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July 31, 1920



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BILLY BUNTER

Editorial

By Harry Wharton.

REVENGE IS SWEET!

My Dear Chums,—An editor's lot, like a policeman's, is not a happy one, as I have told you before. Now just because I did not revive Herlock Sholmes months ago a fellow who signs himself "Herlock" sends me the following:

"Dear Harry,—I am no poet, and I shall never make a poet. There's too much brain fag attached to the job. But I am sending you (enclosed) 538 verses which I composed as a punishment to you for delaying the return of Herlock Sholmes. I hear this is the only way to punish an editor. Here goes—"

"To do him credit, "Herlock" chooses for his subject "The Good Old Herald," and really his effusion is not at all bad stuff. Here's a bit snipped out of the middle of the thirty-first page with the merry old office shears:

"The leading paper of the age,
It's worth its weight in gold,
And if you charged a bob a page
Each copy would be sold."

Sorry, but I'm afraid not, "Herlock." Without holding over the school story, the Police Court news, and the two serials, I can't give the other 537 spasms.

A CARELESS READER!

Will the reader desiring an electric light battery, etc., who sent a postal order to the Harborne Small Power Company send them his name and address. When the order was sent to our advertiser the reader's name and address was omitted.

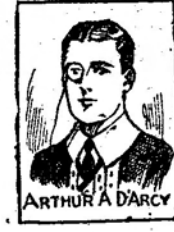
HAERY.



TOM MERRY



JIMMY SILVER



ARTHUR A DARCY

DICKY NUGENT'S TOPPING IDEA! - - - - Drawn by Frank Nugent.



1. "Nugent!" cried Mr. Twigg to the young hopeful of the Second; "you must stop playing top and get on with your geometry. Prescribe some circles." "Oh, crumbs!" growled Dicky to himself; "this beastly prep. always spoils my games!"



2. But even as he took up his fountain-pen to get to work, a bright little wheeze smote the fag a crisp crack on his crumplet. He just attached the pen to his top, as shown in the above Academy drawing, and started a new game.



3. And the result surprised even Mr. Twigg. "Splendid, my boy!" cried the Form-master. "This is a very painstaking and ingenious perpetration. You shall go up one from the bottom of the class." "Tee-hee-hee!" sniggered Dicky Nugent.

FROM FOES TO FRIENDS!

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.

The White Feather!

"LOOK here, Daub—"
"Well?"
"This won't do!"

Daubeny and Co. were in their cabin after lessons, on board the Benbow. North of the Azores, the old ship was ploughing her way through the tepid waters of the Gulf Stream.

Egan and Torrence were smoking cigarettes, but Vernon Daubeny had declined the offer of Egan's case.

There had been a change in Vernon Daubeny during the past few days—a change that had not passed unnoticed by his chums.

Torrence, in his easy-going way, had made no remark upon it, but Egan was visibly exasperated.

"What won't do?" inquired Daubeny, colouring a little under Egan's angry glance.

"What's come over you?" demanded Egan. "You haven't been the same fellow since Drake had his ducking. You never liked the fellow, but you went about looking like a ghost while he was missing—"

"Rot!" said Daubeny uneasily.

"Didn't he, Torrence?"

"Oh, yaas," yawned Torrence, between two puffs of his cigarette: "Might have been his twin brother that was missin', by gad!"

"Rot!" said Daub again.

"There was a fight arranged between you when Drake went overboard," continued Egan. "It's four or five days since Drake was picked up, and the fight hasn't come off yet. When is it comin' off, Daub?"

"It isn't comin' off."

"You're showin' the white feather, after all?" sneered Egan.

"Give a chap a rest!"

"Ever since then I've hardly known you!" said Egan. "Blessed if anybody wouldn't think you'd had a hand in shovin' Drake overboard that time, from the way you've acted!"

Daubeny started.

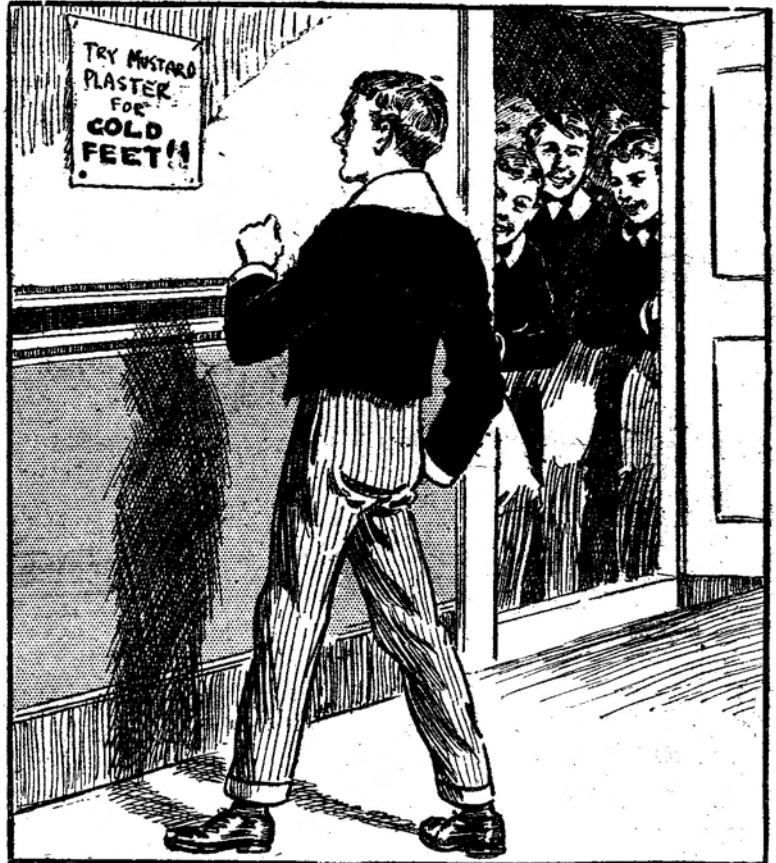
The colour paled in his cheeks.

"Drake hasn't said—" he began, and checked himself in time.

"By gad!" ejaculated Egan, with a startled look at the chief of the Bucks. "Is there anythin' in it? Did you—"

"Don't be an ass!" broke in Daubeny gruffly. "Look here, Egan, I'm fed with raggin' with Drake and his pals. I'm not goin' in for any more of it. I've made it up with him, and there's an end."

"There isn't an end," answered Egan. "We're not goin' to give the Fourth best, if you do. You tackled Drake once before—before the Benbow sailed—"



When Jack Drake went down to the common-room, he found a peculiar notice posted on the wall.

"And got licked!" drawled Torrence.

"Can't you let that rest?" exclaimed Daubeny savagely. "I tell you I'm not goin' to fight Drake. There's nothin' to fight him about, and he's satisfied to let the matter drop."

"We're not satisfied," sneered Egan. "The Fourth have been chippin' us about it. Tuckey Toodles—"

"Bother Tuckey Toodles!"

"Tuckey Toodles asked me to-day when we were going to bring our giddy champion up to the scratch. Sawyer major suggested borrowin' a windlass to screw your courage up to the stickin'-point."

Torrence chuckled.

"You needn't repeat to me the cackle of the Fourth-form fags," said Daubeny. "I'm not goin' to fight Drake, and there's an end. I'm goin' to try to pull with him in the future."

"Why?" demanded Egan.

"Because I choose!" answered Daubeny gruffly.

"Because you're afraid of a lickin', you mean!" said Egan bitterly. "Ever since he had his duckin' you've been playin' the goat. Not a game of cards in the cabin, and now you're givin' up smokin'. What next?"

"Daub's turnin' over a new leaf," said Torrence solemnly. "He's modelin' himself on No. 8 Study in the Fourth. He's settin' us a good example. Let's follow it, Egan."

"Don't be a silly ass," said Egan irritably. "Look here, Daub, we're gettin' fed with this. I'm not goin' to make friends with Drake and Co., if you do!"

"Please yourself."

Tap!

The door of the cabin opened, and the fat face and plump figure of Tuckey Toodles were presented to the view.

Tuckey grinned at the three Shell fellows.

"Message for Daub!" he said.

The fat junior tossed an envelope on the cabin table, and backed out.

"From whom?" called out Daubeny.

"Drake, of course. He, he, he!"

With that chuckle, Rupert de Vere Toodles retired to the doorway to watch.

Vernon Daubeny picked up the envelope rather curiously, and opened it. He wondered why Drake should send him a message, instead of coming to his room himself.

The chief of the Bucks was no longer on his old bitter terms with Jack Drake. Since he had struck the hasty blow that sent Drake over the side of the Benbow, Daub had done a good deal of thinking. Drake had kept the secret; the consequences of his action, which would have been very serious, had been avoided owing to the

generosity of the junior who had gone so near his death.

The lesson was not lost upon Vernon Daubeny, careless and selfish as he had always been. The chief of the Bucks was making an honest effort to "pull round," and he had started by shaking hands with Drake over their old quarrel.

But reform was not an easy task for a fellow like Vernon Daubeny, and it was made all the harder by his associates, who knew nothing of the details of the affair with Drake, and were only irritated by the change in their leader. Egan, at least, was determined that the old quarrel should never be healed, if he could help it.

It did not suit the black sheep of the Shell for Daubeny to turn over a new leaf and drift away from him, for Egan certainly had no intention of making any change in his manners and customs.

"What the thump is Drake sendin' you letters for?" growled Egan. "Perhaps it's an invitation to tea in his study. I suppose that will come next."

Daubeny opened the envelope.

There was no letter inside. The envelope contained a single article, and it was not a letter. It was a white feather!

Daub started as he saw it.

Torrence grinned, and Egan's lip curled.

"From Drake!" he said. "By gad, I suppose you'll fight him now?"

Daubeny sat staring at the white feather, evidently gathered from one of the fowls in the hen-coops on the lower deck of the Benbow. It was a message that could not be mistaken.

For a full minute he did not speak.

Then he rose to his feet, with a passionate look on his face—a look that Egan, at least, was glad to see there.

"Where are you goin', Daub?"

"To see Drake," answered Daubeny, between his teeth.

"Good! Shall we come?"

"You can come if you like."

Daubeny strode out of the cabin, with his comrades at his heels. Egan was grinning with satisfaction as he followed the chief of the Bucks to No. 8 in the Fourth. It was not likely that the old quarrel would sleep now.

Trouble in No. 8.

"HALLO! Come in!" Jack Drake called out cheerily as Daubeny of the Shell loomed up in his doorway.

Behind Daub appeared the grinning faces of Egan and Torrence; but Daub was not grinning. His face was pale with anger.

He strode into the study.

"Drake, you cad—" he began.

Jack Drake started to his feet. Dick Rodney stared at the Shell fellow. There had been unaccustomed peace for some days between Daubeny and No. 8 Study, but it was evident that the peace was now to be broken.

"What's that?" exclaimed Drake, flushing. "What are you calling me?"

"Cad!" shouted Daubeny furiously. "You—you rotter, you were willing to make it up—you said so! You shook hands on it, and now—you rotter, you dare to say I'm afraid of you?"

Drake's lips set.

"I haven't said so—" he began.

"Liar!"

Drake crimsoned.

He made a stride towards the Shell fellow, with his fists clenched, and Daubeny met him half-way.

"Here, hold on!" exclaimed Rodney, jumping up. "You can't fight here! Get into the common-room!"

But the two juniors were already fighting.

"Hurrah!" roared the voice of Sawyer major from the passage. "They're at it at last! Daub's got some Dutch courage from somewhere!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He, he, he!" cackled Tuckey Toodles. "The white feather did it! Go it, Daub! You're going to be licked, but go it!"

Bump!

The fighting juniors crashed into the table, and there was a fluttering of books and papers and a spattering of ink.

Rodney rushed at the combatants.

He had no objection to the fight on its own account, but he had a very strong objection to its taking place within the limited confines of No. 8 Study.

They separated for a moment after crashing on the table, and Rodney rushed between them.

"Stop it, you silly asses!" he exclaimed. "Do you want to wreck the place? Keep back, Drake, and you, Daub—"

Daubeny panted.

"You can come into the common-room and finish, Drake!" he gasped. "I'll lick you, or you shall lick me!"

"My dear ass, I'm quite at your service," said Drake coolly. "I don't know what you've got your silly rag out for, but I'm ready to lick you, if you want to be licked."

"You know well enough!" panted Daubeny. "And only a rotten cad would send a chap a white feather, after shaking hands over a quarrel."

"A white feather!" repeated Drake blankly. "Who's sent you a white feather?"

"Here it is!" panted Daubeny.

Drake stared at it.

"I've never seen it before," he said. "Is that why you rushed in here like a mad bull?"

"You—you didn't send it to me?" stammered Daubeny.

"Certainly not."

"I say, don't you back out now, Drake!" exclaimed Tuckey Toodles anxiously. "What's the matter with you? Be a man!"

"Shut up, you fat idiot!" snapped Drake. "I tell you I never sent you this, Daub, and I never knew anything about it. Some silly ass has been pulling your leg."

"A likely story!" sneered Egan.

