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The Greyfriars Herald 1¹/₂



No. 41 (New Series)

FULL OF SCHOOL STORIES AND ARTICLES

Aug. 7, 1920.



JACK DRAKE TO THE RESCUE!

(An exciting incident in our splendid, long, complete school tale.)

Our Photographic Supplement

THE BOYS' PICTORIAL



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AN EASTERN TEMPLE.



This pagoda-shaped structure is one of the most curious of the many strange Hindu temples to be seen in India.—Taken by J. Jenkins, 6, Colville Street, Carlisle.

THE BAGHDAD FERRY!



A crowd of Arabs being transported across the River Tigris in a goepha, a circular-shaped craft made of reeds lined with bitumen. The goepha is one of the oldest types of boat known; it is referred to in the Old Testament.—Taken by W. Howard, 13, Vienna Road, Stockport.

A BAD CRASH!



This Bristol fighter crashed nose first during a flight over Belgium, both the pilot and the passenger being instantly killed.—Taken by R. Jackson, 80, Limekiln Lane, Liverpool.

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Editorial

By Harry Wharton.

A CHANGE FOR FRANKIE!

My Dear Chums,—Those of you who like short stories written by Greyfriars fellows will be pleased with the present series of rattling little yarns of the old school. Owing to pressure of space this week, I have to hold-over Frank Nugent's cartoons which usually appear at the foot of this page, but if you turn to page 19 you will find that Frankie has blossomed forth as an author.

In his yarn of the Owl, which is called "Flooded Out," you will find that our tame cartoonist has embodied plenty of that humour for which he is so well known. Frank himself is perfectly satisfied, for, as an author, he receives two extra sardines for his contribution.

TIPS FOR A BUDDING EDITOR.

A chum who signs himself Dick Kenney, but who does not give his address, has written to ask my advice about starting an amateur magazine which he intends to call "Greyfriars Items."

Well, Dick, my brave fellow, the first thing to do is to get a desk or table, a few reams of paper, a pen, ink, wastepaper-basket, blue pencil, a pair of shears, pastepot, and a burly ruffian like Bob Cherry to throw out tame poets and artists. Dump all these into your mater's best drawing-room, and then sit at the desk—or in the wastepaper-basket if you find it more comfortable—and wait until your chums shower their perpetrations on your devoted head.

Hack these about with the shears or blue pencil—the contributions, I mean, not your pals—until they are sufficiently mutilated, and then copy 'em out with the aid of a pen or a typewriter and a few sheets of carbon paper. Charge a bob a copy for the result of your labours, and send the proceeds, together with a free specimen copy of the "Greyfriars Items" to—

Your cheery pal,
HARRY.



DICK PENFOLD



HUBERT SINGH



BILLY BUNTER



TOM MERRY



JIMMY SILVER



ARTHUR A. DARCY

My Weekly Interview

By the Special Representative of "The Greyfriars Herald."

This week:

DICK RUSSELL.

WITH the Editor's advance of tuppence-a-penny jingling in my pocket, I streaked off to Study No. 3.

"Dick Russell here?" I asked, bursting into the apartment.

"No," said Ogilvy, who was reclining in the armchair. "He's gone to see the boxing tournament at Courtyard. And the silly duffer forgot to get a late pass from Wingate. He'll get it in the nick when he comes in."

"Save him right!" I growled, as I quitted the study.

Shortly afterwards I sallied forth to Courtyard.

Like Russell, I had no late pass. But I consoled myself with the reflection that if there was trouble to follow, I should have a partner in Dick Russell.

On reaching Courtyard I went straight to the public hall, where the boxing tournament was being held, and I spotted Russell in the back row.

"Hallo!" he ejaculated, as I sat down beside him. "What are you doing here?"

"I'm going to combine business with pleasure," I told him, "by watching the show, and at the same time interviewing you on behalf of 'The Greyfriars Herald'."

"Have you got a late pass?"

"Nay, brother."

"You'll get a licking for this."

"I don't care!" I said recklessly, for I knew that if it meant a licking, it would be a licking for two.

There were some fine boxing-bouts to be seen, and Dick Russell was keenly interested. You see, he's a bit of a boxer himself. He went up to Aldershot once, and won the public schools light-weight championship. And he was so fascinated by the present exhibition that I couldn't get a word out of him.

