

NEW SCHOOL, SPORTING AND REDSKIN TALES!

The **Greyfriars Herald** 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ ^a



No. 36 (New Series)

FULL OF SCHOOL STORIES AND ARTICLES

July 3, 1920



THE STRANGE ADVENT OF THE MYSTERIOUS WHITE HORSE!
(A thrilling incident in our magnificent Redskin tale.)

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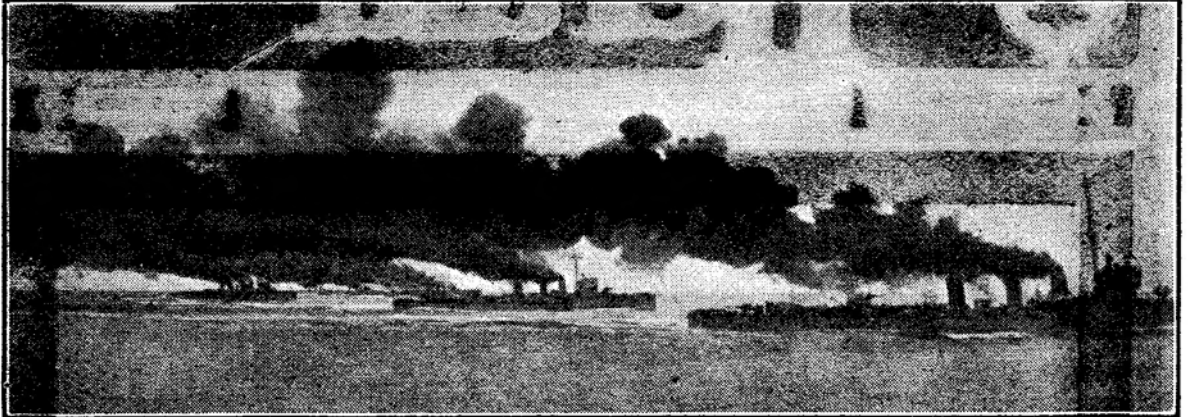


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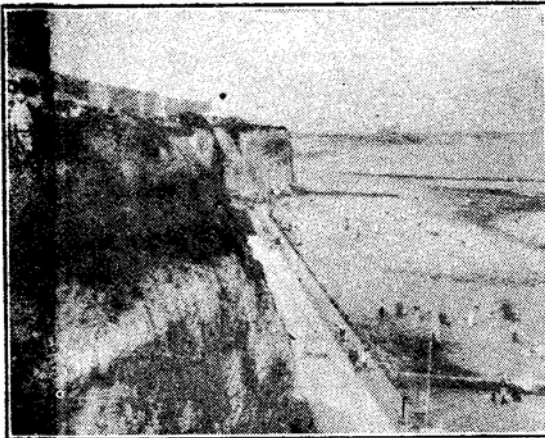
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MAKING A SMOKE SCREEN!



British 'destroyers steaming ahead of the squadron of light cruisers, make a screen to hide the bigger ships from the observation of the enemy.—Taken by Fred Sutherland, Somerville Place, Brook Street, Broughty Ferry, Scotland.

MAGICAL MARGATE.



The cliffs at Cliftonville, Margate, which is one of the most popular seaside resorts visited by Londoners during the summer season.—Taken by Clement Chapple, 13, Little Barlow Street, Marylebone, W.1.

WHAT A LAUGH!



A camel out on the desert near Cairo, Egypt, consents to sit and "look pleasant" before the Kodak of our contributor.—Taken by R. Hardie, 94, Elms Road, South Side, Clapham Common, S.W.4.

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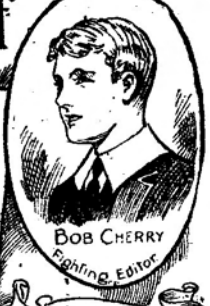
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Editorial

By Harry Wharton.

A LESSON FOR TEDDY!

My Dear Chums—I have just heard from Teddy B., who is a Yorkshire lad. "Dear Harry," he writes—"You said you wanted to hear of wheezes for getting new readers for the HERALD.—Well how's this for one? During the history lesson in class the other day, the teacher suddenly asked me by what means Prince Rufus met his death in the New Forest. 'By the Crimson Arrow' I replied. Then it all came out—I had the good old 'G. H.' under my desk in the cover of my history book, and the teacher yanked it out and held it up before the whole class of sixty fellows. Half of them made direct for the newsagent's that afternoon to get a copy, but I did all my reading for that day standing up—it was more comfortable!"

Well, Teddy, I'm sorry for what befel you, 'cause I've had some myself from Quelch; but I can't recommend that way of advertising the HERALD to any other of my chums. There's a time for everything, and during the history lesson is hardly the occasion for perusing "the best three-ha'porth," as you call our little journal, however eager you may be to do so.

OUR TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION!

During the summer months there is not the same interest taken in competitions as there is in the winter, when the long evenings give everyone a chance of sitting down quietly at home and working out picture-puzzles and so forth. I have, therefore, decided to stop our own Picture-Puzzle Competition for a time, and in the autumn start a great new competition on novel lines with the offer of plenty of splendid prizes.

In place of it I am going to start a new feature which I know will delight you all. This you can expect quite shortly. As I am stopping the Picture-Puzzle Competition after this week, I shall award a Tuck Hamper in future for the best storyette for page 11 in addition to the usual Silver Shillings.

Your Cheery Pal,
HARRY.



DICK PENFOLD



MURREE SINGH



BILLY BUNTER



TOM MERRY



JIMMY SILVER



ARTHUR A DARCY

BUNTER'S SNAPPY LITTLE JOKE! - - - Drawn by FRANK NUGENT.



1. The other day Peter Todd met Billy Bunter a short distance from the school. "Hallo, Billy!" he said. "I see you've got a camera there. Now, if you really want to take some good-looking scenery, just get busy with my face, old fellow!"



2. So Billy took up his posish a few feet from Toddy's handsome chivvy and told his study-mate to "look pleasant." "I think this ought to be a good, striking attitude," murmured Toddy, as he struck a pose. "Fire away when you like, Billy!"



3. "Certainly!" wuffed the Owl, as he released the catch. Biff! "Ooooh!" gasped Toddy, as he got it in the optic. "Ha, ha, ha!" chortled Bunter. "How's that for a striking attitude, old top?" But it was nothing to the striking scene that followed!

THE MYSTERIOUS DOCUMENT!

A splendid, long, complete tale of our 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.

After Dark!

TAP! Mr. Capps, steward, grunted, and put down his glass of toddy. Mr. Capps had retired to his little state-room after the labours of the day, and he did not like being disturbed.

The door opened, to reveal Jack Drake and Dick Rodney, of the Fourth Form. Mr. Capps eyed them unkindly.

"Time you was in bed," he said. "Don't say you want anything from the canteen—it's closed."

"It isn't that," said Drake, with a smile. "We're just off to bed, Mr. Capps, but I wanted to speak to you first. It's about your man Slaney."

Mr. Capps frowned.

He did not appear pleased to hear anything about his man Slaney.

"Bless Slaney!" said Mr. Capps emphatically. "If I'd knowned the kind of lubber he was, he'd never have set foot on board the Benbow. I shouldn't wonder if the captain sticks him ashore when we touch at the Canaries. Best thing to do with the lubber."

"But—"

"He drinks," said Mr. Capps indignantly.

Drake glanced at the glass of toddy at the worthy gentleman's elbow, and grinned.

"But I've got something that belongs to him," he said. "You know we found him tipsy in our cabin this afternoon. He—"

"I reported him to Captain Topcastle," said Mr. Capps, "as in dooty bound."

"Well, he left something in my cabin, and I want to give it to him. I've been looking for him, and can't find him," explained Drake. "Where is he?"

Mr. Capps grinned.

"Nor you won't find him," he answered. "He's in the clink."

"The clink?" repeated Drake.

"That's it—locked in, on bread-and-water, for twenty-four hours," said the steward. "That's 'ow the skipper 'ave dealt with him. He won't steal another bottle of rum from the stores' agin in a hurry, and make a beast of hisself in a gentleman's cabin. Not 'im!"

Drake whistled.

"Oh, that's why I can't find him!" he said.

"I dessay. If you've got anything that belongs to him, you can give it to 'im to-morrow, or leave it 'ere with me."

"All serene; I'll see him to-morrow," said Drake. "Good-night, Mr. Capps."



Jack Drake dragged the mop, streaming with inky water, from the bucket and drove it into the Buck's startled face. "Yurrrgggh!" spluttered Daubeny wildly.

The two juniors turned away, leaving Mr. Capps to the enjoyment of his toddy.

They returned thoughtfully to the Fourth-form quarters on the Benbow.

"I shall have to keep that Spanish paper all night, then," Drake remarked. "I wish the tipsy ass hadn't left it in our cabin. Like his cheek, to go to our quarters to guzzle stolen rum! Hallo, there's Daub."

Daubeny of the Shell loomed up in the shadows. Daub's nose was swollen, and there was a scowl on his face. He disappeared the next moment, and there was a muttering of voices in the darkness. Egan and Torrence were with him.

"They'd have rushed me again if you hadn't been with me, Rodney," Drake remarked, as the two Fourth-formers went into No. 8. "Daubeny is determined to get hold of Slaney's weird document, if he can. He was watching us. I suppose he knows Slaney is in the clink, and I can't give it to him to-night. I wonder—" He paused.

"What now?" asked Rodney.

"Daub's made up his mind to bag the document, if he can. I wonder if he'll think of coming here to-night, after lights-out."

Rodney nodded.

"Very likely, I think," he said. "He could sneak in here while we're asleep easily enough."

"We'll be ready for him, if he does," said Drake.

He left the cabin, and returned in a few minutes with a steward's mop, and a tin bucket half-full of water. Into the bucket he poured the contents of the study inkpot, and half a bottle of indelible marking-ink. Rodney watched him with a grin.

"Is that for Daub?" he asked.

"You bet!"

"Bed-time, you fellows," said Tuckey Toodles, coming into the cabin. "I say, Drake, you can't give that Spanish paper to Slaney; he's in the clink. You'd better hand it to me, for safety."

"Rats!"

"Of course, I wouldn't look at it," said Toodles. "I wasn't thinking of that, and I haven't borrowed a Spanish dictionary from Dr. Pankey to work at translating it. Don't you think so for a minute."

"Ass!"

"I've just seen Daub and Egan and Torrence whispering together on deck," said Toodles. "Daub was saying he'd have it before morning—"

"Oh, was he?" said Drake grimly. "Well, if he comes for it, it isn't the document he will get!"

"I'd look after it like the apple of my eye, you know—"

"Cheese it, fathead!"

Tuckey Toodles gave a discontented grunt. He was very anxious to get his

fat hands on the mysterious document left in No. 8 cabin by the intoxicated one-eyed seaman, Peg Slaney. Tucky had been dreaming dreams of buried treasure in the Spanish Main, on the strength of that mysterious paper.

The juniors turned in, by the light of the swinging lamp in the alley-way outside. Mr. Packe, the master of the Fourth, made his rounds, seeing that his Form were all in their hammocks, and that there were no lights going. The Benbow was a wooden ship, and lights had to be looked after very carefully.

But after Mr. Packe had gone Jack Drake slipped from his hammock, and threw on a coat over his pyjamas. He felt assured that Daubeny of the Shell would pay a visit to No. 8 that night, in search of Slaney's document. On the morrow it was to be returned to the owner, after which Daub was not likely to have a chance at it. The knowledge that the word "oro"—Spanish for gold—occurred in the document had made Daubeny very keen about it, added to what he had heard of Slaney's boasting among the crew of treasure that he knew of in South America. If Peg Slaney had a valuable secret, he was not a good hand at keeping it. What happened to the document after he had returned it to Slaney, Drake cared nothing, but so long as it was in his keeping he meant to keep it safe. He dipped the mop into the bucket of inky water, and waited. If Daubeny came creeping in in the darkness he was going to meet with a surprise.

There was a glimmer of moonlight in at the porthole, but the greater part of the cabin was black. Save for the sough of the wind in the rigging, and the occasional shuffle of a footfall on the deck overhead, all was silent.

Tucky Toodles was soon fast asleep, but Rodney remained awake in his hammock. The chums did not speak. Half an hour passed, and then Drake's quick ears caught a sound of movement outside. There was a faint shuffling of socked feet, and then a murmuring whisper.

Then, softly and silently, the door opened.

Drake gripped the handle of the mop a little harder, his eyes gleaming. The visitors had arrived!

"You fellows asleep?"

It was a whisper in the gloom.

Drake grinned, but he made no sound.

"You fellows awake?"

Daubeny's voice was a little louder this time. Only the resonant snore of Tucky Toodles answered him.

"It's all right, Daub," came Egan's whisper. "Go ahead. Don't risk waking them."

"Hush!"

"Can you find the rotter's jacket in the dark?" It was Torrence's whisper now. "Don't bump on their hammocks."