Drake took no heed of him. Daubeny had dropped his hands; he knew that Drake was speaking the truth, and he realised that he had been hasty.

"Toodles said—" he stammered.

"Toodles! What did Toodles say?"

"He brought it to my cabin, and said it was from you."

"Toodles, you fat villain!" roared Drake. "Here, collar him!"

Tuckey Toodles was backing out of the doorway, apparently not liking the turn the affair was taking. Jack Drake made a rush after him, and caught him by the collar.

Toodles, with a wild howl, was yanked headlong into the study.

"Now, you fat rascal," exclaimed Drake, slamming him against a bulkhead, and shaking him there, "what rotten trick have you been playing?"

"Yaroooooh!"

"Answer me, you fat chump!"

"Yooop! Leggo!"

"He brought the white feather to my cabin, and said it was from you," said Daubeny, calming down. "I—I thought—"

"You oughtn't to have thought anything of the kind," said Drake tartly. "But it's Toodles' fault. Anybody got a rope's-end?"

"Yaroooooh!"

"So you're not goin' to fight, after all?" sneered Egan.

"There's nothin' to fight about," said Daubeny savagely. "It was only a trick of that fool Toodles. I ought to have guessed it."

"Any excuse is better than none when a chap's got cold feet, I suppose," said Egan scornfully; and he lounged away.

Daubeny flushed hotly, and made a step after Egan, seemingly inclined to continue the fight, but with a different adversary. But he restrained himself.

Dick Rodney sorted out a rope's-end, which Tuckey Toodles eyed with great apprehension.

"I—I say, dear old top," he gasped, "I—I was only bringing Daub up to the scratch, you know!"

"You told him a thumping lie!" growled Drake.

"I—I didn't, you know! I wouldn't—"

"You said I'd sent him the white feather."

"That was only a—a—a figure of speech, you know!" gasped the hapless Toodles. "That's all, you know!"

"You'll have to learn to steer clear of figures of speech of that kind!" said Jack Drake grimly. "Shove him over the table!"

"Yarooooop!"

Dick Rodney grinned, and grasped Tuckey Toodles by the shoulders. Daubeny whipped him up by the ankles. The fat junior was plumped on the table, face down.

Then Drake set to work with the rope's-end.

Whack, whack, whack!

The dust arose from the garments of Tuckey Toodles, and a series of fiendish yells from Tuckey himself.

Whack, whack, whack!

"Yow-ow-ow-woocooop!"

"There!" gasped Drake. "That's six, you fat villain! You'll get a dozen next time you go in for figures of speech."

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!"

Drake picked up the white feather, and tossed it through the porthole. He looked at Daubeny with a smile, as Tuckey Toodles rolled off the table, howling dolorously.

"All serene now, Daub?"

"Ye-es," said Daubeny hesitatingly. "You've damaged my nose, you ass—but your own looks rather a pic-

ture!" grinned Drake. "If you don't mind, you might make an inquiry or two next time, before you burst out on the war-path."

Daubeny grinned faintly and left the cabin.

Tuckey Toodles was rubbing himself and groaning deeply. He was feeling a very ill-used youth.

"You awful beast, Drake!" he groaned. "If this is your gratitude for friendship—"

"It is," assented Drake. "And you'll get some more of the same kind of gratitude if you play any more of your tricks. I'm friends with Daub now, and I'm not going to fight him to please a fat idiot!"

Tuckey Toodles gave a snort.

"The wrong chap got the white feather!" he said.

"What?" exclaimed Drake.

He drew back his boot, and Tuckey Toodles made a swift retreat from the cabin. He turned for a moment in the doorway to yell "Yah!" in scornful tones, and vanished.

Rodney burst into a laugh.

"It doesn't seem so easy to make friends as to quarrel," he remarked. "All the fellows are wondering why your fight with Daub doesn't come off."

"Well, it's not coming off," said Drake—"not even if I lose the good opinion of Tuckey Toodles. I hope this is the end of it."

But Jack Drake's hope was ill-founded. That was not the end of it, by any means!

A Peculiar Persecution!

WHAT silly ass—" began Jack Drake.

It was the following morning.

The Benbow fellows were gathered for lessons on the sunny deck, with the great sails of the old ship swelling above their heads. A blackboard had been erected for the use of Mr. Packe in conveying instruction to the Fourth, and somebody had already been at work on the blackboard with a chalk. Some youth of humorous and artistic proclivities had chalked a picture on the board, and the juniors were looking at it, and chuckling, when Drake came along with Rodney. Mr. Packe had not yet arrived on the scene; he had paused, at a little distance, to exchange a few words with Captain Topcastle.

Two figures were chalked on the board—one brandishing a fist in a threatening manner, the other upon his knees, evidently pleading for mercy. The artist had not been able to catch a likeness, but in order that there should be no mistake as to his meaning the names were scrawled under the pictured figures, revealing the fact that the threatening figure was that of Daubeny of the Shell, and the kneeling form that of Drake of the Fourth. Out of the kneeling youth's mouth came a chalked scroll, bearing the words: "Mercy! I'm too proud to fight!"

Drake's brow darkened as he looked at it.

Evidently, after the scene in No. 8 the previous evening, opinion had veered round, and it was now Drake that was suspected of "cold feet"—

at least, that was the meaning conveyed by the amateur artist.

"Silly rot!" said Rodney, with a rather uneasy glance at his chum.

"Only some of Toodles' nonsense."

"'Twasn't!" howled Tuckey Toodles in a great hurry. "Don't know anything about it! You keep off, Drake, you beast!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Toodles couldn't draw that, rotten as it is," growled Drake. "It's some other cheeky ass. You fellows know who it was?"

He looked round over the grinning Fourth-formers. There was no reply to his question. Probably a good many of the juniors knew the identity of the humorous artist, but they were not inclined to inform Drake.

"It's a hint to you, Drake, old chap," said Sawyer major blandly. "It's about time your fight with Daub came off, you know."

"That's my business!" snapped Drake.

"We thought it was the Shell crying off," said Sawyer major warmly. "Now it turns out—"

Drake clenched his hands. Perhaps it was just as well that Mr. Packe arrived at that moment.

The Fourth-form master stared at the chalked picture on the blackboard, and frowned.

"Who has chalked this nonsense here?" he exclaimed.

There was a dead silence.

"Sawyer, take the duster and rub the board clean," said Mr. Packe crossly.

Sawyer major obeyed, and the incident closed. The juniors had to give their attention to morning lessons now. But Jack Drake's brow was clouded for some time. His temper had been somewhat ruffled by the humorous efforts of the unknown artist.

After morning lessons, when the class dispersed, Sawyer major joined Drake and Rodney on the deck. Sawyer's expression was very serious.

"Look here, Drake—" he began.

"Do you know who chalked that rot on the blackboard?" demanded Drake.

Sawyer major coughed.

"Never mind that," he said. "But about your fight with Daubeny—"

"I tell you I'm not going to fight Daubeny!" howled Drake, in great exasperation.

"It's about time it came off, isn't it?" pursued Sawyer unheeding.

"It isn't coming off at all, you ass!"

"You can't disappoint all the fellows like that," said Sawyer major, shaking his head. "Can't be did, you know. Why, we've been looking forward to it all the time. You can lick Daub. You licked him before, you know—"

"Fathead!"

"You can't have got cold feet all of a sudden, I suppose?" said Sawyer major, looking puzzled. "I never thought you were a funk."

"I'll show you I'm not if you don't stop your silly rot!" growled Drake.

Sawyer backed away a little.

"Of course, I'm speaking as a friend," he remarked. "We thought Daub was funking it, and now it turns out that it's you who's too proud to

fight. It's up against the Fourth Form, you know. The Shell will be cackling at us."

"Let them cackle."

"We're jolly well not going to let them cackle!" exclaimed Sawyer major indignantly. "You're simply not going to be allowed to back out of it like this. We shall have them sending us white feathers next!"

"Rats!"

"Why don't you want to fight Daub now?" demanded Sawyer major, evidently very much perplexed.

"I've made it up with Daub, fathead!"

"Well, you could have made it up after a fight with him, I suppose? I think it's jolly unreasonable to make it up without, after leading the fellows to expect a regular mill," said Sawyer warmly. "Looks to me a bit like funk, if you don't mind my saying so."

"But I do mind you saying so," exclaimed Drake, "and if you don't ring off I'll jam your silly napper on the rail!"

"Well, I think—"

"Never mind what you think—travel off!" interrupted Drake. "Besides, you can't think. Buzz!"

Sawyer major, looking extremely indignant, "buzzed."

Rawlings of the Fourth came along.

"I say, Drake, you've quite got over your ducking, haven't you?" he asked.

"Quite," answered Drake.

"Why don't you want to fight Daub then?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Dick Rodney, greatly tickled by the expression on Drake's face as he heard that oft-repeated question.

Drake did not answer the question. He astonished Rawlings by taking him suddenly by the collar, and jamming his head against the oaken rail. There was a wild yell from the hapless Rawlings.

"Yow-ow! Wharrer you at? Leggo!"

Yow-ow!"

Bang! Bang!

"Now," gasped Drake, as he released the struggling junior, "if you specially want me to fight somebody, I'll fight you."

"Yow-ow-ow!" mumbled Rawlings, rubbing his head. "You silly ass, I don't want you to fight me—I want you to fight Daub! Ow-ow!"

"Go and eat coke, then!"

"But look here, when—" Rawlings did not finish the question. He jumped away, and beat a retreat as Drake reached at him.

"Cold feet!" he yelled, as he vanished below.

Drake turned a very exasperated face towards his grinning chum.

"I'm fed with this!" he growled.

"The next ass who comes along and wants me to fight Daubeny will have a fight on his own hands."

But the rough reception of Sawyer and Rawlings had warned off the Fourth—for the present, at least—and Drake was allowed to rest for a time. But when he went down to the common-room he found a peculiar notice posted on the wall. It ran:

"TRY MUSTARD PLASTER FOR

COLD FEET!"

Drake uttered an angry exclamation. If the author of that humorous notice had been at hand, probably the vials of wrath would have been poured upon his head. Fortunately, he had already made himself scarce, leaving the notice up for Drake's edification.

In the study at tea-time, Tuckey Toodles regarded Drake with a very lofty expression.

"Sawyer major says you've got cold feet, Drake," he said suddenly. "I think it's a disgrace to this study, you know. If you won't fight that Shell bounder, I've a jolly good mind to fight him myself!"

Drake chuckled. "Oh, I could lick him," said Toodles loftily. "I don't know whether I could find the time, though; I'm rather busy. I wonder Daub don't make you come up to the scratch, now he knows you're finking. Egan and Torrence and Selwyn and the rest are chipping him no end, but he's as funky as you are— Yaroooooooh!"

Tuckey Toodles' remarks were suddenly interrupted by a ship's biscuit landing on his fat little nose.

But his words had put a new idea into Drake's mind, and after tea the Fourth-former strolled over to the Shell quarters to speak to Daub. At this rate, it seemed that Drake and Daubeny would soon be fighting one another, although they had buried the hatchet, and that was a consummation which was not to be wished. Drake found Vernon Daubeny alone in his study, and explained his idea to him. Daubeny stared at first, and then burst into a loud laugh.

"I'm on!" he said. "They won't be satisfied without a fight," said Drake, laughing, "especially Sawyer major and Egan. Well, we'll have the fight all right, and show that it isn't a case of cold feet. If they don't like the way it turns out, that's their business."

"I'm your man!" grinned Daubeny. "I'll look for Egan now." "And I'll look for Sawyer." And they separated.

Drake's Way!

IT'S on! That news came from Sawyer major, and it was not long in spreading through the Fourth Form on the Benbow.

There was a crowd in the common-room.

The Fourth gathered there almost to a man, much excited and interested by the news that the fight was coming off at last.

Drake came in with Rodney, but the latter left him to Sawyer major, who had been selected by the captain of the Fourth as his second. Sawyer major was delighted with his task. Indeed, he was proud of the fact that it was chiefly by his efforts that the combat had been brought about at all. He confessed that he had been the artist of the blackboard, and the author of the notice in the common-room. After such efforts in the cause of fisticuffs, Sawyer major felt that he was entitled to be second to the Fourth-form champion in the great fight.

Most of the Shell were present, as well as the Fourth, when Daubeny

came in with Egan, his second. Egan was looking as pleased and satisfied as Sawyer major. His sneers and innuendoes had been incessant, and he felt that he had succeeded at last in breaking the peace for good, and spurring on Daubeny to a renewal of the old enmity. So he felt that he had plenty of cause for satisfaction.

"Pile in, ye cripples!" said Conway. "Better late than never!"

"It's never too late to mend!" chuckled Tuckey Toodles. "I was going to lick you myself, Daub, if Drake didn't."

"You can lick me first, if you like, you fat frog!" answered Daubeny.

Tuckey backed away hastily.

"I'll leave you to Drake," he said loftily. "I say, shut the door. We don't want Packe in here."

"I'll look after the door," said Rawlings; and he placed his back to

"Daub!" "Little me!" grinned Daubeny, drawing on his gloves. "And I'm ready as soon as you like, Sawyer."