The affair wasn't over until half-past ten. We strolled back to Greyfriars together, and I confess I felt rather apprehensive as we drew near the school gates. I felt still more apprehensive a moment later, when Wingate of the Sixth bore down upon me.

"You young rascal!" he thundered,

gripping me by the collar. "Where's your late pass?"

"Ahem!" I—I think I must have mislaid it, Wingate!" I stammered.

"You can't have mislaid what you never had!" was the grim retort. "Follow me to my study!"

Dick Russell, who for some reason or other had escaped cross-examination, toddled happily off to bed. And I toddled happily—in Wingate's wake.

A painful scene followed. I lay face downwards across the table, whilst a cricket-stump descended a dozen times across my tight-fitting trousers.

Dick Russell was in the act of undressing as I entered the dormitory. He was chuckling.

"How many?" he gurgled.

"A round dozen," I replied, with a groan. "And it isn't fair. Why should you be let off? You hadn't a late pass."

"Oh, yes, I had—and Wingate knew it."

"What!" I almost shouted. "But—but Ogilvy said—"

"You see," explained Russell blandly. "I got one from Gwynne!"

With feelings too deep for words, I staggered towards my own bed.

THE END.

DRAKE TO THE RESCUE!

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.

Ship in Distress!

"L AND!"

"Hurrah!"

There was a rush of the Benbow fellows towards Jack Drake as he pointed.

Most of the fellows had enjoyed the run across the Atlantic, and agreed that the school at sea was a great improvement on St. Winifred's on shore. But the sight of land was very welcome after so many a long day on the waste of waters.

For some days past land had been sighted several times by Tuckey Toodles, but it had always turned out to be a cloud, or a dolphin, or a seagull. And now Tuckey gave a sniff of scorn as he blinked at the low blue bar on the golden west, towards which Drake of the Fourth was pointing.

"Rot!" said Tuckey sapiently.

"That's a cloud, Drake."

"It's Barbados, ass!" answered Drake.

"Barbados!" repeated Dick Rodney.

The name brought back many a recollection into the schoolboys' minds of old Elizabethan mariners, and of the buccaneers of the Spanish Main.

"How do you know it's Barbados?" asked Sawyer major.

"Because I heard Captain Topcastle say so," answered Drake, with a smile. "We're going to put in there, I think."

"And we'll get a run ashore," remarked Rodney. "That ought to mean a day off from lessons."

"Oh, good!" said Tuckey Toodles.

"If it means that, I hope it's really Barbados. I shall be jolly glad to get ashore and get a square meal. I've hardly tasted anything for three days."

Tuckey Toodles sighed deeply.

The Benbow had encountered a tropical "blow" as she approached the Antilles, and the sea was still running high. In rough weather Rupert de Vere Toodles was always afflicted with a return of the mal-de-mer, which interfered seriously with the chief pleasure of his existence. When he could not eat, Master Toodles wondered whether life really was worth living.

"I suppose there's tropical fruits there?" said Tuckey, with a greedy glistening in his eyes. "Yams, and bananas, and coconuts, and things."

"And cannibals!" said Sawyer major gravely.

Tuckey jumped.

"Cannibals!" he repeated.

"Certainly. Don't you know there's a big black population in Barbados?"

"But—but they ain't cannibals!"



Tuckey Toodles gave a howl of agonised alarm as he was tossed in the air in the grasp of the powerful negro.

said Toodles, in alarm. "It—it wouldn't be allowed under the British flag!"

"You wait till you get among them," answered Sawyer. "They wouldn't bother about us, but a fellow like you, nice and fat and juicy"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You rotter!" said Tuckey. "I know you're only pulling my leg. I'll ask Mr. Packer whether there are any cannibals—"

"Hallo, what's up?" exclaimed Drake suddenly.

The top of the Benbow was altered, and the blue line on the sea, which had been almost directly ahead, now lay on the starboard bow.

Captain Topcastle, on the quarter-deck, was staring to the south-west through his binoculars.

"Something up!" said Rodney.

The juniors glanced at the captain, and then in the direction in which his glasses were turned.

Nothing but the rolling sea met their gaze for some time.

But as the Benbow, under full sail, sped onward, they made out at last an object that rose and fell with the motion of the sea.

Tuckey Toodles blinked at it earnestly.

"Is that South America?" he asked.

"Fathead! It's a ship!"

"And in distress!" said Rodney.

