ears to catch the sound of which Bill had given warning. Now Jerry could hear it, too, and he was the first to break the silence.

"Horses!"

A low sound almost like the roll of a muffled kettle-drum came floating to them through the night air, gathering intensity with every passing second.

"Jingo, if there's hosses a-comin' this way we'd better pick up Jim and beat it with all speed, boss."

"You stay here!"

Jerry placed a restraining hand on the arm of his companion, and, tingling in every nerve, the two precious rascals peered through the bushes, in an endeavour to catch a glimpse of the riders who were abroad at this unearthly hour.

"They seem to be in an all-fired hurry, Jerry," whispered Bill. "Supposin' they turn off at the cross-roads, and spot the car all unattended!"

The possibility apparently had not entered Groat's head, and now he seemed greatly agitated at the idea.

"You see, they might find Ginger," went on Bill, "and then—"

"Well, it's too late to get back to the car now," muttered Jerry. "The best thing we can do is to stop here and see what happens."

They had not long to wait, for the riders soon reached the cross-roads. The first appeared to be a girl, and she reined in her steed and sprang from the saddle.

Groat and his companion waited no longer; they turned and glided rapidly back to their motor-car, leaving their unfortunate accomplice to his fate, on the grass beneath the signpost.

"I—I wouldn't be surprised but what it's his lordship's daughter, and some o' the other Grange Hall people," panted Groat. "I expect they missed the old boy, and have come out to look for him. They'll find him all right, too, and it's up to us to put a few miles between ourselves and the cross-roads before there's any hulla-balloo raised."

Reaching the car, they deftly started the engine and tumbled aboard. Next moment they were gliding rapidly away from the scene of the midnight outrage.

The Discovery!

LADY DOROTHY, Lord Estor's young and pretty daughter, who had arrived at the cross-roads slightly in advance of Tony Dick, and Barney Bulfin, had been so positive that the inanimate figure lying at the foot of the signpost was her father that she was almost stunned at the discovery that it was a total stranger.

With a shudder she drew away, and might have fallen had not Tony dashed up at that moment and caught her in his arms.

By this time Barney and Dick Selby had dismounted, and, leaving the horses in the charge of the stable-lad, the trainer hastened across to Tony and Dorothy.

His eyes met the boy's in an inquiring glance.

"It—it's the Owner, Tony, I suppose?" he whispered hoarsely, indicating the still figure on the grass. "Met with foul play?"

The girl, who had recovered from her shock somewhat, raised her head and turned to the trainer.

"But—but it's not, Barney!" she said in broken tones. "I've never seen that—that man before. Look for yourself."

Both Barney and Tony stepped to the signpost, and peered down at the form lying at its foot, and as they did so they gave a simultaneous cry of amazement.

"Why, he's masked!" gasped Barney. "The mystery gets deeper every way you turn."

"Well, we'll have a look at this chap's face," said Tony, dropping to his knees, "and see whether he's still breathing."

He unfastened the mask, and carefully examined the man.

"He's alive, all right," he announced, looking up at the trainer.

As he finished speaking the subject of his remark gave a low groan, and made an uneasy movement.

"Hallo! He's coming round now!" cried the trainer. "Maybe we can find out from him what happened to the Owner to-night."

"I dare say he's mixed up in this business," agreed Tony, "though whether he'll speak or not's a different matter."

The man on the ground gave another low groan, and then he strove to rise. The exertion proved too much for him, however, and he sank back, muttering to himself. Tony lowered his head, and attempted to catch the words of the fellow.

"You wait! You wait, you old fossil!" muttered the injured man, grinding his teeth. "You wait until I've finished with you, me lord!"

"My hat! It's about Lord Estor he's talking, guv'nor!" exclaimed Tony. "When he comes to properly we must get out of him what he knows about the Owner, at all costs."

"Eh—wot's that?"

The rogue, who had come round at last, sat bolt upright on the grass, and stared at the trainer and the stable-boy with wide-open eyes.

"Eh—wot's that?" he repeated.

"We're anxious to know what has become of Lord Estor, of the Grange Hall," said Barney, going straight to the point. "Now, what do you know about him? Has he been here?"

"Lord Estor? Wot the blazes has he gotter do with me?"

"Now, see here, my friend," said Barney. "Lord Estor disappeared from his home last night, and we've good reason for believing he came down here to the cross-roads to meet somebody. Well, we've found you here under suspicious circumstances, and we're going to find out what you know about the matter."

The man staggered to his feet and faced the trainer, while Tony edged round behind the fellow's back, in case he tried to make off suddenly.

"Who are you, anyway?" snarled the rogue, thrusting his face towards the trainer. "If you think I'm a-goin' to be cross-examined by a lot o'—"

He stopped short as a low purring sound proceeded from the road behind the clump of trees and bushes.

"Hang 'em!" he muttered savagely. "They've left me in the lurch, the worms!"

"Jove, that's a motor-car, guv'nor!" said Tony to Barney Bulfin. "The Owner evidently fell foul of a gang of the scoundrels. Judging by the fact that this chap got laid out, there was probably a tidy scrap about here not long before we arrived on the scene."

The man who had been knocked out by Lord Estor's ashplant turned and looked the stable-lad up and down.

"Well, lemme tell you you're right off the rails Mister Sherlock 'Olmes junior," he sneered. "Some friends and me were comin' from Newmarket by car, when we had a bit o' a bust-up, and I got pitched out."

"Ah, you had an accident?" murmured Tony innocently.