"I shall have to turn on my electric flashlight," whispered Daub. "You fellows stand ready to rush them if they wake up and turn out. I'll simply collar Drake's clobber and bolt with them; we can search them afterwards."

"Right-ho!"

Daubeny turned on the electric flash, and stole softly into the silent cabin.

The next moment there was a sudden commotion.

Jack Drake dragged the mop, streaming with inky water, from the bucket.

Swoosh!

"Yurrrrrggghh!" spluttered Daubeny wildly, as the inky mop was driven into his startled face. "Yoooggghh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Rodney.

"What the—"

"How the—"

"Yoooggghh!"

The electric flash-lamp clinked on the floor, and went out. In the darkness Vernon Daubeny clawed and dabbed frantically at his face. Drake dipped the mop into the bucket again, and rushed forward. Daubeny went staggering out of the cabin, bumping into his startled comrades, and the mop lashed impartially over all three of them.

"Oh! Ah! Ow!"

"Oh, gad! Hook it! The beasts are awake! Ow!"

"Yurrrrrggghh!"

Three inky and breathless raiders fled down the passage. They almost ran into Mr. Packe, who had been roused out by the uproar. Drake chuckled, and closed the cabin door.

Outside, Mr. Packe's angry voice was heard, and the stammering replies of the Bucks of the Shell, explaining that it was "only a rag." To judge by Mr. Packe's tones, he was not at all placated by the explanation. Jack Drake chuckled as he turned in.

"I fancy we sha'n't see Daub again to-night," he remarked.

"I think not," said Rodney, laughing. "I fancy we shall see him in the morning—with a piebald complexion."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Drake placed the Spanish document under his pillow for safety, but there were no more visits to No. 8 that night. Vernon Daubeny had given it up for the present.

Drake Has an Idea!

JACK DRAKE grinned when he sighted Daubeny of the Shell on the deck of the Benbow the next morning.

Daub had done a great deal of washing and scrubbing, but he was still showing signs of the indelible ink.

He bestowed a savage scowl on Drake, and turned his back, but a few minutes later he changed his mind, and came over to the Fourth-former.

"You've still got that paper, Drake?" he muttered.

"Yes, and I'm keeping it."

"You've read it?"

Drake's lip curled.

"I'm not likely to read somebody else's private papers," he answered. "I leave that kind of thing to you."

"I'm going to give it back to Slaney to-day—unread."

"You—you chump!" muttered Daubeny. "I tell you there may be a fortune in it. I'd go halves with you—"

"Oh, ring off!" snapped Drake.

Daubeny clenched his hands.

But, fortunately for himself, he restrained his temper, and tramped away to breakfast.

After breakfast Drake and Rodney came on deck to enjoy the sea-breeze before lessons. The old Benbow was bowling along under her mainsail, foresail, and topsails, as gallantly as in days of old, when she had sailed under Nelson's flag. Captain Topcastle was walking the quarterdeck, with a telescope under his arm. Far as the eye could reach, in all directions, stretched the wide waters of the Atlantic. Big steamers loomed up astern and glided ahead in the distance, "walking" past the old "wind-jammer"; but speed was not an object with the school at sea.

"I've got an idea, Rodney," Drake remarked, as the juniors stood by the longboat davits, looking out at the sunshine on the sea. "Daub is awfully keen on getting hold of that paper—"

"So it seems!" said Rodney, with a smile. "You'd better take it into class with you."

"But I've got an idea. Daub doesn't know Spanish, and if he got hold of the paper he would have no end of trouble in getting it translated without giving the secret away."

"But you're not going to let him?"

"It's a stunt," explained Drake. "I'm not going to let him have Slaney's paper, but if he's keen about translating a Spanish document, there's no need to disappoint him. Suppose we borrow a Spanish book from Dr. Pankey—he's got lots—"

"What on earth for?"

"And make up a mysterious document for Daub."

Dick Rodney stared at his chum for a moment, and then burst into a laugh.

"Good wheeze!" he exclaimed. "I'm on! Lots of time before lessons."

The two chums found Dr. Pankey in his cabin, and the medical gentleman greeted them with a kindly nod. Dr. Pankey was keen on Spanish, a language he knew as well as his own, and it had been arranged for the doctor to form a Spanish class on board the Benbow, for the fellows who cared to study it. A good many of the juniors had put their names down, thinking that a smattering of the tongue of Cervantes would be useful, as they were going to a Spanish-speaking country. Drake and Rodney had been the first to join up, and the class was expected to commence soon. Dr. Pankey nodded with benignant approval when Drake asked for the loan of a Spanish book. He had a fine assortment in his cabin, which looked more like a study than a cabin.

"You can look at this," he said. "It's a Spanish edition of Gil Blas, which, as you know, was written in French. If you have not yet read it in French or English—"

"Numno!"

"Then you shall read it in Spanish, when we get on a little with our class," said Dr. Pankey. "You may take it away and look at it, if you like; of course, you cannot read it now."

"Thank you, sir. I—I just want to look at it you know; I'm going to copy some out," said Drake.

"Quite a good idea; I am glad to see you so enthusiastic about Spanish, my boy."

Drake and Rodney carried off the volume. They bore it away to No. 8, and for the following ten minutes they were very busy there. When they came on deck, they were smiling.

Daubeny of the Shell eyed them sourly.

Twice he had attempted to get hold of the Spanish document; and twice he had been baffled. If Drake carried it with him to lessons that morning, little chance remained for Daub; after lessons, Slaney would be released from the "clink," and would recover possession of his property. Daub had not quite given up hope; but very nearly.

The chums of the Fourth did not seem to observe Daubeny. They passed a few feet from him, talking. "Safe enough there!" Drake was saying.

Daub's eyes glittered.

Drake and Rodney passed on, and stopped near the mainmast, still chatting, without a glance at him.

Vernon Daubeny moved away, and strolled round the mainmast. Keeping the mast between him and the Fourth-formers, he listened.

Drake closed one eye at Rodney.

Daub was keen enough as a rule, but he did not guess that Drake had made that remark, in passing him, in order to put him on the scent.

The Shell fellow had taken the bait.

Drake's voice, quite loud enough to reach Daubeny, where he was lurking, went on:

"If I keep it about me, these rotters may try to rush me again, Rodney!"

"But is it safe?"

"Well, my desk is safe enough."

"If you've locked it—"

"It doesn't lock; but I've put it under a lot of papers. Who'd think of looking there?" said Drake. "Besides, Daub goes into the class the same time as we do. It's all right."

Without a glance in the direction of Daubeny, the Fourth-formers walked away.

Daubeny quitted the spot, his heart thumping.

He had overheard enough, for he had not the slightest doubt that the Fourth-formers' remarks referred to the Spanish document.

He joined Egan and Torrence a few minutes later. Both of them were looking rather ill-used and sulky, after their experience in No. 8 the night before. They glared at Daubeny, apparently irritated by the bright and cheery expression on his face.

"It's all right, you chaps," breathed Daubeny.

"I don't feel all right, for one," grunted Egan.

"About Slaney's paper, I mean."

"Blow Slaney and his paper. We shall never lay hands on it, and I wish we'd never tried," said Torrence, morosely.

"That's all you know," grinned Daubeny. "I'm going to lay hands on it this morning; I know where it is."

"Where then?" asked his chums together in a breath.

"In Drake's desk, in his cabin. Cut away and see if the coast is clear now, Egan."

Egan cut below, but he returned in a couple of minutes.

"Man sweeping out there now," he said.

"All serene; I'll bag it while the rotters are at lessons," said Daubeny.

"We shall be at lessons too."

"I can make an excuse to get out for a few minutes," answered Daubeny with a grin. "I'm going to have that paper, I can tell you. There'll be nobody about during classes."

"Hallo, there goes the bell."

Drake and Rodney joined the Fourth-formers, and Daubeny and Co. the Shell. In fine weather, classes were held on the Benbow in the open air; the Shell on the poop, and the Fourth on the main deck, rather to the entertainment of the crew of the Benbow.

It was easy enough for Vernon Daubeny to make an excuse to quit the class for a few minutes after lessons had started. He disappeared below, and when he came back, Egan and Torrence eyed him breathlessly.

Daubeny tapped his pocket, as he sat down again. It was a sign that he had captured the prize. And the three Bucks of the Shell exchanged glances of deep satisfaction.

In the class on the main deck, Drake and Rodney grinned at one another. They had seen Daubeny go below, and they did not need telling the reason. Daubeny was in possession of the mysterious document—a much more mysterious document than he supposed!

Seeking the Secret!

DAUBENY of the Shell was anxious for lessons to terminate that morning.

Lessons never did please the slacker of the Shell; but on this particular occasion, he had particular reasons for his impatience. The Spanish document in his inside pocket seemed to be burning a hole there. He had found it under the papers in Drake's desk, but had not had time to take more than a hurried glance at it. That glance had shown him that it was written in Spanish. He was burning with impatience to get to work on it. He could have cheered, in his

satisfaction, when Mr. Vavasour dismissed the Shell at last.

"Come on, you fellows," he exclaimed, catching his chums by the arms, and dragging them away.

"You've got it?" Egan exclaimed breathlessly.

"Yes, rather!"

"But I say—we can't read it, you know!"

"I'm going to borrow a Spanish dic. from the doctor; he'll lend me one like a shot. We can make it out with a dic."

"We'll try, anyhow!"

Daubeny had no difficulty in borrowing a Spanish dictionary from Dr. Pankey. With the dictionary, the three Bucks hurried to their cabin, and closed and locked the door. With a hand that trembled with excitement, Daubeny drew the document from his pocket.

It was a soiled-looking sheet of paper, written in a straggling hand, in a language that was a mystery to the Bucks.

"It's Spanish," said Egan, "that twiggly thing over the 'n' is a Spanish sign."

"Oh, it's Spanish right enough. Now to make it out. Hallo!"

Tap!

The Shell fellows gave a guilty start as there came a knock at the door.

"Who's there?" called out Daubeny.

"Little me!" answered Jack Drake's voice. "Have you been rummaging in my cabin, Daub?"

"Certainly not!"

"There's a paper missing from my desk."

"Never knew you had a desk."

"Well, the paper's gone—"

"What paper was it?" asked Daubeny, with a wink at his comrades.

"Never mind; but it's gone now."

"Better ask Toodles—Toodles is the chap most likely to rummage in your desk, I should think."

"Oh, I never thought of Toodles!" Drake's footsteps were heard departing.

Daubeny chuckled.

"I dare say he'll guess that we've got it," he said. "I don't care—he can't prove anything."

"No fear! Let's get to work," said Egan.

The Shell fellows bent eagerly over the paper on the table. Certainly it was written in Spanish, in a crabbed hand; and it ran:

"Blas de Santillana, mi padre, despues de haber servido muchos anos en los ejercitos de la monarquia espanola, se retiro al lugar donde habia nacido. Casose con una aldeana, y yo naci al mundo diez meses despues que se habian casado."

"My only hat!" murmured Egan. "Blessed if I can make head or tail of it. I wonder what it means."

Daubeny looked puzzled.

"I had a glimpse of it yesterday," he said. "I thought I saw the word 'oro' in it—Spanish for gold, you know. It doesn't seem to be here, after all. Of course, I only saw it for a tick. But it must be about gold; that blackguard Slaney is always bragging in the fo'c'sle about what he knows. The hands chip him about his buried treasure."

"Silly ass not to hold his tongue if



Awkward for the bathers! HARRY WHEARTON, of Greyfriars School, loses his clothes.

Read

"SPORTSMAN or COWARD!"

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there's anything in it," remarked Torrence.

"A fellow like that can't hold his tongue," said Daubeny contemptuously. "As soon as he gets a little grog inside, his chin begins to wag. Now we've got to make this out. We can guess some words; for instance, 'espanola' must mean Spanish, from the spelling; 'anos' must mean 'years,' and 'mundo' must mean 'world,' and 'diez' must mean 'ten.' Spanish is alike enough to Latin to guess that much."

"That doesn't help very much—" "Get hold of the dic. Begin with 'B.' Find 'Blas.'"

Egan sorted through the dictionary, but to the disappointment of the eager seekers after knowledge, "Blas" was not given.

"Rotten thing!" growled Daubeny. "Try 'Santillana.'"

Santillana was not to be found in the dictionary.

"I say, this is rotten!" said Egan, looking rather blue. "Are you quite sure it's Spanish, Daub?"

"Yes, ass; but, now I think of it, 'Santillana' is pretty certain to be the name of a place," said Daubeny. "Names of places ain't in the dic."

"The place where the treasure is buried, perhaps!" exclaimed Torrence, his eyes glistening.

"Very likely. Try 'despues.'"

"It means after or since," said Egan, after consulting the volume. "Good! I'll write down the words as you dig them out. Now 'servido.'"

"Taint here!" "May be a past participle—looks like one," said Daubeny. "Of course, past participles mightn't be given in the dic. Try 'muchos.'"

