

14 TUCK HAMPERS FOR READERS!

The Greyfriars Herald 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d



No. 39 (New Series)

FULL OF SCHOOL STORIES AND ARTICLES

July 24, 1920



THE BENBOW TO THE RESCUE!

(A thrilling incident from our long, complete tale of the school at sea.)

Our Photographic Supplement.

THE BOYS' PICTORIAL



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A FEARSOME IMAGE!



A Hindu god with his left foot on the neck of his enemy. Note carefully the "enemy!"—Taken by P. L. Twinn, 1, Rosslyn Crescent, Wealdstone Middlesex.

THE BALANCING ROCK!



A curious natural rock formation which exists in the Central Provinces, India.—Taken by J. Jenkins, 6, Colville Street, Carlisle.

A DANGEROUS STUNT!



A member of the Imperial Royal Air Force in Canada performs a risky trick on his motor-bike.—Taken by S. Pound, 54, Portwainmoor Road, Splott, Cardiff.

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Editorial

By Harry Wharton.

GOOD THINGS TO COME!

My Dear Chums.—As a result of the splendid suggestions some of you made in our recent little "Essay" competition, I have commissioned further features for our little paper, which I know will meet with the approval of every one of you. "The Crimson Arrow" is now drawing to a close, and I shall shortly announce the title and subject of a grand new adventure serial, which, I prophesy, will rank in the forefront of the HERALD stories.

A BULL'S-EYE!

By every post I am still inundated with letters singing the praises of Major Cherry's ripping racing tale. I am as pleased as you are, my chums, that you should be so delighted with it. I believed I was making a good shot when I included this story in the HERALD, and it has scored a bull's-eye! Here are specimens of the eulogistic letters I have received, and which I have forwarded to the author of this great tale of the Turf.

"Although school tales are in my line," writes "A Well Wisher," of Tylorstown, Glamorgan, "I must admit that 'The Luck of the Estors' is the most magnificent and thrilling serial that has ever been brought to my notice."

Says D. Thackray, of Brighthouse, Yorks: "'The Luck of the Estors' is first class. In fact it is nearly up to the Nat Gould stamp!"

Greater praise no author of a sporting story could desire, for Nat Gould was the greatest writer of tales of the Turf who has ever lived.

Having read the whole of Major Cherry's great yarn, I can promise you some super-thrills as, almost by his own efforts, the stable-lad, Tony Draycott, trains his favourite mount, The Rocking Horse, into a world-beating steeplechaser.

Your cheery pal,

HARRY.



DICK PENFOLD



TOM MERRY



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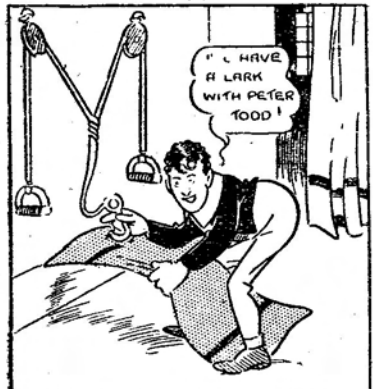


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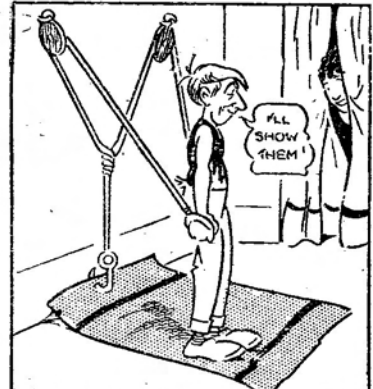


ARTHUR A D'ARCY

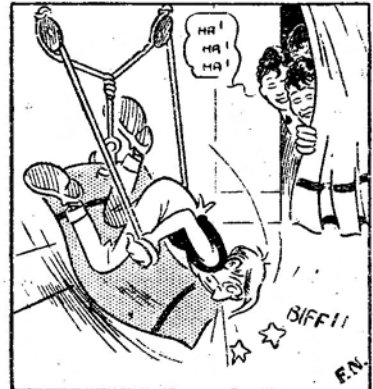
BULSTRODE DEVELOPS HIS TALENT FOR PRACTICAL JOKING! - - - Drawn by FRANK NUGENT.



1. The gym. was deserted save for George Bulstrode of Study No. 2, who, having done the merry old slip of matting a bit of no good by slicing a hole in it, was now busily engaged fixing the Sandow developer to it as per above.



2. And when Peter Todd, who thinks no small bones of his manly physique, arrived, he murmured, "I'll show the fellows what muscles really look like in action." So he hauled on the merry developer till his muscles stood out like wheels, and—



3. BIFF! He kissed the floor of the gym. with his ear with great suddenness and despatch. "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bulstrode, and the rest of the juniors who peered in. "That's a fine muscle you've raised on your ear, Toddy, old top!"

THE SCUTTLED SCHOONER!

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.

In Search!

DAWN on the Atlantic. Under the glimmering sunrise the Benbow surged on her way. It had been an anxious night on board the school ship, and the dawn was greeted by eyes that had hardly closed during the dark hours.

Dick Rodney had not slept.

All through the long night he had watched the sea, and now, as the sun rose higher, he swept the expanse of water with haggard eyes.

Only the grey, tumbling waves and a skimming seagull or two met his gaze.

What he hoped and yet dreaded to see was not there.

Captain Topcastle was sweeping the sea through his binoculars, and equally in vain.

Though he still clung to a faint hope, Rodney had to acknowledge that it was scarcely possible that he would ever see his chum again. It was many hours since Jack Drake had fallen overboard. It was only because the skipper would leave no stone unturned that the Benbow was still searching the sea for the lost junior.

Mr. Packe came along the deck, and tapped Rodney on the shoulder. The junior turned a haggard look upon him.

"You had better go to your hammock, Rodney," said the Form-master quietly. "You have not slept—"

"I couldn't sleep, sir," muttered Rodney. "Do you—do you think there's a chance, sir, that—that Drake—"

"I fear not," answered Mr. Packe. "Drake was a good swimmer, poor lad, but he could not possibly have kept afloat so long. I fear—"

"He might have found something—a floating spar or something—"

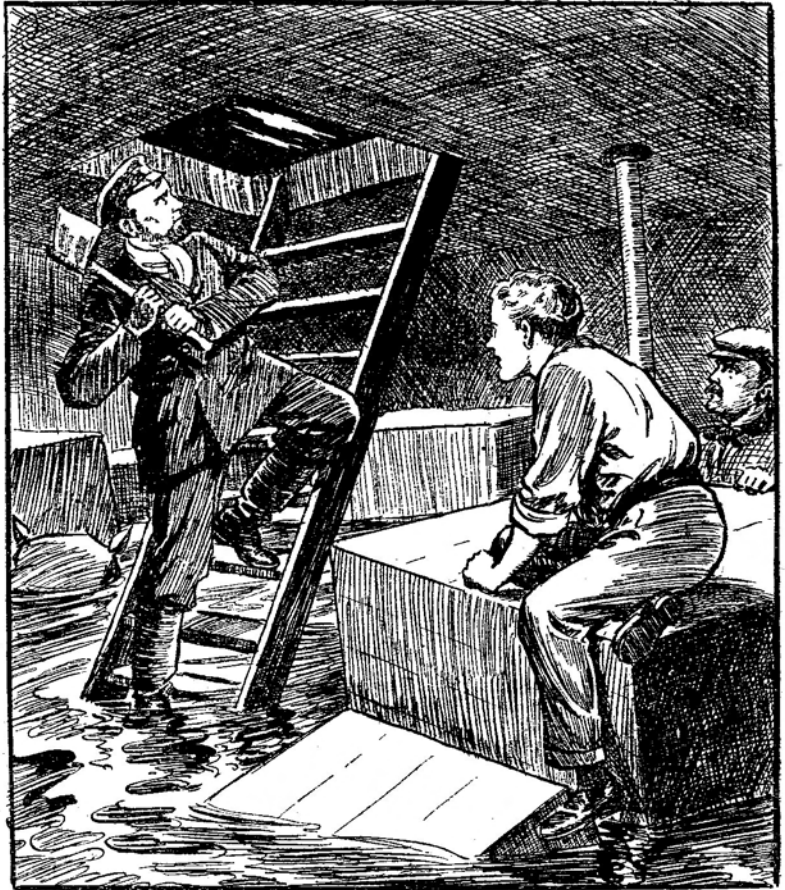
Rodney muttered. "It is possible, of course. Captain Topcastle intends to keep up the search through the day," said Mr. Packe. "In the circumstances, there will be no lessons to-day. I—I hope we may yet learn something of Drake's fate."

The Form-master walked on, and Rodney turned his eyes on the sea again. Tuckey Toodles joined Rodney at the rail.

"It's too bad about poor old Drake!" remarked Toodles. "I feel it awfully, you know. He wasn't a bad sort, though he had his faults—eh?"

Rodney made no answer.

"Brekker's late," continued Tuckey Toodles. "I don't think they ought to be late with brekker, when a chap gets so jolly hungry in this sea-air.



Mr. Jones, the mate, wielded the axe with sinewy arms until the blows smashed through the galley hatch.

"I'm famished, you know. Ain't you?" Grunt.

"Of course, there'll be more room in No. 8 now," Toodles remarked, in a reflective way. "Three is rather a crowd in the cabin, considering the size of it. I hope they won't be shoving another fellow in, in Drake's place. That would be rather rotten, wouldn't it?"

No reply.

"I'll tell you what, Rodney—we'd better see that we keep the cabin to ourselves," said Tuckey brightly. "We'll stick together over it, you know, and object firmly if they talk about putting another chap in. What do you think?"

"Shut up, you fat idiot!"

"Eh?"

"Leave me alone!" growled Rodney savagely.

"My dear chap, what are you getting your rag out for now?" asked Tuckey in astonishment. "I, must say, Rodney, it's rather bad taste to quarrel, considering what's happened. Perhaps you don't feel it as I do. I'm jolly near heartbroken. Hallo, there's the brekker bell at last!"

Tuckey Toodles rolled away to breakfast, and dealt with that meal very manfully for a fellow who was nearly heartbroken.

Rodney would have remained on deck, but Mr. Packe called him

down. At breakfast there was one other face as pale and troubled as Dick Rodney's. It was the face of Vernon Daubeny of the Shell.

Many of the fellows noticed it, and wondered. Daub had been Drake's enemy, and a fight between them had been imminent when Drake had disappeared from the Benbow. It was surprising to see Daubeny taking it to heart like this.

But Vernon Daubeny evidently did take it to heart.

He ate hardly anything at breakfast, and after the meal was over he walked on deck by himself, looking like a phantom.

His chums, Egan and Torrence, could not get a word from him, and after a time they left him to himself.

There were no lessons that day; the Benbow fellows were all busy in watching the sea. In the main cross-trees a look-out was posted with a glass. That Drake was still living seemed impossible, and it was not likely that even his body would be discovered. But for that day, at least, the hopeless search was to continue.

Rodney clung to the hope that his chum might have found some floating spar to cling to, or that he might have been picked up by some passing vessel. He would have believed anything possible rather than that he would never see Jack Drake again.

But the morning wore away without result.

It was high noon when a sudden hail came from the crossstreets.

Rodney looked up eagerly.

Something had been sighted by the look-out that was invisible from the deck of the Benbow.

"Wreck on the starboard bow!"

Rodney's heart sank again.

Captain Topcastle rapped out an order, and the course of the old ship was changed, heading for the wreck.

Scuttled!

"SCUTTLE the schooner!" Jack Drake repeated the words dazedly.

In the dark and evil-smelling hold of the schooner his voice sounded hollow and eerie.

He could hardly see his companions, the two mates of the schooner. In the gloom, the only light came from the open galley hatch above their heads.

Round that hatch were gathered a crowd of the mutineers, with Gaston Dubois and Pierre Dandin, the ringleaders.

Jones, the chief mate, and Gautier had their revolvers in hand, ready to fire if the mutineers made an attempt to descend the ladder into the hold.

But they did not make the attempt. "Scuttle the schooner!" repeated Drake.

"Ay, ay!" answered the chief mate grimly. "That's the only way out. And there's no time to be lost."

"C'est la mort!" muttered the second mate. "Courage, petit!"

"But—but—" stammered Drake.

The chief mate interrupted him.

"No good talking. In five minutes they'll have raised the main hatch, and they'll come at us in a crowd, and then it's Davy Jones for all of us. If we're going, we're all going together—Dubois and his gang along with us. Keep an eye on them, Gautier, while I get to work."

"Mais oui," muttered Gautier.

"If they try a rush—"

"J'y serai."

"Good!"

The chief mate disappeared into the deep gloom.

A head showed for a moment over the galley hatch, and Gautier fired up. But the bullet missed as the head was snatched away.

A savage voice shouted threats in French. It was the voice of Gaston Dubois.

Then there was a trampling of feet, and Dubois' voice was heard again, shouting savage orders.

Drake understood enough French to know what he was ordering. Main and fore hatches were to be opened, so that the mutineers could get at the mates in the hold. The attack would no long be delayed.

The junior breathed hard.

It was to be death—death like a rat in a trap, shut up in the black depths of the hold!

But he said no more.

The chief mate would not have listened to him; and, indeed, there was no hope, even if Jones had held his hand.

After the aid Drake had given to the two officers of the schooner, the mutineers would not have spared him.