"But you're going to fight Drake!" howled Sawyer.

"Not the least little bit in the world! I'm going to fight you, dear boy!" answered Daubeny coolly. "You see, Drake's got another fight on his hands, and there's no time for me."

"Is Drake going to fight somebody else, then?" asked Egan, as mystified as Sawyer major.

"Right on the wicket!" answered Jack Drake cheerily. "I'm going to fight you, Egan."

"Me!" yelled Egan.

"Yes, dear boy. Are you ready?" "I—I won't! I don't want— What the thump do you mean, anyway?"

"Blessed if I can make this out!"



Drake slipped off the gloves with a smile. "Any other gentleman present like a turn?" he asked.

it. "Now you can pile in as soon as you like."

Dick Rodney brought out the gloves. Somewhat to the surprise of the juniors, he brought out four pairs.

"Hallo! How many chaps are going to fight?" asked Estcourt.

"Four!" answered Jack Drake, with a smile.

"You and Daub—" began Sawyer major.

"And you and Egan," said Drake.

"Eh? I'm not going to fight Egan!" exclaimed Sawyer, in surprise.

"Egan is Daub's second; I'm yours. I'm not going to fight anybody."

"Same here," said Egan, in some alarm. "I've got no quarrel with Sawyer. What do you mean, Drake?"

"All serene," said Drake. "You're not going to fight one another. I don't mean that."

"Who the thump am I going to fight, then?" demanded the mystified Sawyer.

said Estcourt, with a stare. "I thought you and Daub had come here for a scrap, Drake."

"So did Sawyer and Egan," answered Drake. "But, you see, that isn't exactly the programme. Sawyer and Egan are awfully keen on Daub fighting, and on little me fighting. Well, we're going to fight—Sawyer and Egan—see? Any other gentlemen who like to say 'cold feet' will also have a fight on their hands, after. But it's Sawyer's and Egan's turn first. Are you ready, Egan?"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Sawyer major, in dismay.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a roar of laughter from the Benbow juniors as they understood Drake's rather extraordinary stunt.

The war-makers were to do the fighting—not at all a bad arrangement. Indeed, if the war-makers could always be made to do the fighting,

there is no doubt that there would be much less war in this wicked world.

Sawyer major submitted to his fate; he was not specially averse to a "mill" with Daub. But Egan, who had been bitter and malicious in urging on the combat, was proportionately less inclined for it. He made a stride towards the door.

"Where are you going, Egan?" called out a dozen voices.

"Stop him, Rawlings!"

"You bet!" grinned Rawlings, with his back to the door. "Egan isn't going out without a fight with somebody!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm not goin' to play the goat here," exclaimed Egan savagely. "I came to second Daub in a fight with Drake, and if the fight isn't comin' off, I'm goin'."

"You're not going yet," said Jack Drake, with a chuckle. "You're going to fight me, my pippin, while Daub tackles Sawyer. I dare say the pair of you will be willing to keep the peace for a bit afterwards."

"I—I won't—"

"You will!" said Drake grimly.

Egan attempted to thrust Rawlings aside, but the Fourth-former stood his ground at the door. The next moment Drake's grasp was on the Shell fellow's shoulder, and Egan was swung back into the middle of the room.

"Ready?" grinned Drake.

"No, hang you!" shouted Egan furiously.

"He, he, he! Who's got cold feet now?" chortled Tuckey Toodles. "What price white feathers, Egan?"

Egan spun round, and the back of his hand smote Tuckey on his fat little nose, sending the unfortunate Rupert de Vere Toodles spinning. Tuckey gave a wild howl, and sat down.

Drake reached out, and his finger and thumb closed on Egan's nose. The Shell fellow gave a stifled howl.

"Now are you ready?" asked Drake sweetly.

"Ow! Let go, you rotter! I'll fight you if you like."

"Good!"

Rodney tossed the gloves to Egan, who donned them sullenly. He would have given a term's pocket-money to be safe outside the room, but there was no escape for the fomenter of trouble. Drake and Daubeny had come to an understanding on the subject, and that settled it. And the whole affair was taken as a huge joke by all the fellows excepting the two victims, whose war-making had recoiled upon their own heads.

A crowded ring surrounded the two pairs of combatants as the double fight commenced.

Egan, finding himself fairly in for it, fought with savage vigour, and Jack Drake had his hands full for some time. But Sawyer major did not make a very good show against Daubeny, who was older, bigger, and longer in the reach.

The captain of the Shell, in fact, "walked round" the hapless Sawyer, knocking him right and left.

Sawyer major put up a game fight, but he had no chance, and at the end of the fourth round he was on his back, unable to rise without Estcourt's assistance. At that point he

gave in, and retired to bathe a damaged nose and eye.

Drake and Egan were better matched, and for a time Egan's sullen fury sustained him. Daubeny stood looking on, with a smile on his face. Egan was receiving some severe punishment, and Daub felt pretty certain that the hapless victim would think twice before he egged on a fight again. After the fourth round Drake handled him easily, and he did not spare him. In the fifth round Egan went spinning under a heavy right-hander, and crashed on the floor.

Dick Rodney counted.

"Out!"

Drake slipped off the gloves with a smile. Egan sat up, clutching at a nose that streamed crimson.

Drake glanced round.

"Any other gentleman present like a turn with the gloves?" he asked.

"No, thanks!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come on, Daub, old chap!"

Drake slipped his arm through Daubeny's, and they left the common-room together. Egan limped away to bathe his damaged features. Sawyer major was already busy upon that pleasant task.

The next day there were severe signs of damage about both Egan of the Shell and Sawyer major of the Fourth. And both of them had quite dropped the subject of the fight between Drake and Daubeny—which never came off. The hatchet was allowed to remain buried!

THE END.

Next week's topping, long complete story of the boys of the Benbow will be "Drake to the Rescue!" Look out for it!

RESULT OF TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION.—No. 34.

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

NORMAN BRINKMAN,
296, Whitehorse Road,
West Croydon.

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

Edith M. Longman, 19, Bernard Street, Southampton; S. C. Baxter, Lister Ward, Bagthorpe Infirmary, Nottingham; Miss K. Motteram, 25, Chestnut Avenue, Walthamstow, E.17; Percy Lynch, 8, Greenbough Street, Ancoats, Manchester; Leonard A. Daughrey, Railway Cottages, Goring-by-Sea, Sussex.

CORRECT SOLUTION:

Dear Readers.—The sporting instinct is inbred in every English boy and girl, and therefore I am not astonished that "The Luck of the Estors," Major Cherry's magnificent yarn, is so popular. As one pal wrote to me, "You've backed a winner in the new serial, Harry, old man!"

YOUR EDITOR.

MY KRICKET KOLLUM

By
BILLY BUNTER

"LOOK here, Wharton," I said, klapping the kaptin of the Remove on the shoulder. "My Aunt Sally is coming down to see me to-day, so it's essenshul that I take part in the kricket-match this afternoon against Rookwood."

"Oh, all rite!" grunted Wharton. My Aunt Sally arived after dinner, and she greeted me with grate kordiality.

"How is my deer littel Billy?" "Your deer littel Billy is in the pink of kondishun, aunty!" I replide; "though he is suffering sumwhat from lack of nurrishment, but dowtless you will take him down to the villidge for tea as soon as the kricket-match is over."

"Sertingly, deer boy! Do I understand that you are playing for the Remove Form this afternoon? I hope you will kick the winning gole!" said Aunt Sally.

Shortly afterwards, the match kommensed, befour a large konkorse of specked taters.

Rookwood batted 1st, and they faired badly against the boling of Wharton and Nugent. But, of corse, it was W. G. B. who kept the skore down. I was feelding on the bowndary-line, and on severral okkasions the bawl smote me in the chest, and was thus prevented from going to the bowndary.

Jimmy Silver and Co. were all out for forty, and it looked as if the Remove would win komfortably. However, I was the larst man in, and we were still a duzen runs short of the rek-wired totle. Vernon-Smith was batting at the other end.

Jimmy Silver was boling, and when the 1st bawl came down I made a tremendus swipe at it.

"Come on!" I showed.

And we started to run. The Rookwood feloes were blinking at each other in a dazed fashun. Jimmy Silver gave a hollo grone.

"Where's the bawl?" he cride.

But nobody new. And meanwhile, Smithy and I ran it out, untill we had crossed a duzen times. And then a mity rore went up. Greyfriars had wunn!

You ought to have scene my Aunt Sally! She could not make enuff of my wonderfull acheivement. She kist me, and said that her deer littel Billy was indeed a champyun. And while she was kongrattulating me, sumthing fell out of my kricket-shirt, and dropt to the ground with a thudd.

It was the lost bawl! It had lodged in my shirt, and nobody had notissed it.

"Deer me!" gasped Aunt Sally. "How extrordinary! I will tell the deer boys that the bawl has come to lite."

But I warned Aunt Sally to keep mumm!

THE END.

THE CASE OF THE STOLEN CAR!

Our Great New Series dealing with the amazing adventures of

HERLOCK SHOLMES
DETECTIVE

Written by

PETER TODD

I.
HERLOCK SHOLMES and I were dissecting the morning kipper when the telephone-bell rang. I took up the receiver, my amazing friend being too busily occupied to attend to it.

"Is that Mr. Sholmes?"
"It is his friend, Dr. Jotson, before whom you may speak quite freely," I replied.

"This is the Spread-Eagle Garage. A motor-car has been stolen—one of our brand-new one hundred pounds Spread-Eagle cars! Will you ask Mr. Sholmes to step round as soon as possible?"

"Certainly."
I returned to the table, and to my breakfast.

No breakfast, however, remained. Herlock Sholmes, with the absent-mindedness characteristic of men of genius, was finishing my kipper. "My dear Sholmes—" I murmured.

"What is it, Jotson?" he yawned. "Another case? You may speak quite freely before—I mean, fire away!" I explained.

"The Spread-Eagle Garage!" said Sholmes thoughtfully. "H'm! They import the very latest thing in up-to-date American cheap cars. And one of them has been stolen! Extraordinary!"

"I do not quite see how it is extraordinary, Sholmes," I ventured to remark. "Motor-thieves are very common nowadays."

"Have you seen a Spread-Eagle car, my dear Jotson?"
"No."

"When you have seen one you will realise that it is extraordinary for one to be stolen. An inexperienced motor-thief, I should say—or a very bold one. He has taken his life in his hands. However, let us go."

Sholmes hooked his umbrella on my ear, and led me out into Shaker Street. In a few minutes we reached the Spread-Eagle Garage.

The manager met us at the door. He explained the matter in a few words. The motor-thief had called under pretence of wishing to buy a car. He had been allowed to test it. Once in possession of the car, he had driven round the corner and disappeared at top speed.

"What steps have you taken?" inquired Herlock Sholmes.

"I guess we've telephoned to every police-station within a radius of twenty miles," was the reply.

"Twenty miles!" said Sholmes thoughtfully.

"Then the thief will be stopped on the road," I remarked.

Sholmes smiled his inscrutable smile. "Kindly point out the direction taken by the motor-thief" he said.

The American manager did so. "Thank you. We will do our best for you" said Sholmes. "Come Jotson!"

"I guess we can lend you a car to follow that pesky hoodlum, if you like, Mr. Sholmes."

Sholmes shook his head. "Thank you," he answered. "My friend Jotson will tell you that I am not a man to shrink from peril. But there is no need to run unnecessary risks. We will walk."

We walked.
"My dear Sholmes," I observed, "far be it from me to doubt your judgment, which I know to be infallible. But is it really any use to follow a motor-thief on foot, especially when he has a long start?"

"If the thief had stolen a Rolls-Royce, or a Mercedes, Jotson, your question would be a natural one. But



Sholmes' barrow was piled with fragments of machinery.

you must remember that he has stolen a Spread-Eagle American car."

"What difference does that make, Sholmes?"

"You will see," smiled Herlock Sholmes. "I do not think that the police at a distance of twenty miles will be required to exert themselves. I have no doubt that we shall make a discovery nearer at hand. However, you may now go and see your patients, my dear doctor. You must not neglect your practice, which is helping to solve the problem of over-population."

And Sholmes left me. Happening to glance back over my shoulder, I saw my amazing friend turn from the road and enter the yard of a local building-contractor. Consumed by curiosity, I remained standing close to the hedge, to await his reappearance.

I had not long to wait, for within five minutes Sholmes reappeared,

trundling a large wheelbarrow in the opposite direction from me.

Fearing that the mighty brain of my extraordinary friend had at last given way beneath the strain continually imposed upon it, I turned sadly away.

That morning was a very busy one for me, for I had more than the usual number of death certificates to sign for my patients, so temporarily I forgot the case of the missing car.

II.
WHEN I returned to Shaker Street, Sholmes had not yet come in for lunch.

I decided to look in at the Spread-Eagle Company's garage, hoping to find him there.

I had hardly reached the garage when a large barrow came in sight, and to my astonishment I recognised my amazing friend between the handles.

The barrow was piled with what appeared to be fragments of wood and machinery, with a lingering smell of petrol clinging to the pile.