"Many!" said Egan. "Good; and 'anos.'"

"Years." "Ripping; we're getting on," said Daubeny, scribbling with his pencil. "We've got 'since many years,' at any rate!"

"Of course, it would be many years since the treasure was buried, if it belonged to the old buccaneers," said Torrence.

"Of course. Now 'ejercitos.'"

"Ejercito is an army!" "Oh, gad! I don't see what an army has to do with it. Still, there was a Spanish army in Venezuela once, when it was a Spanish colony. Try 'lugar.'"

"That's a place or district—" "Good—and 'donde.'"

"Where," said Egan. "We're getting on. If we get most of the words written out in English, we shall be able to guess the rest, and make out the meaning of the thing."

It was quite unlike the usual customs of the Bucks to be fagging over a foreign dictionary; but now they fagged over it, as if they loved it. The verbs were the chief difficulty, as the different conjugations, of course, were not to be found in the dictionary, and without a knowledge of the language, they could not be deduced from the infinitive. But even with the verbs, the enterprising Daub was not wholly unsuccessful. There was at least one infinitive in the document—"haber," to have—and it was

easy to guess that "habia" was another form of the same word.

By the time the dictionary had been squeezed dry, so to speak, Daubeny had compiled the following; putting in blanks for the words not yet elucidated:

... father, after. . . have. . . many years in the armies of the Spanish monarchy. . . to the place where, with a peasant. . . and I. . . world ten months after. . ."

The three Bucks surveyed that rather unpromising result, and looked at one another.

"Blessed if I can see any sense in that," said Egan. "Something about his father in it. It don't look much like a clue to a giddy buried treasure, I must say."

"Of course, we haven't got it all," said Daubeny, refusing to admit that

chair on deck, when Daubeny arrived, and politely asked him what "retiro," meant.

"Retired," said the doctor; and Daub thanked him and withdrew.

A minute later Egan travelled along with an inquiry as to what "carose" meant in Spanish.

"Married," said Dr. Pankey.

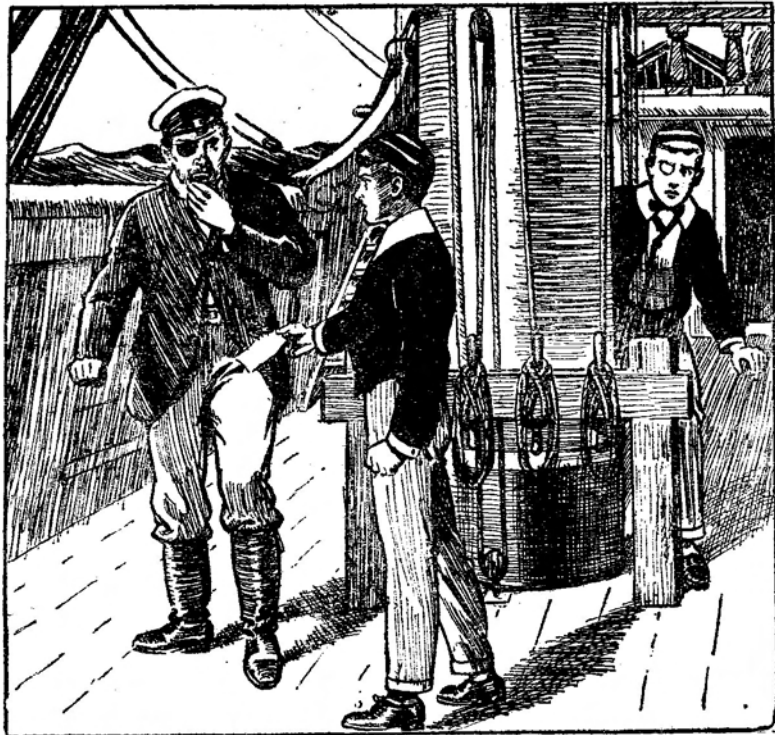
"Oh, my hat!" Egan ejaculated, involuntarily. He had not expected to find any reference to matrimonial affairs in the mysterious document.

Five minutes later Torrence appeared in the offing.

"Would you mind telling me what 'nacido' means in Spanish, sir?" he asked meekly.

"Pronounce it 'nathido,'" said the doctor with a smile. "It means born."

"Oh! I—I mean thanks!" The doctor returned to his book, and



Daubeny hurried across the deck in time to hear Drake speaking. "You left this paper in my study yesterday, Staney," said the Fourth-former.

he was discouraged. "The dashed verbs are a puzzle. But we'll get something out of old Pankey about that."

"You can't show him the paper—" "Of course not, ass! We'll go to him one after another, and ask him a word each. See?"

"Good!" And Daubeny unlocked the door, and the Bucks left their cabin. They were baffled so far, but they felt they were on the track, and Daubeny was very hopeful.

Not a Treasure Clue!

DR. PANKEY, the cheery medico of the Benbow, was rather surprised. He was keen on Spanish, and on his scheme of a Spanish class for the boys, and he was glad to see the juniors taking an interest in the matter. But he was surprised, all the same.

He was taking his ease in a canvas

he was interrupted again. Selwyn of the Shell, inspired by Daub, came along to inquire the meaning of "naci" in Spanish. He was surprised to get the same answer as Torrence. Selwyn walked away with his valuable information, and the doctor looked after him curiously.

He was interested and perplexed by this time.

When Daubeny of the Shell hove in sight again, the doctor regarded him rather sharply.

"Can you tell me, sir, whether 'Santillana' is the name of a place?" inquired Daub respectfully.

The doctor smiled. "Undoubtedly," he answered.

"In South America?" asked Daub eagerly.

"Possibly; but certainly in Spain. Are you reading 'Gil Blas' in Spanish, as well as Drake?" asked the doctor.

Daubeny started. "Gil Blas?" he repeated. "That's

the name of a book in French, isn't it?"

"Certainly, but I lent Drake a Spanish translation this morning. From your mentioning Santillana, I supposing you are reading it—or trying to," said Dr. Pankey, smiling. "Gil Blas de Santillana," you know, is the hero of the story by the great Le Sage."

"I—I didn't know—" stammered Daubeny.

A horrid suspicion smote Daub.

He remembered the absence of the word "oro," which he was almost certain he had seen in the mysterious document. And it came into his mind that the paper he had abstracted from Drake's desk, though soiled, was not quite so old-looking as the genuine document. It began to dawn on the great Daub that he had not overheard Drake's and Rodney's talk unknown to them, as he had supposed—and that his lofty leg had been pulled.

"Come," went on the doctor, "if you are trying to study a Spanish book, I will help you, my boy. You and your friends have been asking me several words that occur in the opening paragraphs of 'Gil Blas' in Spanish. Is that what you are trying to read?"

"Oh, dear!" gasped Daubeny.

"The—awful rotter—"

"What?"

"I—I mean, I've been had," stammered Daubeny. "I—I— Blas de Santillana"—of—of course, I was an idiot not to see it—"

"Will you kindly explain what you are talking about, Daubeny?" asked the doctor, with some acerbity.

"I—I—look at this, sir, and tell me what it is," said Daub desperately.

Daubeny's chums were watching him from a distance. They were astonished to see him take out the mysterious document and hand it to Dr. Pankey. But Daub, by this time, had a pretty clear idea of the value of that precious document.

Dr. Pankey glanced at the paper, and raised his eyebrows.

"C-a-a-an you read it, sir?" babbled Daubeny.

"Do you wish me to translate this, Daubeny?"

"Ye-ee-e-es, sir!"

"Very well. 'Blas de Santillana, my father, after having served many years in the Spanish armies, retired to the place where he was born. He married a villager, and I was born ten months afterwards.' It is the beginning of the Spanish version of 'Gil Blas,'" said Dr. Pankey, still puzzled. "Someone has copied it out of the volume I lent Drake this morning—I do not recognise the hand—"

"Oh," mumbled Daubeny.

He thanked the doctor, feebly, and withdrew. He rejoined his chums, who looked at him in eager inquiry.

"Got it?" asked Egan and Torrence together.

"Spoofed!"

"What?"

"It is not the document at all," muttered Daubeny savagely. "That rotter—that cad—that practical jokin' beast—"

"Eb, who?"

"That rotter, Drake," breathed Daubeny. "He's written a lot of rot out of Le Sage's silly novel, and put

it there for me to find—they let me hear them talking on purpose—oh, gad!"

Daubeny clenched his hands in helpless wrath.

For an hour the Bucks had been fagging over that precious document; to discover at last it was a fragment from the Spanish translation of a French novel!

It was really enough to make Daubeny feel Hunnish.

"Oh, gad!" ejaculated Egan. "I—I say, Daub, you are a silly idiot! You ought to have guessed—"

"Pullin' your leg all the time," said Torrence. "My hat! Of course, he's got the real paper on him all the time! You are a silly ass, Daub."

Daubeny gritted his teeth. He did not need his chums to tell him that he was an ass; that painful fact had dawned on him already.

Daubeny glanced round, with lowering brows.

Peg Slaney, newly released from the "clink," had come on deck with a sullen face. Jack Drake had gone to him at once, anxious to be rid of the document in his breast pocket.

Daubeny hurried across the deck to them. He was in time to hear Drake speaking.

"You left this paper in my study yesterday, Slaney. I've been keeping it for you."

Slaney's eyes glittered. He clutched at the yellow-looking paper, as Drake held it out.

"I—I missed it," he muttered. "I couldn't come after it, as I was put in the 'clink.' Thank you kindly, sir; I won't forget this. You been looking at this 'ere paper?"

Drake gave him a scornful glance.

"I haven't read it, if that's what you mean," he answered curtly. "You've no right to suppose I had!"

"Asking your pardon, sir," said Peg Slaney. "There's some young gents aboard this craft as would read it, I reckon."

He glanced at Daubeny as he stowed the paper away.

Drake turned to the Buck of the Shell, with a smile.

"Getting on with your Spanish, Daub?" he asked, agreeably. "You were jolly busy in your study—"

"You spoofin' rotter—"

"Found any clues to buried treasure in the first paragraphs of 'Gil Blas'?" inquired Drake laughing.

"You—you—" Daubeny almost choked.

"If your interested, I can lend you the book. I've done with it now—I'm not making up any more mystery documents to leave in my desk for you to find, you know."

Daubeny swung away, choking with rage. Drake walked off with Dick Rodney, both the juniors laughing merrily. Before evening, every fellow on the Benbow knew the story of the Spanish clue, and Daubeny was chipped on the subject till he fervently wished that he had never heard of the mysterious document.

THE END.

The next ripping story of this grand new series by Owen Conquest will be: "The Foes of the Benbow!" Look out for it in next Tuesday's "Greyfriars Herald."

MY KRICKET KOLLUM

By
BILLY BUNTER

"HALLO, porpuss!" said Wharton roodly, as I roled into his studdy. "What do you want—a plaice in the sun?"

"No," I replide. "A plaice in your kricket team."

Wharton's brow klowded over. "I offered you a plaice larst weak," he said, "and you let me down. Instedd of terning out with the team, you spent the afternoon feeding at the bunn-shop in Courtfield."

"I promiss you—ommer write—that if you put my name down for to-day's match with the 5th, I'll play!" I eksclaimed.

"Oh, orl rite," said Wharton. "The match with the 5th is a verry easy perpersion, so it won't make any difference to the result if I include a dud player in the team."

"Who's the dud player?" I asked. "Why, you, of course!"

"Look hear—"

"Don't argew," said Wharton. I hurried away, and endervered to borrow a soot of flannels. But I had no luck. Neerly all the felos had flannels, but the meen beasts woulgn't lend them to me. The result was, that I had to play in my ordinary close.

Wharton asked me if I'd like to go in Ist, and I replide, "What-ho!"

To the akkompaniment of deffening cheers, I walked out to the wicket.

The 5th-formers larfed hartily when they saw me coming.

I took my stand in frunt of the wicket, after the manner of Dockter W. G. Grace. (Kurius that two famus kricketers should both have the same inishuls, isn't it?)

Down came the bawl—and aiaa! down came my wicket!

I terned to Blundell, who was boling.

"You boled befour I was reddy!" I said indignantly.

Blundell larfed good-yewmerdly. "Oh, verry well," he said. "Stay wear you are. I'll soon settle your hash!"

Wunce again the bawl came down. And again my wicket folowed soot.

There was a rore from the feeldsmen—a feendish korus.

"Owt!"

"Ahem! I—I was looking!" I stutered.

Blundell looked grim. "I'll give you win more chance," he said. "Are you reddy?"

I nodded.

The bawl came whizzing towards me with terrifick violense. Sunthing thudded against my ribbs. I kollapsed on the grass. And I remembered no more.

When I came two, I was in bed in the Remove dormittery.

"Wear am I?" I mutered. "Did—did I win the match for my side?"

"No, my pore felo," said Wharton gently. "But you shall have another chance necker weak!"