"That's jest it," said the man.

"You're a brighter young spark than wot you look. You see, we'd bin 'avin' a bit o' a convivial time in Newmarket, and our shuvver was none too steady. Now I'll say 'good-night' to you gen'l'men, 'cause I've gotter hoof it back to Framham now."

"Er—just one moment," said Tony.

"There's one little point you might help us to clear up."

"I'm at your service, kid," returned the man tolerantly; "but if it's anythin' to do with that Lord Wotehermacallim, I can't 'elp you, I'm afeard."

"No; there's only one question I'd like you to answer, and it doesn't refer to Lord Estor."

"Well, wot is it?"

"Tell me," said Tony, in slow, deliberate tones. "Why were you wearing this?"

The boy suddenly brought from behind his back the mask of black cloth which he had recovered from the face of the rogue when he had been unconscious.

The man gave a violent start; he had quite forgotten that suspicious embellishment of his features.

But in a moment his surprise and chagrin changed to furious rage, as he realised the manner in which the youngster had trapped him. He sprang at the stable-boy, and attempted to wrench the incriminating strip of cloth from his hand.

But Tony was well on the alert, and his fist shot out like a piston-rod. The scoundrel went reeling backwards, seeing more shooting-stars with one of his eyes than most people see in a lifetime with two.

In a second Barney closed with him, and Dorothy, who had kept slightly in the background during the conversation, pluckily rushed forward to help.

Though sadly deficient in honesty, the ruffian certainly was not lacking in animal courage, and he fought tooth and nail, with the odds against him.

"Keep out o' the way, Lady Dorothy!" yelled Barney to the girl. "We can manage the rascal all right, without your—Oooch!"

The sudden exclamation at the conclusion of Barney's remarks was caused by a heavy fist landing in the region

of his belt. The trainer doubled up under the impact of the blow, and sat heavily down on the grass.

The ruffian then turned his attention entirely to Tony. He swung his right with such force that had the blow landed the lad would have been stretched out then and there. But Tony ducked his head just in time, and, shooting out his fists, shook the teeth of his antagonist with a sharp rat-tat to the jaw.

This had the effect of cooling the fellow's ardour somewhat, and as Barney jumped to his feet again he made a wild dive for the shelter of the clump of wood beyond the grass-patch.

He fairly leapt into the bushes, with Tony at his heels like a fox-terrier after a bull. But luck favoured the ruffian, for as he disappeared into the screen of shrubbery Tony tripped over some object lying among the lank grass, and shot headlong to the ground.

Rather shaken by the fall, he was just getting up to continue the pursuit when a low groan from the region of the long grass caused him to swing round in amazement. Dropping to his knees, he felt for the object over which he had tripped.

"My hat, Barney!" he cried. "Here's another of 'em!"

Barney, who saw the futility of carrying on the chase through the wood in the darkness, darted across to the boy's side, as did Dorothy as well.

By this time Tony had pulled aside some of the grass, and now he struck a match, to better examine this other victim of the midnight fracas.

He gave a shrill whistle, followed by a sharp exclamation.

"The Owner!"

With a cry Dorothy dropped down at the side of her father, and as she did so Lord Estor moaned again, and his eyelids flickered.

"Oh, thank goodness, he's alive!" cried the girl, her chief anxiety removed by these indications of returning consciousness.

Nobody now thought of the ruffian who was frantically beating his way through the wood, the attention of all being focussed upon the sportsman peer, who was now making rapid progress towards recovery.

"Where—where am I?" stammered Lord Estor, looking about him in a dazed manner. "I—I don't remember—Why, Dorothy! What are you doing here, my child?"

In a flash the remembrance of all that occurred seemed to come to him.

By the combined help of the three, they got Lord Estor down to the road, and helped him to mount Barney's big bay hack. The Owner was still far too shaky to give anything but a few words of explanation, and further discussion was therefore left until a later occasion. Barney took his seat on the mare behind the old sportsman, and set off for the Grange Hall, followed closely by Dorothy, Tony, and Dick.

On his arrival home Lord Estor received a hearty demonstration of welcome which amply testified in what high regard he was held by his household. The footmen and others who had formed search-parties had returned after their abortive efforts to

pick up the trail, and two police-officers from-Newmarket were also at the Hall.

To avoid mentioning the Derby doping incident, Lord Estor merely informed them that he had set out to confront an unknown man, who had attempted to extort money from him, and that he had been set upon by a gang of masked men.

The officers did not seem at all satisfied with the explanation of the famous sportsman, and they left the Hall in no very good humour.

Afterwards, ensconced in his favourite armchair in the library, Lord Estor recounted in full his adventures to Dorothy, Barney, and the two boys. From memory he repeated almost word for word the text of the mysterious missive he had received which had caused him to visit the cross-roads near The Coach and Horses Inn, and from his pocket he drew the torn scraps of the letter.

"Please let me have them, sir!" said Tony eagerly. "They may help us to get on the track of the rascal again."

The Owner handed them over with a smile.

"You can have them, my boy," he said. "I suppose you want to try your hand at a little detective work?"

"Rather, sir!"

"And Tony's a jolly good 'tec, daddy!" put in Dorothy. And she told her father the full story of how Tony had picked up the trail from the clue of the torn scrap of paper.

"Then I have you to thank for my rescue," said the Owner. "It was smart work, my boy, and I shall rely on your help to solve the greater mystery of my Derby mare, Sunfire."