"Sholmes!" I exclaimed.
He smiled.

"Success once more, my dear Jotson," he said.

"And that?" I pointed to the barrow-load.

"Exactly. The stolen car."

Sholmes wheeled his load into the garage.

When he reappeared, he was smiling genially.

"And now for lunch, Jotson," he said.

"My dear Sholmes," I exclaimed, "you astonish me more than ever! You have found the stolen car—"

"As you have seen."
"At what distance?"

"Half a mile. I hardly expected so long a walk," replied Sholmes.

"And the thief?"

"The police can lay their hands on him at any moment. I have ascertained which hospital he was taken to."

"My dear Sholmes! But how—"

"A perfectly simple case, Jotson," yawned Sholmes. "Having some acquaintance with the construction of the Spread-Eagle American car, I deduced at once what must have happened. The thief had driven it off at a high speed. The result was inevitable. Half a mile from the scene of the robbery I came across the wreck. The hapless motor-thief had already been taken away on a stretcher. As I was engaged to recover the car, I hired a barrow, upon which I wheeled home what remained of it. That is all, my dear Jotson. A very simple case."

THE END.

Another laughable adventure of Herlock Sholmes in next Tuesday's "Greyfriars Herald."



The GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

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



Several interesting cases came before Mr. Justice Wharton and a Grand Jury this week. His worship did not rise to open the proceeding for some time, some practical joker having smeared seccotine on the bench, to which his worship was stuck.

THE WOES OF A GATE-PORTER! Gosling Aims His Grievances!

Harold Skinner, a weedy looking youth, with a face like a grilled kipper, was the first prisoner to appear. He was charged with having declined to "tip" Gosling for services rendered.

Prisoner gave his age as fifteen, and his address as the Cross Keys, Friar-dale. He said he was a man of means.

Magistrate: You mean a man of meanness! (Laughter.)

Mr. Robert Cherry, K.C., for the prosecution, described prisoner as "a miserable, stingy, tight-fisted worm."

"He made Gosling carry a hefty hamper all the way from the school-gates to the box-room," said Mr. Cherry, "and then he refused to tip him!" (Cries of "Shame!" "Mean beast!" etc.)

Magistrate: Is Gosling in court?

Gosling: Yes, Master Wharton. An' wot I says is this 'ere: Mean varmin'ts like Master Skinner ought to be drowned at birth! I dragged 'is 'amper for a distance of about five

hundred yards, an' he never even as much as said, "Thanks, Gosling. Go an' go yourself a stiff—er—cup o' tea." (Laughter.)

Mr. William Stott, for the defence, said that the practice of tipping ought to be abolished. In any case, no fellow was compelled to give tips. The "hefty hamper" referred to by the counsel for the prosecution, was a small cardboard box, containing a pair of water-wings. (Laughter.) "I do not consider," said Mr. Stott, "that my client was under any obligation to Gosling. I will go further, and say that any fellow who gives Gosling a tip is encouraging him in the vicious practice of drinking large quantities of water, strongly diluted with gin. (Loud laughter.)

Gosling (excitedly): Wot I say is this 'ere—I'm a shober and respectable man! Which I ain't sipped a drop o' gin in my life!

Mr. Stott: No one suggests that you sipped it. You simply pour it down!

Voices from the gallery:

"There is a tavern in the town, in the town;

That's where old Gossy pours it down, pours it down!"

Magistrate (sternly): If this warbling doesn't cease immediately, the warblers will be ejected on their necks!

Gosling: I'm a 'ard-workin' man,

Master Wharton, an' it ain't fair to bring all these nasty insinuations agen me! I never, never touches a drop!

Mr. Stott: Yah! Look at your red nose!

Gosling: That's india-gestion! (Laughter.)

Magistrate: We are wandering from the subject. We are not here to decide whether Gosling is a toper or a disciple of Mr. Pussyfoot. The question of the moment is this: Has prisoner been guilty of meanness, or not? The gentlemen of the jury will now shut themselves in the cupboard and debate the question.

The jury were unable to agree, and they were discharged.

A second jury, who knew nothing whatever about the matter, said that Gosling was guilty.

Magistrate: Gosling isn't the prisoner, you burbling chumps!

Foreman of Jury: Then who is, your worship?

Magistrate: Skinner, of course!

Foreman of Jury: Oh, if it's Skinner, he's guilty! (Laughter.)

Prisoner pleaded that he was too ill to be sentenced, having developed a sore throat.

Magistrate: Very well. You will be discharged with a cough-drop!

(Laughter.)

Gosling: Wot about me, Master Wharton? Ain't I to get no compensation?

Magistrate: Yes, you can have a bottle of gin—

Gosling: Good!

Magistrate: —ger-beer! (Loud laughter.)

Gosling shuffled out of the court, muttering something to the effect that all magistrates ought to be drowned at birth!"

My Weekly Interview

By the Special Representative of
"The Greyfriars Herald."

This week:
BILLY BUNTER

"STRANGE though it may seem," said the editor, surveying me over a pile of rejected manuscripts, "you've never yet interviewed Billy Bunter for the 'Herald.'"

Needless to state, I'm not in love with William George Bunter. He's a sneak, a toady, a gormandiser, a tame boa-constrictor, a cadger, a Peeping Tom, a Paul Pry, and lots of other unpleasant things.

I was in a far from amiable mood, therefore, that I went in search for the Owl of the Remove.

As I emerged into the Close, a familiar voice hailed me.

"I say, old chap—"

Turning, I beheld the podgy form of Billy Bunter.

"I've been looking for you," I said, "You're to be the subject of my next interview!"

"Oh, good!" said Bunter. And he linked his arm affectionately in one of

my own. "Let's come along to the tuck-shop, and then enjoy a sumptuous feed—at my expense!"

To my amazement, Billy Bunter produced a pound-note.

"From one of my titled relations," he explained. "Come on!"

Like a fellow in a dream, I accompanied the Owl of the Remove.

We made ourselves comfortable in the tuckshop, and Billy Bunter gave orders on a lavish scale.

Mrs. Mimble refused to serve us at first. But when Bunter, with a plenty-more-where-that-one-came-from expression on his face, smacked the pound-note on to the counter, the good dame bustled about to do his bidding.

Dishes of tempting delicacies were set before us, and we were just about to "pile in," when Loder of the Sixth stalked into the tuck-shop.

The prefect halted in front of the counter, and surveyed us with glittering eyes. Then he turned to Mrs. Mimble.

"Has Bunter paid for all this grub, ma'am?" he inquired.

"Yes, Master Loder."

And Mrs. Mimble produced the pound-note with which Bunter had paid.

Loder compared the number of it with a number that was jotted down in his note-book. And then, with a snarl of rage, he strode towards us.

"You fat young thief!" he roared, seizing Billy Bunter by the collar.

"That's my note!"

"Oh, really, Loder—"

"I dropped it in the Close, outside my study window, and on coming out to look for it, I found it was gone. You must have picked it up, and instead of advertising for the owner, you came here and blued it."

Billy Bunter mumbled something about his titled relation. But Loder cut him short.

"You will come with me, both of you!" he snarled.

We followed the angry prefect to his study. And a painful scene ensued.

Billy Bunter was slung across the table like a sack of coals, and Loder wielded a cricket-stump with deadly effect. The yells of the victim might have been heard all over Greyfriars.

When Bunter had been dealt with, Loder turned to me.

"Over you go!" he said.

"But—but what have I done?" I gasped, in dismay.

"In a way," said Loder, "you're a receiver of stolen property. And now you're going to receive something else!"

And I did! I received such a terrific lamming that this article had to be written standing up!

THE END.



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.

The Stamp of a Coming Man!

After the address had been given in the Sunday school-room, a little boy remained behind and insisted on seeing the missionary.

"Ah, my lad," murmured the good man, with memories of other interviews with inquiring youngsters, "I suppose you wish to ask how to begin giving your young life to our noble calling?"

"Er—not exactly, sir," replied the bright little lad. "I want to know if you've got any foreign postage stamps?"—Sent in by J. Eddleston, 77, Wheler Street, Higher Openshaw, Manchester.

Would Be Dished!

The Mistress: Now, Bridget, supposing I deduct from your wages the cost of all the dishes you broke?

Bridget: Sure, mum, in that case it's meself'd be like the dishes!—Sent in by W. Henson, 79, Gordon Road, Wellingborough, Northants.

Went With a Bang!

Johnny Bull: I suppose Coker's new motor-bike made a big hit when he took it out for the first time?

Harry Wharton: You bet it did! Most of 'em are hospital cases!—Sent in by R. Meikle, 95, Glanthurne Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

A Bit of a S(h)ell!

Billy Bunter (expounding in the common-room): One of my titled relatives, The Comte de Razzbury, y'know, called his town residence "The Nutshell," but he had to change the name.

Bob Cherry: Oh, why was that?
Billy Bunter: 'Cause some rude boys started to knock at the door and asked if the "colonel" was inside!—Sent in by G. Orton, 83, Webiter Street, Litherland, West Liverpool.

OUR TUCK-HAMPER PRIZE STORYETTE

EASY ADDITIONS!

His lordship had engaged a new butler, and a week later the man had to announce the guests at a ball.

"Mr. K. Jimjams, Mrs. Jimjams, Master Jimjams, and Miss Jimjams!" called out the butler.

This got on his lordship's nerves. "James," he said, "pray be more brief when you announce the next arrivals."

The next people to arrive on the scene were Mr. Crown, Mrs. Crown, and Master Crown. The butler waved his hand to indicate which direction they should take, at the same time calling out:

"Fifteen bob!"—Sent in by A. G. T. Moore, 4, Chester Road, Tottenham, N.15.

The Silly Geese!

Patrick O'Flaherty was giving a party, and was engaged on the task of carving the goose.

"Well, Micky," he said, "phwat will you have?"

"Sure, Pat, Oi'll have a leg!"

"An' phwat will you have, Murphy?"

"Sure, Oi'll have a leg, too!"

"An' you, Timmy?"

"A leg, if you please, Pat!"

"Arrah!" cried Patrick; "d'you bhoys thinks it's a spider Oi'm after carvin'?"—Sent in by U. Parratt, 13, Higher Intake Road, Bradford, Yorks.

The Remedy:

An American was being shown over an old English church wherein hundreds of people were buried.

"A great many people sleep between these walls," said the guide, indicating the numerous inscriptions about the place.

"So?" said the Yank. "Same way over in my country. Why don't you get a more interesting preacher?"

—Sent in by F. Clayton, 50, Smith Street, S.E.5.

Needed Experience!

New Foreman: Phwat are ye doin' there, Rafferty?

Rafferty: Oi'm oilin' the wheelbarrow, sorr.

New Foreman: Well, lave it alone, I'll do it meself. Phwat do ye know about machinery?—Sent in by E. Priestly, 52, Tates Avenue, off Lisbon Road, Belfast.

His Last "Time!"

He was one of those clever chaps who always like to show their smartness.

"Watch me take a rise out of that tramp," he murmured to his pal, as Weary Walter approached.

He listened solemnly to the tramp's tale of hard luck, and then he said:

"But, say, that's the same old yarn you spun me the last time you spoke to me."

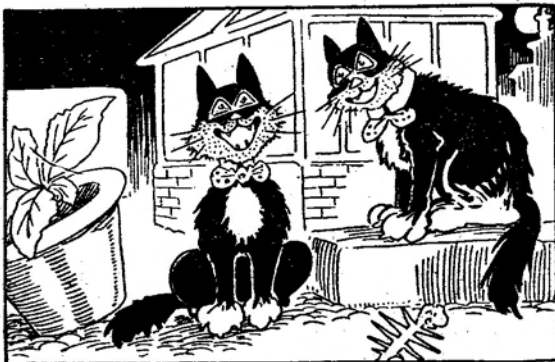
"Is it?" said Weary Walter.

"When did I tell you?"

"Last week!" replied our hero.

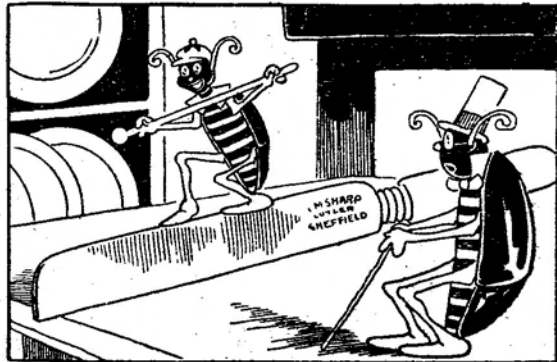
"Maybe I did—maybe I did," admitted the weary one, "but I'd forgotten meetin' you. I was in Wormwood Scrubbs gaol last week!"—Sent in by Thos. Drury, 22, Mill Street, Darlaston, South Staffs.

SHOULD G T "THE BIRD!"