Drake did not share the savage satisfaction of the chief mate in dragging the mutineers into his own doom, but he had nothing to say.

Knock, knock, knock!

The sound of hammering came from the blackness.

The chief mate was at work.

Knock, knock!

How long would it take him? Would his work be done before the mutineers could get to close quarters? Probably they did not even guess the mate's desperate intention.

Drake waited.

His heart was beating painfully.

He thought of the Benbow, of his chum Rodney, and all the St. Winifred's fellows, whom he was never to see again. He had been saved from the sea, only to perish in these noisome depths, and he almost wished that the waves had closed above his head before he had set eyes upon the doomed schooner.

Knock, knock, knock!

He could hear the mutineers at work above, raising the main hatch, and daylight came streaming into the hold, at last.

The chief mate continued his work undisturbed.

The voice of Gaston Dubois shouted above.

But the mutineers seemed in no hurry to descend into the hold and face two desperate armed men there.

It was the black-bearded mutineer himself who first appeared on the ladder, shouting to his followers: "Suivez moi!"

Crack!

Gautier, in cover among the cargo, fired at Dubois, and the mutineer gave a yell as the bullet scored along his swarthy cheek.

He sprang back to the deck.

His men had not followed him, and there was a babel of voices on the deck, excited and savage—and then the sound of the fore hatch being raised.

Drake gave a sudden start.

There was water about his feet—a sudden spurt of water. The scuttler had begun his work, and already the sea was spurting into the hold of the schooner, through a hole in her timbers.

While the mutineers buzzed excitedly on deck, the chief mate continued his work with grim determination.

Still Dubois and his men seemed unaware of what was going forward in the hold. They were making too great a din themselves to hear the sounds from below.

Drake waited, sick at heart.

The water was swishing round him now, pouring into every nook and cranny of the hold and some of the cargo was already afloat.

The junior climbed upon a stack of cases to keep out of the reach of the rising water.

There was no hope in his breast, but instinct urged him to escape the inevitable till the last possible moment.

He thought of emerging upon the deck, but only for a moment. He knew that the moment he showed up there he would be tossed into the sea by the enraged mutineers.

Gautier gave a chuckle.

"Ca va!" Drake heard him murmur.

The hold was all awash now, and Drake knew that the schooner must be settling deeper into the water, and he wondered that the truth did not dawn upon the men on deck. But a sudden yell above announced that the mutineers had made the discovery.

There were howls of fury on deck, and a sudden rush was made down the ladder from the main hatchway.

Crack, crack, crack!

Gautier, waist-deep in water, was firing, but the rush was stopped more by the wash of the water than by the second mate's fire.

A man rolled off the ladder, and plunged helplessly in the flooded hold. The rest scuttled back to the deck like startled rabbits.

There was a scampering of feet above, and a howling of excited and terrified voices.

Then there was a crash as the hatches were closed and darkness shut in the hold once more.

Drake heard the main hatch battened down.

Gaston Dubois had realised that there was no hope of saving the schooner. Even if the resistance in the hold could have been overcome, it was too late now.

The hatches were closed and secured, and the three in the hold were shut in to die!

Between Life and Death!

"It's done!"

Drake heard the voice of the chief mate eerily in the darkness. There was savage satisfaction in his tones.

The water was pouring in now.

"They'll take to the boats, I reckon," went on John Jones. "They won't have much time for that, either. But Gaston Dubois will never take this schooner to the South Seas, as he counted on. She's going down with us. And if they're picked up in the boats, the yarn will come out. All those rascals will never be able to keep the secret among them. I reckon it will be a rope for Gaston Dubois."

"We're sinking!" muttered Drake.

"I reckon so. Where are you, Gautier?"

"Ici, mon ami," murmured the French mate.

"Keep a stiff upper lip, kid," said the chief mate to Drake. "It was death for you on board this schooner. They would never have let you live to put a rope round their necks."

Drake was silent.

It was true enough, he felt. In any case, the shadow of death had been upon him from the moment he had set foot on the French schooner.

There was a wild trampling of feet on the deck overhead.

Drake could guess that the mutineers were hurriedly lowering the boats and flinging their belonging into them.

The trampling ceased at last.

Drake thought that he could hear the dash of oars in the water, but he was not sure.

But the silence showed that the mutineers were gone.

They had abandoned the sinking schooner, after battening down the

hatches upon the doomed trio in the hold.

Their only resource had been to take to the boats, prepared with a story of shipwreck when they should be picked up by some vessel. But, as the chief mate had said, it was not likely that the secret of the mutiny would be well kept among so many. It was more likely than not that stern justice would be the lot of the mutineers. And, at all events, they had lost the schooner, for which they had stained themselves with crime.

In the silence there was no sound but that of the water pouring into the hold.

The schooner was settling deep. As in the grip of an evil dream, Jack Drake clung to the cases upon which he had climbed, while the waters washed round him.

He was startled by the sound of heavy blows. The chief mate had mounted the ladder to the little galley hatch, and was wielding his axe upon it. A faint stirring of hope came to Drake. Now that the mutineers were gone, it was possible to venture on deck, if they could escape from the hold.

Was there a chance yet?

Crash, crash!

At least they could die in the light of heaven, and not drown in a corner like rats.

Crash, crash!

The mate wielded the axe with sinewy arms. Splinters of wood dropped into the washing water.

There was a glimmer of light from above.

The blows of the axe had smashed through the galley hatch at last.

Crash, crash, crash!

Mr. Jones laid aside the axe at last, and forced his way through the shattered cover of the hatch.

"This way!" he called out.

"Voilà, mon garçon!" Gautier called out to Jack Drake; and he grasped the schoolboy by the arm, and helped him to the open hatch.

Drake crawled through, and the second mate followed him.

A minute more, and they were on the open deck.

Drake blinked in the glare of the sunshine.

The schooner was deserted by all but themselves. Far away on the sea Drake sighted two bobbing dots, which he guessed to be the boats that belonged to the schooner. The mutineers had pulled away, and were already at a distance.

Even as Drake gazed, the two dim dots disappeared into the horizon.

He locked round him.

The schooner was deep in the water, settling down by the head, and the deck was all askant.

Overhead soared the sun of mid-day, a golden ball in a sky of blue. On the sea there was no sign of a ship.

"How long before she goes down, Mr. Jones?" asked the junior, with a shudder.

The chief mate shrugged his shoulders.

"Ten minutes—or an hour, perhaps," he answered. "There's no telling. Keep a stiff upper lip."

He sat on the combings of the hatchway, and lighted his pipe.

Gautier moved restlessly about the deck, muttering to himself, far from sharing the stolid calmness of the chief mate.

Drake watched the sea.

There was no sign of a sail, but he still hoped.

The schooner was settling down deeper and deeper, and every moment it seemed that the ill-fated vessel was about to take the final plunge.

Yet she still floated.

The water was washing over the scuppers now.

Drake sat down on the hatchway combings still watching the sea—the sea that was soon to swallow him and the trembling hulk beneath his feet.

How long would it last?

At every moment he expected to see the bowsprit dip under. But it remained above the waves, and Drake realised at last that the schooner was not settling deeper. The chief mate knocked the ashes from his pipe, and rose to his feet.

"She's holding on," he said. "I reckon the cargo's shifted, and stopped the water coming in. She may hold on for hours—or minutes."

He scanned the horizon keenly.

Drake saw his look become fixed and earnest, and he started.

"What is it?" exclaimed the junior breathlessly. "Do you see anything?"

"I reckon so! Wait till I get a glass!"

The mate ran down into the cabin, and came clambering back to the deck with a pair of binoculars in his hand.

Drake watched him, his heart thumping. Was there a chance of rescue, after all? The schoolboy's unaided eyes could see nothing but the line of sea and sky.

Mr. Jones was silent for some moments as he gazed. He handed the glasses to Gautier who gave a whoop of joy as he looked.

"A ship?" exclaimed Drake.

Mr. Jones nodded coolly.

"A full-rigged ship and bearing down," he answered. "If they sight us in time—"

He did not finish but hurried away to bend a signal of distress at the masthead.

Then they waited.

Drake's eyes were fixed upon the horizon, where a blur appeared on the sky, shaping at last into a ship's topsails.

The schooner still floated.

The cargo, awash in the hold, had shifted, and doubtless jammed, or partly jammed, the gashes through which the sea had poured in. Water-logged, and trembling at every surge of the waves, the schooner still remained afloat. There was hope-brightening in every face now.

Drake watched the nearing topsails, as they became clearer and clearer, and then the swelling fore and main sails beneath.

It came into his mind that there was something familiar in the aspect of the great ship that was bearing down towards the wreck.

Had the wreck been seen?

The course of the great ship did not bring her directly towards the schooner, and unless her crew sighted the wreck she might pass in the dis-

tance, and still leave the three to death.

Drake could have cried aloud for joy as he saw the ship fall off from her course and steer in a direct line for the schooner.

The wreck had been seen!

Gautier was rubbing his hands with glee, and Mr. Jones allowed his pipe to go out, in his excitement. Drake could hardly keep still. The great ship loomed larger and closer, and then the schoolboy realised what it was that had seemed familiar in her aspect. He gave a sudden shout.

"The Benbow!"

The chief mate glanced at him.

"What's that?"

"The Benbow!" shouted Drake in delight. "The good old Benbow! Hurrah!"

The Rescue!

DICK RODNEY, on board the Benbow, was gazing towards the wreck idly as the Benbow bore down towards it.

Little did he dream that his lost chum was on board the drifting hulk, and even then watching the approach of the school ship with his heart in his eyes.

Rodney had little hope left now, and the knowledge that the search for the lost junior was to terminate at sunset was like ice to his heart. When once the Benbow turned back to resume her voyage to South America, he would have to acknowledge the truth—that he would never look upon his chum again.

Most of the eyes on board the Benbow were turned upon the floating wreck. The signal of distress had been seen showing that survivors still lingered there, and that lives were to be saved.

As the two vessels neared, three figures could be made out on the slanting deck of the schooner—dark dots to Rodney's eyes.

But he saw Captain Topcastle start as he turned his binoculars upon the wreck, and the captain called out to Mr. Packe, who joined him hurriedly.

"Bless my soul!" Mr. Packe was heard to exclaim. "Is it possible?"

"Look yourself, sir."

Mr. Packe looked through the glasses, and gave a nod.

"Undoubtedly—there is no mistake. Thank Heaven!"

He came along quickly to Rodney.

"Cheer up, my boy," he said. "Drake lives!"

Rodney started.

"How do you know, sir?"

Mr. Packe, with a cheery smile, waved his hand towards the schooner.

"Captain Topcastle recognised him yonder. He is with two others there. Apparently he is safe and sound."

"Oh!" gasped Rodney.

"Evidently he was picked up last night by the vessel yonder," said Mr. Packe. "Thank Heaven he is safe!"

Dick Rodney tried to speak, but he could not; the relief was too great. He leaned on the rail, his heart throbbing.

His eyes were fixed upon the wreck, now close at hand. Two men and a boy could be made out on the slanting deck, waving to the ship. And the

boy was his chum—his chum whom he had almost given up as dead!

"Drake's alive!"
The word ran through the Benbow from end to end. It brought Daubeny of the Shell to the deck, with white face and startled eyes.

"Drake—alive!" he muttered in Rodney's ear. "It's not possible! He went down like a stone—"

Rodney looked at him.
"He's there!" he said, pointing to the wreck. "They're lowering a boat now to take him off."

"Good heavens!"
Vernon Daubeny stared blankly at the drifting schooner.

To do him justice, his first feeling was of immense relief. Jack Drake was living; he was not guilty, as he had believed. That hasty blow in the maintop had not placed the brand of Cain upon his brow.

The wretched junior could have sobbed in his relief. With dazed eyes he watched the Benbow's boat drop into the water and pull for the schooner.

Yes, there was no doubt now; it was Jack Drake who was springing from the drifting hull into the waiting boat—Jack Drake, whom he had supposed to be lost for ever in the depths of the Atlantic.

The three survivors were taken into the boat, which pulled back to the Benbow amid loud-cheers from the seamen and the Benbow fellows.

It was then that Daubeny's relief and joy were dashed by the feeling of fear for himself.

Jack Drake was living! Jack Drake was coming back to the Benbow! And he would speak, and all would be known!

Had not Dick Rodney's attention been fixed upon his returning chum, he could not have failed to read something of the truth in Daubeny's face. But he had no eyes for Vernon Daubeny now.

He was waving his hand and shouting to his chum in the approaching boat, and Drake, with a bright face, was waving back.

Daubeny turned and crept away to his cabin.

There he remained, with white face and palpitating heart, in terror of what was to follow.

He was the only one of the Benbow fellows who was absent when Jack Drake stepped at last on the deck of the Benbow, and was greeted by his schoolfellows.

Burying the Hatchet!

"DAUB!"
Egan of the Shell came into Daubeny's cabin, and Daubeny started, with a ghastly face.

"Do they—do they want me?" he gasped.

Egan grinned.

"I don't know whether they want you specially, but everybody's going," he answered. "There's a giddy celebration, and it's a case of all hands. I can't say I ever liked Drake, but I'm jolly glad he wasn't drowned. There's going to be high jinks in the common-room. Aren't you coming?"

"What has Drake said?"

Egan eyed him curiously.

"Said—about what?" he asked.

"I—I mean—" Daubeny forced out the words. "About—hasn't he told how he came to fall overboard?"