Tony flushed under the praise bestowed upon him, and mentally vowed to leave no stone unturned in a fresh effort to unravel the tangled skein of crime into which the Estor stables had become involved.

Lord Estor's description of the man he had met at the cross-roads had

proved beyond doubt that the fellow was the same ginger-haired rascallous tout whom Tony had encountered on the Heath, and later in the wood near the Grange Hall.

"Well, we've clues to go upon now," said Barney, puffing contentedly at the choice Havana cigar the Owner had given him. "Young Tony here has a cipher letter he took from the rascal who wrote that other note addressed to you, sir, and also a mask of black cloth which he lifted from one o' the gang o' ruffians who set on you at the cross-roads."

"Yes," said Tony, "and I had a jolly good look at that fellow I took the mask from, too. He had a long, livid scar down his left cheek, and I should know him again among a thousand."

Lord Estor flicked the ash from his cigar, and rose from his chair.

"One thing has been proved by the night's work," he said, "and that is that we are up against a gang, and not merely one enemy. Whatever endeavours you make to unmask the scoundrels shall receive my full support. Whatever assistance you require, financially or otherwise, I shall be only too glad to give."

He held out his hand in turn to Barney and the two youngsters.

"Thanks again for giving up your night's rest on my account," he said. "You must go home and make up for it now. You two lads are excused all work at the stables to-day, and I shall drop a note to Perkins to that effect."

After taking their leave of the Owner and Dorothy, Barney and the two boys left the Hall and walked down the drive to the spot where they had tethered the horses. The first pale streaks of dawn were spreading over the eastern sky, and the fine old mansion, the trees and hedges, were beginning to stand out in clearer outline.

"I say, guv'nor," said Tony suddenly to his foster-parent, "can Dick and I ride over to the cross-roads and see if we can pick up any more clues?"

Barney stifled a yawn, and regarded Tony as though the boy were some queer kind of zoological specimen he had never before encountered.

"Go to the cross-roads again!" he cried. "Well, I'll be blessed if you aren't a fair glutton for that 'tec business! You and Dick had better go straight to bed. Being up all night isn't good for kids o' your age, particularly as you're both riding in the Apprentices' Handicap soon."

"But we're not tired, really, Mr. Bulfin," put in Dick. "Do let us go! We might find out a whole heap of useful information."

"Well, well, off you go, then," said the genial trainer, in resigned tones. "Don't be long. I'm going up to the stables, so I'll take Ladybird back."

While the trainer trotted off on his big bay mare, with Ladybird in tow, Tony and Dick cantered away in the direction of the cross-roads where they had spent so exciting a night. On the journey they chatted about the curious events of the past few days, and of the clues they had in hand.

"It's a pity we couldn't find the solution to that cipher we took from the ginger-headed tout, Tony," mur-

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mured Dick. "Though probably it hasn't any bearing on the doping of the mare at Epsom."

"I'm not so sure it isn't connected with the affair," said Tony thoughtfully. "That tout said it was for Danny Wade, and don't you remember that Wade had a similar note in his possession on Derby day?"

Dick looked at his chum in open-eyed surprise.

"My hat, Tony!" he cried. "You're surely not trying to suggest that Danny Wade is mixed up in this unsavoury business?"

"I'm not suggesting that he is. Nevertheless, I'm not losing sight of the possibility that he may be."

"Oh, rot!"

"Why is it rot, you ass?"

"Well, in the first place, is it likely that Danny Wade, the leading jockey, would be mixed up in an attempt to dope the finest mount he ever had in his career, as he admitted Sunfire was? Why, the honour of winning the Blue Ribbon of the Turf would be worth more to him than any amount of money that might be offered to him for crocking the horse. Besides, I heard Barney Bulfin say that Danny was fed to the wide at losing the big race, and there's little doubt that his disappointment was genuine, too."

"That's all very well, Dick," said Tony. "On the other hand, everything points to the fact that someone intimately connected with the stables—that is, someone to whom the mare was accessible—must have done the job. The only people who had anything to do with Sunfire at Epsom were Barney, Perkins, and the other stable-hands we know, and Danny Wade, and we've got to take everybody into consideration."

It was daylight by the time the youngsters arrived at the cross-roads again, and they could discern, in the long grass by the sign-post, a few indications of the struggle that had taken place there. But although they searched the ground and wood industriously, the only other find they made was Lord Estor's ashplant stick, which had been forgotten earlier in the morning.

"Well, what's the next move, Tony?" asked Dick, as they rode back homewards together.

Tony patted the arched neck of The Rocking Horse thoughtfully.

"I think," he said, "we'll have a shot at getting on the track of that ginger-headed spy and the man with the scar on his cheek. I've a strong feeling they're both only the tools of some bigger scoundrel, who keeps himself well out of the limelight."

"Ah, I believe you've hit the right nail on the head there, Tony!" said his chum. "But if we could only get on to the key of that cipher I'm sure we'd— Wuh-huh!"

Dick finished his remark with a loud yawn, and then set himself the task of getting home with all possible speed. Tony urged on The Rocking Horse, too, and in less than half an hour the two boys had stabled their mounts, and had separated to their respective homes, to snatch the sleep they had earned so well.

Sunfire Out Again!

DURING the next few days Tony Draycott and Dick Selby had little time to devote in endeavouring to elucidate the great Derby mystery. Their thoughts were taken up with the forthcoming Ascot Races, and with preparation for the Apprentices' Handicap at Newmarket, in which both of the boys were to ride.