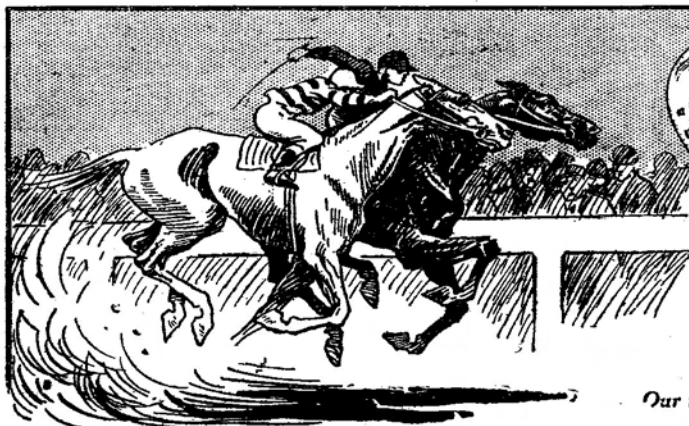


FLOSSIE: "I suppose you have a particular hobby, Tom?"
TOM: "Rather, my dear!"
FLOSSIE: "Indeed! What is it?"
TOM: "Oh, I'm a bit of a canary fancier!"

CUTTING A DASH!



UNCLE BEETLE: "Whatever are you about, Billie?"
BILLIE BEETLE: "Doing the same as the chap at the circus. This knife makes a splendid thing to practise on, and these matches make fine balancing poles!"



The Luck of the Estors

Our magnificent racing serial specially written by

MAJOR CHERRY

The Apprentices' Handicap.

IT was a proud moment for Tony Draycott when he walked across to the jockeys' quarters at Newmarket to prepare for the Apprentices' Handicap, and he was prouder still when he donned the violet-and-white hooped silken jacket and cap, which was the famous racing insignia of the house of Estor, and fastened to his breast the lucky horseshoe tie-pin, which Lady Dorothy had given him that morning.

In the room several other apprentices from various stables were preparing for the race—some quiet, and obviously nervous of the coming ordeal before the vast concourse of people, and others chatting loudly together, and seemingly oblivious of the fact that they would soon be striving madly against each other on straining thoroughbreds, to the accompaniment of the roars of thousands of onlookers.

Among the latter set was a short, thick-set youth, with coarse, ill-favoured features, who was arraying himself in the colours of Sir Digby Garston. This youth Tony knew by sight as Shorty Dunn, and he now looked at the apprentice from the rival stable with an interest he had never previously experienced, for he guessed rightly that this lad was to be the jockey of the much-talked-of "dark horse," Nightshade.

"Hallo, you kid!" said Shorty to Tony, as he looked up from the act of drawing on one of his highly polished riding-boots. "I see your owner scratched Bunchgrass from the Handicap this morning. Got the wind up, I s'pose?"

"Oh, what makes you suppose that?" demanded Tony, nettled by the other's tone.

"Huh!" growled the rival apprentice. "The whole thing was a bit too palpable to deceive anyone who knows anythin' at all about the condition o' the Estor horses. The old boy knew the colt hadn't a ghost of a chance, and, considerin' it would have started at short odds, he didn't want to annoy the public with another dud show!"

"Then let me tell you you're jolly well mistaken!" said Tony hotly. "The Owner certainly was anxious to save the public's money, but the reason why he felt the colt had no chance was owing to the fact that Dicky Selby met with an accident last

night, and won't be able to ride to-day. Lord Estor is going to give a public explanation to that effect, for I heard him say so."

"H'm! More fools the public, if they swallow a yarn like that!" sneered Shorty.

Tony jumped to his feet, his eyes blazing.

"Look here, Dunn," he cried, "our stable doesn't issue packs of lies for public consumption, even if you know some that do!"

The Garston apprentice rose to his feet also, and faced Tony with a red, angry face.

"Are you suggestin' that we're a lot o' crooks, you cheeky kid?" he demanded, clenching his fists threateningly. "'Cause if so—"

His remark was cut short by the ringing of a bell, announcing the fact that it was time for the riders in the Apprentices' Handicap to repair to the paddock.

Nothing more, therefore, was said by the two self-constituted champions of the rival stables, but Tony made a mental vow that he would beat the Garston apprentice in the Handicap race or die in the attempt!

READ THIS FIRST.

Lord Estor, a grand old British sportsman, is attending Epsom with his daughter, the Hon. Dorothy Cavanagh, a charming girl of sixteen. She had 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, but, by a ruse, Groat outwits them when they search the house. On the following afternoon, Tony attends Newmarket, to ride in the Apprentices' Handicap.

But as he walked out to where Wavecrest was being paraded with the other runners, a horrible doubt assailed him as his eyes lighted for the first time on Sir Digby's colt, Nightshade.

The colt was the brother to the black which had deadheaded with Sunfire for second place in the Royal Hunt Cup race at Ascot, and although he had no form to judge by, if appearances counted for anything the Garston horse looked a certain winner. And Tony asked himself, how would the sleek, dainty Wavecrest shape against the big, muscular Nightshade, brother to the redoubtable Thunderer?

Mounted on Wavecrest, with the good wishes of Lord Estor, Dorothy and Barney Bulfin ringing in his ears, Tony filed out of the paddock on to the racecourse with the other riders in the Apprentices' Handicap. From the moment he had lighted in the saddle he had realised that the mare was in perfect fettle for the race, trained to the hour, and as eager for the start as was the young jockey himself.

As Wavecrest trotted away to the starting-gate, she glided along with a long, rythmical stride which was a delight to the eye to watch. Few of the onlookers, however, guessed that Tony was exercising a grip of steel on the reins to prevent the high-spirited racer from taking her head and galloping at full speed round the course.

The order of the draw for the start had given Nightshade the No. 1 position, against the rails, while luck had favoured also Wavecrest to the extent of making her No. 2. Therefore, as the racehorses shuffled into position behind the starting-tapes, Tony found himself side by side with Shorty Dunn, the Garston apprentice, with whom he had had an altercation in the jockeys' dressing-room.

Judging by the physical exertion he was making, and the imprecations he was muttering under his breath, Dunn had all his work cut out to hold in the fiery brother to Thunderer. The jet-black colt was evidently in a roguish mood, for he tugged and strained at the bit, and waltzed in circles, to the discomfiture of the other horses who were endeavouring to take up their positions for the start.

At last the runners strung themselves out in a fairly straight line, and

walked forward towards the starting-gate, Nightshade prancing spiritedly along the rails. Suddenly the rogue lashed out with his steel-shod hind hoofs, and only just in time Tony swerved Wavecrest to avoid a blow which might have smashed one of the mare's slim legs. At that moment the starting-gate flew up.

"They're off!"

The antics of Nightshade had thrown Tony from his balance for the moment, and both his mount and the Garston colt lost ground on the rest of the field in starting, as a result of the confusion created by the rogue.

Getting two clear lengths ahead of the inside horses, Cassius, the runner which had been drawn No. 3, swung over to the left and secured the inside berth, next to the rails.

For a couple of furlongs the horses were well bunched together. From the corner of his eye Tony saw the black, silky coat of Nightshade draw ahead of him, as that spirited colt took second place on the rails. Immediately Tony steered Wavecrest to an inside berth behind, with the view of allowing the fast Garston colt to act as pacemaker until the straight was reached. His plan succeeded admirably, for there was no need to urge Wavecrest to hang on to the pounding hoofs of the black, for, by her own determination, she held her position without falling back a yard until the turn was reached. Here Cassius led the field, which was bunched together away from the rails, and ahead of the Garston and Estor horses, which clung desperately to their inside positions behind the leader.

And now a perfect furore arose from the large crowd congregated at the bend of the course.

"Cassius! Cassius!"

"Come on, Nightshade!"

"Now's your chance, Shorty!"

In that melee of shouts Tony heard as in a dream a good many names mingled, but not once did he hear an encouraging cry for the fifty-to-one chance he was riding.

He set his teeth grimly, and his brain worked like lightning. In a flash he remembered some advice Barney had once given him about the danger of being shut in on the rails. With a gentle pressure of his wrist he eased the head of his mount toward the centre of the course. He lost a fraction of distance in doing so, but as Wavecrest swung round the turn into the straight the young jockey had the satisfaction of seeing a clear course ahead of him.

Shorty-Dunn on Nightshade was hypnotised by the belief of the advantage of his inside berth, and hugged the rails for a few seconds too long. Another runner closed up on Cassius, and between this horse and the leader there was no room to pass. Nightshade, the "dark horse" of the Garston stable, was shut in!

Dunn muttered an oath under his breath, as, too late, he realised that his error of judgment had prevented him making his challenge until the bend had been rounded and the horses were pounding down the straight towards the winning-post.

Now the roar of the crowd was deafening, while a new note of surprise was distinctly recognisable.

"Wavecrest!"

Leaning forward on the outstretched neck of the mare, Tony whispered a coaxing word into her ear. It was the first call he had made on her reserve power, and the beautiful thoroughbred responded like a well-tuned instrument to the touch of a master-hand. The supple muscles fairly rippled beneath her moist, silky skin as she glided along at the speed of an express train.

In less than ten seconds the fifty-to-one chance had caught and past three of the most fancied cracks. From the corner of his eyes Tony could see Cassius, the leader, thundering along the rails, with the jet-black form of the Garston colt drawing up alongside. Now there was no advantage to the inside berth, and, steering a straight line down the centre of the course, Tony went all out to wrest the lead from the rival horse.

A perfect furore of shouts broke out from the multitude thronging the course on either side.

"Wavecrest! Wavecrest leads!"

A fresh, wild burst of cheering rose in wholehearted appreciation of the

lookers, and, without making the mistake of turning his head, Tony knew as well as if he had eyes in the back of his head that Shorty Dunn, the apprentice from the Garston stables, was making a belated effort to snatch an eleventh-hour victory.

A few more yards, and Tony could see the distended nostrils of the jet-black colt, as, in a change of mood, he put more heart into the race, and strove to forge ahead of his more graceful but less hardy rival.

Excitement was at fever-heat. Once more the Estor and Garston stables were battling for supremacy, and all those who had witnessed the remarkable dead-heat for the Royal Hunt Cup between Sunfire and Nightshade's brother at Ascot, were afire with interest at this fresh and totally unexpected duel between the famous rivals.

"Wavecrest!"

"Nightshade!"

Inch by inch the powerful colt crept up, until his nose was level with the shoulders of the Estor mare. A few more yards to go, and Shorty Dunn plied his whip feverishly. Nightshade bounded forward. It was neck and neck!

"Nightshade wins!"

A triumphant burst of cheering broke forth from the many backers of the "dark horse," intermingled with the exhortations of a host of sportsmen who had been stirred to the very core by the game fight of the hope of the Estors.

But even as all seemed over bar the shouting, Tony made his second demand of the mare. It was not made with the whip; it was merely a whispered word in her ear, and a light touch of his hand on her glistening neck.

As though charged with latent dynamic force in every fibre of her being, which had been released by the magic word and touch, the mare fairly leapt through the air. The winning-post flashed by, and a roar that echoed for miles over the countryside burst from ten thousand throats.

Wavecrest, the despised fifty-to-one chance, with Draycott up, had won the Handicap by a head!

Had the race been a Derby or a Hunt Cup greater enthusiasm could not have been aroused. Few there were in the whole of that vast concourse of people on the Newmarket course who had any money to draw on the winner, but they suffered their losses cheerfully, and gave vent to cheer upon cheer for the unknown stable-boy, who, by the skilled application of his brains as well as his muscles had steered to victory the Estor outsider.

Flushed and excited after his superhuman efforts, Tony drew rein, and trotted the panting racehorse back past the grand-stands, the plaudits of the crowd ringing in his ears.

As he turned from the course he was met by Lord Estor himself; who, with the delighted Barney, had come to lead the winner in.

It was indeed a proud moment for the lad when the grand old sportsman took the bridle of his mount, at the same time saying "Well done, my boy!"—four words which Tony

Funny Folks From Funland Farm!



These are only two of the many jolly characters appearing every Tuesday in "Little Sparks," which is full of COLOURED Pictures now, and is like an entirely NEW paper! Take a copy home TODAY!

LITTLE SPARKS

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superb riding of the young apprentice, as the violet-and-white of the house of Estor leapt out in startling relief from the variegated colours of the rest of the field.

As in a dream Tony saw the blurred faces of the madly cheering crowd slipping in swift procession on either side, and the grand-stands bearing down upon him, as the play of his body synchronised with the flying race-horse under him. To him it seemed as though he were an integral part of some winged creature speeding like an arrow through the air.

And now, some distance ahead, beneath the judge's box, a thin white perpendicular line surmounted by a disc was plainly to be seen—it was the winning-post!

A thunder of hoofs close behind him sounded in the boy's ears above the ceaseless roar of the multitude of on-

treasured, representing as they did a volume of praise.

Then, as he rode down the narrow lane between the enclosures, on his way to that portion of the paddock reserved for the unsaddling of the winner, he caught the sound of a delighted voice in a high feminine pitch.

"Bravo, Tony! Oh, well ridden, sir!"

Among the throng in the members' enclosure the youngster caught a glimpse of the excited, pretty face of Lady Dorothy, and his hand instinctively went to the lucky horseshoe pin which she had given him that morning.