"Looks like a giddy wreck," said Drake. "I suppose the skipper's heaving down on it to give 'em help."

The juniors watched eagerly.

The recent storm had not hurt the old Benbow, but it had evidently had more serious results to the vessel that rolled and pitched on the rough sea in the distance.

It was a dismasted brig that came more clearly into sight as the Benbow rushed onward.

It had been a three-master vessel, but all the masts were gone, and the bowsprit hung down like the broken wing of a bird, in a tangle of torn rigging. From the stump of the main-mast a signal of distress floated in the wind.

"She's had it pretty bad," remarked Rodney. "She won't get into port without help."

"It's a Yank!" said Daubeny of the Shell. "There's the Stars-and-Stripes."

The Benbow drew nearer and nearer to the American brig, and the juniors observed a boat drop into the sea from the dismasted vessel.

They watched it as it pulled towards the school ship.

A tall, lean man, with an unlighted

cheerful sticking in the corner of a very wide mouth, sat in the stern.

"Coming aboard to bargain for a tow into Barbados," said Sawyer major. "Judging by his chivvy, he will get it cheap."

The Benbow lay to at a short distance from the brig, and the Yankee skipper was helped aboard.

He glanced rather curiously over the Benbow fellows, who were all looking at him, spot on the deck, and then walked up to Captain Topcastle, who saluted him gravely.

"Say, cap'n, I guess I want your help," he remarked.

"You are welcome to it, sir," answered Captain Topcastle.

"Sure! I guess you're British?"

"Ay, ay."

"I reckoned so," answered the visitor. "I guess I am Cap'n Potiphar G. Potts, and my ship's the Mary Seleucia Sanders, brig, of Baltimore, just out of Barbados under cargo. I ain't asking you for a tow. I guess I can manage without that. If you can lend me a spar to rig up a jury-mast, I calculate I'll do."

"Captain Topcastle smiled slightly.

"I can do that quite easily, and you are welcome," he replied.

"Sure!" Captain Potts chewed his cheroot for a moment or two, eyeing his interlocutor with his sharp, twinkling grey eyes. "And how much do you reckon you're goin' to stick me for for that there jury-spar, cap'n?"

"Nothing."

"Eh?"

"You are welcome to our assistance, sir, without payment," said Captain Topcastle.

"I guess you're the real white article, sir," said the American trader admiringly. "I calculated you was British, from the cut of your jib—"

He broke off suddenly.

From the brig there came the sound of a sudden splash, and to the amazement of the Benbow fellows a black face appeared in the water—the face of a swimmer striking out for the Benbow!

In Peril of Death!

H E'LL be drowned!" Jack Drake uttered that startled exclamation.

All eyes were turned upon the black man, who was swimming desperately through the rough sea, tossed and buffeted by the water.

The waves were still running hard from the recent wind, and it seemed impossible for a swimmer to live in such a sea.

"The awful duffer!" muttered Rodney. "What on earth has he jumped overboard for?"

Captain Potts's interview with Captain Topcastle broke off on the instant. The American captain ran to the side and shouted to the seamen in his boat.

"Stop that scallywag! Pick him up! Knock him on the head if he gives trouble!"

The boat pulled out.

"Only a darned mutinous nigger, cap'n," said Potiphar G. Potts, turning back. "I guess he wants to desert, but I calculate he won't—not much!"

"I should not take a deserter on board my ship," answered Captain Topcastle coldly.

"I guess you wouldn't, cap'n, but them niggers is queer cattle," said the trader.

He watched his boat anxiously. It was evident that he was alarmed at the possibility of the deserter reaching the Benbow.

Jack Drake had secured a coil of rope, and stood ready to throw it to the swimmer if he came near enough.

The brig's boat was pulling to intercept him, and it looked as if the black man would be cut off.

"What the thump does that mean?" muttered Drake. "The man's risking his life in that sea. He wouldn't do that unless—"

"He's got a jolly good reason for getting out of the brig!" said Rodney. "I think Captain Topcastle ought to chip in."

"A skipper can't meddle with another skipper at sea," said Sawyer major. "Hallo! They've got him!"

The boat, lifted on a wave, swamped down upon the swimmer, and it seemed inevitable that he would be either run down or seized.

But before he was reached the black man disappeared under the water.

The boat floated where his woolly head had last been seen.

Drake compressed his lips.

"He's gone! Poor chap!"

"There he is again!" breathed Rodney. "He's dived under the boat!"