Lord Estor and his pretty daughter, of course, visited Ascot, which furnished one of the greatest social as well as sporting events of the season, and, with Barney Bulfin, they had good hopes of success with a promising string from the stable, of which the three-year-old, Sunfire, was the bright and particular star. Accompanying the Estors was the well-known Newmarket owner, Sir Digby Garston, for

in surprise. The offer was a remarkably good one, judged from the places the two racehorses held in the betting. Moreover, five thousand pounds was a nice little sum to pick up. The Owner hesitated. Then all his sporting instinct came to the surface.

"No," he said firmly; "but I will lay you five hundred pounds against two hundred that Sunfire will finish in front of the colt."

Sir Digby did not seem over-pleased. Nevertheless, he accepted the generous offer.

As the time near to the big race the excitement became more and more intense, until at last the string of beautiful thoroughbreds filed out from the paddock to the course.

In succession the horses trotted



Tony suddenly brought from behind his back the mask of black cloth. "Tell me," he said, "why were you wearing this?"

whom Barney, Tony and the others had no very great liking, however.

Ascot was a blaze of sunshine and colour, and although two of the Estor horses failed to achieve any marked success in minor races, the spirit of the day was such that the highest hopes abounded that Sunfire, the erstwhile Derby favourite, would retrieve the fortunes of the stable by waltzing home with the Royal Hunt Cup.

There was another horse in the race, however, which was greatly fancied by a section of the public, and, although it did not stand so high in the betting as Sunfire, it was considered the mare's most dangerous rival. This was Thunderer, Sir Digby Garston's jet-black colt.

"I'll tell you what, Estor," said Sir Digby, regarding the peer with a smile, "I'll lay a level five thousand pounds that my colt, Thunderer, will finish the course ahead of your mare."

Lord Estor looked at his companion

swiftly away to the seven furlongs starting-point, and every eye was riveted on Lord Estor's magnificent golden-brown mare, which had failed so astoundingly in the Derby.

With Danny Wade, the famous jockey, in his violet-and-white hooped silken jacket, up, the hopes of the Estor stable were particularly bright, but in view of the mare's recent showing in the Derby the opinion of the public of her chances was sharply divided.

No runner attracted a quarter of the attention the mare received, however, and the question on all lips was, would Sunfire win the Royal Hunt Cup?

Another long, powerful instalment of this magnificent new tale of the Turf will appear in next Tuesday's issue of "The Greyfriars Herald." Don't miss it!



THE CRIMSON ARROW

A Thrilling New Serial Story of Buffalo Bill and the Redskins

By Mr. PAUL PONTIFEX PROUT

(Master of The Fifth Form.)

Round the Campfire!

KIT watched Buffalo Bill intently, as he kneeled on the prairie between the three fires, listening intently to the sound of the hoofbeats that were rapidly approaching.

These were inaudible through the air, but the ground carried the sound like a telegraph wire in the silent night.

"It's all right," said Buffalo Bill, rising to his feet, and reseating himself by the fire. "It is old Prairie Wolf riding Maud the mule with a led horse, and there is a Redskin coming along with him. I guess it will be old Deer-Who-Leaps, the Soshone chief. But they won't be along till awhile yet. Well, to go on with my story.

"I started in May, 1857 with a herd of beef cattle in charge of a couple of cowboys, Frank and Bill McCarthy, which were part of the commissariat of General Johnston's Army, which was then being sent across the plains to fight the Mormons of Utah, who had declared war against the Government.

"It was tough work for a boy of eleven years, Kit, I can tell you," added Buffalo Bill, "and it got tougher still when we reached Plum Creek, on the South Platte River, thirty-five miles west of old Fort Kerney. You have got to remember that cattle cannot be driven very fast, more especially when they are for beef, for they soon lose weight if they cannot graze, and their meat becomes tough and stringy.

"So we used to make a morning drive of it, and camp by noon in the heat of the day. Then the wagon-masters, and the majority of the men would go to sleep in the shade under the mess-waggons, the cattle would be allowed to graze, guarded by three cowboys, and the cook would be busy preparing dinner, and naturally, I, being the boy, had to help the cook with his fires and to run for water or anything that he wanted."

Buffalo Bill took an ember from the fire and lit his pipe. Kit had rolled over and was lying full length on the ground with his chin in his hands, eagerly listening to the great scout's story of his life, and Buckskin, who had been grazing, shadowy, under the stars, came in close to the fires, his soft eyes turned on his beloved master

as though, he, too, wanted to hear the story of Buffalo Bill's youth.

"On this particular day," resumed Buffalo Bill, "we little dreamed that there were any Indians near us. The army had passed ahead of us, and we thought, as we were following the army trail, half-mile wide on the prairie, that that would be, in itself enough to scare any wandering bands of Redskins out of that section of the country.

"But dinner was just getting ready, when we heard the rapid firing of shots, and the whoops and yells of Redskins who had caught us napping.

"All the sleepers under the waggons jumped to their feet and seized their guns, and we ran to the top of a little rise close by the camp. And I can tell you, Kit, it was no very pleasant sight that greeted us. We saw our cattle running in all directions, and our mule-teams, which hauled the waggons, were scattering with them, for when a stampede takes the mules, they go like wildfire. There were over a hundred Redskins in the party, and they had shot and killed the three men who were on day-herd duty. And I can tell you, Kit," said Buffalo Bill, with a grim laugh, "that

I felt my knees knocking together when that gang of rascals bunched together, and came charging down on our camp.

"I was only eleven years old, and this was my first do with the Redskins.