The girl noted the action, and a deep blush suffused her face as she cast her eyes down.

After Tony had been "weighed in" he came out into the paddock again, and as he went to rejoin Barney he saw Sir Digby Garston talking excitedly to Shorty Dunn. Apparently the Newmarket owner was not in the best of moods, although his horse had run into second place, for he was tugging his short, black moustache viciously, a mannerism he invariably resorted to when annoyed, and the tone of his voice was distinctly angry.

Lord Estor had returned to the members' enclosure to find Dorothy, and Barney met Tony with a proud smile.

"By jingo, Tony!" he cried. "I didn't think you had it in you! The way you rode that race would ha' been a credit to Danny Wade himself. I must see you get more mounts in future."

Had Barney handed him a hundred pounds Tony could not have been more delighted than he was. He was happy to have won this minor race for the sake of Barney and Lord Estor, and for the prestige of the stable, but he was glad, too, for his own sake, for he knew his display of horsemanship on this occasion would help him a long step along the road to his greatest ambition of becoming a full-fledged jockey.

"Just between ourselves I may tell you, Tony," said the trainer, "that your winning the Apprentices' Handicap meant a good deal more to the Owner than you may guess. As you know, what with the enormous taxes he has to pay and the cost of keeping up his racing-stable, it is very necessary he should have some good wins to help pay expenses, otherwise he will have to sell some of the horses."

"But surely he won't make much out of the Handicap," said Tony. "Though, now I come to think of it, Lady Dorothy induced him to put something on Wavecrest at fifty-to-one."

"Ah, that girl has got her head screwed on the right way, it appears," said Barney, chuckling to himself. "But there was someone else who persuaded his lordship to have a bit more on."

"Oh, who was that?"

"Sir Digby Garston."

Tony gave a low whistle.

"But surely Sir Digby didn't expect the mare to win?" he said in a puzzled voice.

"No, that's just the point," said Barney darkly. "He didn't expect

the mare to win. But nevertheless, I heard him chipping the Owner about the rank outsider he was runnin' for the Handicap, and edging him on to show his 'pluck' by backing his own colours. And, rather foolishly as I thought at the time, Lord Estor promptly put another two hundred pounds on the mare. That means he will make a clear ten thousand over the bet. I tell you, Tony, I don't trust that Sir Digby; he's always hangin' around his lordship and Lady Dorothy, and, in my humble opinion, he's up to no good. But run along and get changed, sonny, and remember if you want to drive home with me in the dog-cart you must meet me here sharp at five o'clock."

Trouble in the Dressing-Room!

WHEN Tony reached the dressing-room in the jockeys' quarters he found the other apprentices who had ridden in the race already changing. At once a loud chorus of congratulations were showered upon him by the other lads, all of whom were sportsmen enough to accept their defeat in a cheerful spirit—with one exception. This exception was Shorty Dunn, who sat on a locker tugging viciously at one of his polished riding-boots, and muttering imprecations under his breath.

At the sight of Tony, the Garston apprentice ceased his physical exertion, rose from his seat, and strode across the room.

It was glaringly apparent that Shorty was in a very bad temper. He realised only too well that through his own lack of judgment in hugging the rails too long he had lost the race against a cleverer lad on a horse which had neither the speed nor the stamina of the mount which he himself had ridden, and the severe wiggling that Sir Digby had given him afterwards had not tended by any means to improve matters.

Shorty drew himself up to his full height of about five feet three inches, and thrust his face towards Tony, who faced him calmly with his arms folded across his chest.

"I've been waiting for you to come in, young smartie," hissed the Garston apprentice, hardly able to restrain the unreasoning hatred of the lad who had beaten him fairly and squarely. "Now what did you mean by sayin' in 'ere afore the race that our stable was a set o' crooks, eh? It was lucky for you we had to beat it to the paddock when we did or I'd ha' slaughtered you on the spot."

Tony saw that Shorty was anxious to pick a quarrel, and this the Estor lad was just as anxious to avoid, for, naturally, he did not wish to be mixed up in a dressing-room brawl after his very first race. Besides, he charitably made allowances for the other, knowing the ordeal he had been through at the hands of his irascible master in the paddock, and so he tried to pour oil in the troubled waters.

"I said nothing of the kind, Shorty," he remarked quietly. "On the contrary, you yourself suggested an utterly untrue reason for the scratching of Bunchgrass by Lord Estor. However, that is all finished

and done with; I'd like to be friends." Tony extended his hand towards the rival apprentice, but the other clenched his fists with a scowl.

"I dare say you would, you insignificant worm," said Shorty loftily, "but I'm goin' to show you that you can't get up tellin' lies about honest people one minute, and then climb down the next, jest 'cause you look like gettin' a lickin'. Put up your dooks!"

Shorty regarded Tony's pacific attitude as a sign of cowardice, but in this supposition he made his second big mistake that afternoon. But although the Garston apprentice told the smaller lad to "put up his dooks," he had no intention of allowing him this advantage. Hardly had the words left his mouth than Shorty swung his right with tremendous force at the other's head.

Alert as a cat, Tony promptly ducked, at the same time upper-cutting with his own right to the bully's chin. There was a sharp crack as his knuckles met the other's jawbone, and simultaneously a loud gasp from Shorty, as he staggered back under the force of the blow.

Now, most of the apprentices, in various stages of undress, flocked round, and some of them fell upon the quarrelsome Garston lad and dragged him yet farther away from Tony.

"Lemme get at 'im!" howled Shorty, as he struggled violently. "I'll—I'll wipe the floor with him! I'll—"

"Oh, no you won't, Shorty," said one of the senior lads, "you're not going to kick up a shindy in here—you can do what you like off the course."

"But—but he struck me first!" spluttered Shorty; "all you chaps were witnesses to that."

The other lads grinned broadly. "Yes," said one of them, "I suppose you noticed, Shorty, that he didn't only hit the air as you did!"

Shorty fumed with rage and struggled to get at Tony, who stood by alertly in case of another onslaught, but the Garston lad was hurled back to his former seat on the locker, and curtly ordered by the other boys to get on with the changing of his clothes.

"All right, you worm," howled Shorty, shaking his fist at the Estor boy, "I'll get my chance an' then I'll slaughter you for this! Don't think you're going to get off scot-free."

"I'm willing to meet you in a fair fight when and where you like, Shorty," said Tony calmly. "This afternoon after the races, if it suits you!"

"Well said, Tony!"

"That's fair enough!"

But Shorty Dunn despite his hurts had little stomach for this arrangement, and beyond reiterating his former remark to the effect that he would "slaughter" Tony at his own good pleasure, he carried the matter no farther just then.

Promptly at five o'clock, Tony met his foster-father, the genial trainer, and bringing out Prince from the stables where the trotter had been quartered temporarily, the two were

soon bowling home together in the dog-cart.

After chatting about the races for a while, Barney suddenly turned to another topic.

"I've two items of news for you, Tony," he said, "one I guess you'll consider good, and the other I'm afraid will prove bad."

"Well, let's hear the good news first, governor," said Tony cheerfully.

"I'm going to buy a two-seater motor-car."

"My hat!" cried the boy, raising his eyebrows in surprise; "that's the very last thing I should have imagined you acquiring, governor! Why, aren't you satisfied with Prince and the dog-cart, and the saddle-gees?"

"I've always been an horseman an' a horseman I shall always remain in spirit," replied the trainer, "but I'm getting on in years now, sonny, an' I feel the weather in my joints more'n I did thirty years ago. So a little covered-in two-seater will come in mighty handy for gettin' about in when it's rainin'. O' course, you'll have to learn to drive it, too, Tony."

"Oh, good egg!" cried the boy enthusiastically.

Like his foster-parent, Tony loved a horse above all things, but he saw a jolly good prospect of fun in this new acquisition that Barney intend to make.

"And now for the rotten news, governor," he said.

"You'll be sorry to hear, Tony," said the trainer, with a note of sadness creeping into his tone, "that the Owner is going to sell two or three of the colts and fillies from the stable, includin' The Rocking Horse."

"What?" Tony regarded the trainer in blank dismay. "N-not The Rocking Horse, surely?"

"Come, don't take it to heart so, my lad," said Barney, laying his hand affectionately on the boy's arm. "I knew that the proposal to sell the dappled grey would be a bit o' a blow to you, knowing how fond you are o' the colt, but then, you see, the Owner is anxious to cut his expenses somewhat, and to do so he must weed out the horses, and get rid o' the duds."

"But The Rocking Horse isn't a dud, governor!"

"Perhaps not quite, sonny, but it ain't one of the promis'n' youngsters. I've tried the colt out on the straight, an' he hasn't got the speed to make a flat-racer; I've put him over the sticks, with Danny Wade up, an' he doesn't like the jumps."

"Good gracious! What makes you think he doesn't like taking the fences, governor?"

"My own eyes for one thing," said the trainer, "an' Danny's opinion for another."

"Well, all I can say," said Tony, "is that Danny can't get the best out of the colt. You ought to see him take the gates and hedges when I'm with Lady Dorothy."

"Oh, the grey's all right for a canter across country," murmured Barney, "but the only horses the Owner can afford to train at present are those likely to develop into winning mounts. Besides, I understand he's had quite a good offer for the colt"

"From whom?"

"Sir Digby Garston."

After that Tony relapsed into a thoughtful silence. But although he said nothing more at the time to Barney on the subject, a scheme was already formulating in his brain to prevent his favourite horse from falling into the hands of the rival New-market owner.

On the morning following his conversation with his foster-parent, Tony set out to accompany his master's daughter on her customary gallop, with the firm intention of enlisting Lady Dorothy in his cause. He knew that Lord Estor could never refuse any request preferred by the charming girl, and he was sure that if he could persuade her to plead the issue with her father, the dappled grey colt would be saved for the stable.

To his delight, he found that Dorothy, who had as great affection

Tony danced with joy, not so much on account of the handsome gift he had received from the generous old sportsman as from the news contained in the postscript of the brief letter.

Barney smiled at the boy's enthusiasm.

"So you've got your wish, Tony," he said. "Lady Dorothy and I both put in a word for you, an' as you're the only one round the stable who is keen on the colt an' can get anything out o' him, the Owner has agreed to let you treat him as if he were your own horse." And Barney smiled more broadly still as he added: "If you can turn him into a crack flat-racer or a steeplechaser, we'll have him entered for some o' the big events an' you shall ride him."

"Good!" cried Tony, grasping the hand of the genial trainer, "it's a bargain!"



Suddenly the rogue lashed out with his steel-shod hind hoofs, and only just in time Tony swerved Wavecrest to avoid a smashing blow.

for the homely looking Rocking Horse as Tony had himself, had already broached the subject to the Owner, and she promised to make another plea immediately on her return home.

At lunch-time when Barney returned from a visit to the Hall where he had been discussing the forthcoming sale with Lord Estor, he bore a note in his hand to deliver to Tony. The cream-laid envelope bore the Estor crest, and, with eager fingers, the boy tore open the flap of this, his first letter from headquarters. As he did so there fluttered out a crisp fifty-pound note.

In the bold handwriting of the Owner, the missive ran:

"Dear Tony,—Herewith a little present for the splendid race you rode yesterday.—Esron.

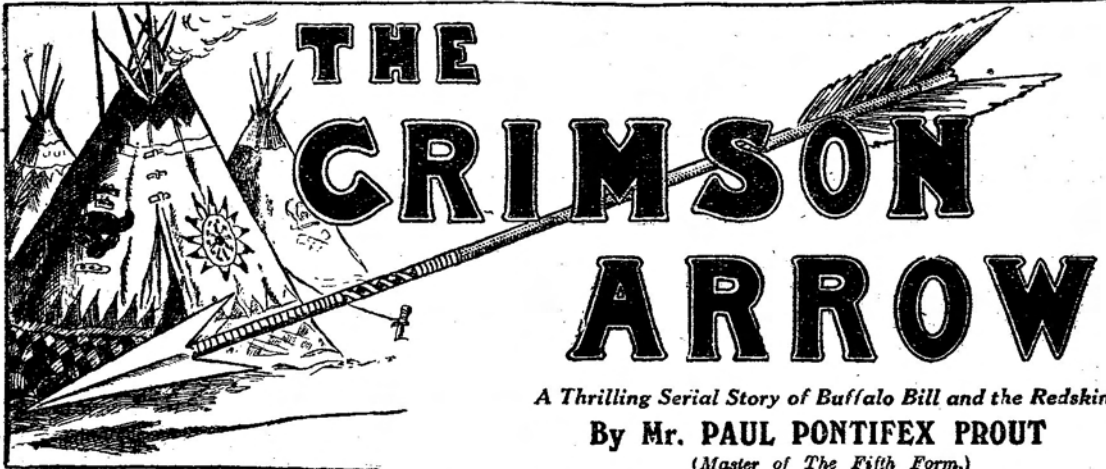
"P.S. I shall not sell The Rocking Horse."

"Hooray!"

That very afternoon, with Barney's permission, Tony took The Rocking Horse from the stables, and set off for Framham to visit his chum, Dick Selby, who was lying in the nursing-home with a broken collar-bone as a result of the exciting adventure two nights before in the grounds of Jerry Groat's house.