"Hurrah!"

The woolly head came up again, between the boat and the Benbow.

The negro was still swimming hard, though it could be seen that his strength was going, and his eyes rolled wildly, showing the whites.

Potiphar G. Potts yelled to his boat. He had quite forgotten Captain Topcastle, and his business with him, in his excitement.

"After him, you silly skunks!" he howled. "Can't you see he's getting away? Run him down, you pesky mugwumps!"

The boat swept round, almost capsizing in the rough sea. A flood of water came over the gunwale, and the boat's crew were in difficulties for some minutes, during which the desperate swimmer drew nearer and nearer to the Benbow.

Captain Potts's hand slid into his hip-pocket. It came out with a revolver in it. He leaned over the rail, and brandished the weapon at the black face of the swimmer.

"Stop, you pesky nigger! Git aboard that boat, or, by hokey, I'll send you to the bottom! Spry, now!"

A grip of iron was laid on the American trader's shoulder, and he was spun round, to face Captain Topcastle.

"Put up that weapon!"

Captain Topcastle's tone was quite calm, but it was grim.

"I guess, cap'n—"

"Put that weapon away. Do you hear?"

Potiphar G. Potts muttered a curse, and slid the revolver back into his hip-pocket.

"I guess you ain't letting one of my hands desert to your ship, sure!" he exclaimed furiously.

Captain Topcastle did not answer that.

His eyes were fixed anxiously upon the swimmer.

The hapless black man was safe from the boat now, but the long swim in the tumbling sea had exhausted him, strong as he evidently was.

He was only a few fathoms from the Benbow's quarter when his efforts ceased, and the water closed over his woolly head.

Splash!

Without stopping to think, Jack Drake tossed the coil of rope he held to Rodney, put his hands together, and dived into the sea.

"Stop that boy!" roared Captain Topcastle.

But it was too late.

Drake struck the water, and disappeared; but he came up in a second, swimming strongly.

He was only a few yards from the woolly head, which was sinking again, and he reached the negro in time.

His grasp closed on the thick wool of the black man, dragging him back from death.

"Bravo, Drake!" yelled Rodney.

"Hurrah!"

The Benbow fellows shouted and cheered as Drake swam strongly, supporting the exhausted negro.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Mr. Packer. "He will be drowned! Captain Topcastle—bless my soul—"

Mr. Packer wrung his hands.

But Jack Drake was swimming well, and he was keeping the head of the negro above the water.

The brig's boat was pulling for them, but it did not reach them.

Dick Rodney cast the rope, and Drake caught it, and with his burden he was pulled to the side of the Benbow.

"Hold on!" panted Drake, in the ear of the black man; and the latter held on to the rope.

"Pull!" shouted Rodney.

Twenty pairs of hands were on the rope on the deck of the Benbow. Three or four seamen grasped it, as well as the juniors.

In a couple of minutes more Jack Drake and the rescued black man were dragged on board.

The Free Coloured Gentleman!

JACK DRAKE staggered to his feet. He stood panting, in a pool of water, breathless, but little the worse for his plunge in the sea.

The black man sat on the deck, streaming with water, and gasping. He was clad only in a dirty cotton shirt and trousers, which clung to his wet skin. Captain Potts came striding towards him, with a furious face.

"You black hound—"

The skipper's heavy sea-boot was drawn back, evidently to kick the hapless black man; but Dick Rodney ran between, and shoved Potiphar G. Potts back.

"Let him alone, you brute!" the junior exclaimed indignantly.

"I guess—"

Five or six of the juniors gathered round the rescued man, and helped him to his feet, and stood round him to protect him. Potiphar G. Potts's peculiar methods of discipline were not

likely to be permitted on board the Benbow.

Mr. Potts turned savagely to Captain Topcastle.

"That nigger's a deserter from my brig!" he exclaimed. "I claim to have him chucked into my boat and taken back."

"We shall see."

"I guess you're not goin' to harbour a deserter?"

"Let the man speak," said Captain Topcastle coldly.

"The darned nigger will only tell you lies—"

"I am going to hear what he has to say before sending him back to your ship, Captain Potts. Let him get breath."

The black man was panting painfully; it was some minutes before he could speak. Potiphar G. Potts watched him savagely, evidently desirous of ordering him into the boat at the point of the revolver, if it had been possible. But Captain Topcastle was monarch of all he surveyed on the Benbow, and Mr. Potts had to give in.