"My only consolation was," laughed Buffalo Bill, throwing back his long hair over his shoulders, "my pelt was cut to a velvet crop, and I guessed that the Redskin who got it would be mighty disappointed with it. But I picked up heart when I heard the McCarthy brothers, cool and determined, giving their orders to receive the advancing Redskins in style. Our men were all well-armed with Colt revolvers and Mississippi Yager rifles, the last of which carried a bullet and two buckshot, so that, if you do not get your Redskin with the bullet, you'd be likely to give him a good peppering of buckshot.

"And, as the Redskin came on, yelling like a lot of demons, the McCarthy boys, at the proper moment, gave us orders to fire. We tumbled three of them out of their saddles, and they got one of our chaps through the leg, though they did not disable him altogether. Then Frank McCarthy sang out: 'Boys, make a break for the slough yonder, and we can have the bank for a breastwork!'

"The slough was a small brook which ran into the South Platte River at no great distance, and we made a break for it, leaving our waggons which were no more use to us, since we had lost the mules. And we succeeded in reaching it safely, and in taking our wounded man along with us. The bank turned out to be a very good breastwork, a regular natural trench, and we stayed off the Redskins, who were not long in finding out that cavalry are no good against entrenched infantry. We winged one or two more of them, and they hauled off to loot our waggons. Then Frank McCarthy, our leader, seeing that the longer we were corralled up under the bank of that litch the worse it would be for us, said:

"Well, boys, we'll try to make our way back to Fort Kerney by wading in the river and keeping the bank or a breastwork all the way. The red varmints will follow us down,

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 Bellows, old Prairie Wolf, a former Navajo chief, and Kit and Jos Desmond, two British boys whose father is a prisoner in the hands of the Indians. A mock convoy sets out from the fort, and the Redskins make an attack, which is beaten off with heavy loss. Afterwards some mysterious crimson-coloured arrows are found sewn into the quivers of the fallen braves. Buffalo Bill rescues Kit from a position of great danger, and afterwards, by the campfire, he is telling the lad his history when he pauses suddenly and listens intently. "There's somebody coming!" he exclaims. "I wonder if it is friend or foe?"

you may be sure, but they can't cross the river, and we can keep 'em off!"

"And this we did. We made our way down the slough or ditch, always keeping well under the bank, which was fairly high, and for several miles we kept the Redskins off with our guns till the little river made its junction with the South Platte. And there we turned down the river under the banks. Sometimes the water in the river was too deep to allow us to wade, and we made a raft of poles to carry our mate who had been shot through the leg. And in this fashion, sometimes swimming, and sometimes wading, and always towing the wounded man on the raft close under the banks, we stood the Redskins off through that long afternoon. The Redskins followed us up pretty close, and when we had to swim and to put our rifles on the raft, they did their best to get us under a raking fire as we rounded the bends. But we made pretty good progress, and, when night fell, we were still travelling down the river, and the Redskins were still close on our heels."

Buffalo Bill stopped his yarn to re-light his pipe.

"You may imagine, Kit," said he, "this was pretty hard going for me, who was only a kid of eleven, and who had a lot of swimming to do, for being short, I had to start swimming a long time before my companions, whilst my legs were a long time after theirs in finding the bottom of the South Platte River, when we came to the shallows. I had been up, too, since the very early morning with the cattle, so I got a bit tired and drowsy, and at about ten o'clock at night, I had fallen some little way behind my companions. We were all travelling along under the bank, going very quietly, like a lot of otters, and hugging close up in the shadows of the bank."

"It was just then that I looked up. There was a bit of moonlight in the sky, and, against this, I saw the black-plumed head of a Redskin over the bank looking for us. I suppose I was young and daring, though I felt frightened enough, for instead of hurrying ahead quietly and warning my companions, I instantly aimed my gun at the Redskin's head and fired."

"The report of the gun rang out sharp and loud on the night air, and went echoing along the river, and I can tell you, Kit, that no one was more surprised than I was, when there was a whoop, and the next moment, six-foot of Indian, dead as Julius Caesar, came tumbling into the river."

"I can tell you that I was so badly scared that I could hardly realise what I had done, and I expected to see the whole force of Redskins come tumbling over the banks on top of me. But the last man in our little party, who had heard the Indian fall into the river, came hurrying back to me."

"Who fired that shot?" called Frank McCarthy.

"I did!" I replied. I was feeling very proud now, for my fright was over, and I saw my men coming back.

"Gee whizz!" called the first of the men, as he nearly stumbled over my

dead Indian. 'Little Bill Cody has killed an Injun stone dead—too dead to skin! It's sure enough!'

"And I can tell you, I was a very proud boy then. I was only eleven years old, and I had killed my first Redskin, and, from that time forward, I was a hero and an Indian-killer. In a few days, for miles around, it was told how little Billy Cody had killed a Redskin on his lonesome, and my exploit created such a sensation, that I was in danger of getting the swelled head over what, after all, was only the lucky shot of a frightened child. The Indians who were pursuing us, learning what had happened to their advanced spy, fired after us in the darkness of the bank, but they did not get any of us. Then they gave up the chase

him very stiff when he had ridden far.

He made the sign of peace as he approached the fires, and Buffalo Bill responded in the formal fashion of the Redskins.

"Peace be unto thee, and upon thy people, O Deer-Who-Leaps!" said he, in Soshone dialect. "Thou hast ridden far in chase of this boy who rides the buffalo and art weary. Here is buffalo meat and Mok-ta-bo-mah-pe, (coffee)!"