THE END.

THE CASE OF THE MISSING HEIR!

Our Great New Series dealing with
the amazing adventures of

HERLOCK SHOLMES DETECTIVE

Written by

PETER TODD

I.

I HAD been absent that morning, attending the inquest upon one of my patients, and when I returned I found that Herlock Sholmes was not alone. Mr. Pinch, of the well-known firm of Pinch and Pluckem, solicitors, was with my amazing friend. I would have retired, but Sholmes signed to me, in his genial way, to enter.

"Pray come in, my dear Jotson," he said. "Mr. Pinch is giving me the details of a very interesting, if simple, case—"

"Simple, Mr. Sholmes!" exclaimed the solicitor.

Sholmes smiled.

"Simple to me," he explained.

"Extremely puzzling to any ordinary intellect, such as that of my friend Dr. Jotson, of course. Sit down, Jotty, and help yourself to the cocaine. Pray continue, Mr. Pinch."

"The case appears to me a most difficult one," said Mr. Pinch. "I have come to you, Mr. Sholmes, as a last resource, to find the missing heir."

"Ah, a case of a missing heir?" I remarked, with interest.

"Yes. Six years ago our former client, Mr. Boodle, disinherited his only son. He was a coal-miner in South Wales, of immense wealth. He has died without making a will, and unless his son can be found his fortune will go into Chancery. The young man has been missing for years, and no clue exists as to his whereabouts. All that is known of his intentions, when he left home, is that he declared his resolution to run away and become a pirate. This, from what we have been able to ascertain, had been his desire from his earliest years. I really do not see, Mr. Sholmes, how you can regard this case as a simple one."

I glanced at Sholmes.

I confess that I agreed with Mr. Pinch, and considered that my amazing friend had been set a very difficult task.

Sholmes smiled his inscrutable smile.

"The young man was traced to London, I think?" he said.

"That is the case, but there all trace of him was lost," said Mr. Pinch. "If he has carried out his intention, and become a pirate, he certainly will not be found in London, Mr. Sholmes."

"No doubt. But there are certain difficulties in the way of becoming a pirate, in these days," said Herlock Sholmes. "Piracy, of course, flourishes as much as in former days, but under

altered and more legal forms. The clue, however, is one that even the police might be able to follow, if you had applied to them."

"I fail to see—"

"Naturally. If you could see, you would not come to me for aid," smiled Sholmes. "The case is, as I have said, simple. I take it that what you require now is the present address of the missing heir."

"Precisely."

Sholmes rose to his feet.

"Pray remain here till my return," he said. "I shall not be long, and I hope to bring with me the address you require."

"Mr. Sholmes!"

But Herlock Sholmes was gone.

My amazing friend was absent an hour or more.

Mr. Pinch waited, with evident signs of impatience, though I endeavoured to reassure him.

Herlock Sholmes entered at last.

The smile upon his face assured me that, astounding as it was, he had been successful.



"The missing heir is found," said Sholmes calmly. "Here is his address."

Mr. Pinch rose impatiently to his feet.

"Really, Mr. Sholmes, we are wasting time," he exclaimed. "If you are prepared to take up the search for the missing heir—"

"The missing heir is found," answered Herlock Sholmes calmly.

"What?"

"Here is his address."

Sholmes tossed a card lightly upon the table.

I glanced at it as eagerly as Mr. Pinch. The card bore the inscription:

"Welshem, Overreach, and Boodle,
House Agents,
Swindleton Street, London."

"That is the address you seek, Mr.

Pinch," drawled Herlock Sholmes. "A very simple case, as I told you. Good-morning!"

II.

"S HOLMES!" I exclaimed breathlessly.

Herlock Sholmes laughed, as he reclined in the arm-chair, and rested his feet on the mantelpiece in his easy, familiar way.

"Have I surprised you again, Jotson?" he asked.

"You have astounded me, Sholmes! You have discovered the missing heir—"

"Exactly."

"In so short a space of time—"

"It was long enough for me, Jotson."

"But how, Sholmes? Without a clue—"

"My dear Jotson, you heard Mr. Pinch give me the clue—an unmistakable one."

"I do not see—"

"Ah, you have not yet sufficiently studied my methods, Jotson. However, I will explain. The missing heir left his father's house with the declared intention of becoming a pirate."

"No doubt. But—"

"But in these prosaic days, Jotson, pirates are things of the past. On entering into the world, the ambitious young man found that his ambition was, as a matter of fact, out of date. He could not become a pirate in the old-fashioned sense of the term. Imagine for a moment, Jotson, that Captain Kidd, and Morgan the buccaneer, and Blackbeard the pirate, were living in these days, what would be their natural resource, since piracy is no longer practicable on the high seas?"

I reflected for a moment.

"I suppose they would become candidates for the House of Commons," I suggested.

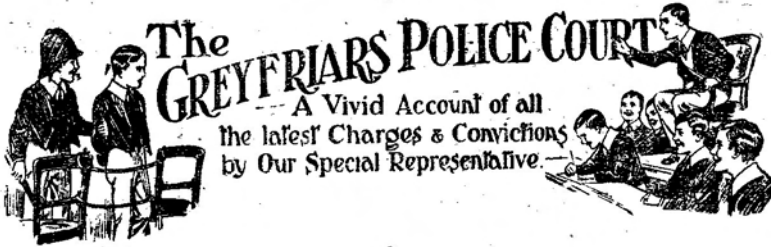
"True. But you must remember that this disinherited young man was not in a position to do so. With the keenest desire to become a freebooter, yet lacking the necessary capital to set up as a politician, there was only one resource for him—to become a house-agent."

"Sholmes!"

"My task was, therefore, simple. I called in at the nearest free library, and obtained a directory of house-agents," yawned Sholmes. "As I expected, I found his name there. That is all, Jotson—a very simple case. Pass the cocaine!"

THE END.

Next week's extraordinary case will be:
"The Myster of the Studio!"



The GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

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

There was a record attendance at the Police Court this week, and several members of the fair sex, who had cycled over from Cliff House, were seated in the gallery.

Coker's Cheeky Conduct!

The magistrate blew his nose violently, as a signal for the first prisoner to be hauled into the dock.

A repulsive-looking lout named Horace James Coker was charged with making himself a positive nuisance by pestering a certain young lady at Cliff House with his poetic perpetrations.

Mr. Robert Cherry, K.C., for the prosecution, said that the case was a very painful one—for Coker!

"A month ago," said Mr. Cherry, "prisoner addressed a potty poetic effusion to Miss Phyllis Howell, commencing thus:

"Deer Phillis,—Will you onner me
By coming over here to tea?
From Mrs. Mimble's littel shopp
I've lade in tarts and ginger-popp.
It will be dinner, tea, and sup
Combined, and you'll be kwite
fed-up!"

Magistrate: I should think anybody who had the misfortune to sit at the same table with Coker would be fed-up! (Laughter.)

Mr. Cherry: I will not weary you, your worship, by declaiming the remaining three hundred and sixty-eight stanzas of that poem. They are all in the same strain. Needless to state, Miss Howell declined the invitation. She pleaded that she had to attend a hockey-match, and she hoped that the incident would blow over. Within a few days, however, prisoner wrote to her again, as follows:

"Deer Phillis,—When I buy a tea
And ask for your sossiety,
It farely makes me fume and frown
To find that you have let me down.
Come rownd, come rownd, come
rownd to-däy
To your devoted HORACE K.!"

Magistrate: Coker starts his name with a "K" now! This is the latest! (Laughter.)

Mr. Cherry: In reply to the piffle I have just read, your worship, Miss Howell sent the following:

"Dear Horace K.—I hate to say
Your latest invitation
Must be declined, because I find
A big examination
Is taking place at Cliff House school
Upon the day in question.
I've made it plain, so don't again
Put forward your suggestion!"

Magistrate: Do you mean to say

that Coker had the brazen cheek to pester Miss Phyllis after that?

Mr. Cherry: Yes, your worship. From that time up to the present date he has sent her twenty-five letters, over a hundred poems, and billions of postcards.

Magistrate: Ye gods!

Prisoner, who conducted his own defence, said that he didn't see any harm in what he had done. He liked Miss Phyllis, and he didn't see why the Remove should always have the benefit of her society. He could not understand the young lady preferring the company of a set of cheeky fags, when here, standing in the dock, was a fellow who possessed a marvellous brain.

Magistrate: One moment! We will test the truth of that statement. Dr. Newland, kindly examine prisoner's head under the X-rays, and tell me what you see inside.

Dr. Newland (making the examination): Sawdust, your worship! (Loud laughter.)

Magistrate: Ah, I thought there could be nothing else! Gentlemen of the jury, consider your verdict. I don't want to influence you in any way, but if you find prisoner not guilty you'll go out of this court on your necks! (Laughter.)

After an absence of five seconds, the jury returned a verdict of guilty, with a recommendation to mercy on account of prisoner's permanent insanity.

RESULT OF TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION.—No. 30.

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

ROBERT SCOTT,
c.o. Murray,
49, Cadogan Street,
Glasgow.

Tuck Hampers have been awarded to the following six competitors, whose solutions contained one error each:

H. Artingstall, 46, Keane Street, Ashton-under-Lyne; Frank W. Marlow, 36, Portland Road, South Norwood, S.E.25; Robert McGill, 507, Clarkston Road, Muirhead, Cathcart, Glasgow; Ernest R. Hadley, 69, Cross Flatts Parade, Beeston, Leeds; John Ferguson, Woodview Cott., Easton Road, Bathgate, Scotland; Flora Chaplin, Maryland Gardens, Cardonald, Glasgow.

CORRECT SOLUTION:

Dear Readers All,—Whitsun Holidays are almost here, and, whatever the weather, we Greyfriars boys are going to have a magnificent time out of doors. You can bank on us having a jolly day on Bank Holiday! May you all enjoy the vacation in the wish of

HARRY WHARTON.

Magistrate (to prisoner): You can thank your lucky stars that, owing to the presence of ladies in the court, I cannot punish you in the way I should like. Miss Howell happens to be in the gallery. You will make a public apology to her, and you will solemnly promise not to pester her again with your potty, puerile, poetic piffle!

Prisoner mumbled out his apology, and hurried from the court. An infuriated mob, armed with cricket-stumps, was waiting for him outside!

REPORTS IN BRIEF!

A youth named George Bulstrode was charged with cruelty to animals. It was stated that he struck William George Bunter on the nose.

Mr. Harold Skinner, K.C., prosecuted on behalf of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Prize Porkers, and Mr. Mark Linley, K.C., conducted the defence.

Prisoner was acquitted, the magistrate expressing his regret that the thump on the nose had not been a harder one!

There was an exciting scene in court when Michael Desmond was arrested in the public gallery on a charge of smoking a cigarette during the court proceedings.

Prisoner smilingly handed his cigarette to the magistrate, remarking:

"Faith, your worship, an' it's made of chocolate!"

Magistrate: Good! I've been feeling peckish for a long time!

To the prisoner's horror, his worship calmly bolted the cigarette.

George Tubb was charged with wilfully breaking twelve cups, seven plates, a sugar-basin, and a tea-pot, the property of Gerald Loder, who sought to recover damages in lieu thereof.

Magistrate: What are the damages assessed at?

Mr. Mark Linley, K.C.: Three shillings and fourpence, your worship.

Magistrate: Very well. Prisoner will pay into Court at once.

As soon as the cash had been handed over, his worship instructed the Court Usher to pop round to the tuckshop and purchase jam tarts and doughnuts, for afternoon tea in No. 1 Study.

William Stott was summoned, at the instance of the Liquor Control Board, on a charge of purchasing a bottle of ginger-pop for twopence and selling it for fourpence-halfpenny.

Magistrate: This sort of thing must be stopped. Prisoner will be fined the sum of one shilling.

On asking for time in which to pay, prisoner was allowed to settle the fine in forty-eight weekly instalments of a farthing.

Mr. Harold Skinner was charged with using objectionable language to P.-c. Johnny Bull.

Magistrate: What did he call you? P.-c. Bull: A pudding-headed chump, your worship!

Magistrate: Well, I heartily endorse his remarks. At the same time, the police must not be ridiculed.

A severe bumping was ordered.

OUR SILVER SHILLING FEATURE

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

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

The Difference!
"Now, that cigar, sir," said the tobacconist to his customer, "is one you could offer to any of your friends."
"Quite so, quite so!" retorted the customer. "But I want one I can smoke myself!"—Sent in by A. Hughes, 15, Derby Avenue, North Finchley.

Hang It!
Young Man (ardently): Gladys, do you know I love you?
Gladys: Sorry, but I love another.
Young Man: Ah, if you will not marry me, I will hang myself to your doorpost!
Gladys: Oh, please, don't! Papa doesn't like people hanging about his house!—Sent in by C. Harris, 450, Commercial Road, Mile End, Portsmouth.