The stable-boy had another reason, too, for going down to Framham that afternoon—a reason he had taken good care not to mention to Barney, for the plan he had in mind was about as audacious as could well be imagined.

Another long, thrilling instalment of Major Cherry's magnificent tale of the Turf will appear in next Tuesday's "Greyfriars Herald." In it you will discover how Tony Draycott, the young Estor apprentice, stirs up a whole hive of trouble.



The New Chiefs!

THE boys felt as though they could roar with laughter, for the solemn Redskin chant reminded them of nothing else but a turn between a couple of knockabout comedians, for when the Soshone chief had led off the song, old Prairie Wolf joined in with his contribution.

But at last Great-Dog-Who-Barks-Loud, who sang the song, and Prairie Wolf, who put in the chorus, stopped for want of breath, and the Soshone chief, stepping forward to the bear, dipped his finger in the blood that cozed from his mouth, and made medicine, pointing to the north, south, east, and west.

Then, on Kit's forehead and face, and on Joe's forehead and face, he traced cabalistic marks, which neither of the boys understood, till old Prairie Wolf, his grim face beaming with pride, announced the honour which had been bestowed upon them.

"Kit," said he, "you heap big man now. Chief Great-Dog-Who-Barks Loud, him make you Soshone war chief. You sit now in Soshone Great Council. You chief!"

And he made the same announcement to Joe.

The boys no longer wanted to laugh, for they realised that Chief Great-Dog-Who-Barks-Loud, second chief and Prime Minister of the Soshone nation, had given them the highest honour of his gift. He had practically bestowed on them the order of Knighthood of the Soshones. Henceforth, in peace or war, no Soshone brave would turn arms against them. If they lived in the country of the Soshones, and adopted their tribe, they might, like the famous mulatto, Jem Beckwourth, who rose to be the chief of the Crow nation, aspire to the kingship of the tribe.

The boys, who had learned this bit of history from Buffalo Bill, were not slow to understand the meaning and significance of the honour that Great-Dog-Who-Barks-Loud had bestowed upon them.

They made the Soshone sign of peace and loyalty, in acceptance of this recognition, and they realised how delighted both Buffalo Bill and Buck Dixie would be when they heard of it, for they had already achieved the first distinction that gave them influence and position among the friendly Indians, and would prove of

endless advantage to them as Indian scouts.

The little ceremony finished, the two Redskins set to work to take the grizzly bear to pieces, to extract his claws, which they strung as necklaces for the boys, and to rob him of his thick overcoat of fur, which would make a bear robe for the boys' lodge, of which they might well be proud.

There were also bear hams and various tit-bits of grizzly bear to be obtained from the carcass, and, as the grizzly was in pretty fair condition, he would provide a fair amount of bear's grease, which, rendered down and clarified, is greatly esteemed by the trappers and Redskins as butter and the basis of all curing ointments and balsams.

There were riches in the bear, and the two experienced old ruffians set to work on him, and took him to pieces like a picture-puzzle.

The claws they strung together on buffalo sinew, and solemnly decorated the boys with the necklaces that they made—a necklace which is as highly esteemed among the savage braves as

the Victoria Cross in the British Army.

Then they cut a couple of long poles, which they lashed together, in the form of a stretcher, and, piling the bear's meat and skin on top of this, they shouldered it between them, and carried it through the forest, by the path they had cut and forced through the undergrowth.

The meat was slung on Maud the mule and the horse on which Great-Dog-Who-Barks-Loud was riding, for Moonlight and Joe's steed would have none of it, being scared by the scent of bear. Then they rode across the prairie till they picked up the trail of the waggon-train and of its Soshone escort.

They were not long in overhauling the train of waggons and its wild mob of outriders. It was rolling very slowly across the prairie towards Fort Madison and its escort of troopers and its teamsters were all nodding in the noon-day heat.

But they woke up suddenly, and grabbed their guns, when there went up from the mob of Soshones a terrific war-whoop which brought Buffalo Bill and Buck Dixie racing back along the column as fast as their horses would carry them.

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. During a hunt in the backwoods, Kit and Joe kill a grizzly bear. Old Prairie Wolf and a brother chief, Great-Dog-Who-Barks-Loud, are so filled with admiration that they commence a chant of praise.

The Mysterious Stranger!

"**W**HAT'S up!" cried Buffalo Bill, as he came tearing along the long line of waggons, his horse, Buckskin, stretching out to full-speed, closely followed by Starlight.

The two horses came to a standstill, as they reached Kit and Joe, and Buffalo Bill gave an exclamation of surprise as he saw the tribal marks of the Soshone chief, printed on the foreheads of the boys, in the blood of the grizzly bear.

Then his eyes turned to Prairie Wolf, who sat astride of Maud the mule, heavy-laden with bear's meat and honey.

Prairie Wolf grinned amiably. It was plain that he was very proud of the boys' achievement of killing the grizzly.

And there was no doubt about the enthusiasm of the Soshone Indians, who were straggling along on a course parallel to that of the slowly moving convoy of waggons.

Braves and squaws raised shrill cries of welcome and admiration in

honour of these young warriors, who had been taken into their own nation. "Well done, boys!" said Buffalo Bill, his bronzed face lighting with approval. "So you have been hunting something larger than bees. How did it happen?"

The boys recited their encounter with the grizzly. But, greatly to the relief of Prairie Wolf and of Great-Dog-Who-Bark-Louds, they did not tell Buffalo Bill how these two great warriors had sought refuge from the bear up a tree. The Redskin, like most dignified people, is very sensitive to ridicule, and both the old chiefs nodded their approval, when Joe and Kit told their story without mentioning this detail.

"That's great!" said Buck Dixie, looking at the necklaces of claws that hung round their necks. "So they have made chiefs of you! You should be proud, boys, that is a honour that is very seldom handed out to a Paleface."

And when it was discovered by the teamsters and the troopers that all this fuss was caused by the boys having bagged their first grizzly, they raised a loud cheer that rang down the line of waggons, drowning the Soshone whoops.

There were many hunters among these rugged troopers of the Dandy Fifth. But there were few of them who could boast of bagging a grizzly bear, and it was generally decided that the boys were in luck, and would bring luck wherever they went.

And this supposition was fully confirmed, when three coyotes, scared by the oncoming convoy, raced across its course at full-speed.

To cross the path of two coyotes is bad luck. But when three run together, according to the plainmen's superstitions, it is a sign of great good fortune. And these men living, as they did, out on the oceanlike expanse of the prairies, were as full of superstitions as any sailors.

The boys soon found that riding with a bull-outfit was the slowest game on earth. But as they paced slowly along, they listened eagerly to Buffalo Bill's account of his experiences with the first waggon-teams or "bull-outfits," that used the great Utah or Salt Lake Trail in his youth.

Suddenly he stopped in his narrative. "Hallo," he cried, "who is this coming across the prairie?"

Buffalo Bill turned in his saddle. The convoy of waggons had reached the crest of one of the last long rises in the prairie before Fort Madison was sighted.

Looking back, they could see a small cloud of dust, which, as it drew nearer, resolved itself into a horse and rider.

The rider was coming along at a great pace, riding with absolute disregard of the horse.

"I'll bet a joint o' plug that you feller is a greaser!" said Uncle Baldy, who had joined the riders at the side of the convoy. "No white man rides that fashion!"

And sure enough, as the dust cleared, and the rider drew near, they saw that he was dressed in the true style of the Mexican dandy greaser or cowboy. He wore the wide-brimmed steple-crowned sombrero of thick felt surrounded by a heavy band of gold bullion. His tight trousers, which opened

out in the bell-bottom cut of the English costermonger, were adorned with silver dollars down the seams, just as the costermonger wears his pearlies. He wore a short Spanish jacket, and a gay red sash of silk trimmed with gold-bullion, and on his worked-leather riding-boots were huge Mexican spurs, which jingled merrily as he thrashed on his lathering horse.

He came to a stop close by the little group which was waiting for him, reining his horse in to its haunches with a sudden jerk on the heavy-bit.

"Gee whizz!" muttered Uncle Baldy under his breath, "but he's the regular greaser swell, silver-plated all over!"

This was quite true. The bridle, headstall and saddle were all inlaid with silver. Even the rifle which the Mexican carried over his shoulder was chased with patterns of the precious metal.

He swept off his great sombrero at

round the little group, and rested anywhere but in meeting the straight gaze of the scout.

"It is true, caballero!" he replied. "I have seen Apaches and Navajo bands to the south-west. My name is Diego Vasquez, and I am a son of Mexico. I have ridden far to offer my services as hunter and scout to the army at Fort Madison."

Buffalo Bill nodded.

He did not betray the slightest suspicion of the stranger or of his story.

"You have had a perilous journey," said he. "The Apaches are on the move, and one Paleface scalp is as good as another to them!"

The restless black eyes of Diego Vasquez met those of the scout, for a second only, and Buffalo Bill noticed that this man had the eyes of one of the wild cat tribe, which cannot meet the steady gaze of the man.

"It is true, caballero," said he, "but



At the sight of Buffalo Bill, the stranger swept off his great sombrero.

the sight of Buffalo Bill, who had ridden out ahead of the little group to receive him.

"Buenos dias, excellency!" said he, speaking in mingled Spanish and English. "I have the gratification of meeting with one of the convoys for Fort Madison?"

Buffalo Bill looked over the newcomer inquiringly.

The fellow was a Mexican sure enough, more Indian than European, for he had the strangely Mongol aspect, which has led to the belief that Mexico was once people from Asia.

"You are right, stranger!" replied Buffalo Bill. "This convoy is bound for Fort Madison. And may I ask where you come from, for, by your direction, you must have passed through some dangerous country. The Apaches are out!"

The Mexican nodded. His dull, glassy eyes were furtive. They ranged

I found the trails of their war-parties, there were no carreteras. Wherefore I hid by day and travelled by night."

Buffalo Bill understood "carreteras" or cart trails, were the scratches of the tent-poles as they trailed along the ground, from the ponies which dragged them. A war-party carries no baggage or lodges with it.

But he knew that this man was lying. His horse was fat and fresh, and not wayworn by long travel over the arid lands and prairies to the south-west. It was grass fed, not on the rough buffalo grass of the prairies, but on the fine pasture grass that is only found in the well-watered valleys of the foothills. And its hoofs and fore-legs showed that recently it had been travelling and scrambling amongst rocks.

Buffalo Bill took notice of these matters. There was one or two fancy plaits in the horse's mane and tail, just

a few hairs caught up and plaited together.

And the braiding of these was Apache work, done carefully as a labour of love, by the Redskin who had been entrusted with the grooming of the steed. And Buffalo Bill's keen eyes did not fail to notice that the ends of these braids had been dipped in the reddish dye that the Apache uses for his own scalp lock. The dye was fresh and new, and had been done in the last few days, sure proof that this so called Mexican had come direct from the stronghold of the enemy.

He motioned to the stranger to fall in with the rest of the convoy, and the Mexican rode by the side of the long train of waggons, looking over them curiously with his restless, questioning, black eyes, that were the eyes of a spy.

"Keep your eye on that fellow, boys," remarked Buffalo Bill, in a low voice. "From the cut of his clothes, and his horse, he is a Mexican; but there is something about him I don't like, and that is his face."

The boys fell behind, and rode past the Mexican carelessly. His eyes at once turned on Moonlight, and he regarded the boys curiously.

It was plain that the magnificent white horse had attracted his attention. Probably he had heard of the famous Spirit Horse of the plains from his Apache friends.

Uncle Baldy did not like the appearance of this soft spoken stranger any better than Buffalo Bill did.

"His face ain't his fortune!" he muttered to the boys. "An' I don't like the quarter from which he came. He must ha' ridden through th' Apache Army, an' a greaser who can do that an' keep his scalp an' all those gay dollars sewn over his clothes is as good as an Apache himself. It's my notion that you greaser is nothin' more nor less than a spy!"

But Uncle Baldy was wide enough not to betray his suspicions.

He kept hovering about the stranger as he rode by the side of the column, under the pretence of acting as assistant team-master, and keeping

the specified distance between the waggons, shouting to the sluggards "Space up here!" and "Get set!"

But all the time Uncle Baldy's command seemed to keep him much in the neighbourhood of Diego Vasquez, who rode along easily with his gay, dollar-spangled legs stretched out full-length in his shovel Spanish stirrups, rolling endless papelitos or cigarettes.

Presently, Deadwood Dick swung himself to his saddle, and came ambling alongside Uncle Baldy.

"I don't know him, Uncle. He don't belong to one of my bunches! He's not one o' the Harrison Gang, nor the Laramie Light Horse. Nor is he from the Never Never Country, nor from Hangman's Pine. He's a new hand amongst the Bad Men or he's never shown himself before. But there's one thing I can tell you. He's not a Mexican at all. He's a Chinese and a high-tone Chinese at that!"

Another stirring, long instalment of our great Redskin serial will appear in next Tuesday's "Greyfriars Herald."

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When answering advertisements will our readers kindly mention this paper.