Deer-Who-Leaps' grim old face brightened up in the red firelight, as he smelled the pleasant aroma of the black coffee, for this is the one Paleface comfort which the Redskin loves almost as well as he loves the deadly firewater.

"Peace be upon thy lodge, O Buffalo Bill, who art called of my



Buffalo Bill produced a finely turned bullet of pure silver, and held it forth to the Redskins. "Look, chiefs," he said; "it is big medicine."

and we reached Fort Kerney safely at reveille, bringing in our wounded man safely on the raft. That, Kit, was my first turn with the Indians," added Buffalo Bill, "and by no means the least exciting. We had a very close shave. But here comes Prairie Wolf and old Deer-Who-Leaps!"

Kit was quite sorry when he heard the hoot of an owl sounding through the silent night. He would have liked to have heard a lot more of Buffalo Bill's youth.

But Buffalo Bill had answered the call, and soon there was a soft thudding of hoofs on the grass, and up rode old Chief Prairie Wolf, mounted on Maud the mule, and leading by his side an Indian horse from the Soshone encampment.

And, with him, rode Deer-Who-Leaps, mounted on a tall grey.

Prairie Wolf slid off his mule, and Deer-Who-Leaps lowered himself stiffly to the ground, for the Apache bullet which had raked his back made

people, 'He-Who-Sees-In-The-Dark,' he responded.

Then he turned and glanced inquiringly at the huge carcass of the bull buffalo, and at Kit, as though wondering how it was possible that the boy could have been carried so far by the savage brute, without being bucked off and stamped to death.

"Wah!" he grunted. "Here are fresh miracles! What medicine has this young Paleface warrior, that he rides the buffalo bull as an Indian pony?"

Buffalo Bill laughed at this. He saw that the Indian superstition of both the Indian chiefs was touched.

"Only the miracle of light weight, O chief!" he answered, "Had he been a full-grown man, this bull would have stiffened his legs and thrown him."

But both the chiefs shook their heads and lit their stone calumets, making medicine to the north, south, east and west with their pipestems, to avert ill-luck from this miracle.

Deer-Who-Leaps gave a great puff of mingled tobacco and sumac leaf before he spoke again.

"Behold, it told how there shall come a young warrior riding on a buffalo bull, and that he shall be a scourge to the Apaches for their many evil deeds!" said he. "Thus have the wise man of the Soshones and the Navajoes foretold these many years, and this boy shall be called 'Man-Who-Rides-The-Buffalo!'"

And both the chiefs crouched over the fire smoking their pipes and looking sideways at Kit

The White Horse of Death!

KIT did not know that his little adventure and touched on one of the deepest and most repeated prophecies of the Indian medicine-men. All Indians, even the Navajoes, who were at present allied to them, hated the Apaches and their treachery. They were counted dangerous enemies, and more dangerous friends, and over and over again, had it been foretold that the downfall of this haughty and cruel race should be heralded by the coming of a warrior who should ride upon a buffalo shod with fire.

But Buffalo Bill saw the value of the effect that Kit's ride had created.

"It may be, or it may not be. Eat chiefs and rest thee!" said he carelessly. And he handed them meat and salt and biscuits.

Neither Prairie Wolf nor Deer-Who-Leaps cared much for the hard army biscuits. They were real Redskins—meat eaters—who held that bread and biscuit were the food of squaws or of sick men. The only bread they knew were cakes made of the ground seeds of the prairie flowers and this they only tasted rarely.

But they enjoyed the salt, which was a luxury to them, and for which they craved as much as a child craves for sugar.

It was plain, as the two old warriors squatted together by the fire, that they were tremendously impressed by the omen of Kit's ride on the buffalo, and there was more than this, for another omen was on their minds.

Coming along before sunset, tracking Buffalo Bill's trail over the prairie, they had crossed the track of wild horses.

They knew that these were not Redskin nor Paleface tracks, for they were the tracks of unriden and unshod horses and foals, and amongst these was the track of a powerful hoof, of far greater depth and strength than of any other horse of the prairies.

The off fore-hoof of this trail showed a small arrowheaded mark, and over this the two chiefs, dismounting, had held a long pow-wow.

For it was none other than the track of a superb white stallion, which the Redskins knew as the Spirit Horse.

This stallion had ranged the plains for the last four years. None knew whence he had come, nor his grazing grounds, for he came and went at intervals, running with the other wild horses for a space and then disappearing. The range of country covered by this strange steed was tremendous. His trail had been seen as far to the south as the Mexican

border, and as far north as the head waters of the Missouri. Indian talk, which runs fast, had confirmed the movements of this wonderful steed, and many had been the attempts to catch him.

But the Spirit Horse had evaded all his pursuers. The best mounted of the Apache horse-hunters had failed to get near him. He could run rings round them. Chiefs had offered huge rewards of buffalo-ropes, beads, fire-water and guns to the lucky hunter who could succeed in roping this matchless steed, and many had been the attempts to do so.

But it seemed as though the Spirit Horse had laughed at his pursuers. He would allow the hunters to range close up alongside him ready to noose him in the Redskin fashion, which consists of ranging up close alongside with the lariat and a forked stick, and in dropping the noose over the head of the quarry, and hauling it over his ears with the fork of the stick.

But hunters had never succeeded in doing this. The white horse, with a shake of his head had put on speed, and simply romped away from the hunters, leaving their galloping horses behind as though they were standing still.