At the Carlton!
Waiter: What do you wish, madam?
The Lady: I wish some turkey, chicken, salad, asparagus, ice-cream, peche Melba and champagne.
Waiter: And what do you wish, sir?
The Gentleman: Er—er I wish I hadn't come!—Sent in by M. Marks, 46, Height Street, Doornfontein, Johannesburg, Transvaal, South Africa.

EGGS-ACTLY!



JIMMY JIMSON: "Oh, I say, Mr. Keeper, what lovely ostrich eggs!"
THE KEEPER: "Haw, haw! These are not ostrich eggs, sonny—they're pills for the elephant!"

In the Soup!
Mr. Prout: How do you spell soup, Coker?
Horace Coker: S—O—O—P—P, sir.
Mr. Prout (facetiously): Oh, indeed? And how many "p's" does the cook put in soup, Coker?
Coker: About a penn'orth, as a rule, I reckon!—Sent in by W. Barrett, 51, Holcroft Hill, Salthouse Lane, Barrow-in-Furness.

A Fishy Affair!
It was Thanksgiving Day, and Mr. McGrubb, in his pew, found he had no small change. Turning to a small boy sitting beside him, he whispered:
"Run out, my lad, and get me four threepenny pieces."
Patiently Mr. McGrubb waited, and gradually the plate got nearer. Suddenly the boy rushed in, breathless, with a paper parcel under his arm.
"Sorry, sir," he said, "I couldn't get four threepenny pieces, so I got five tuppenny's and twopennorth of chips!"—Sent in by L. Farmer, 17, Crossfield Road, West Green, London, N.15.

Hardly!
The Victim: That coat you sold me the other day for ten bob is full of moths.
Proprietor of the Secondhand Emporium: Well, what d'you expect for ten bob—butterflies?—Sent in by H. Dods, 92, Elsa Street, Stepney, E.14.

Tears Followed!
Mr. Quelch (severely): Who was that who laughed aloud?
Bob Cherry: I did, sir; but I didn't mean it!
Mr. Quelch: You didn't mean it?
Bob Cherry: No, sir, I laughed up my sleeve, forgetting there was a hole in the elbow!—Sent in by A. E. Gillilands, 187, Grosvenor Road, Belfast, Ireland.

Poor Uncle!
"Good morning, doctor," cried the young man, with the diamond ring and jingling pockets, "your last medicine helped me wonderfully!"
"Splendid," murmured the medico, rubbing his hands. "How many bottles did you have?"
"Oh, only one," replied the flash young man, "and that I gave to my Uncle Tony—and I'm his sole heir!"—Sent in by E. Burton, 121, Shepherdess Walk, City Road, London, N.14.

Why They Laughed!
The minister cleared his throat as the small child was brought forward to be baptised.
"Beloved hearers," he said, "no one can foretell the future of this tiny mite. He may develop into a great general or admiral, or even become the prime minister of our land."
From the hearers came a series of coughs and splutters.
"Nay, do not scoff," went on the reverend gentleman; "I repeat, this child may even become the prime minister." Then, turning to the mother, he asked:
"What is to be the child's name?"
"Eliza Ann!" said the mother quietly.—Sent in by M. O'Brian, 7, Margaret Street, Cork, Ireland.

Knew At Last!
"What?" cried the schoolmaster to the youngster with the slow memory, who has been trying in vain to think of the name of his master. "Can't you remember even my name?"
"N—no, sir!"
"Well, my name is Smith, block-head! Now see if you can repeat it. What is my name again?"
"Smith Blockhead, sir!"—Sent in by F. V. Hargreaves, 71, Whitegate Drive, Blackpool.

Doubtful!
1st Medico: Did you cure that patient you had with the failing memory, old fellow?
2nd Medico: Well, I thought so at the time, but I'm not so sure about it now. He went away without paying his bill!—Sent in by H. Emery, 4/76, Unett Street, Heckley, Birmingham.

HARD TO SAY!



CUTHBERT: "Lor, Clarence, the front of him is growling and his tail is wagging. I don't know which end to believe!"

Crowned with Success!
"Now," said the teacher jocularly, "to the boy who asks me a question I cannot answer I will give five shillings."
For a few moments there was dead silence and then the smallest scholar put up his hand.
"Please, sir," he said, "why am I like the Prince of Wales?"
With a puzzled expression on his face, the teacher thought hard for a minute.
"H'm," he murmured, "I'm afraid I can't answer that."
"Well," replied the junior, "he's waiting for his crown, and I'm waiting for mine! Dub up, please!"—Sent in by C. Rowe, 11, Park Road, Nether-ton, Dudley, Worcester.

No Wonder!
Two brothers, Murphy and Mike, bought a watch, and the timepiece went quite well for a week or so. Then one day Murphy looked at the watch, and he found it had stopped, so he called Mike to look at it. Mike opened the back of it, and there inside among the works was a dead gnat.
"Begorra, Murphy," he cried, "no wonder it stopped! The engine-driver's dead!"—Sent in by Miss Dorothy Vincent, 39, Goodhind Street, Stapleton Road, Bristol.



Our magnificent new racing serial specially written by

MAJOR CHERRY

The Race For the Cup!
OF all the vast multitude of spectators at Ascot who watched the racehorses trotting to the starting-point for the Royal Hunt Cup none experienced more anxiety than Lord Estor, the owner of the magnificent Sunfire. Outwardly, however, he was calm, only an occasional twitch of the fingers which held his field-glasses to his eyes betraying in the slightest degree the intense inward excitement he was experiencing.

Despite the poor showing of the favourite in the Derby, a large proportion of the public still supported the Estor colours, and the Owner, who was aware of the cause of Sunfire's unexpected failure to lift the Blue Riband of the Turf, knew full well in his heart that the mare was capable of showing her heels to any runner over the seven-furlongs course for the Cup.

But, in spite of the assurance his reason gave him, the famous sportsman was strangely uneasy. Perhaps it was the thought of the mysterious hidden hand which had so cunningly operated the hypodermic needle that had transformed in a few minutes his crack Derby racer into a broken-winded old crock. Perhaps the sequence of bad luck experienced by his stable, and the financial crisis through which he was passing, made him more anxious about the result of the big Ascot race than he would have been otherwise.

Standing in the members' enclosure with Lady Dorothy, his young and pretty daughter, at his right hand, and Sir Digby Garston, the Newmarket owner, on his left, he watched the horses as they lined up at the starting-gate. Thunderer, the black colt bearing Sir Digby's colours, edged into position against the rails; Sunfire took her place on the extreme right of the field.

"You don't get much luck in the draw, Estor," remarked Sir Digby. "Perhaps now you won't have any conscientious scruples about accepting my offer of five thousand pounds level money that my colt will finish the course ahead of your mare?"

"The offer's a very generous one, Garston," said the Owner, "but I must still refuse. I'm perfectly satisfied with our other little wager, and you'll admit after the race that you made a bad bargain even in risking two hundred pounds against five hun-

dred on your horse. Unless Sunfire falls, she'll show a clean pair of heels to every runner in the field."

"You bet she will!" cried Dorothy enthusiastically.

But Sir Digby Garston continued to smile blandly.

"We shall see," he muttered under his breath.

After that they lapsed into silence, watching with eager eyes the horses as they shuffled into position. Soon the thoroughbreds were strung out in a long, even line. Next moment the starting-gate flew up.

"They're off!"

Like arrows released simultaneously from the bows of archers, the racehorses leapt forward—save one. The golden-brown mare on the outside of the line raised herself on her hind legs and swung round in a complete circle.

Lord Estor turned as white as a sheet, and a low groan escaped his lips.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed hoarsely. "Sunfire's left at the post!"

But a moment later Danny Wade,

READ THIS FIRST.

Lord Estor, a grand old British sportsman, is attending Epsom with his daughter, the Hon. Dorothy Cavanagh, a charming girl of sixteen. 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!" 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. They find him near some cross-roads, where he had gone to meet a mysterious person who claimed to be able to give information concerning the Derby incident. An encounter with a gang of toughs takes place, and Tony and Barney capture a rogue who has a livid scar on his left cheek. The ruffian subsequently escapes. Lord Estor visits Ascot, where the great question on all lips is: "Will Sunfire win the Royal Hunt Cup?"

the jockey, had the Estor thoroughbred well under control, and the mare dashed madly in pursuit of the other runners. Her hoofs pounded swiftly over the ground, tearing up great clods of turf, and with every second she lessened the gap between herself and the rest of the field.

At the four furlongs post she had caught and passed two of the stragglers; coming down the straight she was picking her way through the bunch, and closing rapidly on the leaders.

A spontaneous roar of cheering greeted the magnificent effort of Lord Estor's superb thoroughbred, even punters who had backed other mounts joining in, in a true sportsmanlike appreciation of the game fight of the runner which had been so dogged by ill-fortune.

"Sunfire! Sunfire!"

The noise was deafening, the excitement at fever-heat. Men threw their hats into the air; women madly waved parasols and handkerchiefs, urging on the golden-brown mare that, with neck extended and moving at the speed of an express train, bade fair even yet to shoot into first place, the winner of the Royal Hunt Cup!

But the wild burst of cheering proved rather detrimental to Sunfire than otherwise, for it warned the jockeys of the three leading horses that something unusual was happening behind them. The rider of the first horse, Cygnet, plied his whip with renewed vigour, and got the last ounce of speed out of his mount. The jockey of the second horse, Thunderer, glanced over his shoulder, caught a glimpse of Danny Wade's violet-and-white hooped jacket, and desperately followed suit.

With less than a furlong to go, Sunfire shot by the third horse, and bore relentlessly down upon Sir Digby Garston's black colt. Now it became glaringly transparent to all that neither the black nor the golden-brown could possibly hope to, pass the winning-post ahead of Cygnet, and all eyes concentrated on the fierce struggle between the colours of the Estor and Garston stables.

Sir Digby Garston gibbered incoherently between his clenched teeth, hardly able to endure the strain of watching the conflict, but Lord Estor and Dorothy, with their eyes sparkling with excitement, shouted loudly

their encouragement to their straining jockey.

Foot by foot the graceful head of the golden-brown mare crept forward along the body of the black colt, until her white nose was level with the neck of the Thunderer. A few yards to go, and Wade lunged forward in the saddle, seeming, as it were, to throw the mare past the winning-post.

"Thunderer!"

"Sunfire!"

The cries went up simultaneously from the vast concourse of spectators.

Sir Digby Garston took a mauve silk handkerchief from his breast-pocket, and furtively wiped his brow. The anxious expression on his face was replaced with a gloating smile as he turned and regarded the man by his side.

"A great race, Estor," he said smugly, "and I almost regret that I have to take your five hundred pounds. Had the race been over another furlong, I really believe Sunfire would have won. As it is, I'm afraid Thunderer finished ahead of your mare."

"You're rather premature, I think, Garston," replied Lord Estor, with a smile. "Look at the numbers on the board."

He waved his hand in the direction of the judge's box, and Sir Digby swung round to see the official announcement of the result. As he looked a low exclamation left his lips, for the board showed the order of the horses in the Cup race to be 1, Cygnet; 2, Thunderer and Sunfire; 3, Toledo.

"A dead-heat!"

"Yes, a dead-heat," repeated Lord Estor. "So, you see, our little wager's off."

Most men in the circumstances would have congratulated the owner of a horse which had put up so fine a showing as Sunfire had done, but Sir Digby Garston had little of that true sporting spirit which can find pleasure in the success of others—for in a sense the Cup race had afforded a success for the Estor stable.

"Yes, the wager's off," he growled grudgingly. "But you're lucky in getting out of it so easily."

Dorothy broke into a rippling laugh.

"Why, you have got a curious idea of things, Sir Digby!" she cried. "I reckon we had jolly bad luck. Had Sunfire not been left when the gate went up, the other gees wouldn't have seen her for dust!"

Lord Estor looked down on his daughter affectionately, yet with a tinge of disapproval in his glance.

"I do wish you wouldn't use those slangy expressions, my dear," he murmured. "I'm sure I don't know what Sir Digby must think of you." Then, as though speaking to himself, he said thoughtfully: "But really I must ask Wade for an explanation of what happened at the starting-gate. Sunfire's always been as quiet as a lamb before a race. I've never heard of her doing such a thing before."

Accompanied by Dorothy and Sir Digby Garston, Lord Estor made his way to where the racohores were being unsaddled, and, singling out Sunfire, he found Danny Wade, the

jockey, engaged in earnest conversation with Barney Bulfin, the trainer.

While one of the stable-hands led Sunfire away, the Owner drew his jockey and Barney aside.

"What happened just before the race, Wade," he said, "to cause the mare to play up as she did?"

The jockey avoided the eyes of the famous sportsman, and flicked his high, polished boots with his whip.

"As I've just been explainin' to Mr. Bulfin, sir," he said, "I think the mare must have got a slight kick on the hind leg by the runner on her left. I was never more surprised in my life than when she suddenly waltzed round."