"Yes, he's explained that to Mr. Packe."

Daubeny's heart stood still.

"What—what did he say?"

"He tumbled off the maintop, that's all," said Egan, with a look of wonder at Daubeny's ghastly face. "Just what most of the fellows thought."

"Hasn't he—hasn't he said—"

"What?"

"Nothing."

"Come on, old top," said Egan.

"We ain't friends with Drake, but I think we might show up on an occasion like this. I'm goin', anyhow."

And Egan quitted the study.

Daubeny remained alone, moving restlessly about the cabin, a prey to mingled hope and fear.

Drake had not spoken!

"I—I'm glad! I hope you believe I'm glad, Drake?"

"I'm sure of it," said the Fourth-former cheerily. "You never meant to knock me into the sea, I suppose?"

Daubeny shuddered.

"Never! I—I thought you'd gone straight down. If I'd fancied for a minute that you were swimming, I'd have given the alarm. But—but—"

"But you were scared out of your wits at what you'd done, and you didn't give me much thought, I suppose," said Drake drily.

Daubeny winced.

"It—it's the truth," he said, with unexpected humility. "I acted like a beast, but if you knew what I've gone through since, Drake, I don't think you'd bear malice."

Jack Drake's face softened.

In Daubeny's haggard features it was easy to read what the wretched



Jack Drake and Vernon Daubeny came together into the common-room, where a tremendous celebration was prepared.

He had stated that he had tumbled from the maintop, which was quite correct. Of the hasty blow Daubeny had struck there, which had caused his fall, he had apparently said nothing.

Did he intend to keep silent, or was he torturing his old enemy by keeping him in suspense? Would he—could he—keep silent, after he had passed through the valley of the shadow of death?

It was impossible, Daubeny thought, and he groaned in utter misery.

There was a step outside the cabin. Daubeny swung round to the door as it opened. It was Jack Drake who looked into the room.

Daubeny eyed him silently. Why had Drake come there?

"You knew I was saved, I suppose?" said Drake. There was no enmity in his manner, to Daubeny's astonishment.

"I—I knew!" muttered Daubeny.

junior had been through since he had struck that almost fatal blow.

"I suppose you're goin' to tell them?" muttered Daubeny. "Why haven't you told them already?"

"Told them that you knocked me off the maintop that night?" said Drake, with a smile.

"Why haven't you?"

"It would be rather serious for you if I did."

"I know that. What are you keeping me in suspense for?" muttered Daubeny. "You mean to tell them?"

"Of course not."

"What?"

"Not a word," said Drake reassuringly. "I suppose you haven't mentioned it?"

"I! Not likely!"

"Then let's keep it dark between us," said Drake. "It's not the kind of thing to be talked about. I'm not going to say a word, anyhow."

Daubeny looked at him, scarcely

believing his ears. He sank down upon a chair with a sob.

"Dash it all, pull yourself together, old man!" exclaimed Drake, in alarm. "It's all serene now, you know. Nobody knows you were in the maintop that night, and nobody ever will know."

Vernon Daubeny nodded; he could not speak for the moment.

"I came along to tell you it was all right, and nothing said," explained Drake. "Also to ask you to the celebration. We're keepin' it up. Tuckey Toodles has been let loose on the cauteen, and he's fixed up a spread that would make an anchorite's mouth water. Come along."

"I—I'll come if you like!"

Daubeny rose unsteadily to his feet. "I—I say, Drake—" He paused a moment, the colour flushing into his cheeks. "I—I say, we used to be friends at one time, but we fell out. I—I'm sorry. I know it was my fault all along. If—if you'd care—" He hesitated, and then went on. "If you'd care to be friends again, after what's happened—"

Drake looked at him curiously. "I've had a lesson," muttered Daubeny. "A lesson I sha'n't ever forget." He shuddered. "If—if you

He broke off, and held out his hand. "My dear chap, that's all right," said Drake at once; and he grasped the hand of his old enemy cordially enough.

No more was said; the two juniors quitted the cabin together.

They came together into the common-room, where a tremendous celebration was prepared, with Tuckey Toodles in his element as master of the ceremonies.

"Here you are, Drake!" chirruped Tuckey. "Waiting for you, you slacker! I say, it's awfully jolly to have you back, you know, though three's rather a crowd in our cabin. I was quite heartbroken, you know. I ate hardly any brekker this mornin'—did I, Sawyer?"

"Only enough for three," answered Sawyer major.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Rodney didn't feel it much," pursued the cheerful Tuckey. "He actually told me to shut up when I was mourning for you, Drake. Unfeeling, wasn't it?"

"Suppose you shut up now?" suggested Drake. "Here you are, Daub. Sit down, old top."

"I say, isn't your fight with Daub coming off, Drake?" inquired Tuckey Toodles.

"No, it isn't, but a thumping good licking for Toodles will come off, if you don't ring off!" answered Drake.

It was a great celebration, and as it progressed Vernon Daubeny looked more like his old self. But from that day he was not quite his old self, and he was all the better for it. The lesson he had had was a terrible one, and it had changed Vernon Daubeny a good deal, and it had changed him for the better.

THE END.

Another rattling, long, complete story of the school at sea next week!

THE OWL'S APPEAL!

To the Edditer of "The Greyfriars Herald."

Sir,—The other day I came ackross a man in the villidge who was badly krippled in the war. He was in very sorry serkumstances, and I pitted him from the bottom of my hart. True, he is in reseat of a penshun, but it is so small that it hardly keeps him in to-bakko.

I think yore reeders will agree with me that this is a very desserving case. I feel so sorry for the pore felo that I am opening a speshal fund on his be-½, and for his soul bennyfitt.

All kontribushuns, however small, will be most wellkum. They should be sent to the undersined at No. 7 Studdy.

N.B.—Kontribushuns in the form of tuck will not be objeekted to.

Rally round, evverybody, and support this desserving objeekt.—Yores trewly,
W. G. BUNTER.

(We have no doubt that the "desserving object" is Billy Bunter himself, and his story of the crippled individual is all moonshine. This being the case, we warn our readers to send no contributions to Bunter, unless they take the form of thick ears and blackened orbits!—Ed.)

RESULT OF TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION.—No. 33.

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

ERNEST BRAIN,
47, Dove Street,
Kingsdown, Bristol.

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

Fred. A. Shaw, 61, Pontypridd Road, Porth, Glam.; John Ferguson, Woodview Cottage, Easton Road, Bathgate; H. Hampton, 19, Grosvenor Street, Eileasmer Port; Horace Wells, 24, Harborne Lane, Selly Oak, Birmingham; Iva L. O. Moore, 120, Wellesley Road, West Croydon; Dolly Diver, 55, Rutland Road, South Hackney, E.9.; Walter Moore, 1, Claremont Villa, Albert Road, Yiewsley, Middlesex; Eric Grey, 27, Royston Avenue, South Chingford, E.4.; Donald Moore, The Manse, Buckley, near Chester; A. V. Jones, Vine Cottage, Dudley Road, Ventnor, I.W.; Dorothy Heppenstall, Hepworth, The Avenue, St. George, Bristol; Vera Verrall, Sennocke, Eversfield Road, Reigate; G. Jack, 168, Rutland Street, Grimsby; L. Hegley, 52, St. John's Road, Gillingham, Kent.

CORRECT SOLUTION:

Dear Chums,—Now that Peter Todd has commenced his amusing adventures of Herlock Sholmes again, all of you who read the last series will welcome the reappearance of the detective and his companion, Doctor Jotson. The rest of you will be delighted, I know, with this grand feature.—Yours,
HARRY.

MY KRICKET KOLLUM

By
BILLY BUNTER

"SAY, Bunter, would you like to bye a kricket batt?"

It was Fisher T. Fish who asked the queschun. I notissed that he karried a bran-new batt under his arm—a reel bewty.

"How mutch do you want for it?" I inkwired.

"Fifteen bobb."

"That's rather a lot of munny."

"This batt's worth evvery penny of it," said Fish. "It's a Willo King. It has only been used wunce, and that was by Hobbs, when he skored a sentury against Aston Villa."

I was grately imprest.

"Look hear, Fishy," I said. "Can I bye that batt on the installment sistem?"

"Sertingly!"

"Then I'll give you a tanner now, and a tanner a weak untill the transackshun is completed."

"All serrene," said Fish.

I handed over a tanner—a kardbord one—and Fish handed over the batt.

I was delited with my purchiss.

Wharton had agreed to let me play for the Remove against the Upper Forth, and I antispated making kwite a big skore with the ade of that wunderfull batt.

The match took plaice after dinner. Temple and Co. batted 1st, and made 37.

"I shall be able to beet that skore off my own batt!" I deklared.

Wharton and the others larfed.

The Remove faired badly. Wharton was cleen boled, and Cherry and Nugent and Johnny Bull shared a simmler fate.

And then there arose a mity cry.

"Now, Bunter!"

Alass for my hopes!

The verry 1st bawl noeked my middel-stump out of the ground.

There was a rore from the feeldsmen.

"How's that?"

The umpyre held up his hand, and I felt as if could brane the beest with my batt.

"Ruff luck, Bunter!" said Wharton, as I walked back to the pavvillion. "I hardly ekspekted you to kollapse like that."

"Even the best of kricketers strike a bad patch sumtimes!" I said.

And then, to my horror, I saw Squiff come charging up the pavvillion steps.

"Bunter, you fat villan!" he skreemed. "You've bagged my batt, my trusty Willo King!"

"Indeed, I have knott!" I replide.

For anser, Squiff snatched the batt from my hand, and prosceeded to belaber me with the bizzness end of it.

Wack, wack, wack!

"Ow-ow-ow!"

It was a terribul kastigashun, and Squiff asked me if I wanted sum more.

"I can't stopp for more," I replide, with a grone. "I'm going to look for Fish!"

THE END.

THE MYSTERY OF THE TAXI-CAB!

Our Great New Series dealing with the amazing adventures of

HERLOCK SHOLMES
DETECTIVE

Written by

PETER TODD

I.

THE sudden and startling death of Mr. Swizzle caused a considerable sensation, and I was not surprised when my amazing friend Mr. Herlock Sholmes was called in to aid in elucidating the mystery.

The facts, so far as they were known, were simple.

Mr. Swizzle had alighted at his gate from a taxi-cab, and was seen to exchange a few words with the driver, who then drove off immediately.

Mr. Swizzle staggered up his garden-path, and sank down on his doorstep in a state of collapse.

He never recovered.

The medical evidence was that Mr. Swizzle, who suffered from a weak heart, had perished from the effect of a sudden and terrible shock.

How that shock had been administered was a deep mystery.

Suspicion attached to the taxi-driver, and Inspector Pinkeye, of Scotland Yard, was immediately set upon his track.

It was a week or so later that the inspector called upon us, in our rooms at Shaker Street, and requested the aid of Herlock Sholmes.

Sholmes smiled genially.

"Then your clue has led to nothing?" he remarked.

"We have no clue at present, Mr. Sholmes," confessed the inspector. "The matter is a deep and impenetrable mystery. If you can see a clue, you can see further than Scotland Yard."

"Which would not be a novelty," remarked Sholmes.

"Well, I shall be glad of your assistance, Mr. Sholmes," said the inspector, somewhat nettled. "You agree that the taxi-driver is the man we want?"

"No doubt."

"By some means as yet unknown he administered a fearful shock to the unfortunate victim, which practically killed him on the spot," said the inspector. "His motive we shall discover when we discover the man. If you can do that for us—"

"I will try," said Sholmes, with a smile. "No doubt the man has heard that he is under suspicion, and is afraid to come forward. But a taxi-driver of so unusual a character should be easily found."

"How do you deduce that he is a taxi-driver of unusual character, Mr. Sholmes?"

"From the nature of the shock which he administered to Mr. Swizzle."

"But that is precisely the mystery!" exclaimed the inspector.

"Not to me."

"Really, Mr. Sholmes—"

"Leave the case in my hands," drawled Herlock Sholmes. "Unless I am mistaken, which Jotson here will tell you is impossible, the taxi-driver will soon be found. I shall require a sum of ready money for expenses—"

"Of what nature?"

"Cab fares," said Sholmes tersely.

When the inspector was gone, Herlock Sholmes turned to me.

"If you are prepared to join me in this case, Jotson—"

"Certainly Sholmes."

"But your patients, my dear doctor?"

"I have given so much time to your affairs of late, Sholmes, that I have failed to pay my usual visits to my patients, and as a consequence most of them have recovered. I am quite at your service."

"Bong! Along dong!" said



Jotson started violently at the words of the taxi-driver.

Sholmes, dropping into French, as he sometimes did. "Noose verrong!"

And, taking me gently by the ear, he led me into Shaker Street.

II.

FOR a week we were busy. Accustomed as I was to the remarkable mental aberrations of my amazing friend, I could not help wondering at the methods he employed in this mysterious case.

The days passed in a succession of taxi trips.

From early morn to dewy eve, Herlock Sholmes hailed taxi after taxi, and paid without question the extraordinary sums demanded by the drivers, which never bore any approximation to the amounts indicated on the taximeters.

One journey over, another began, till it appeared to me that we must have driven in half the taxi-cabs that plied for hire within the limits of the county of London.

I was astonished, but I did not venture to question my amazing friend. I knew that he must be following out some deep-laid scheme, hatched in the recesses of his remarkable brain.