And, by some uncanny sense, the Spirit Horse had always kept clear of the cowboys and Mexicans, who throw the lasso, and who sometimes use the South American bolas. It was said that there was not a horse in the West that could get near him, unless it were Buck Dixie's matchless Starlight.

But there was more in the matter than this, for it is said that the warrior who came riding the buffalo should mount a marvellous white horse on the day of his triumph, and, thus mounted, would war against the pick of the Apache braves and defeat them.

So both Prairie Wolf and Deer-Who-Leaps had a lot to think of as they crouched by the fire, throwing side-glances at Kit.

When they had finished eating, they lit their calumets again, and stared into the fire.

Buffalo Bill knew that there was something on their minds. But he asked no questions, and waited for them to speak, for he knew his Redskin well enough to know that nothing will make him talk till he wants to.

At length Deer-Who-Leaps broke silence.

"Behold, O Buffalo Bill," said he, "there are strange happenings. The Spirit Horse is abroad to-night!"

Buffalo Bill nodded at this news. He knew all about the Spirit Horse, and the Redskin superstition that, where the marvellous white horse moved, there was war, so that it was deemed to be the White Horse of Death.

The Redskins, for all their cunning, have the true simplicity of mind of the savage.

They did not realise that the reason why war always followed in the trail of the white horse, was because it led the hunters of the various tribes in their earnest chase of it into the hunting-grounds of other

tribes, stirring up the buffalo and deer, and setting them on the move to the detriment of the hunting. And this was the cause of half the inter-tribal quarrels of the Redskins.

"Where the Spirit Horse travels there is war and death!" muttered old Prairie Wolf. "There was killing of Indians in the morning, and the white horse is on the prairies to-night!"

"Good!" replied Buffalo Bill carelessly. "If he comes near our campfire, I will crease and capture him!"

"Ho, ho! Brave words!" chuckled old Prairie Wolf. "He who can see in the night is a mighty hunter. Is it not sooth that Buffalo Bill has taken the eyes out of a lynx, and has placed them in his own head? But even the eyes of a lynx may not see enough to crease a horse in the starlight!"

There was unbelief and sarcasm in Prairie Wolf's tone. It is generally believed that a Redskin has no sense of humour. This is true enough of the Redskins who, sulky and defeated, have mostly been the acquaintance of the Paleface. But the natural Redskin has his own sense of fun.

Buffalo Bill, meant to impress both Prairie Wolf and his companion.

Into his deerskin ammunition-pouch he slipped his hand, and produced a finely-turned bullet of pure silver, holding it forth to the two chiefs.

"Look, chiefs," said he, "here is the medicine-bullet that shall crease the white horse, if he shows himself. It is big medicine, and was cast by the Wise Women, in the Red Pipe Quarry of Minnesota."

The two old chiefs took the strange bullet of silver. It came, according to their beliefs, from the most sacred place in all the North American Continent, the famous Minnesota quarry of red stone, which all the Indians used for their pipes through countless generations.

As a matter of fact, Buffalo Bill had cast the bullet himself from a dollar.

But the casting he attributed to the two Wise Women, who are supposed to live under two huge gneiss boulders in the Sacred Quarry, and who were always consulted before any pipe stone was to be dug up by the wandering Redskins, who came from all over the States to procure the Sacred Stone for their pipe bowls.

This wonderful quarry which is situated on the summit of the high divide between the Missouri and St. Peter's River, at a point not far from where the ninety-seven meridian of longitude (from Greenwich) intersects the forty-fifth parallel of latitude, has been visited for untold centuries by the Indians intent on procuring the pipe stone.

It was sacred and sanctuary to all who approached it, for it was believed by the Redskins, from Texas to Canada, that no one might approach it armed, under fear of Divine Vengeance.

Little wonder that both Prairie Wolf and Deer-Who-Leaps gazed with awe at the shining silver bullet which lay in the palms of their hands, since it had been, as they supposed, cast by the Wise Women, who were guardians of the Sacred Quarry.

But it did not dispel their unbelief of Buffalo Bill's power to crease the white horse, should this mysterious animal show itself near their camp.

To crease a horse is a marvellous piece of shooting by day. By night, it might well be held to be absolutely impossible.

It simply means that the shooter must graze the neck of the animal with a bullet, so closely as not to hurt it, but sufficiently to cause a temporary paralysis or stunning by the glancing of the bullet across the spinal column.

A hair's-breadth deflection will kill or miss.

And this was the shot that Buffalo Bill so calmly proposed to make in the darkness.

It was an impossible shot—a preposterous shot.

Prairie Wolf and Deer-Who-Leaps were quite ready to swallow the story that Buffalo Bill had taken the eyes out of a lynx and had placed them in his own head. They were likewise quite prepared to believe that long-stretched yarn of the silver bullet being cast by the Wise Women of the Sacred Quarry.

But they scoffed at the notion of anyone creasing a horse at night with no other light than the tricky reflections of the firelight, and the glimmering of the stars.

But Buffalo Bill was quite calm as he slipped the bullet into his rifle and carefully wadded down the charge.

The rifle was the famous rifle presented to him by the United States Army authorities, and which was known as Lucrezia Borgia. It had killed countless buffalo, and the number of Redskins which had fallen to its unerring barrel, were marked in tiny notches which roughened its stock all over.

Buffalo Bill waited in silence, the rifle across his knees. Once only he spoke:

"I will crease the white horse!" said he; "and it shall be the horse of this young warrior, who has already ridden the buffalo!"

The two old Red-skin chiefs said nothing. They were far too polite to call Buffalo Bill a liar.