"Now, my man, can you give an account of yourself?" asked the captain, when the black man had recovered a little.

"Yes, massa!" gasped the rescued man.

"Why have you swum from the ship you belong to?"

"I guess he'll only lie—"

"Let him speak!" snapped Captain Topcastle. And the trader grunted savagely and was silent.

"No belong to brig, mass' captain!" panted the negro. "Me free Barbados coloured gentleman."

"What?"

"No belong to brig—me shanghai'd at Barbados!" panted the negro. "Me free British subject! Me claim protection of British flag!"

"Oh!" said the captain grimly.

"Me well-known in Barbados," said the black man. "Ole Potts take me out of boat to work in ship, and kick me if I no work. No belong to ole Potts; free coloured gentleman of Barbados. Name Tin Tacks. Me ship's carpenter."

"Tin Tacks!" murmured Rodney. "Ye gods! What a name!"

"You 'peak to anybody in Barbados; they tell you Tin Tacks free coloured gentleman, sar!"

Captain Topcastle smiled.

The free coloured gentleman was evidently very much in earnest.

Captain Potts was gnawing his stubby lip with anger. He scowled as Captain Topcastle turned to him.

"Well, what have you to say to that?" asked the captain crisply.

The trader gave a snort.

"I guess it ain't a noo thing for a skipper to shanghai a nigger when he's short-handed," he answered sullenly.

"It mayn't be a new thing," said Captain Topcastle, "but it's a rotten thing, and an illegal thing, and the man is entitled to the protection of the British flag."

Tin Tacks grinned.

The captain's words were enough to show him that he was safe, and his black face was bright at once.

"I guess you ain't going to keep my nigger, sir!" roared Potiphar G. Potts, in great indignation.

"Then you guess wrong," answered Captain Topcastle coolly. "That man will remain on board my ship till we reach Barbados, where I shall land him."

"I guess—"

"Me tank you, sar," said Tin Tacks. "Me work on dis ship all time till come to Barbados. No work for ugly ole lantern-jaw, but work for British 'kipper."

"Are there any more shanghai'd hands on board yonder brig?" asked Captain Topcastle.

Tin Tacks shook his head.

"Me only one, mass' cap'n. Me swim when me see English ship. Me free coloured gentleman of Barbados."

"You shall remain on board," said Captain Topcastle.

"Tank you berry much, sar!"

"You ain't going to keep my nigger!" growled Potiphar G. Potts. "I tell you I'm short-handed. I've lost four niggers with fever, and—"

"You should look after your hands a little better, then," said Captain Topcastle. "You won't be allowed to kidnap British subjects for your brig. That is enough."

Potiphar G. Potts set his yellow, tobacco-stained teeth, with a deadly look at the free coloured gentleman.

But that gentleman only grinned.

He was safe now from the heavy boots and the gnarled knuckles of the Yankee trader, and Potiphar G. Potts's scowls had no terrors for him.

"Send the man forward, bosun, and let him be rigged out in some better clothes," said Captain Topcastle.

"Now, Mr. Potts—"

"I guess—"

"That matter's ended," interrupted Captain Topcastle. "If you want to talk to me about spars—"

And the two captains went aft together, Mr. Potts with a savage scowl on his face.

Angry as he was, however, he did not neglect to secure what he wanted from the English captain, and the spare mast was transferred to the brig; and when the Benbow was again put before the wind, Potiphar G. Potts and his men were left busy rigging the jury-mast.

The Benbow sped on towards Barbados, bearing the rescued coloured gentleman far away from his late tyrant.

An Offer of Service!

"MASSA JACK!"

Jack Drake looked up.

He was alone in No. 8 when Tin Tacks, the free coloured gentleman of the Barbados, looked in. Dick Rodney and Tuckey Toodles were gone to the canteen for supplies for tea.

Drake smiled and nodded to the black gentleman.

He rather liked the man's round, chubby face, black as the ace of spades, and full of honesty and good humour.

"Hallo! Trot in, old top!" said the junior. "How are you feeling after your swim?"

Tin Tacks grinned. He had a most

expansive grin, which showed a fine set of teeth, the whiteness of which contrasted in a startling way with the black of his complexion.

"Fust chop, sar!" he said. "Me tough ole carcass, Mass' Jack. Me come tank you for hab save my life."