"But surely you could have held her in, Danny?" protested the trainer. "The mare's got a mouth as soft as velvet, and responds to the slightest touch o' the reins. You must ha' been day-dreaming!"

After all the care he had bestowed on the crack racer of the Estor string, Barney was naturally riled to see his work twice go for naught, in the face of adverse circumstances quite outside his own control. It is the height of ambition with all trainers to produce a Derby winner, and, following so soon after his intense disappointment in seeing the best thoroughbred that had ever come into his expert hands hopelessly beaten in the great classic event at Epsom, Barney was thoroughly upset with this further lack of success in the race for the Cup.

Danny Wade scowled under the rebuke conveyed in the trainer's tone, and then flared up in well simulated wrath.

"Are you insinuat'ing, Mr. Bulfin," he said fiercely, "that I let the mare swing away from the startin'-gate on purpose? Because if so—"

Lord Estor hastily interposed.

"Sh! Calm yourself, Wade," he said, laying his hand on the silk-encased arm of the jockey. "Mr. Bulfin is suggesting nothing of the kind. Naturally, he is very disappointed over the incident, as we all are, but I am sure he will agree with me that you rode a magnificent race, notwithstanding the unfortunate start."

The generosity of the grand old sportsman over an affair concerning which he had the right of all men to be most upset did much to dispel the rancour Barney was nursing against the famous jockey. The natural geniality of his disposition asserted itself, and he extended his hand to Wade.

"Of course, I didn't mean to infer that you tried to ditch the chances o' the mare, Danny," he said. "Nothing was farther from my mind."

The jockey looked at the trainer's hand, and hesitated. Then, with a discontented grunt, he turned on his heel and walked away.

Barney thrust his thumbs into the armholes of his fancy waistcoat, and snorted, while Lord Estor shook his head sadly. The churlish action was a severe shock to the charitable intentions of both men.

In the Estor stables, where Sunfire—who had hardly turned a hair on account of her seven furlongs' sprint—was being groomed down, a not so

generous view of the famous jockey was being taken. From Perkins down to the junior apprentice, all were heartily sick of the failure of the stable to pull off races with horses that seemed dead certainties, and Danny Wade came in for a full share of biting criticism.

At the first opportunity Tony Draycott drew his chum, Dick Selby, aside, and proceeded to fire off his opinion of the occurrence in no uncertain manner.

"I tell you, Dick," he said, "there's something fishy about our rotten luck with Wade's mounts. Look at Epsom—look at the races to-day. D'you mean to tell me Danny couldn't have got Sunfire away with the rest of the bunch if he'd wanted to? Pah!"

Tony tugged a straw from a bale lying on the floor, and chewed savagely upon it. Dick regarded him with an amused smile.

"My dear ass," he said, "as I've told you before, you're right off the rails in thinking Danny is in league with this gang which seems to be up against the Owner. As leading jockey, he's got a reputation to keep up, and, secondly, he gets jolly well paid for every winner he brings home."

"I know; but supposing someone was paying him a jolly sight better for riding to lose?"

"Oh, rot!"

"Why is it rot?" demanded Tony. "I suppose you're aware that several of the big bookmakers stood to be cleared out of thousands of pounds had Sunfire won the Derby?"

"Well?"

"Well, isn't there the probability that one of 'em might have paid him a thumping good sum down to crock the mare?"

"No, there isn't. Sunfire was too dead a cert. for the jockey to spoil his own chances of bringing home the Derby winner. Besides, what on earth would Wade want to use a hypodermic needle for, when he could have pulled the horse during the race?"

"Pulling a horse in a big race is too risky a game," said Tony, "whereas it would have been a comparatively easy matter for Wade to have scratched the mare slightly with the needle before leaving the paddock."

"Anyway, I'm positive you're on the wrong track in suspecting Wade, old top," said Dick. "None of his actions have been directly open to suspicion."

"Except that he receives messages in cipher from some mysterious source," reminded Tony.

Dick Selby took off his cap and scratched his head, weighing up his last retort of his chum.

"H'm! I'd forgotten that for the moment," he admitted. "Egad, how I wish we could get hold of the key-book to that cipher letter we took from the ginger-headed tout, Tony, even though personally I'm strongly of the opinion we should find the message only referred to Danny's own private bets on the gees. Anyway, if we deciphered the thing it would at least satisfy our curiosity."

"You bet it would," said Tony, "and my own opinion is that we should find it jolly sensational reading. But the question is, how are we

going to get hold of a key-book? We can't break into Danny Wade's house and rummage through his things in search of the one he must have in his possession."

"No, we can't do that," agreed Dick. "The way to go about things is to get on the track of that ginger-headed tout, or of the chap with the scar on his cheek that we found at the cross-roads near The Coach and Horses Inn."

"Easier said than done, old chap," murmured Tony. "However, when we get back to Newmarket we'll institute a few quiet inquiries, and try to pick up their trail."

A Snub for Garston!

DURING the next ten days or so following their return to Newmarket from Ascot, the two stable-boys, Tony Draycott and Dick Selby, found plenty to occupy their time. Both were excited at the prospect of riding in the Apprentices' Handicap, early in July, and put in plenty of good work on their mounts, Wavecrest and Bunchgrass, under the supervision of Barney Bulfin, the trainer.

In addition to their work on the Heath and in the stables, the youngsters found time to carry on with the amateur detective work they had undertaken, but they could trace neither the red-haired racecourse tout nor the man with the livid scar. In spite of their efforts, the mystery of the doping of Lord Estor's Derby favourite seemed as far from being solved as ever. Throughout, Lady Dorothy showed the keenest interest in the endeavours of the two lads, and it had galled Tony on the two or three occasions when he had accompanied the girl on her gallops over the Heath to have to admit failure in response to her inquiries.

On the morning of the first day of the Newmarket races, Barney Bulfin, who had acted as a father to Tony ever since the boys' own parents had died, many years before, routed out his adopted son from his bed even earlier than usual.

"Come, show a leg there, Tony!" he roared, as he thumped on the door of the boy's room. "I want you to give Wavecrest a real good spin over the Heath before you go out with the Owner's daughter."

The young apprentice needed no second calling to any work connected with his beloved horses, and in a very few minutes he was up and dressed, ready to give his mount, Wavecrest, a final gallop before the Apprentices' Handicap, which was to take place on the following day.

Although Dick Selby, his chum, had ridden several times, this was to be Tony's first race, and naturally the lad was greatly excited at the prospect. To him it represented the first step on the ladder to becoming a crack jockey, and he put his heart and soul into the task of learning the characteristics of his mount, and assimilating tips from Barney, whose vast experience of racehorses gave his advice an authoritative value.

In his enthusiasm, Tony nursed the

fond hope of winning this, his first race, but nobody shared his expectation. Bunchgrass, the horse Dick was to ride, was by far the more fancied of the two runners from the Estor stable, but it was also generally admitted that there were several "dark horses" from the other stables which were to be tried out in preparation for bigger events later on in the season.

By his wonderful sympathy and understanding of animals, Tony soon placed himself en rapport with Wavecrest, and, on that morning of the first day of the Newmarket Races, proved to his entire satisfaction during his gallop round the Heath that the mare would willingly respond to his slightest word or gesture.

When the serious work of the morning was finished, it was in high good-humour that he mounted The Rocking Horse, and, with Ladybird in tow, trotted off to the Grange Hall to meet the Owner's pretty daughter. A tendency to rheumatism often prevented Lord Estor from accompanying Dorothy on her rides, and on these occasions, when the Owner himself could not turn out, the services of Tony were requisitioned almost invariably to provide an escort for the girl. No pleasanter duty could have fallen to the lot of the boy, and Dorothy herself, it must be confessed, looked forward with quite a thrill to having the cheerful company of the lad she had known from her earliest days of childhood.

But on this particular morning the girl seemed strangely low-spirited and preoccupied, and, seeing that his efforts to maintain a bright conversation were not appreciated as usual, Tony relapsed into a tactful silence.

The two were walking their horses, after a brisk gallop across country, when the girl unintentionally gave the lad a clue to the cause of her curious mood.

"Sir Digby Garston dined with us at the Hall last night, Tony," she remarked.

The boy gave a little murmur of interest.

"Yes, he's quite a frequent visitor now, you know," went on the girl. "He was very sympathetic about the bad luck daddy's been having with the stable—too sympathetic almost, I thought."

Tony stroked the arched neck of The Rocking Horse meditatively.

"Sir Digby himself has been doing rather well on the Turf lately," he murmured, "so he can afford to be sympathetic with one not so fortunate."

"He must have been making a pile of money," cried Dorothy, "otherwise he could never have afforded to make daddy the offer he did for Sunfire."

"What?"

Tony suddenly sat bolt upright in his saddle, and gazed open-eyed at his fair companion.

"Oh, I—I didn't intend to tell you about the matter, Tony," said Dorothy, biting her lip. "You mustn't ever mention it to anyone else. Daddy would be fearfully annoyed if he knew I'd said anything about it, I know."

"Rest assured I shan't say anything, even to Barney," said the boy. "But—but surely the Owner doesn't

intend selling Sunfire? She's the pride of the stables—one in a million!"

"No, daddy refused the offer, Tony," said the girl quietly. "But I think he hesitated a good deal about it. You see, our fortunes have been none of the best lately, and training and racing thoroughbreds runs away with a good deal of money, as you know."

"But the Owner's bound to pick up any amount soon by wins with the fine string of horses he has at present in the stable," said Tony cheerfully. "You see, things will start taking a turn for the better to-morrow, when the Apprentices' Handicap is run."

The peer's daughter looked into the bright, eager face of the stable-lad at her side, and smiled in spite of herself. She knew how fearfully keen and self-confident Tony was about his first race, and she liked to see him so boyishly enthusiastic.

"But remember, Tony," she said, "there are some rattling good horses starting to-morrow from some of the other stables, so we shan't expect too much from you and Dick, nor be too disappointed if our colours do go under on that occasion. I suppose you know that Sir Digby Garston expects to pull the race off easily with his colt, Nightshade?"

"I know Nightshade is one of the 'dark horses' in the race," said Tony. "I heard that Sir Digby held a secret trial with it this morning. But Barney, who is as good a judge of horse-flesh as any man, states that from what he can see of the runners at present, Dick has as good a chance as any on Bunchgrass."

"But Bunchgrass, like The Rocking Horse, has got the reputation of being a bit of a rogue, hasn't he?" queried the girl. "At least, so father says."

"Well, he certainly has that reputation," admitted Tony. "I shouldn't fancy Bunchgrass much myself were it not that Dick is going to ride him. Nobody else seems to be able to get anything out of the horse at all."

"That's like the case of you and The Rocking Horse," said Dorothy.

"But you know, Tony, I'm jolly sorry you haven't a better mount than Wavecrest in to-morrow's race. I even heard Barney tell daddy the mare hadn't a dog's chance, but that it would be good exercise for her, and a bit of experience for you. Why, the betting is forty-to-one against Wavecrest, isn't it?"

"H'm! It is, I'm afraid," admitted Tony. "But then," he added brightly, "even hundred-to-one horses romp home sometimes."

"They do, indeed," said Dorothy; "and I persuaded daddy to put a hundred pounds on Wavecrest, just for luck."

Tony gaze at the pretty, oval face of the girl searchingly.

"I believe you only did that to encourage me, Lady Dorothy," he said quietly. "And you can bet your boots I'm going to bring Wavecrest home, or die in the attempt!"

Coming out upon the high-road that led from Newmarket to Framham, the two young people skirted the woods of Lord Estor's estate, on their way back to the Grange Hall. As they turned a bend in the road, they came

face to face with a horseman, mounted on a superb hunter, coming from the opposite direction.

Lady Dorothy gave a little exclamation of annoyance.

"Sir Digby Garston!" she said. "I'm always meeting him nowadays."

As the two rode up, Sir Digby reined in his steed and raised his hat to the girl. His teeth showed white in a smile of well simulated surprise.

"Good-morning, Lady Dorothy," he murmured. "This is an unexpected pleasure!"

Sir Digby Garston took no more notice of Tony than he would of a pet dog accompanying the girl, so the boy rode a few yards farther along the highway before drawing rein.

For some moments the aristocratic Sir Digby sat his spirited hunter, chatting easily with the Owner's daughter, and then Dorothy bade him "Good-morning," and turned to ride away. But the young racehorse-owner immediately swung round the head of his mount, as though to accompany her.

"Please don't trouble yourself, Sir Digby," Tony heard the girl say. "I have an escort to see me home."

Sir Digby Garston gave a sneer. "What, that stable lout?" he said. "Of course, if you prefer his company to that of a gentleman, I've nothing more to say."

Tony flushed to the roots of his hair, and so did Lady Dorothy.

"I prefer the company of a gentleman," said the girl deliberately. "Good-morning, Sir Digby."

And, leaving the young sprig of nobility tugging his short black, moustache venomously, Dorothy gave her horse a sharp flick and rejoined Tony.