The denouement came suddenly. One evening, as Sholmes asked the amount of the fare on alighting, the driver replied:

"Seven-and-six!"

I jumped.

Seven-and-six was the amount indicated by the taximeter!

I felt faint for a moment.

Then I gazed at the extraordinary man who had driven us.

Outwardly his appearance was normal.

Yet the astounding fact remained that he had only asked us to pay the exact fare, as indicated on the "clock"!

Sholmes's eyes glittered.

He handed over the seven-and-six-pence, and the next moment his grip fell upon the shoulder of the taxi-driver.

"I think you are the man I want!" he said calmly. "Jotson, call a policeman. I have found the man who drove Mr. Swizzle on the night of his death!"

III.

SHOLMES!" I gasped, as Herlock Sholmes, an hour later, came into our rooms at Shaker Street, and mixed himself a stiff glass of cocaine.

He smiled.

"Surprised again, Jotson?" he asked.

"Amazed! How—"

Herlock Sholmes laughed.

"A perfectly simple case, my dear fellow," he said. "The death of Mr. Swizzle was accidental, as I believed from the first. The taxi-driver was unaware of the fact that the hapless man had a weak heart when he administered the shock that caused his death."

"And that shock?"

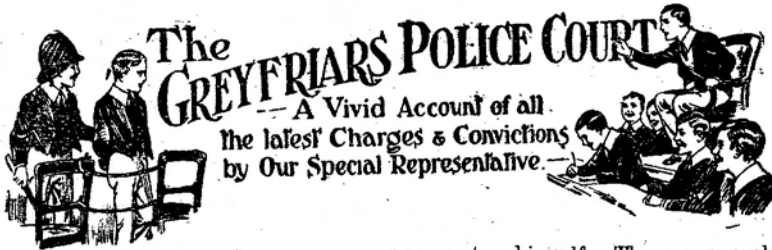
"It was clear to me from the beginning," yawned Sholmes. "That was my clue, which I followed up by taking a succession of taxi drives, until I came upon a taxi-driver who asked his exact fare. True, he was the only one of his kind in London, but I was certain to find him, sooner or later—and I found him. He is simply detained now for inquiries. The death of Mr. Swizzle was a pure accident. Had your heart been exposed you to the perils of this search. Yet, strong man as you are, I saw you stagger when the man asked us to pay the amount indicated on the meter, and no more."

"True. But Mr. Swizzle—"

"The poor gentleman alighted from his cab. He saw the amount on the meter. He expected to be asked twice or three times as much—and then came the shock." Herlock Sholmes brushed away a tear. "The taxi-driver asked him to pay the just fare. His heart was weak. The shock was too much. It overcame him—and he perished, Jotson. Voila tout! A simple though a sad case!"

THE END.

Next week's screamingly funny adventure will be: "The Case of the Car." Look out for it!



The GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

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

There was a crowded house at the police-court proceedings this week—doubtless owing to the fact that refreshments were provided free of charge.

Before getting to business, Mr. Justice Wharton amused himself by squirting the contents of a soda-water siphon over the Grand Jury.

Fishy's Fishy Stunt!

The first prisoner to be hustled into the dock was Fisher Tarleton Fish.

Magistrate: What manner of fish is this?

Mr. Robert Cherry, K.C.: A shark, your worship. (Laughter.)

Magistrate (grimly): He'll utter a few "whales" by the time I've finished with him!

Mr. Harold Skinner, K.C., C.A.D.: I rise to a point of order. If your worship has nothing better to do than to perpetrate potty puns, the Court might just as well adjourn.

Magistrate: Sit down, you sprat! (Laughter.) What is the prisoner charged with?

Mr. Cherry: Spoofing the public, your worship. He's always up to some money-making dodge or other. And his latest stunt was to fix up a penny-in-the-slot machine in the Close.

Magistrate: Bless my soul!

Mr. Cherry: It wasn't a proper machine, of course. Fish made the

apparatus himself. There was a slot marked "Chocolate," another marked "Caramels," and a third marked "Cigarettes." Several prominent members of the public—myself, for instance—put pennies in the slot, but we got nothing in return.

Magistrate: Didn't the pennies come back?

Mr. Cherry: No, your worship. They stayed in the machine, and eventually found their way into prisoner's pockets.

Magistrate: So there were no caramels in the machine, and there was no chocolate, either?

Mr. Cherry: I couldn't say, your worship. You see, I went for the cigarettes! (Laughter.)

Mr. Hurree Singh, an Indian gentleman, then gave evidence: I insertfully placed a penny in the esteemed slotfulness, your worship, hopefully expecting to get a bar of chocolate returnfully. But nothing came.

Magistrate: Then the whole thing was a snare and a delusion?

Witness: Yes, my worthy chum.

Magistrate: All right, my worthy chump! You may sit down. Any more witnesses?

Mr. Wun Lung, a Chinese gentleman, turned a complete somersault and landed in the witness-box: Me puttee penny in slot-machine, your

worship, and me lookee folward to getting calamels. But when me pullee outee slot, me find it full of emptiness. (Laughter.)

Detective-Inspector Penfold, giving evidence on behalf of Jotland Yard, said that, from information received, he visited prisoner's study, and found him counting his ill-gotten gains.

Magistrate: How much cash had he swindled the public out of?

Witness: Fourpence your worship.

Mr. Skinner (for the defence): And they were all dud pennies! (Loud laughter.) So that instead of Fish defrauding the public, the public defrauded Fish! There were two dozen bars of chocolate, two dozen packets of caramels, and two dozen packets of Silver Flake cigarettes placed in that machine.

Magistrate: Then why didn't the stuff come out when coins were inserted?

Mr. Skinner: Something went wrong with the works, your worship.

Magistrate: Is the machine in Court?

Mr. Skinner: Yes, your worship.

Magistrate: Then hand me the two dozen packets of cigarettes. I want to send them away to—er—a soldier pal of mine.

The cigarettes having been handed over, his worship addressed himself to the Grand Jury.

"Gentlemen, you have heard the evidence on both sides, and it is up to you to decide whether Fish diddled the public, or whether the public diddled Fish. Anybody got a match?" (Laughter.)

The jury, having been treated to ginger-beer and jam-tarts by Mr. Skinner, brought in a verdict of Not Guilty.

My Weekly Interview

By the Special Representative of
"The Greyfriars Herald."

This week:
MARK LINLEY

"MIGHTY Chief," said I, bobbing into the editorial sanctum, "I await your orders."

The editor consulted a list of names on his desk, and mentioned the name of Mark Linley.

"The fellow who used to work a treadmill?" I asked.

"Ass! He used to work in a cotton-mill. But you'd better not remind him of the fact. He may get ruffled."

"Where does the merchant live?" I inquired.

"No. 13 study."

"Then I suppose I shall be unlucky! Never mind! I won't shirk the job. The chief reporter of the "Herald" will always do his duty, Gerald!"

The editor heaved a cushion through the air, and it sailed out into the passage. Owing to circumstances over

which I had no control, I sailed out with it.

Picking myself up, I went along to No. 13 study.

Three fellows were within, making a joint attack on a fried herring, which, judging by the arena it gave forth, must have been netted somewhere about the time of the Flood.

Pressing my handkerchief to my nose, I waited patiently until Bob Cherry, Hurree Singh and Mark Linley had disposed of the ancient herring. And then I lifted up my voice.

"Look here, Linley," I said, "I've come to interview you for 'The Greyfriars Herald.'"

Mark Linley gave a sigh of resignation.

"Buck up and get it over, then!" he said.

"I want you to tell me a few things about yourself," I said, producing my notebook. "Let me see. Before you came to Greyfriars you worked in a saw-mill, didn't you?"

"No, a cotton-mill," said Linley, with ominous quietness.

"Same thing. And you came to the school on a scholarship?"

"No. On the station hack."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He will have his little joke, bless him!" I said. "Now, you're a studi-

ous sort of fellow, aren't you, Linley? You belong to the Society of Strenuous Swotters—what?"

"I do a fair amount of swotting, if that's what you mean," said Linley.

"Thought so. You're one of these johnnies who sit burning the midnight oil, with a lump of ice balanced on their nappers. Ugh! If you'll take the advice of an eminent journalist—myself—you'll chuck that sort of thing. Fellows who are eternally swotting generally develop brain-fever before they are out of their teens."

"Well, you'll never get brain-fever, anyway!" retorted Linley.

"Eh?"

"Where's there no brain, there can be no brain-fever!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The laughter goaded me to fury.

"Bah! You're a beastly swot!" I said contemptuously. "All you think about is Latin and Greek, and mouldy French verbs! Personally, I prefer muscle to brain, any day!"

"You do?" said Mark Linley.

"Then here goes!"

And I was seized in a grip of iron, and heaved through the open window.

And whilst I was engaged in kissing the flagstones in the Close, Bob Cherry went to telephone for the ambulance!

THE END.



Prizes for all Contributions printed on this page.

For the best storyette printed on this page a hamper crammed full of delicious tuck will be awarded. Money prizes will be given for all other contributions used. When more than one reader sends in the same acceptable storyette, the prize is awarded to the first read. Remember your joke should be written plainly on a postcard.—Editor.

A Smart Little Nut!

As little Johnny stood beside his mother, who was making her purchases, the greengrocer told the youngster to help himself to a handful of nuts. But Johnny shook his head. "Why, what's the matter?" asked the greengrocer. "Don't you like nuts?"

"Yes," replied Johnny. "Well, go ahead and take some!" Johnny hesitated, whereupon the man put a generous handful in the youngster's cap.

When they had left the shop the mother turned to her backward offspring, and asked:

"Why didn't you take the nuts when the kind man told you too, Johnny?"

And Johnny winked as he replied: "Cause his hand was bigger'n mine!"—Sent in by L. Yarnold, 17, Murrell Street, New Town, Tasmania.

Ill News!

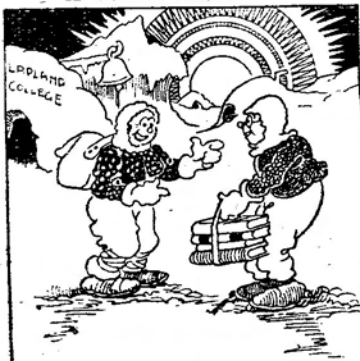
Ma: What are you crying for, Tommy?

Tommy: Boo-hoo! Teacher's been very ill, and now—

Ma: He's passed away, I suppose?

Tommy: No! Boo-hoo-hoo! He's gettin' better!—Sent in by E. W. Rodgers, 16, Currier Lane, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancashire.

A SUNNY PROSPECT!



SWATTER MINOR (of Lapland College): "You can go back home, Buster. It's two degrees below zero and teacher says, 'No school to-day on account of the heat!'"

His Sweet Reward!

The village grocer while enjoying a dip in the canal got into difficulties, and would probably have gone under but for the timely arrival of Paddy Malone.

The great man was indeed thankful. "P-P-Paddy," he spluttered, "how can I show my gratitude?"

Paddy meditated for awhile, and then he ventured deferentially to say:

"Faith, if yez wouldn't think it too much, sorr, Oi'd be axing ye for half a pound o' sugar!"—Sent in by Miss Kathleen McIlveen, Irene, Parkmount Road, Belfast.

OUR TUCK-HAMPER PRIZE STORYETTE

"FOREIGN" MANNERS!

"Ah, here you are, my dear!" said Mr. Bunter to his daughter, Bessie, who had arrived home for her summer holidays. "And how have you been getting on at Cliff House this term?"

"Oh, simply spiffing!" exclaimed Bessie; "I've learned to say 'Thank you!' and 'If you please,' in French now."

"Good!" cried Mr. Bunter proudly. "That's more than you ever learned to say in English!"

—Sent in by Arthur Horsnell, 30, Carlton Road, Leytonstone, E.11, to whom a hamper crammed full of delicious tuck has been despatched.

The Puzzler!

The noble Lord FitzSherbet had been explaining the mechanism of his new Rolls-Ford to one of his Irish tenants for over an hour.

"I hope you thoroughly understand the principles of a motor-car now, Murphy," he said, in conclusion.

"Ay, indade Oi do, sorr!" said Murphy—"all except wan thing."

"And what's that?"

"Sure, your lordship, an' it's how on earth the craythur goes without a horse!"—Sent in by W. E. Cooling, 244, Beacon Street, Lichfield, Staffs.

Why the Form Tittered!

Mr. Quelch (severely): How is it you don't know your lesson again, Bunter?

The Owl: It—it was too hard to learn, if you please, sir.

Mr. Quelch (angrily): Really, if it were not for me, boy, you'd be the biggest dunce in the whole school!—Sent in by A. Reader, Tower House, Tower Street, Leicester.

The Reason!

Hobbs: What's that string tied round your finger for, old man?

Dobbs: Oh, my wife tied that on to remind me to post a letter for her.

Hobbs: And have you posted it yet?

Dobbs: No; she forgot to give it to me!—Sent in by E. Darracott, Box 312, G.P.O., Dunedin, New Zealand.

Very Harrow-ing!

Mr. Warre-Profitteer: I say, Maria, I think we ought to send 'Erbert to a public school, say, for instance, Heton.

Mrs. Do: Oh, John, can't we find one without an "haitch" in it?

Mr. Warre-Profitteer: Of course, let's send him to "Arrow"; there's no "haitch" in that!—Sent in by S. R. Hodge, 5, Abbotsford Avenue, Tottenham, N.15.