But the great scout knew more than they did. Goodness knows where the famous Spirit Horse had come from. One thing was certain; he would come to a campfire. Perhaps he had escaped as a foal from some Mexican camp, and had some pleasant associations with the campfires of men. Perhaps it was mere equine curiosity.

But, at any rate, Buffalo Bill sat listening for a quarter of an hour, with his rifle laid across his knees.

Then there came the sound of galloping. A troop of wild horses were careering somewhere on the prairie, not far away.

"With that herd," said Buffalo Bill calmly, "comes the White Horse of Death!"

Another long instalment of this great tale of Redskin and Paleface in next Tuesday's issue of "The Greyfriars Herald."

My Weekly Interview

By the Special Representative of
"The Greyfriars Herald."
This week:
SIR HILTON POPPER

WHEN I stepped into the editorial sanctum to receive my orders, I got a rude shock.

"I shall dispense with your services on this occasion," said the editor.

"Why—and wherefore?" I gasped.

"Because the interview this week happens to be a very delicate and difficult matter. I felt quite certain you would funk it. So I shall arrange for somebody else to take on the job."

"I'm not a funk!" I said hotly.

"I'll take on any blessed interview you like!"

The editor smiled.

"Bet you half a crown you won't have the nerve to interview old Popper!" he said.

"Done!"

Sir Hilton Popper, as everybody knows, is a big landowner in the district, and a member of the board of Governors into the bargain. He's a crusty, fiery-tempered old martinet, and Greyfriars fellows—particularly Removites—are his pet abomination.

The task of interviewing the peppery baronet was certainly delicate and difficult. It was also distinctly dangerous.

It had occurred to me, as soon as I had quitted the editorial sanctum, that a disguise would be necessary, if I was to carry out my undertaking successfully. To be seen on Sir Hilton Popper's estate, attired in Etons and wearing a Greyfriars cap, would be fatal.

At this juncture, I caught sight of Trotter, the page, coming along the passage.

"Trotter!" I exclaimed. "Have you got an old suit of clothes I could borrow?"

Trotter blinked at me in surprise.

"There's an old uniform of mine that you can have, sir," he said. "But why—"

"Ask no questions," I said, "and you'll be told no fibs. Let's have a look at this uniform."

Trotter led the way to the little cupboard which serves as his bedroom, and he produced an old and shabby page's tunic, and a pair of trousers to match.

"These will do a treat," I remarked.

Within a few moments, a complete transformation had been effected in my appearance.

I was no longer a smart-looking youth in Etons. I was a shabby, down-at-heel page-boy. Then, with a brief word of thanks to my benefactor, I hurried away on my mission of peril.

I passed undetected through the school gateway and along the road. And it didn't take me long to reach Sir Hilton Popper's estate.

I confess that my heart quailed as I approached the front door of Sir Hilton's mansion, and gave the front-door bell a violent tug.

Several minutes passed; then the door was opened by the butler. He was about to ask me what I wanted, when Popper himself came striding on the scene.

"Who are you?" he rapped out, eyeing me with extreme disfavour.

"If you please, I'm a pip-pip-page-boy!" I managed to stutter.

"A page-boy, eh? And you're out of a job, what?"

"Yes, sir," I murmured, scarcely knowing what I was saying.

"Splendid!" said Sir Hilton. "I've been advertising for a page-boy for months, and I haven't had a single application. For some reason or other, all the youngsters in the district seem to fight shy of me. What's your name?"

I hadn't much presence of mind left; but I had sufficient savvy not to give my correct name.

"Jones, sir," I said.

"Well, Jones, I can engage you right away!"

"Oh, crumb! I—I—"

"You needn't try and stammer out your thanks, boy!" said Sir Hilton gruffly. "I guessed you were out of a job, by your shabby appearance."

I felt an awful ass, as the butler led me away to the servants' quarters. But I resolved to wait until an opportunity of escape presented itself, and then jump at it.

But the afternoon went by, and I had no chance of giving Sir Hilton the slip. I was constantly under his eye; and the butler was always hovering in the vicinity.

I had my tea with the servants, and I answered the door every time the bell rang. It was a novel experience, and in a way I quite enjoyed it. But I realised that unless I slipped my moorings soon, I should be marked down as an absentee at Greyfriars.

The climax came in the evening, shortly before dinner was served.

Sir Hilton was expecting several guests, and I had already admitted three, when the front-door bell rang again.

I hurried to the door and opened it—to find myself face to face with the Headmaster of Greyfriars!

It was a dramatic moment.

Dr. Locke recognised me at once, and he was fairly staggered. But he wasn't so staggered as I was!

"Boy! What are you doing here?" thundered the Head.

"This is Jones, my new page-boy!" explained Sir Hilton Popper, looming up in the hall.

"Indeed, it is not!" said Dr. Locke. "This boy is a member of the Remove Form at Greyfriars!"

"Then, by George, I have been hoaxed!" roared the baronet.

The Head nodded.

"Before we sit down to dinner, Sir Hilton," he said, "I should like to ask you a favour!"

"Well, sir?"

"I wish to borrow your hunting-crop!"

And for the rest of that memorable evening, I was unable to sit down!

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. 35, 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 29th.

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

Signed _____

WRITE _____

CAREFULLY. _____

Address _____

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

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The prisoner persists in ASSERTING that he is innocent. **T** **U** **H** **A** **VE** **E** **D** **C** **T** **I** **E** **S**. It was formed of many parts.

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