The chance meeting seemed to have a dampening effect on the spirits of both the young people, and they rode back to the Grange Hall almost in silence. Tony had an instinctive feeling that, although he had done nothing to merit it, he had made a bitter enemy that day in the person of the Newmarket owner, Sir Digby Garston.

The Man with the Livid Scar!

THAT afternoon Tony Draycott and his chum, Dick Selby, attended the Newmarket races in the unusual rôle of spectators.

They were wandering about in the public enclosure, during the interval between the two last races, when Tony suddenly indicated a large red-and-white painted sign surmounting a small platform.

"Hallo, there's Jerry Groat, Dick," he said. "I haven't seen him about since the Epsom meeting. He must have made a jolly good thing out of his book on the Derby."

"You bet he did," replied Dick. "I shouldn't wonder that he raked in thousands."

"Phew! Draw it mild, old man!" said Tony, with a smile. "Jerry's pitch doesn't run to 'sums like that."

"I know that," returned Dick. "But I also know for a fact that the book Jerry makes at his pitch on the racecourse is only a fraction of the business he does."

"Egad, it is news to me!" muttered Tony. "Of course, Jerry is always dressed to the knocker, in fashionable checks and diamond pins, but I thought he did that more for swank, and to impress the punters, than because he'd got any big banking-account at the back of him."

Quite a crowd surrounded the stand of "The Old Firm," as Jerry called himself, and several quarrels seemed to be in progress among the knot of people, judging by the loud voices that were raised in execration. Apparently Jerry had lost quite a little money over the last race, but he appeared to have done all his paying-out, for he stood in lordly attitude with his thumbs in the armholes of his checked waistcoat, watching with languid interest the disputants among the bystanders.

you ain't got the right kind o' fuck in your stable. F'r instance, I'll give you fifty-to-one in quids against that there horse, Wavecrest, you're riding, to-morrow, comin' home first in the 'Prentices' Handicap."

"Done!" cried Tony, on the spur of the moment.

Jerry Groat was just making a note in his book, when a sudden commotion arrested his attention. A man who had backed the winner of the previous race had arrived on the scene, and held out the slip of pasteboard representing the bookmaker's receipt for five pounds, the money he had bet on the horse. But even as the punter extended his hand and demanded payment, a burly individual wearing a red handkerchief about his neck made a sudden grab and snatched the ticket from his hand.



Dorothy flicked her horse and started off to rejoin Tony. "I prefer the company of a gentleman," she said deliberately. "Good-morning, Sir Digby."

Suddenly his eyes lighted on Tony and Dick, and he raised his hand in easy salutation.

"Hallo, young rips!" he called out. "Been havin' any luck lately, or have you been backin' his lordship's gees?" Then, remembering his conversation with Tony before the Derby at Epsom, he said: "Well, young fellow-melad, I didn't do the squealing you expected I would after the big race. In fact, you'd be surprised at the dibs I took from mugs who would have a bit on that broken-winded old creak, Sunfire, which you Estor people were so blessed cocksure about."

"You wait, Jerry," called out Tony cheerfully. "You'll get badly bitten yet."

A confident smile spread itself over the bookie's ruddy face.

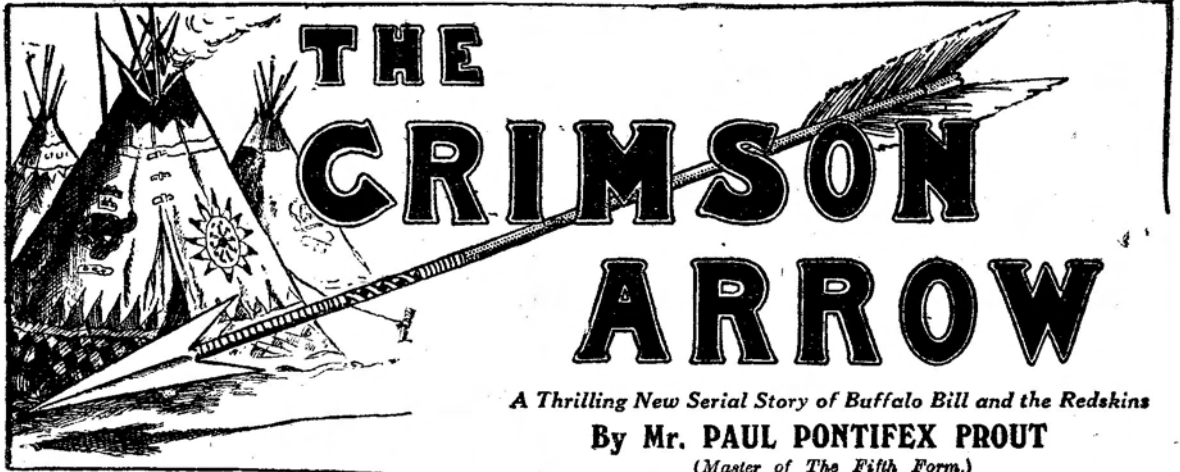
"Well, I'm always ready to give long odds against your gees," he retorted, "'cause, as I've told you afore,

"H'm! That cad in the neck-cloth is in the pay of Groat, I'll bet you a fiver," said Dick to Tony. "That rotten trick is often played by the paid tools of unscrupulous bookies."

Next moment the burly ruffian wearing the red handkerchief smashed his huge fist into the face of the punter, and then, diving through the crowd, made off as fast as his legs would carry him. On his way he passed within a couple of yards of the two stable-boys, and Tony caught a swift glimpse of his face.

"Great Scott, Dick! Come quickly!" he cried, grabbing his chum by the arm. "It's the fellow we found at the cross-roads that night—the man with the livid scar!"

Another long, thrilling instalment of our great racing serial will appear in next week'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.)

The Blue Powder!

THE figure of Buffalo Bill stiffened as the sound of galloping hoofs passed round them in a wide circle, then drew nearer.

Of a sudden, a string of wild horses showed near the fires. They were travelling at full speed, headed by a ghostly white shape.

And, swift as lightning, Buffalo Bill brought his rifle to his shoulder and fired!

The two Redskin chiefs started to their feet, and their hobbled horses bunched together round Buckskin, as Buffalo Bill's shot echoed across the dark prairie.

The string of wild horses, plunging and squealing with fright, raced on with a thunder of unshod hoofs on the rough turf. But the ghostly white horse that led them, pitched forward on to his head, rolled over, and lay stretched out on the ground as though he were dead.

Buffalo Bill whistled to Buckskin, the only horse in the bunch that was not hobbled.

There was never any need to hobble Buckskin. He was so steady, that a herd of buffalo could not have stampeded him, and so attached to his master that a sign by day, or a low whistle by night, would at once bring him trotting to Buffalo Bill's side.

He came trotting forward, and Buffalo Bill swung himself into the saddle, riding up to the senseless Spirit Horse and lassoing it quietly over the head as it lay there.

The two Redskin chiefs could not believe that the Spirit Horse was merely creased or stunned. That Buffalo Bill could send a bullet to a hair's breadth though the darkness and hit a flying mark to a thousandth of an inch, was beyond even Redskin credulity.

"Spirit Horse him heap dead!" said Chief Deer-Who-Leaps solemnly.

But the white horse gave the lie to this remark by suddenly leaping to its feet and struggling violently as the lariat tightened about its neck.

There is no gentle way with a wild horse of the prairies. He must be choked into submission at once, or he will break the strongest lariat made by human hands.

There was a sudden tightening of the noose, and Buckskin, a great broncho-tamer as well as a buffalo-hunter,

backed away from the white stallion as it rose up, striking out savagely with its forefeet.

Then a magnificent spectacle took place in the rosy glare of the fires—the spectacle of a matchless steed fighting hard for its liberty and life.

The Spirit Horse kicked and plunged and reared and rolled over, screaming angrily, its wild eyes showing green and red in the firelight, as it strove to rush at Buckskin and to savage his rider.

But, by superb horsemanship, Buffalo Bill avoided the rushes. And Buckskin showed himself as skilled as his master in this strange horse-fight.

Buckskin dodged the rushes, every one of which ended in a cruel tug of the lariat about the horse's neck, throwing it to the ground. And he kept the lariat tight as a banjo string, as pressure was put on the captive's windpipe, strangling it into submission.

In short, Buckskin and his master played the powerful, wild creature as a skilled fisherman plays a salmon. It was a twenty-minute struggle, and at the end of it the Spirit Horse, violently

thrown, lay panting heavily on the ground, beat to the world.

Buckskin stood well back from the panting captive, keeping the lariat tight.

"Now, Kit!" called Buffalo Bill; "come and claim the finest horse on the prairies. He is yours!"

After the exhibition that Kit had seen, he would almost have preferred to ride his late steed, the buffalo, than trust his neck to such a wild, savage brute as this.

But Buffalo Bill reached into the holster of his saddle and drew forth a long swan's quill, sealed at the end with native wax.

"Now, Kit," said he, "kneel down in front of him and lift his head. Break the seals off this quill and blow the powder that is in it into his nostrils. Make two puffs of it. Right nostril first, left nostril second."

Prairie Wolf looked on eagerly. He knew what was coming. The secret powder belonged to Buck Dixie, who had given it to Buffalo Bill. It was the strange, blue luminous powder that had the power of taming any horse, the secret of which was supposed to have been lost at the death of the famous Laughing Cloud, chief paramount of the Navajo nation, and the greatest horse-doctor and horseman of his day.

And the famous Laughing Cloud had been old Prairie Wolf's hero since his boyhood. Prairie Wolf, all his life, had modelled himself on this great war chief, who was one of those extraordinary men who are born at rare intervals in every nation.

He leaned forward, eagerly watching the boy as he broke the seals at the end of the swan quill and lifted the splendid head of the half-strangled horse.

There were two sharp puffs. The white horse gave a convulsive shudder as his head was enveloped in a strange, luminous blue cloud of this big medicine. Then Kit staggered back, half dazed himself, whilst the head of the horse lay out on the ground as though life had departed from it.

"Wah!" exclaimed old Deer-Who-Leaps. "Horse him heap dead now. What great medicine is this?"

"The horse is not dead, O chief," replied Buffalo Bill. "The spirit has departed from him, and ranges now over the Happy Hunting Grounds

READ THIS FIRST.

Into Fort Madison, the headquarters of the 5th United States Cavalry—the famous "Dandy Fifth"—rides a little group of horsemen bringing news of an uprising of the Redskins. The leader of the party is Buffalo Bill, and other members are Buck Dixie, Deadwood Dick, Uncle Baldy, Jake Bellew, old Prairie Wolf, a former Navajo chief, and Kit and Joe Desmond, two British boys whose father is a prisoner in the hands of the Indians. A mock convoy sets out from the fort, and the Redskins make an attack, which is beaten off with heavy loss. Afterwards some mysterious crimson-coloured arrows are found sewn into the quivers of the fallen braves. One night while Buffalo Bill, Kit, and two friendly Redskin chiefs are round a camp-fire on the prairie, the great scout announces that a troop of wild horses is coming their way, led by a famous stallion known as The White Horse of Death.

amongst the souls of the departed braves. But he must return to the call of his master when the magic powder, which was the medicine of the great Laughing Cloud, shall have lost its effect. Then he will be tame and he will love this boy, who is now his master, because of the blue powder!"

"Ho!" replied the wonder-stricken Deer-Who-Leaps. And this was all he said.

He had heard of the great medicine of Laughing Cloud, the long dead Navajo chief paramount. But never had he seen it at work before. He watched the white horse eagerly as it lay stretched out on the ground in the red firelight, expecting to see a miracle.

And soon the miracle happened. The apparently dead horse started to tremble all over. Then it rolled over and staggered to its feet, standing before Kit submissively, half dazed.

Then it lifted its soft muzzle, and, with a gentle whinny, started to muzzle the boy and to fuss over him.

It takes a lot to shake up a Red Indian. He prides himself on his calm and his control over his emotions. But both Prairie Wolf and Deer-Who-Leaps grumbled out their wonderment as they saw this powerful white horse which, half an hour before, had been a wild, kicking, racing, bundle of nerves and savagery, fussing over Kit as quiet as a pet lamb.

"Now, wash out his mouth with a drop of fresh water," ordered Buffalo Bill, "and he's your horse. But he won't let anyone else touch him for a long time."

He released the lariat from about the neck of the Spirit Horse, but it showed no inclination to run away, though the distant hoof-beats of its wild companions could still be heard thundering over the distant prairie.

It followed Kit like a dog when he went over to the other horses to get a spare halter, and it quietly submitted to be bridled and saddled.

The two Redskin chiefs were absolutely flabbergasted as they watched Kit cinching up the saddle-girth of his new steed. This business alone would have sent an ordinary cayuse, or wild prairie horse, mad with fright, and would have caused him to buck Kit into the middle of next week.