HAD NOTHING TO CROW ABOUT!



THE BUNNY: "Well, old Sammy Scareboy, you were never much to look at, and now you're beginning to get crow's-feet round the eyes."

For Advertisement!

Customer: What is the meaning of this, waiter? Yesterday you gave me a portion twice the size of the one on my plate now.

Waiter: Where did you sit yesterday, sir?

Customer: By that window.

Waiter: Oh, that accounts for it! We always give customers who sit in the window double portions!—Sent in by R. M. Beddington, Dibden Burlieu, near Southampton.

Firey Ambition:

"And what are you going to be when you grow up?" asked the visitor of little Willie.

"Well," said Willie, "after I've been a minister to please mother, and a judge to please father, I'm going to be a fireman!"—Sent in by Robert Pratt, 29, Harold Road, Sutton, Surrey.



The Luck of the Estors

Our magnificent new racing serial specially written by

MAJOR CHERRY

Jerry Groat Springs a Surprise!

THE doctor walked across to where Tony was chatting with Dick, who, with a broken collar-bone as the result of his fall from the elm-tree in the grounds of Jerry Groat's house, was reclining in a chair at the Framelham police-station.

"Now, my lad," broke in the doctor briskly, laying his hand on Tony's shoulder, "no more talking with my patient. I'm going to drive him to the nursing-home on the outskirts of the village, and get him patched up. He needs a change of clothes badly, and I advise you, too, to get out of your wet things as soon as possible, young man, or you'll be in trouble next."

Tony shook hands with his chum, and then the kindly doctor assisted Dick away. Immediately they were gone the inspector, who had returned with the warrant, announced his readiness to set out for the home of the bookmaker.

Tony confidently expected to achieve a smart coup in the rescue of Ginger from the cellar beneath the old mansion, thereby effectually laying Jerry Groat and his gang by the heels for the time being, and securing the chance of pumping the spy for the information about the Derby doping incident which the man had been on the point of revealing to Lord Estor on that memorable occasion at the cross-roads.

It was arranged that the policeman should remain at the station, and this fortunate individual sank into his chair with a sigh of relief as Tony and the inspector stepped out from the comfortable little shelter into the rain, which was still descending in bucketfuls. Tony was soaked to the skin already, so the continuous down-pour did not trouble him. As a matter of fact, he was glad to see the rain softening the ground that had been dried up in a long spell of summer weather, for Wavecrest, the mare he was to ride in the Apprentices' Handicap, was a particularly bad runner on a hard course, and this change in the condition of the going was likely to afford her a far better chance in the race.

In close proximity to the gateway leading to The Poplars were waiting the three policemen the inspector had asked for. One of these the inspector sent to watch the back exit to the house, and then, with the two others

and Tony, he strode up to the front door and gave a sharp knock and a ring.

After a number of violent efforts, which set the whole mansion echoing with sound, a shuffling of slipped feet was heard, and the electric light was switched on in the hall. Then the door was opened a short distance, and a stoutly-built man peered out. It was Jerry Groat, the notorious bookmaker himself. He was fully dressed, and this the police duly noted.

As he saw the blue uniforms and capes of the members of the force he gave a violent start, but he instantly controlled himself, and demanded their business with him at that unearthly hour.

"We have come, Mr. Groat," said the inspector, "in search of a tout in your employ—a man commonly known as 'Ginger.'"

"Indeed?" said the bookie, shooting a malevolent glance at Tony, who was standing slightly in the background. "What's he done?"

"Ginger himself has done nothing, as far as we're concerned for the moment," replied the inspector; "but information has been laid with the

police that you are unlawfully holding him a prisoner in this house."

"Me?" cried Groat, with a tremendous show of surprise. "Me—holding Ginger a prisoner? I suppose it's that nosy young rip behind you who pitched you that cock-and-bull tale? I tell you now that—"

"It is my duty to warn you, Mr. Groat," interrupted the inspector, "that anything you say may be used in evidence against you."

Groat made as though to shut the massive door.

"And my advice to you," he snarled, "is to give that sneakin' young varmint a thorough good hidin'! The idea, disturbin' honest men at this hour o' the mornin'! Beat it, the whole lot o' you!"

But before the rascally bookmaker could slam the massive door to, the inspector thrust his foot forward, effectually frustrating the manoeuvre. At the same time he drew a paper from beneath his cape, and held it forward for Groat's inspection.

"Be careful, Mr. Groat," he said, quietly but firmly, "or you will make yourself liable to instant arrest for resisting an officer in the discharge of his duty. I have here a warrant for the search of this house."

He put his shoulder to the door and burst it open, nearly bowling the enraged bookmaker from his feet. Next moment the inspector stepped into the house, followed by Tony and the two policemen.

Jerry Groat spluttered and fumed, his imprecations on the heads of the police-officers being interspersed with remarks concerning "young rips what poked their long noses into other people's business," and the iniquity of "rooting honest men out o' their beds at that hour o' the morning!"

But the inspector had no more time to waste in argument. He ushered the bookie into the first room on the right of the hall, which seemed to be a kind of office for the transaction of Groat's "Turf Commission" business, and, leaving one of the constables to keep an eye on the rogue, set off to investigate the cellars, with Tony and the other policeman bringing up the rear.

Very quietly the three proceeded down a rickety flight of stairs to the basement, picking their way by the aid of the bull's-eye lanterns the officers carried. At the bottom they discovered

READ THIS FIRST.

Lord Estor, a grand old British sportsman, is attending Epsom with his daughter, the Hon. Dorothy Caranagh, 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 vet. gives the startling verdict, "The mare has been doped!" Arriving back at Newmarket, Tony Draycott and Dick Selby, two stable-boys, set out to solve the mystery. They suspect a ruffian with a scar on his cheek and track him to the house of Jerry Groat, a notorious bookmaker, where they learn that Ginger Hales, a racecourse tout, is being held a prisoner. Dick meets with an accident and breaks his collar-bone. The boys inform the police of the illegal detention of Ginger, and arrange for a search of the house to be made, little knowing the card the wily bookie has up his sleeve.

a wide corridor, composed of great flagstones, with a number of hardwood doors leading from it.

"Where do you reckon the tout is confined, Tony?" demanded the police-inspector.

"I heard Groat tell two of his gang to take him back to the middle cellar," replied Tony. "We might try this door."

He pointed to the centre door, and the inspector gave a sharp knock.

"Hallo! Are you inside, Ginger?" There was dead silence.

"He's asleep," suggested Tony.

The police-officer drew from his pocket a large bunch of keys, including several of the "skeleton" variety. Selecting one of these, he inserted it into the lock, and gave a dexterous twist of his hand, and thrust the door open.

Gazing between the policemen, Tony saw the rays from their two bull's-eye lanterns sweep round the wine-cellar, picking out every corner in sharp relief. But beyond a couple of frightened, scurrying rats, there was no sign of life in the place.

In turn they opened each door along the corridor, but not only was Ginger not to be found, but there was no sign at all that any of the cellars had been occupied recently by anyone.

It was in no very good humour that the police-officers returned upstairs to their colleague and Jerry Groat, the bookmaker, who was sitting back in an armchair, puffing away at a large cheroot. Apparently his ill-temper had quite evaporated.

"Well, officer," he said to the inspector, "did you find your man?"

The inspector gave a deep growl.

"Never mind," said the bookmaker cheerfully. "Try one o' these cheroots—sent me by an old client now in Rangoon. And this port wine'll put a bit o' warmth in you. Help yourself from the decanter. You must ha' got quite chilly, nosin' about in those cellars. I always avoid 'em myself; they quite give me the creeps."

"See here, Mr. Groat," said the inspector, ignoring the bookie's invitation; "we've come here to find that tout of yours known as Ginger. He hasn't been seen around these parts lately, and we've two witnesses who can testify that you're holding him a prisoner here."

"The two witnesses being this young varmint, Draycott, and his nose-y young pal, I suppose?" murmured the bookie evenly. "Well, lemme tell you, officer, when you know those young varmints as well as I do, you won't swallow all they say so easily in future."

The inspector gulped. For a moment the horrible doubt assailed him that two irresponsible boys had pulled his official leg. But he remembered that although the lads did not assign any reason why Groat should wish to keep the spy in confinement, yet their story had been plausibly told, and bore all the semblance of truth. He felt reassured again as he addressed the bookie.

"That be as it may, Mr. Groat," he said, "we're determined to find that employee of yours, if we have to ransack the house from top to bottom, and then search the countryside."

As the inspector placed his hand on the door-knob, as though to restart his quest, Jerry Groat rose slowly to his feet.

"Maybe it'll save you time and trouble if I help you," he said. "You don't want to stay here all night on a wild-goose chase started by this young stable-brat, and I don't want to be kept from my bed any longer. I've a busy day at the Newmarket races in front o' me. You're determined to see Ginger Hales. Well, I'll take you to him!"

"Eh?" The inspector looked at Groat in astonishment, as did also Tony and the constables.

"I—I thought you denied he was here?"

"You might ha' thought so," said the bookmaker, "but I didn't say he wasn't."

"Well, if you knew he was here, why didn't you say so at first?" demanded the police-officer sternly.

"Nat'rally, when you called I was a bit indignant, like any other honest man would ha' been," replied Jerry Groat suavely. "Still, I don't bear malice now, though I do think it don't reflect to the credit o' the force to swallow the tales o' whippersnappers o' the like o' this young rip here, and come accusing a well-known country gen'l'man o' kidnapping his own guest!"

"Guest?" "Yes; Ginger Hales, the fellow you're so anxious to lay hands on, is staying here as a guest."

The notorious bookmaker made the statement without batting an eyelid, and the inspector looked from his face to Tony's in obvious doubt. Tony saw the effect of the bookie's words, and addressed himself to the police-officer.

"Don't you believe him, sir," he said. "He's bluffing."

"You outrageous young worm!" howled Groat, breaking out into a sudden rage. "I'll slaughter you, I will! I'll—"

The inspector promptly intervened his burly form between the bookie and the stable-boy.

"Keep cool—keep cool, Mr. Groat," he said. "If he has been playing any tricks with the force, you can safely leave him to us to deal with. Meanwhile, I'll give you a chance to show your good faith by putting me on to Ginger."

Groat made an effort and controlled his temper, and then, followed closely by police-officers and Tony, he led the way from the room and up a wide staircase. That the inspector should accede to the bookmaker's offer afforded Tony no little feeling of trepidation. He had no particular confidence in the astuteness of the country police, and greatly feared that the wily Jerry was leading them straight into some sort of trap.

Although the inspector seemed perfectly content to start rounding up Bill Simes, Jim Furby and Andy Finch after Ginger had been unearthed, yet Tony remembered that these other unscrupulous members of the gang were lurking somewhere not far away, and the thought made him distinctly uneasy. However, he had no choice but to accompany the others, and this he

did, keeping a sharp look-out in case of any attempt at foul play on the part of Groat or other members of the gang.

But nothing suspicious happened. The bookmaker led the party straight to a door on the first floor, and knocked.

"Hallo, Ginger!" he called. "Here are some gen'l'men wishing to see you."

Obtaining no response, Jerry Groat tried the handle of the door, and, finding the door unlocked, he pushed it open and entered the room. The room was in darkness, but he fumbled with an electric switch, and a flood of light illuminated the apartment. It was a bedroom, and on the side farthest from the door was a single bedstead, from the covering of which suddenly shot up like a Jack-in-the-box a man's head, crowned with a shock of red hair, and set with a pair of hollow eyes that blinked painfully in the light.

"There's Ginger, gen'l'men," said Jerry Groat to the police-officers, with an introductory sweep of his hand.

But Tony needed no introduction to inform him that the man in the bed was Ginger; he had recognised the tout at the moment the light was switched on.

"Ere, what's the meanin' o' this introoshun?" whined the spy, with a great show of surprise and indignation. "I ain't done nothink!"

"O' course you haven't, Ginger," said Jerry Groat heartily, "and nobody is accusin' you o' anything, either. These gen'l'men have come here owin' to a cock-and-bull story which this young varmint, Draycott, has pitched about me keepin' you a prisoner in this house."

"Me—a prisoner?" Ginger's face registered blank astonishment. His hand wandered behind his back, and his fingers clasped on a crisp banknote beneath the pillow. Jerry Groat was a very generous man—when it suited his own ends.

The police-inspector took a step forward.

"See here, Ginger; this lad"—he indicated Tony—"and his friend gave information at the Framham police-station that you were being held prisoner by a gang in the cellars of this house. What have you to say about it?"

The racecourse tout and the notorious bookmaker exchanged knowing glances, and the latter managed to convey a wink, unseen by anyone save his former employee.

"What 'ave I to say about it?" repeated Ginger indignantly. "Why, all I have to say is, I've never heard o' anythink so ridic'ous in all my born days! To think that my dear old pal Jerry should wanter keep me prisoner in a cellar is puffedly absurd! I'm 'is welcome guest—ain't I, Jerry?"

"O' course you are," agreed the bookie heartily.

"An' I'm goin' to stay 'ere for weeks, you said—didn't you, Jerry?"

Groat gave a violent start, and a look of chagrin appeared on his face. But he controlled his emotion, and gave a rather faint response in the affirmative. He had a feeling that the tout was a trifle more wily than he had been giving him credit for.