BILLY BUNTER'S ROMANCE!

A humorous, complete story of Greyfriars, written by

S. Q. I. FIELD

I.

"YOUNG lady, aged 15, extremely beautiful; very fond of athletic pursuits, and possessing a healthy appetite, desires to make the acquaintance of a young gentleman of her own age, with a view to forming a friendship, and exchanging books, ideas, etc. Write Box 1001, office of this paper."

Skinner of the Remove declaimed this announcement from the Agency Column of the Friardale Gazette.

The junior common-room was crowded at the time, and there was a good deal of laughter when Skinner had finished quoting the extraordinary advertisement.

"There's a chance for you, Bob," said Harry Wharton, turning to Bob Cherry. "I know you'd like to add to your stock of lady friends."

"Rats!"

"And this particular young lady happens to be extremely beautiful," said Nugent.

"We've only got her word for that," said Johnny Bull. "If the truth were known, I expect she's got a face like a hatchet!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Wonder who inserted that announcement?" said Peter Todd thoughtfully.

"Why not write and see?" I suggested.

"No, thanks!" said Toddy. "I don't want to get mixed up in any love affairs!"

"But this isn't a love affair," protested Tom Brown. "The young lady merely desires your friendship."

"Then I'm afraid she'll be unlucky—so far as I'm concerned, at any rate."

"Same here!"

"And here!"

"I say, you fellows," said Billy Bunter, who was looking very interested, "do you think it at all likely that this young lady's well off?"

"I should say she was simply rolling in wealth!" said Wharton gravely.

"She's a millionaire's daughter, I should think," said Nugent.

Billy Bunter's little round eyes glistened behind his spectacles.

"I'm jolly well going to reply to that announcement," he said.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can understand what you fellows are cackling at!" said the fat junior. "It would be jolly nice to make the acquaintance of a beautiful young lady—especially as we seem to have several things in common. She says she's very fond of athletic pursuits. And so am I. I'm a magnificent athlete, and it's only personal jealousy that keeps me out of the Remove cricket eleven. You ought to see my form—"

"His fragile form!" murmured Hazeldene.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Hazel, I'd rather be a trifle plump than a skinny skeleton!"

"You—you—" spluttered Hazel.

dene. "If you call me skinny, I—I'll burst you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter turned his back on the indignant Hazel.

"This young lady goes on to say that she possesses a healthy appetite. Well, so do I."

"I beg to differ," said Bob Cherry. "Your appetite, Bunter, is most unhealthy!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Will you lend me that newspaper, Skinny?" asked Bunter.

"Certainly!"

"And a tuppenny stamp?"

"Apply at Friardale post-office, old chap."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Don't be a set of mean beasts!" said Bunter. "I'm sure one of you will give me a stamp."

"I will!" said Bolsover major cheerfully.

And the bully of the Remove trod violently on Billy Bunter's toes.

"Yaroooh! What did you want to do that for Bolsover, you beast?"

Bolsover looked pained.

"I call that black ingratitude!" he said. "You asked for a stamp, and I gave you one."

"I meant a tuppenny stamp—"

"Here you are," said Mark Linley obligingly. "And you want a sheet of notepaper, and an envelope, and a fountain-pen, I suppose?"

"Yes please!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Lancashire lad happened to have the various writing requisites with him and he handed them over to Bunter, who, with a muttered word of thanks, sat down at one of the desks, and proceeded to compile his letter.

We watched the fat junior with amusement and curiosity.

"I say, you fellows," said Bunter, after he had made about six false starts, "how shall I begin?"

"My own adored one," said Bob Cherry.

"My own sugary peach," suggested Johnny Bull.

"Most esteemed and ludicrous damsel," ventured Huree Singh.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Better not be too familiar to start off with," advised Skinner. "I should put 'Dear Madam' or 'Dear Advertiser.'"

Bunter decided at length upon "Dear Madam," and he spelt "madam" with two d's. Spelling is not one of Bunter's strong points.

"How shall I go on?" asked the fat junior.

"With reference to your advertisement, fathead!" said Nugent.

"Thanks!" said Bunter.

And when we glanced over his shoulder, a moment later, we saw that he had written:

"Dear Madam,—With reference to your advertisement, fathead—"

There was a roar of laughter.

"You'll get an action for libel

brought against you, you fat duffer, if you're not careful," I said.

"Oh, really, Squiff—"

"Cross out the 'fathead,' fathead!" said Dick Russell.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, Bunter," said Skinner, stepping forward, "don't take any notice of these idiots. Let a skilled letter-writer dictate what you shall put."

"Go ahead, then," said Bunter.

And Skinner proceeded to dictate the letter to the unknown beauty.

The finished result was as follows:

"Dear Maddam,—With reference to your advertisement in the Friardale Gazette, I beg to say that I shall be honored and delighted to make your acquaintance."

"Like yourself, I am very keen on athlettix, and also possess a helthy appytite. Apart from this, I am a very charming felo—and the most popular chap in the skool, in factt."

"I should very much like to no you, and if you will rite to the under-sined, care of the gate-porter, Greyfriars Skool, arranjng an appointment with me, I shall be pleased to tern up at whatever plaiice you speessify. I should also be glad to reseeve your fotygraph."

"I cannot give you my fool name just yet, for obvyus reeasons, so I simply askribe myself,—Yores, 'Romeo.'"

We simply yelled when we read that effusion.

"Why Romeo?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Wouldn't Falstaff be better?"

"Or Pudding-face?" suggested Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, you fellows! I consider this is a most fetching letter!"

"Very!" said Wharton. "The part I like best is the spelling!"

"What's wrong with the spelling?"

"Well, it's rather novel. Still that's no drawback. The young lady will think you're one of the new-spelling fanatics, and she'll probably admire you for it."

Billy Bunter sealed his letter, addressed it to Box 1001, Friardale Gazette office, and hurried away to catch the last post. Having dropped the important missive into the pillar-box in the Close, the fat junior rolled down to the porter's lodge and interviewed Gosling.

"I say, Gossy, if a letter arrives here addressed 'Romeo,' will you see that I get it?"

Gosling looked suspicious.

"Are you a-pulling of my leg, Master Bunter?" he demanded.

"Numno!" said Bunter hastily. "I'm quite serious. If you'll hand me the letter when it comes, I'll see that you're suitably rewarded."

"With a ha'penny, I suppose?" grunted Gosling. "I know what a mean young rip you are, Master Bunter."

"Look here, Gossy," said Bunter. "If you'll deliver that letter safe and sound into my hands, I'll give you the

used stamp on the envelope, to add to your collection."

Gosling snorted, and Billy Bunter, confident that he would get the letter all right when it came, rolled away, rubbing his plump hands together in great satisfaction.

II.

BILLY BUNTER didn't have to wait long for his reply. It arrived by the afternoon post next day, and the Owl of the Remove was hugely elated when he read it.

"What luck, Bunty?" inquired Peter Todd.

"I'm well away!" said Bunter. "Read this!"

And the fat junior handed over the letter for everybody to see.

We chuckled when we read the communication, for the spelling had been modelled on Bunter's own lines.

The letter ran thus:

"Dearest Romeo,—I was delighted to receive your sweet letter, to which I am replying by return of post.

"You strike me as being just the sort of boy I want to get on friendly terms with. If you will meet me at the cross-roads at severn this evening, we will walk into the villidge and have a reel good feed at the bunshop. At the same time we can diskuss all the things we have in kommon.

"You mite prove to be my sole-mate. Who knows?"

"Sorry I am unable to enklose my fotygraph, as the person who snapped me the other day was careless enuff to brake the plate.

"I will give you my fool name when we meet. Meanwhile, I remane,—Your devoted Juliet."

"Are you going to keep the appointment, Bunter?" asked Wharton, as soon as he had sufficiently recovered from his merriment to speak.

"Yes, rather! Trust me to be at the cross-roads at seven!" said Bunter.

"Skinner," I said, nudging the cad of the Remove, "this is a priceless jape of yours!"

Skinner stared.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"You know jolly well what I mean. Any ass can see that it was you who inserted that announcement in the Agony Column, and that this reply is yours too!"

Skinner shook his head vigorously.

"It's not my doing, Squiff," he said.

"Honest Injun!"

"You mean to say that the announcement and the reply are genuine?"

"So far as I know!"

"My hat!"

The letter was handed back to Billy Bunter, who tucked it into his pocket and rolled away, his fat face beaming like a full-moon.

Straight to the Remove dormitory Bunter went, and he proceeded to tog up in his Sunday best. Moreover, he actually gave himself a wash—not his usual cat's lick, but a jolly good scrubbing.

Bunter's toilet occupied him the best part of an hour: And when he came down into the Close, he was as

clean as a new pin, and as immaculate as Beau Brummel.

Even Lord Mauleverer, who prides himself on being the best-dressed fellow in the Remove, had to take a back seat when Bunter came strutting on the scene.

The fat junior's Etons were carefully brushed, and his patent leather boots shone so that he could see his face in them. A shining silk topper was perched on his head, and a big carnation adorned his buttonhole. He sported a pair of gloves, which rightly belonged to Temple of the Fourth; and he carried a silver-mounted cane, which bore a suspicious resemblance to Coker's.

"My only aunt!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "What a picture!"

"Bunter looks a lady's man from top to toe!" said Tom Brown.

"Absolutely!"

Conscious of the fact that he was the cynosure of all eyes, Billy Bunter swaggered down to the gates.

"Good luck, Bunty!" sang out Peter Todd.

"See that Juliet treats you to a jolly good feed!" shouted Bolsover major.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter waved a gloved-hand towards us, and vanished through the school gateway.

The fat junior's heart was beating fast with anticipation.

What would Juliet be like? Would she be dark or fair, plump or slender, cheerful or serious?

After a great deal of speculation on the subject, Bunter decided that the girl he was on the way to meet would be a slim, dark-haired, bewitching damsel. She had described herself as "extremely beautiful," and Bunter had no doubt that this description would be amply borne out.

But the fat junior didn't really care whether the young lady proved to be beautiful or ugly, so long as she was possessed of abundant wealth. The prospect of a free feed at the Friardale bunshop was even more alluring than the prospect of meeting the unknown charmer.

When he came within sight of the cross-roads, Billy Bunter peered eagerly ahead of him.

Yes, she was there! She was waiting for him!

Bunter emitted a whoop of delight, and quickened his pace.

He was too far off, as yet, to distinguish whether the waiting girl was plain or attractive. As he drew nearer, however, he discerned that his Juliet was anything but slim. And when he drew nearer still, he saw that her extreme beauty existed only in her imagination!

The girl seemed familiar to him, somehow. He had seen her before. Yes, he was sure of it. They had met many times in the past.

"Who—what—?" muttered Bunter.

And then, as he came within thirty yards of the waiting, beckoning figure, he realised, with a shudder, that it was the figure of his sister Bessie.

The "extremely beautiful"—young lady, who was desirous of making the acquaintance of a young gentleman of her own age, was none other than the notorious Bessie Bunter, of Cliff House!

"Oh, dear!" groaned Bunter. "What a sell! And it's too late to turn back now, too!"

Bessie Bunter was no less thunder-struck than her plump brother. She had been expecting to meet a handsome and an Adonis-like boy—moreover, a fellow with plenty of money to burn. And here, coming towards her, was the unprepossessing and far from beautiful Billy!

"You—you fraud!" exclaimed Bessie, when her brother was within earshot.

"Oh, really, Bessie! It's you who's the fraud! Fancy calling your extremely beautiful!"

"Fancy calling yourself a charming fellow!" retorted Bessie.

Billy Bunter halted, and brother and sister stood glaring at each other. Both had been sadly disillusioned.

"It was like your cheek to put an announcement in the local paper, Bessie!" growled Bunter.

"And it was like your cheek to answer it!" snapped Bessie. "I was hoping to meet a really nice boy—not an undesirable alien!"

"And I," said Bunter sadly, "was hoping to meet a nice girl—not a saucy mixx!"

Bessie frowned.

"Be careful with your language, Billy, or I'll prod you in the ribs with my parasol!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"I'm terribly disappointed," Bessie went on. "I did think I should have some luck with that advertisement. But never mind. Now you're here, you can take me into Friardale and stand me a feed."

"Oh, really, I—I'm stony!" faltered the unfortunate Bunter.

"Tell that to the Marines! I happen to know that Aunt Prue gave you ten shillings when she called at Greyfriars the other day."

"Ahem! I—I've spent it," stammered Bunter.

"Then you can spend it over again. Come on!"

And Billy Bunter was reluctantly compelled to escort his plump sister into the village.

Bessie thoroughly enjoyed her brief innings at the bunshop. But Billy didn't. His fat face wore a very doleful expression, and when the bill was presented to him he nearly fell through the floor. The amount exceeded ten shillings by a good deal.

Billy Bunter paid what he could; and the irate proprietor made him promise to pay the balance in weekly instalments.

The Owl of the Remove was quite limp by the time he got back to Greyfriars. And he declares that he will never again reply to any advertisement which appears in the Agony Column of the Friardale Gazette!

THE END.