But the magnificent milk-white stallion stood the cinching up of the saddle without a movement. He merely turned his head and gazed at Kit wonderingly with his great, dark eyes.

"Horse him heap too quiet!" grumbled Prairie Wolf, who was trembling all over with excitement. "Him kick too much presently!"

But the white horse stood still as a statue when Kit swung himself into the saddle and walked him round the fires. He was still trembling all over, but he was as quiet and as docile as an old pony.

But there was no movement of the pony in his magnificent limbs. He had a stride that was smooth and elastic, and as soon as he was on the splendid animal's back, Kit knew that he had got the finest horse on the frontier. There was no mistaking the tremendous power and stamina of that great frame, and the magnificent muscular system.

And Buffalo Bill looked over the horse critically as Kit rode him round in the firelight, turning him and showing off his paces.

"My word, Kit," said he, "you'll have every Redskin horse-thief on the frontier after you when they know that you have got him! I feel almost inclined to steal him myself!"

"He's yours, sir!" said Kit. "It was you who creased him!"

But Buffalo Bill shook his head and laughed.

"I shouldn't like to mount him!" said he. "That is, unless you tell him to carry me. He'd buck me as high as Gilroy's kite, and I've no fancy for broncho-busting these days. I'm getting too old and set, and don't take a toss as easily as I did!"

"White horse him kick too heap

known amongst all Indian tribes who believed in it as gospel truth.

"O chief!" said he, speaking in dialect. "Tell thou the story of the Talking Horse to this young warrior. There is yet time for we will not ride till the moon has risen above the prairie!"

Prairie Wolf, like all Redskins, loved yarning. And here was a chance of getting off his favourite yarn, for Buffalo Bill could translate it easily into the tongue of the Palefaces.

So, lighting his calumet, and making the north, south, east and west medicine sign with the stem to give due solemnity to his recital, he told the story of the Talking Horse which Buffalo Bill translated to Kit as the old boy rambled on.

"Many years ago," translated Buffalo Bill, "there lived in the Paw-



There was a sudden tightening of the noose, and Buckskin backed away from the white stallion as it rose up, striking out savagely with its forefeet.

much!" said Prairie Wolf doubtfully. "Him Spirit Horse. Him Big Medicine Horse. Him all same Talking Horse!"

Kit had slipped from the white horse, and led him forward to the fires, where he stood patient and still.

"I'm going to call him Moonlight," said he. "See, the moon is just beginning to rise."

And Prairie Wolf started at this. Moonlight was the name of the fabled Talking Horse of the Pawnees, which is the same story as that of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp.

The Talking Horse!

BUFFALO BILL smiled as he saw the effect that Kit's words had made on both the Redskin chiefs. For though the story of the Talking Horse was originally a Pawnee fairy tale, it had spread till it was

nee tribe, an old woman and her grandson, a boy of about sixteen years of age. These two had no relations and were miserably poor. Indeed they were so poor that they were despised by the rest of their tribe, and the old mother did all sorts of hard work, and gathered brush and wood for the tribe so that they might live.

"Now it happened one day, after the tribe had moved away from the camp, that this old woman and her boy, having turned over the cast-off rubbish, and having taken what odds and ends were useful to them, were following the trail behind the rest, when they came to an old, worn-out dun-coloured horse which they supposed had been abandoned by some Indians as worthless, and only fit for the wolves who would come and pull him down.

"But when the old woman and her boy came along, the boy said, 'Come

now, grandmother! We will take this old horse, for we can make him carry our bundles. And we will be kind to him."

"The tribe moved up on the North Platte, until they came to the Great Rock. The two poor Indians followed them with their lame horse, and camped with the others. But they did not camp near, for they were so poor that the Indians suspected them of stealing, and they had to graze their old horse and make their camp some little distance away.

"One day whilst the tribe was encamped at this spot, the young braves who had been sent out to hunt buffalo, came hurrying into camp and told the chiefs that a large herd of buffalo were near, and that amongst these, was a buffalo calf whose hide was covered with golden spots.

"And when the head chief of the Pawnees heard about this spotted calf, he was very excited, for a buffalo robe which is spotted in this fashion is big medicine and protects its wearer from all hurts in battle, and from the dreaded small-pox.

"And he had a very beautiful daughter.

"So he sent his crier forth through the camp to call out that the brave who should kill the spotted calf should have his daughter for wife!

"The buffalo were feeding about four miles from the village, and the chiefs decided that the charge should be made from there. In this way, the man who had the fastest horse would be the most likely to kill the calf. And naturally the big chief seconded this idea, for the fastest horses would necessarily belong to the richest men in his tribe, and he did not want to give his daughter away to some young brave with nothing but a dud horse and his own check.

"So all the warriors and braves and war chiefs picked out their very best horses, and looked to their hunting arrows and bows, for they all wanted to marry the chief's daughter, and were not taking any chances. And when they started to line up, the boy got ready with the old dun horse.

"And when all the rich young braves with their fast horses saw the boy and his sorry-looking old horse, which was just a bag of bones, they laughed at him and pointed at him, saying; 'Lo, here is the one who is going to kill the spotted calf!'

"But when he had ridden the old dun horse away from the crowd, the horse stopped, and turned his head and spoke to him.

"He said, 'Oh, master! Take me down to the creek and plaster me all over with mud. Cover my head and neck and body and legs!'

"The boy was afraid when he heard the horse speak. But he did as he was told, and he covered the horse with mud from head to foot and from his nose to his tail.

"Then the horse said, 'Mount me, master; but do not ride back to the warriors who laugh at you. Stay here by the creek till the word is given to

charge out to the buffalo herd!' So the boy stayed there.

"And, presently, all the fine horses of the rich young warriors and war chiefs were drawn up in a line, and they pranced about and were so eager for the race that their riders could hardly hold them in. But, at last, the old crier gave the word, 'Loo-ah!' (Go). Then the Pawnees all leaned forward on their horses, and yelled, and away they went at full speed from the spot, Pawnee fashion.

"But, far away to the right, the old dun horse had started in the race. He did not seem to run. He just sailed along like a bird, passing all the fastest horses of the rich young warriors and of the war chiefs, and, in a moment he was amongst the buffalo. The dun horse ran straight to the spotted calf, whose spots shone like gold pieces in the sunshine. And the boy drew his arrow to the tip, and shot the buffalo calf dead. Then he shot another arrow, and killed a fat cow that was running by.

"Then he dismounted from the old dun horse which was covered with mud, and started to skin the golden spotted calf before any of the other warriors rode up. And when he got off the dun horse, it changed as though by magic. It was no longer lame, and its ribs no longer stood out like the ribs of a waggon-tilt. It was suddenly turned into a splendid steed, finer than any horse in the possession of Pawnees, and he was shod like the horses of the Palefaces, but his shoes were of gold with nails that were of hard diamonds.

"And the boy skinned the calf, and the proud young braves and chiefs, who were so rich, laughed no more as he rode back with the calf-skin for the chief, and the meat of the cow for his old grandmother.

"And the young chiefs wanted to buy the spotted robe, and the horse from the boy. They offered him many horses and many buffalo robes. But these he would not sell.

"He gave the spotted robe to the chief; though the chief was afraid to give his daughter in marriage to such a poor boy.

"But the Talking Horse went out of the camp at times, and came back every time, bringing sometimes a magnificent black horse, and sometimes a piebald horse, and sometimes a dun horse with him. But he never came back without a horse that was finer than any horses of the Pawnees. So the boy grew quickly very rich, and he married the chief's daughter. And he always listened to the wise advice of his Talking Horse, so that his nation became the greatest of the Indian nations.

"And this poor boy was Ma-nuk-kaw-ha-ta, or Man-Who-Talks-With-His-Horse, the greatest of all the Pawnees. And, because of the many fine horses that the Talking Horse brought into the tribe, the Pawnees were always the most powerful of the nations, till at last the Dakotas or the Sioux nation, stole their horses from them.

"Such is the story of the Talking Horse. I have spoken!"

Old Prairie Wolf had finished his story. He stared into the waning fire as he puffed at his calumet in silence.

"Without doubt this white horse is a descendant of the great Talking Horse!" said Deer-Who-Leaps. "This boy Paleface shall become great even as the poor boy became great, and he shall prevail against the Apaches, and the Spirit Horse shall be the White Horse of Death unto them. Now ride we back to the lodges of the Soshones! I have spoken!"

The old man rose stiffly, and taking the hobbles from his steed, climbed slowly on to its back. Buffalo Bill swung himself lightly into Buckskin's saddle, and watched as Kit mounted Moonlight.

The magic powder had done its work. The white horse stood steady as a rock until the little cavalcade was in motion, Prairie Wolf leading the spare horse.

And as the moon rose above the slopes of the prairie, Kit put his new mount to a trot, and then to a gallop to test its paces, riding round his companions in a great circle.

Never had he bestridden such a piece of horseflesh.

Moonlight simply sailed over the ground, fleet as a racehorse and as easy as a perambulator.

But, when Kit returned to the cavalcade, he found that his steed was so accustomed to leading the troops of wild horses which he fell in with in his wandering life, that he would not follow in the line, but insisted on leading it.

So it happened that Kit, on the white horse, was leading his companions by a full hundred yards over a sharp rise in the prairie, which covered a wide, shallow valley, darkened by the cast shadows of the rising moon.

The little party was travelling fast now, for the chiefs were eager to get back to the Soshone lodges.

Kit was the first to race over the crest of the rise, and down the slope of the valley. He was looking behind him as he did so, and, when he turned eyes front again, he uttered a sharp cry.

Three hundred yards ahead of him, in the shadowy valley, were slowly riding a column of Indians, whose formation and horses told him at once that they were an Apache war-party.

There was no time to stop. They had ridden slap into a wandering column of the enemy, which, driven to the northward in the retreat of the morning, was now picking up the trail of their defeated companions.

Buffalo Bill saw the danger as he raced over the crest.

"There is only one thing to be done," he shouted. "Charge through them!"

Another long, stirring instalment of this magnificent yarn of the Wild West will appear in next week's issue of "The Greyfriars Herald." Order your copy from your newsagent in advance.

My Weekly Interview

By the Special Representative of "The Greyfriars Herald."

This week:
TUBBY MUFFIN

WHAT are your orders for this week, Mighty One?" I inquired, stepping into the editor's sanctum.

The chief consulted his notebook. "It's high time you interviewed somebody at Rookwood," he said. "You haven't paid a visit to that famous Home for Incurables for many moons. Tubby Muffin's the merchant you've got to see."

"What sort of a fellow is he?"
"Fat and jolly. He'll stand you a tiptop feed, and he'll be as nice as pie."

Borrowing the editor's bike, I started on my journey.

After hours of painful exertion, I reached the village of Coombe. Standing on the pavement of the solitary village street was the very fellow I sought. He was like Billy Bunter in appearance, and he wore the Rookwood cap.

"Excuse me," I said, jumping off my machine, "is your name Crumpet?"

"No, it's Muffin—Reginald Muffin."

"Thank goodness! I've fagged all the way from Greyfriars to see you!"

Tubby Muffin backed away in alarm.

"To—to see me?" he stammered.

"But—but I don't owe you any money!"

"Of course you don't! I've merely come over for a pleasant interview with you. You see, I'm the special representative of the 'The Greyfriars Herald.'"

The fat junior beamed. "I say this is awfully decent of you!" he purred. "You must be jolly hungry, after being on the road."

"I am!" I assured him.

"Then perhaps you will do me the honour of accompanying me to the bun-shop?"

"Tubby," I cried, stretching forth my hand, "I am your friend for life! Such generosity knocks me nearly as flat as my tyres!"

Leaving the editor's bike on the pavement, as a sample of old iron to be viewed by all and sundry, I went into the bun-shop with Muffin. And we were soon busily engaged in devouring a dish of his namesakes.

After the muffins we attacked cakes and pastries.

I had a healthy appetite, and my companion had a most unhealthy one.

The rapidity with which he got through the good things fairly made me gasp. He could have eaten Billy Bunter off his head, so to speak; and that's saying a good deal.

"I—I say," said my companion, at length. "I feel awfully worried."

"What about?"

"That bike of yours. I'm wondering if it's safe."

"Safe as houses!" I rejoined.

"I don't know so much," said Tubby. "There have been a good many cycle thieves about lately. I think I'll pop out and make sure that the bike's all right!"

Tubby Muffin put on his cap, and rolled out of the bun-shop. I waited, more or less patiently, for him to return. But he came not.

I turned suddenly, to find a stern-looking waitress at my elbow.

"The bill, sir," she said frigidly, "amounts to thirty shillings."

I nearly fell out of my chair.

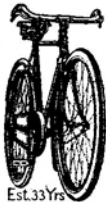
"I—I—if you please, miss, my friend will pay!" I stammered.

"From what I know of your friend," was the reply, "Master Muffin's not of the paying sort."

And so I had to pay up—though I found it impossible to look pleasant.

Verily, the life of a special representative is hard!

THE END.



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