But even as the police-officers gazed in perplexity from Jerry's guest to the stable-boy, Tony approached the tout threateningly.

"Why, you toadying rascal!" he cried. "A little while ago you were whining to Groat, Finch, and the others of your beastly gang to let you go! Didn't you try to make a get-away, and those two rogues, Bill Simes and Jim Furby, take you back to the middle cellar, where you'd been locked in before?" Tony waved his fists excitedly. "Speak the truth, or I'll—I'll burst you, you worm!"

With a startled yell Ginger leapt out of bed and stood on the far side of it, a frightened and ridiculous-looking figure, in a suit of pyjamas obviously borrowed from the burly Jerry Groat.

"You keep away from me, you young stable-brat," he cried, feeling himself safe, "or it'll be the worse for you! What for do you think my dear ole pal Jerry should want to keep me locked up for—eh?"

"Ay, what for should I want to keep Ginger a prisoner, young rip?" asked the bookmaker. "Answer me that!"

The boldness of Groat's question showed clearly that he was convinced that Tony had said nothing to the police either about the Derby doping incident or the attack on Lord Estor that had taken place at the cross-roads near Framham. The police had made no mention of these affairs in connection with the case concerning Ginger, and as the stable-boy must have heard these affairs being discussed, it was clear that for some reason of his own he was anxious not to give the motives for the detention of Ginger. This reason the bookie rightly guessed as being a desire to adhere to the policy of his master, Lord Estor, who disliked so cordially to air his troubles in public.

The wily bookmaker smiled exultantly as the boy, looking very flushed and confused, remained silent before the pertinent question. Tony had so confidently expected to bring about the downfall of the gang by proving that they were holding illegally the tout as prisoner at The Poplars that he had not expected to be confronted by the problem he now had to face. He had not sufficient evidence to convict the gang of being implicated in the doping of Sunfire, even had he desired to do so without reference to the Owner. On the other hand, he realised the weakness of his present position through maintaining silence on the subject. On the whole, he decided it would be better to accept the situation as it was, without complicating matters further by making revelations for which afterwards he might be sorry.

It was the police-inspector, who was looking very annoyed and crestfallen, who spoke.

"Well, it seems as though we've been wasting our time here," he said bitterly to his men. "We'd better be going."

"Well, I'm sorry you've had the trouble o' comin' at this time o' the mornin', officers," said Jerry Groat, with a triumphant smirk; "but you can see it was all that young joker's fault, makin' fools o' you. I hopes

sincerely you'll give him what he deserves."

"Leave him to us, Mr. Groat," said the inspector warmly, as he turned to leave the room. "The force is not to be tricked with impunity."

Refusing the bookie's offer of a drink, the inspector, followed by the policemen and Tony, made his way down to the front door. In his heart he was inclined to believe the two stable-boys in preference to Groat, but he was excusably perplexed by Ginger's own statement that he was staying as a guest in the house.

As the police-officers opened the door and stepped outside, Tony felt a sharp dig in his ribs, and heard the gruff voice of the bookmaker in his ear.

"You'll drop into some trouble for this night's work, you nosey young Parker!" he muttered. "I shouldn't be surprised that the cops give you a thumpin' good hidin', and you'll deserve all you get. As for me, I'll keep my eye on you and that other sneaky brat, Selby, for the future. Jerry Groat doesn't forget those who tread on his corns!"

The last remark was made in such a venomous tone that Tony was made unpleasantly aware of the fact that Groat would not rest until he had re-vengeed himself for this interference with the plans of the gang.

Tony expected to come in for a full share of abuse from the police as well, but, somewhat to his surprise, when the door of The Poplars was closed between them and Jerry Groat, the inspector merely asked him the position of the window and cucumber-frames which played so important a part in the events of the night. Making but few remarks, the inspector and his men examined the side of the house and the ground, especially that portion of the earth in the immediate vicinity of the frames, where a number of footprints of various sizes bore testimony to the boy's statement. There was no doubt that the result of this investigation further strengthened the inspector's secret belief in the truth

of the boys' story, for he made copious notes in a pocket-book, by the aid of a bull's-eye lantern held by one of the constables, and he showed no inclination to abuse Tony for bringing him and his men on the wild-goose chase in the storm that morning.

When, half an hour later, at the cross-roads, Tony took leave of the police-officers, all he was informed was that he "would be sent for if required." Then he set off on the long walk home, in no very satisfied frame of mind. True, Dick and he had discovered quite a lot of valuable information, but now he felt annoyed at having sought the aid of the police, the only result of which was to have given Groat warning, and benefit Ginger to the extent of transforming him from a captive in a cellar to an honoured guest in one of the best bedrooms of The Poplars.

Fortunately for the boy, the rain stopped, but the mud-covered roads made walking extremely difficult, and in his worn-out condition Tony could hardly drag one foot after another. However, luck favoured him again, inasmuch that before he had gone a couple of miles a milk-cart jogged along, and he secured a lift almost to the very doors of his home.

A Mascot For Tony!

TONY let himself into the house with the key he always had in his possession, and noticing, to his surprise, that there was a light on in the library, he immediately made his way to that apartment. There, in an armchair, fully dressed and fast asleep, was Barney Bulfin, his foster-father.

The boy called softly, and the trainer awakened with a start, and rubbed his eyes vigorously.

"It's you, is it, Tony?" he cried. "Where on earth have you been? And where's Dick?"

Then into the ear of the astonished Barney, Tony poured the whole tale of the night's adventures. The trainer had been worried and annoyed in turn by the non-arrival home of the boy who was to ride in his first race that afternoon, but at the conclusion of the recital he was reproachful on one point only.

"But why didn't you 'phone me up from the Framham police-station, if you had no time to do so before, Tony?" he asked. "Even if you thought I had gone to bed, there's a telephone in the bedroom, and I should have been glad to know you were all right."

"We made sure you'd be asleep, and it didn't seem worth while to disturb you, guv'nor."

"Anyway, I can see you lads did everything for the best," said Barney. "But it's rotten luck about Dick. There's no other boy in the stable that can handle the colt, Bunchgrass, and although it looks a fairly open race for the Apprentices' Handicap, it's my personal opinion that the scratching of Dick's mount will mean another win for the Garston stable, for I believe that Sir Digby's black colt, Nightshade, will show a clean pair of heels to any other runner this afternoon. However, you'd better turn in and snatch forty winks of sleep now,



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or you won't be fit to ride yourself to-day. I read up to midnight, waiting for you, and then I must have dropped off to sleep. Nevertheless, I can do with another snooze."

Tony slept late into the morning, and then he was aroused by Barney bidding him to get up and dress, as he wanted the lad to accompany him to the Grange Hall, the country seat of Lord Estor, for the purpose of repeating the story of his adventures to the Owner. Before setting out, Barney telephoned up to the nursing-home near Framham, and inquired after Dick Selby, who, he learnt, was doing well.

At the Hall, Tony found an interested and sympathetic audience in the grand old sportsman and his charming daughter, the Honourable Dorothy Cavanagh, both of whom commended highly the persistence of both the boys in tracking down the gang.

"I am certain," Tony concluded his narrative by saying, "that before long Dick and I will be able to explain the whole mystery of the doping of Sunfire at Epsom, and name the arch-enemies of your lordship who are behind this gang, of which Jerry Groat is the leader."

And this he said because he had made up his mind that before long he would find a key-book to the cipher which had been taken from the tout on the occasion when that double-dealing rascal had been caught in the Estor estate, and which Tony still had in his possession. He was positive now that Groat, the bookie, and none other, had penned the mysterious missive, and he was determined to find the key, even if he had to break into The Poplars to do so.

As Barney had to remain at the Grange Hall for awhile, to report the condition of some of the racehorses to Lord Estor, Dorothy went out to see Tony off, and to wish him luck in the Apprentices' Handicap that afternoon. In company with the boy, she walked down the wide gravel drive a little way. As they halted near the massive stone gateway, surmounted by the crest of the Estors, there was a blush on the girl's soft cheeks, and she appeared to be labouring under the stress of unusual nervousness.

"Au revoir, Tony!" she said softly. "Father and I will be in the members' enclosure at the Newmarket course this afternoon, and I know we shall see you ride a jolly good race on Wavecrest. Daddy had high hopes of Dick pulling off the Apprentices' Handicap on Bunchgrass, and he's naturally disappointed that the colt can't go to the starting-gate now. We sha'n't expect too much from you on the mare, but— Oh, if only you could win, Tony, I should dance for joy!"

Tony, standing with his cap in his hand, raised his eyebrows, in surprise at the girl's sudden enthusiastic outburst.

"You—you want me to win very much, Lady Dorothy?" he murmured, breaking the rather awkward silence that ensued.

The peer's daughter dropped her eyes from the steady gaze of the stable-boy, and clasped and unclasped her slim, white fingers, in embarrassment.

"I do want you to, Tony," she said. "Our luck has been so bad lately, and this accident to Dick has been another blow to poor father. So, for his sake, I hope you bring home Wavecrest, at fifty to one. Perhaps if you did, that would break the spell and change the luck completely. For your own sake, too, I should like to see you ride a winner in your very first race. The best of luck to you!"

Dorothy drew her right hand from the side-pocket of her skirt, and extended it to the boy who had been a companion to her from her earliest recollection. As Tony clasped it, he felt a small oblong box pressed against the palm of his hand.

"It's a little gift, Tony," said Dorothy, in answer to his look of surprise, "a little token of appreciation for the interest you have taken in try-

As the afternoon approached, Tony grew more and more excited, and he breathed a heartfelt sigh of relief when the time came round for him to repair to the Newmarket racecourse. He proceeded there, with Barney Bulfin, in a smart dogcart, drawn by Prince, the trainer's high-stepping three-year-old, which had won so many prizes for his master in trotting contests.

There was now no sign of storm in the great dome of sky above their heads. Instead, the whole countryside was bathed in brilliant July sunshine, while the air was redolent with the sweet-smelling odour of the rain-washed earth. The downpour of the previous night and the early morning had softened the ground, and the course promised to be in excellent condition for the races. Tony was delighted with the conditions, for the



"There's Ginger, gen'l'men!" said Jerry Groat to the police officers indicating the red-haired racecourse tout.

ing to unearth the enemies whose handiwork lost father the Blue Riband of the Turf at Epsom. Regard it as a mascot, as you like."

Before Tony could thank the girl for her kindly thought and act, she had turned on her heel and was lightly tripping back to the Hall.

Once clear of the Owner's estate, Tony turned off from the road, and entered a clearing in the wood. Sitting on the trunk of a fallen tree, he drew forth the little package that Lady Dorothy had given him, and unwrapped it with eager fingers.

The gift disclosed to his delighted eyes was a solid gold tiepin, wrought in the form of a horseshoe, each of the seven "nails" being a tiny seed pearl. What better lucky mascot could anyone desire, especially a lad standing on the threshold of a jockey's career?

soft going, he knew, would suit the ladylike Wavecrest to a T.

When Barney and Tony arrived, the course was thronged with a record crowd of spectators, the elite, in the higher-priced enclosures, making a brave, colourful show in the very latest racewear fashions.

They watched a couple of events, and then the time arrived for Tony to proceed to the jockeys' dressing-rooms, to prepare for the Apprentices' Handicap—a race that was destined to provide as big a surprise and thrill as any run during the meeting!

Another long instalment of our great tale of the Turf, in which a thrilling account of the race for the apprentices at Newmarket is included, will appear in next Tuesday's issue of "The Greyfriars Herald." To make sure of your copy, order it in advance from your newsagent!

—Editor



The Chief Receives a Stinging Reproof!
GREAT - DOG - WHO - BARKS LOUD pointed upwards, to where a bee, hovering for a moment against the trunk of a tall, half-dead tree, popped into a round hole in the bark.

Prairie Wolf sat up and took notice of this. He shaded his eyes with his hand and looked upwards, his keen sight glued on that little spot in the bark.

Soon a bee, which had emptied its honey bags in the cells that were hidden away in the tree, made its appearance at the tiny hole, and flew away through the forest towards the open prairie to replenish its load.

The boys could see nothing of this, their eyes were not good enough.

But the two old Redskin chiefs had eyes like telescopes. Long use to the open and the prairie had gifted them with a sight such as few civilised men possess, and old age had not yet dimmed their vision. They could see the wild bees popping in and out at a speed which showed that this was not only a populous and prosperous hive, but the residence of a very large colony.

Prairie Wolf gazed solemnly at Great-Dog-Who-Barks-Loud.

Great-Dog-Who-Barks-Loud gazed solemnly at Prairie Wolf.

"Bee him got plenty sweet tree!" said Prairie Wolf.

"Bee him got heap big wigwam!" replied Great-Dog-Who-Barks-Loud.

And the boys saw that there was a look in the old boy's eye exactly like that of a small boy who looks in the window of a tuckshop.

"What are you going to do, Wolf?" asked Kit. "You can't climb right up to the top of the tree!"

Prairie Wolf took his axe from his belt.

"We cut um tree down," replied he. "We smoke um bee heap plenty. Bee him go to sleep. We take um sweet!"

"Oh, that's the game is it?" said Kit leaning on his rifle. "Fire away!"

The two Redskins set to work. Their axes were not large, but they plied them cleverly enough, and, though the tree was a thick one, being over thirty inches in diameter, they made the chips fly like a couple of industrious beavers, whilst the boys stood and watched them.

As Kit remarked to Joe, it was a remarkable sight to see a pair of distinguished Redskin warriors working like a couple of timbermen. It was the first time they had ever seen a Redskin work.

But even the lordly Redskin can work if he expects to get a hundred-weight or so of honey for his labour, and the two chiefs hacked away at the tree as though they were on piece-work.

Presently it toppled, swayed and came crashing down in a solemn fall that reverberated through the silent forest.

"Now we get heap honey!" said Prairie Wolf, with great satisfaction, for the dry trunk of the tree had split, revealing the treasure of honey and comb.

The bees did not seem disturbed by the fall of the tree, as Prairie Wolf, lighting a torch of dry grass to protect him from a sting, ran forward to scoop out the treasure.

Great-Dog-Who-Barks-Loud joined him and they were soon busy filling their jars and tight woven baskets

with the delicious lumps of comb and dripping honey.

In some parts, this was a dark brown, in others pure white, the honey on the cells being almost limpid.

The bees now seemed almost stupefied, as the two old Redskins waved their torches of grass, creating a smudge of smoke, as they cleared out the honey.

Then, in an ill-advised moment, Great-Dog-Who-Barks-Loud thought that he would dig out a lower hive in the tree which was plainly betrayed by a drip of honey, in which were stuck wings of dead drones, and of hornets and wasps, who had tried to force their way into this treasure-house of honey.

"More bee here!" said Great-Dog-Who-Barks-Loud.

And he gave the tree a whack with his axe.

The effect of this blow was magical. The tree fizzed like a soda-water bottle, and a cloud of bees poured out surrounding Prairie Wolf and Great-Dog-Who-Barks-Loud in a thick angry buzzing mob.

An Encounter with a Grizzly!

THERE was no doubt that the two old chiefs, in their hunt for honey, had stirred up a fresh and angry colony of bees.

These were now buzzing round their heads in a thick cloud, whilst Kit and Joe, who had discreetly remained in the background whilst the two honey hunters had been taking the comb, roared with unsympathetic laughter.

Both Prairie Wolf and Great-Dog-Who-Barks-Loud had been careful to inform them that a bee never stung an Indian, and that they were provided with medicine-bags that made them proof against stings of all sorts, from the sting of the mosquito to the fang of the rattlesnake.

Uncle Baldy expressed an entire disbelief in these charms. He said that the only reason why the mosquitos did not bite the Indians was because their faces were so smeared with vermilion and bear's grease that no mosquito had a chance of getting his sting home on them. And, as for the rattlesnakes, Uncle Baldy had declared that a Redskin never gave a rattler a chance of getting at him. He never collected brushwood after dark. He never made his bed till he got into it, and, if he

THE CRIMSON ARROW

A Thrilling Serial Story of Buffalo Bill and the Redskins

By Mr. PAUL PONTIFEX PROUT

(Master of The Fifth Form.)

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 on the prairies Buffalo Bill captures a famous wild horse known as the White Horse of Death, and this he presents to Kit. While breaking camp one day old Prairie Wolf invites the boys to a hunt, and together with the chief, Great-Dog-Who-Barks-Loud, they all set out with pots and pans to collect honey from the hive of the wild bees in the backwoods.

were sleeping in a country infested by rattlers, he would always lay a trail of pole-cat oil round his berth. And this line a rattler would never cross.

Besides, Uncle Baldy had explained to the boys, an Indian donkey or an Indian pony will never step past a rattler lying in the path. He makes no fuss, but he just stops, and nothing on earth will move him till the rattler is either scared away or killed.

And it is a strange thing that a donkey which refuses to pass a rattler will step over its headless, writhing body quite calmly. A rattlesnake will go on twisting for hours after its skin and head have been removed. But the donkey knows that it is dead all right.

But the charms that were supposed to defend the wearers against stings proved to be poor medicine in the case of Chief Prairie Wolf, of the Navajoes, and Chief Great-Dog-Who-Barks-Loud, of the Soshone nation.

They were doing a sort of war-dance now, as the angry bees swept round them like a lot of bombing-planes, swooping in on them and stinging them heartily through their layers of vermilion and dirt.

Great-Dog-Who-Barks-Loud howled like a wolf. Prairie Wolf howled like a dog, as they strove to get away through the tangle of branches that surrounded them. But the wild bees got in many a sting before they got clear of the tangle. Then suddenly the swarm that was setting about their ears, realised that strange bees were already plundering their stores, and they turned back to drive off the intruders and to gobble up their own honey.

The two boys were holding their sides with laughter as Prairie Wolf faced Great-Dog-Who-Barks-Loud.

Great-Dog-Who-Barks-Loud had been barking very loudly about his immunity from stings and snakebite. He had boasted that he was a Soshone, or Snake Indian, and that snake did not bite snake.

"Huh!" grunted Prairie Wolf to his friend. "Bee, him sit down heap hot!"

"Wow!" grumbled Great-Dog-Who-Barks-Loud, rubbing the swellings that were rising on his face and neck, and knocking the bees out of his lank hair. "These are new Paleface bees, and they sting the Red Man, even the Soshone, the Snake. They are big medicine. What does the medicine of the Red Man avail against the sting of the Paleface bee? Wah! I have spoken!"

Now, in his haversack, Kit was carrying, according to regulation, a small pocket outfit against snake bites and stings. This consisted of a preparation of ammonia and permanganate.

There are several ways of tackling snake-bite. If you have permanganate, you use it. If you have a knife you cut out the bite and apply a tourniquet. If you have no knife, you empty the gunpowder from a cartridge on the bite, and blow it up with a red-hot iron, by way of cautery.

Kit brought out his bottle of ammonia.

The chiefs were suspicious of the Paleface medicine till they sniffed at

it. Then, when the grip of the ammonia brought tears to the eyes of Great-Dog-Who-Barks-Loud, he agreed that it must indeed be big medicine, since it turned a brave and a chief into a squaw, and made him weep tears.

The Redskin has the utmost contempt for tears, and both the old chiefs were a little afraid of the application of ammonia, lest it should turn them into squaws. But when Kit had touched their stings with the



Great-Dog-Who-Barks-Loud shinned up the bull pine in a style that would have done credit to a smart maintop man.

mixture, and they felt them easing, they both agreed that the medicine of the Palefaces was most potent.

And they were more impressed later on, when their wrists and hands, which had been stung heavily, were both eased of the rheumatic pains that afflicted them. Both Prairie Wolf and Great-Dog-Who-Barks-Loud, like all old Redskins who have lived many years on an almost exclusively animal diet were martyrs to rheumatism. And on this the acid of the bee-stings had a magic effect, which they both put down to the medicine which Kit had rubbed on them.

Owing to the pressing attention of the bees, they had left much honey in

the hollow trunk, and Prairie Wolf wanted to get some more of it, if the wrath of the bees had, by chance, simmered down.

"Bee 'um get too cross!" said he. "Maybe, bee him smoke pipe of peace an' bury hatchet now!"

By which it will be seen that Prairie Wolf, by association with the boys and Uncle Baldy, was learning a trick unknown to the Redskin. He was learning to joke.

The Red Man, as a rule, is far too solemn and dignified to have a sense of humour, and Buffalo Bill always said that he knew always that any Redskin who shows a strong sense of humour has lived much with the Palefaces.

But Prairie Wolf was learning from the boys how to smile, and as they plunged and struggled through the thick forest, he cracked one or two very passable Paleface jokes, at the expense of his Soshone friend, Chief Great-Dog-Who-Barks-Loud.

He said that Chief Great-Dog-Who-Barks-Loud, whose face was now very lumpy with bee-stings, should be known in future as Chief Man-Who-Has-Six-Noses, or Chief Dog-Who-Burned-His-Nose.

Great-Dog-Who-Barks-Loud did not exactly enjoy these little quips. He retorted that Prairie Wolf would be known in future by his tribe as Fool-Who-Hits-Bees-With-Axe, or Chief

Man-Who-Runs-From-The-Bee-Herd!

The two old gentlemen kept up this wrangling, greatly to the delight of the boys, as they scrambled through the thick forest. But as they approached the bee tree, which they had felled, Prairie Wolf made a sign for silence.

"What is it, Wolf?" asked Joe, in a whisper.

"Heap varmint like honey!" replied Prairie Wolf. "Bear an' skunk an' racoon an' possum all like sweet. You see! 'Possum him heap good to eat!"

The boys crept forward, hoping that they would find a good fat opossum helping to clear out the exposed nest

of the wild bees. Or, perhaps, with a bit of luck, they might find a brown bear doing himself a bit of good at this native sweetstuff-shop, for they had often heard that bears were wild after honey, and would gnaw and claw away for days at a hollow trunk, to get away the wood so that they could scoop out a bees' nest.

For the bear is pretty well bee-proof. His snout is so tough, through constant burrowing, and his skin and fur coat are so thick, that a thousand bees can sit on him, and sting till they are black in the face without getting to his hide.

But as they stole softly through the undergrowth to their fallen tree they saw nothing.

The two Redskins moved like shadows through the undergrowth, and the boys followed them closely.

But there was no fat opossum or noisome skunk there. A few bees were aimlessly buzzing about, as though they were fed-up with this earthquake in their orderly city, and had gone on strike.

The peacefulness of the scene deceived even Prairie Wolf. He slung his rifle on his shoulder, and walked right up to the tree.

"Bear, him not here!" said he. Then, as though to give the lie to his words, there came from the other side of the fallen trunk a grunt, followed by a savage, snarling growl, and up reared the one animal that is dreaded in the Far West, a huge, silver-tip, or grizzly, bear.

It was difficult to say which was more surprised, Prairie Wolf or the bear.

But the grizzly was the first to recover his presence of mind.

He let loose a long, grumbling snarl, and, with an agility surprising in such a huge creature, started to climb over the tree, smashing through the branches as though they were rotten bean-sticks, and beating through the boughs, breaking them off with huge swipes of his great, hooked claws that boded ill for any human being who might fall into his grip.

Prairie Wolf stood paralysed. He knew what he was up against. The grizzly bear is the only antagonist that the Redskin really fears, for it is the only species of bear that is given to chasing human beings.

Furthermore, the grizzly will take a lot of lead. A dozen shots are often insufficient to kill him or to stop him, and, on this account, the silver-tip, or grizzly, has an ill reputation, among both Redskins and Paleface trappers, as being protected by magic.

There was not much time for the old chief to think, for the bear came at him over the tree swiftly, snapping the great branches in his way, growling hideously, and showing a row of teeth and a slaving red mouth, smeared with honey and dead bees, that were enough to put the wind up a stouter adversary than old Prairie Wolf.

For, after all, Prairie Wolf, was only a plains' Indian. He was not so well acquainted with the grizzly as the mountain tribes and the forest Redskins of the more northern districts. He was full of superstitions and bear stories.

He unslung his rifle swiftly, and fired, as the bear came scrambling over the tree, and the boys heard the bullet plunk square into the ferocious beast, at point-blank range.

But, instead of dropping the brute, the bullet only seemed to act as a tonic.

The grizzly came sliding to the ground, his huge head swinging from right to left, his red eyes flaring, and his huge paws hanging ready for a blow that would smash a man to putty.

Prairie Wolf, having fired his shot, ran as fast as he could through the thick undergrowth. But it seemed to the boys that he was always between them and the bear.

Great-Dog-Who-Barks-Loud fired, his bullet whistling close by Prairie Wolf's ear and slapping into the bear with a solid plunk that sounded good enough to knock out a rhinoceros.

But the bear came on, having stopped for a second to bite at the wound.

Then Great-Dog-Who-Barks-Along shinned up the nearest tree.

There are people who say that a Redskin can't climb for toffee. But this depends whether he has a grizzly bear on his heels or not. A Redskin chased by a grizzly bear can climb like a monkey, and Great-Dog-Who-Barks-Loud, dropping his rifle, shinned up the trunk of a big bull pine in a style that would have done credit to a smart maintop man trained in the best masts-and-spars days of the British Navy. You could almost hear the boatswain's call sounding as Great-Dog-Who-Barks-Loud went aloft.

Joe fired as the grizzly reared himself up against the great red marbled shaft of the bull pine, sniffing inquiringly at the heels of the disappearing Soshone chief.

Prairie Wolf, behind another tree, was trying to reload. But his hands, stung badly by the bees, and unhandy with firearms, were very slow about the job.

Joe had failed to hit the bear at all. His bullet, deflected by a twig, went chirruping away through the trees, and smacked into a trunk, with a crack that brought bruin down to his feet again.

Like lightning, he turned and went for old Prairie Wolf, who was still struggling with his rifle and heartily wishing that, instead of swanking with a Paleface rifle, he had brought out the bow and arrows, to which he was most accustomed.

Prairie Wolf gave a howl, dropped his rifle, and went up the tree after Great-Dog-Who-Barks-Loud. Considering his age, the old chief climbed like a monkey.

And the bear reared up again, raking with his claws at the seat of Prairie Wolf's deerskin pants.

He got the seat of the pants all right. But he did not get old Prairie Wolf, who added another hairbreadth escape to his adventurous career.

Then Kit, dancing round in the background, to get a clear shot through the tangle of undergrowth, got his chance. His rifle cracked, and the bear turned savagely on the two boys.

Joe did not run. He had reloaded, and he stood up to the terrible brute, which, rearing up, hurled itself upon him, bearing him to the ground, as he fired.

Kit gave a gasp as he saw the huge brute roll over his brother, smacking out blindly with its terrible paws, and, whipping out his long hunting-knife, he leaped upon the brute's back, and drove the keen blade down between its shoulders, with all the strength of his body.

It was a lucky stab, for it finished the work that Joe's last bullet had done. The grizzly rolled over, slowly pitching Kit to the ground.

Honour to the Brave!

WITH something like a sob, Kit scrambled to his feet. He was certain that his brother must be killed.

But there was Joe, climbing up out of a deep hole, into which he had tumbled as the bear bore him down. It was one of those cracks in the earth which are made by the uprooting of the forest trees, and Joe had tumbled into the hollow and through a crust of dead leaves, beyond the reach of those terrible, swiping claws.

Joe was very pale after his narrow shave, but he was unhurt.

"Hurt, Joe?" gasped Kit. "Not a bit!" replied Joe stoutly. "I was frightened, that's all!"

And, at this confession, both boys laughed and got over the shock of the encounter.

They laughed still more when they looked up the trunk of the tall bull pine and saw the two Redskin chiefs still climbing for dear life, thirty feet above the ground.

"Aho, Prairie Wolf!" shouted Kit. "Have no more fear! The bear is dead!"

"Aho, Great-Dog-Who-Barks-Loud!" called Joe. "Come down out of that tree, and greet Kit-the-Bear-Slayer!"

The two Redskins stopped climbing, and looked down.

Sure enough, among the greenery, lay the huge, grey body of the grizzly, curled up, with his nose between his paws, looking as if he were taking his winter sleep.

At the sight of this old Prairie Wolf let loose a long-drawn Navajo war-whoop, and Great-Dog-Who-Barks-Loud showed how he had got his name by waking the echoes of the forest with the Soshone bear howl, which is only given when a grizzly is killed. This sounded much like a dog-fight going on in the upper branches of the great bull pine.

Then the two chiefs came climbing down, rather ashamed of their swift departure to the upper regions.

But there was no doubt as to their admiration of the two Paleface boys who had killed the bear in close combat.

They lifted their right hands, as though invoking a blessing. Then Great-Dog-Who-Barks-Loud started to chant.

Another long, stirring instalment of this fine Redskin story will appear next week

THE CLIFF HOUSE CHALLENGE!

A screamingly funny, complete story written by

JOHNNY BULL

"GIRLS," said Phyllis Howell, smiling at us across the tea-table in No. 1 Study, "are every bit as clever as boys, when it comes to playing games."

"It all depends what sort of games you mean, Miss Phyllis," said Bob Cherry. "If you're talking about skipping, or kiss-in-the-ring, then I heartily agree!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Phyllis frowned.

"I was speaking of sport in general, and cricket in particular," she said.

"Cricket!" ejaculated Harry Wharton. "Why, girls can't play cricket!"

"Oh, yes, they can!" chimed in Marjorie Hazeldene. "We've an awfully strong team at Cliff House this season."

"Hear, hear!" said Clara Trevlyn. "Our eleven could knock spots off the Greyfriars Remove!"

"You're welcome to try!" said Wharton, laughing.

"We will!" said Phyllis Howell. "We'll challenge you to a cricket match, to take place when and where you like."

"Very well," said the captain of the Remove. "Supposing we say to-morrow afternoon, on our own ground?"

"That will do nicely."

"Of course," said Marjorie Hazeldene, "you must promise to abide by certain conditions."

"Eh? What conditions?" asked Bob Cherry.

"You must bat and bowl and field with the left hand only."

"Oh!"

"That's a pretty serious handicap," I remarked.

"Never mind," said Wharton. "We should win all serene, even if we were only allowed to use our little fingers!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The losers," said Clara Trevlyn, "must entertain the winners to tea."

"Good!" said Nugent. "It will be

jolly nice to go over to Cliff House and have a free feed!"

We continued to chat about the forthcoming cricket match, and, as soon as Marjorie Hazeldene and her chums had gone back to Cliff House, Harry Wharton started to draw up the team.

"Ought we to have a strong, a medium, or a weak eleven?" he inquired.

"The strongest we can get together," said Nugent promptly. "It's no joke, having to bat and bowl and field with the left hand, and if we put any hopeless duds into the field, we shall lose, as sure as fate."

So Harry Wharton selected the strongest possible eleven, and before bed-time the names of the chosen ones appeared on the notice-board in the hall:

"CRICKET.

"GREYFRIARS REMOVE v. CLIFF HOUSE.

"This match will be played on Little Side, to-morrow afternoon, and the Remove will be represented by the following eleven:

H. Wharton (Capt.), R. Cherry, F. Nugent, J. Bull, Hurree Singh, M. Linley, H. Vernon-Smith, P. Todd, S. Q. I. Field, Tom Brown, and G. Bulstrode.

"All loyal partisans of the Remove are expected to turn out in force and cheer their team on to victory.

"(Signed) HARRY WHARTON,
"Captain of Cricket."

It was a half-holiday next day, and immediately after dinner we put in some practice at the nets, playing with one hand only. We were very clumsy and awkward at first, but we gradually got into the way of it.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry suddenly. "Here come the girls!"

"And they look jolly businesslike, too!" said Vernon-Smith.

"Bessie Bunter's playing!" gasped Peter Todd. "Ye gods and little fishes! Now we shall have some fun!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Marjorie Hazeldene advanced to greet us, at the head of her flock. She shook hands cordially with Wharton, who proceeded to spin a coin.

"Heads!" said Marjorie.

She was wrong.

"We'll bat," said Wharton, with a grin.

Coker and Potter, of the Fifth, had consented to act as umpires.

Mr. Hacker, master of the Shell, volunteered to keep the score. But, in order to be on the safe side—for Mr. Hacker knew very little about cricket—we detailed Dick Russell to keep the score, too, in a separate book.

Harry Wharton and Vernon-Smith opened the innings for the Remove. They didn't trouble to put pads on. The bowling of the Cliff House girls was not likely to be dangerous.

Phyllis Howell delivered the first ball. She trundled it along the ground, and it rolled miserably towards the wicket. Harry Wharton swiped viciously at it, wielding the bat with his left hand. He missed, and the ball bumped against his middle stump with just enough impetus to remove the bails.

"How's that?" shrieked Bessie Bunter.

Coker held up his hand.

"Out!" he said tersely.

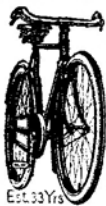
Wharton walked back to the pavilion, saying things. He had hoped to knock up about fifty runs, and then declare the innings closed.

"Hard lines, old man!" said Bob Cherry, passing his chum on the way to the wicket.

Wharton grunted.

"I should advise you to go down on your hands and knees to deal with that wretched bowling," he said. "The girls think they're playing marbles."

Bob Cherry grinned, and a moment later he was crouching low in front of the wicket. He fully expected that the ball, when it came, would trickle



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gently along the ground. Instead of which, it proved to be a full-toss. Bob jumped up like a jack-in-the-box, in order to smite it; but he was too late. The ball descended on to the wicket, and wrecked it.

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Bob.

Phyllis Howell laughed gaily.

"Out you go, Bob!" she said.

And Bob made tracks for the pavilion.

Two wickets had fallen without a single run being scored, and Harry Wharton looked anxious.

"For goodness' sake, knock up a few, Johnny!" he said.

"Trust me!" I replied, and I walked out to join Smithy at the wickets.

"I was determined to break my 'duck,' if I did nothing else, and when the ball came, I let drive at it with terrific force.

It so happened that Bessie Bunter was seated on the grass, evidently under the impression that she wouldn't be wanted. The ball travelled straight towards her, and plumped into her lap.

"Out!" said Coker promptly.

There was a giggle from the girls, and, with burning cheeks, I strode away to the pavilion.

"Coker's a chopheaded chump!" I said savagely, as I rejoined my chums.

"That will do, Bull!" said Mr. Hacker, looking up from his scoring-book. "I will not permit you to use such opprobrious expressions!"

"Next man in!" said Wharton, with a groan.

Frank Nugent went to the wickets full of confidence. He needn't have troubled to walk the distance, really, for he only had to come all the way back again. His first ball hit him in the chest, and Coker had the cheek to give him out "leg-before-wicket!"

With the last ball of her over, Phyllis Howell cleaned bowled Peter Todd. Toddy told us afterwards that the ball had been bowled before he had taken his guard.

"Five wickets down!" gasped Wharton.

"And not a single giddy run scored!" groaned Bob Cherry. "Looks as if we shall have to provide that free feed, Harry!"

Hurree Singh was the next man in, but it was Smithy's turn to face the bowling. And, to our inexpressible relief, he scored a dozen runs off his first over.

Then Inky had a go, and for the space of a quarter of an hour he and Smithy fairly made the fur fly.

Thirty runs were on the board before the partnership was dissolved, Inky being accidentally caught by Clara Trevlyn. I say accidentally, because Miss Clara had no fixed intention of catching the ball. She put up her hand to protect her face, and the ball happened to lodge in her palm!

The remainder of the Remove batsmen did little. They failed to adapt themselves to the peculiar conditions which governed the game.

However, the total score was thirty-

six, and that wasn't too bad, considering that five men had been skittled out before a single run had been scored.

"With a bit of luck," said Tom Brown, "we ought to get the girls out for about ten."

"Don't forget that we've got to bowl and field with the left hand only," said Peter Todd.

Marjorie and Clara opened the Cliff House innings, and neither stayed long. Standing in the slips, I managed to catch both of them out, off Wharton's bowling.

It was Phyllis Howell who proved the greatest stumbling-block. She dealt with Inky's left-handed deliveries in fine style, and the score rose swiftly.

The figures on the telegraph-board went from ten to twenty, and from twenty to thirty.

Then Phyllis was smartly run out, Squiff being responsible for her downfall.

After this came a collapse.

The girls managed to hit the ball repeatedly, but not with sufficient force to get runs.

The score still stood at thirty when the last "batsman"—Bessie Bunter—came in.

Bessie advanced to the wickets with an expression of grim determination on her plump features. She meant to win the match for her side!

Wharton happened to be bowling, and he smiled serenely. He did not anticipate much difficulty in settling the hash of Bessie Bunter.

"Play!" he rapped out, when Bessie had taken her stand.

And then he sent down a perfectly straight ball, which spread-eagled Bessie's stumps.

"Hurrah!" chortled Bob Cherry.

"We've won!"

To our astonishment, however, Bessie Bunter did not budge from the wicket.

"Of course," she said, smiling blandly at Wharton, "that was merely a trial ball!"

"A—a trial ball!" stammered the captain of the Remove.

Bessie nodded.

"The first ball never counts in cricket," she explained.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Play on, Harry," said Nugent. "You'll get her out with the next ball, anyway."

The umpire replaced the fallen stumps, and Wharton bowled again, with the same result as before.

Bessie Bunter surveyed her shattered wicket with a frown.

"I'm afraid you're out, Miss Bunter," said Tom Brown politely.

"Not at all!" said Bessie indignantly. "You see, I wasn't ready!"

"My hat!"

"Have another go, Harry," said Bob Cherry. "P'raps she'll be convinced next time!"

Bessie took guard.

"Are you ready?" asked Wharton.

"Yes."

"You won't make any excuse if I bowl you out this time?"

"No."

And once again the captain of the Remove clean bowled Billy Bunter's plump sister.

"How's that?"

"Out!" said Coker.

"Oh, really, Coker, I consider you're a horrid person!" said Bessie.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

We trooped gleefully back to the pavilion, happy in the knowledge that we had won the game and that there was a free feed at Cliff House to follow.

To our amazement, however, we found the Cliff House girls crooning with delight.

"Hurrah!" said Marjorie Hazeldene. "We've won!"

"How on earth do you make that out?" exclaimed Wharton. "We won by six runs, didn't we, Russell?"

"That's so," said Dick Russell, looking up from the score-book.

"Allow me to inform you, Russell, interposed Mr. Hacker, "that it is not so! It does not say much for your mathematical ability that you should have made such an absurd mistake! According to my calculations, the Cliff House team has proved victorious by fifty runs."

"Great Scott!"

"By what method, sir," asked Wharton, "did you reckon up the runs?"

"Every time the ball was hit," said the master of the Shell, "I recorded a run, and the young ladies happened to hit the ball on fifty more occasions than your team. They are, therefore, deserving winners."

We nearly collapsed. Mr. Hacker's knowledge of cricket was so limited that every hit—even if the ball was merely tapped a couple of yards—signified a run. And, according to this weird method of calculation, Cliff House had certainly won the match!

In vain we tried to convince Mr. Hacker that he had made a mistake. He wouldn't hear of it. He said we must learn to accept defeat in a sportsmanlike spirit.

As for the girls, they were genuinely convinced that they had won. Even when Wharton showed them the Rules of Cricket they were not impressed.

"Those rules," said Phyllis Howell, "were drawn up by some silly old fanatic in the Middle Ages! We won the game all right, and I'm surprised that you boys should make a fuss!"

"Same here," said Bessie Bunter. "Instead of carrying on this foolish argument, go along to the junior common-room and prepare tea for twenty-two!"

There was no help for it, so we went. We pooled our resources, and purchased ample supplies of tuck from Mrs. Mumble.

The girls enjoyed the repast immensely. But in the Remove studies that evening there was weeping and gnashing of teeth.

And we shall think twice before we decide to accept another Cliff House challenge!

THE END.