"All serene, old son," answered Drake. "Jolly glad I was able to lend you a hand."

"Young massa feel all right now?"

"Right as rain!" said Drake, with a smile. "A ducking doesn't hurt me, you know."

"You save ole Tin Tacks life," said the black man. "Tin Tacks nebber forget dat—nebber. S'pose Tin Tacks lib to be hundred, he nebber forget young massa save him life. Tin Tacks do anyting for young massa. But for young massa, poor ole Tin Tacks go down to Davy Jones. Nebber forget dat."

"Don't worry about it," said Drake. "It isn't enough to make a song about, old fellow. I'm glad you're safe on board, and finished with ole Potts. I suppose you'll be glad to get to Barbados?"

"Massa Jack go to Barbados?"

"We touch there for a few days, I think."

"And after dat?"

"We go on to the mainland of South America."

Tin Tacks looked thoughtful.

"You like ole Tin Tacks?" he asked.

"Eh? Oh, certainly!"

"You tink ole Tin Tacks jolly decent ole feller?"

"Quite," answered Drake, testifying a strong desire to laugh. "One of the best, I'm sure."

"Ole Tin Tacks berry clever ole feller," said the black man seriously. "Me ship's carpenter by trade, sometimes work in port, and sometimes in English ship. Me hab work on plantation, and work in fishin'-boat. Me hab been servant to berry grand gentleman."

"Sort of Jack of all trades," said the junior, wondering what on earth the free coloured gentleman was driving at. Evidently Tin Tacks had some purpose in making these confidences, but Drake could not guess what it was.

"Ole Tin Tacks bush clothes, clean boot, cook and scrub, and anyting," pursued the black gentleman. "No care much about wages—only be t'ated like free gentleman."

"I—I see," said Drake, who did not quite see, however.

"Suppose you want fust-class servant, you hab ole Tin Tacks."

"Eh?"

"Me berry glad to serve young massa," said the Barbados. "Me hab serve berry grand gentleman. Me serve Mass' Jack on ship."

"Oh, my haf!" ejaculated the junior. "You're looking for a job—is that it?"

Tin Tacks shook his head proudly.

"No look for job—me find plenty work on shore," he answered. "Me fust-chop carpenter, get berth on ship easy. Me want serve Mass' Jack, if Mass' Jack hab ole Tin Tacks for servant."

Drake whistled.

"I'd be jolly glad, Tin Tacks," he said, "only—"

"You say 'Yes'?"
 "You see, it wouldn't be allowed," explained the junior. "The fellows aren't allowed to keep servants on the ship. I'd be very glad Tin Tacks, only it wouldn't be possible."
 The black man's face fell.
 "Besides, I couldn't pay you much wages out of my allowance," added the junior, with a smile.
 "Tin Tacks no want wages. You treat Tin Tacks like one gentleman. Dat all right."
 "I'm afraid—"
 Rodney and Tuckey Toodles came into the cabin at this point, the former with a steaming can of coffee, the latter with a bag of comestibles.
 "Hallo! Got a visitor?" asked Rodney, with a nod to the Barbadian gentleman.
 "Yes," answered Drake, smiling.
 "I say, let's have Tin Tacks to tea."
 "Good!"
 "Here, I say!" exclaimed Tuckey Toodles. "A blessed nigger—"
 "Shut up, you fat pig!" said Drake angrily. "Where are your manners, you apology for a German sausage?"
 "That's all very well—" began Toodles warmly. Toodles apparently had some racial and aristocratic prejudices which were not shared by his study-mates. "But I say—"
 "If you say another word I'll let you have some of this coffee down your neck, you porker!" said Rodney.
 "Will you stay to tea, Mr. Tin Tacks?"
 "Mass' Jack want ole Tin Tacks to 'tay?"
 "Certainly," answered Drake.
 "Me 'tay, den."
 Tuckey Toodles opened his mouth, but closed it again as Rodney made a threatening movement with the coffee-can. An extra stool was borrowed from the common-room, and Mr. Tin Tacks sat down to tea with the chums of No. 8.

No Chance for Toodles!
TIN TACKS proved to be quite an entertaining guest in No. 8 Study.
 In his peculiar dialect he told the juniors a great deal about his island home, and they learned much about Barbados from him. But Tin Tacks knew the world beyond the limits of the Antilles. He had been in Florida and Yucatan, and he had sailed on several voyages as ship's carpenter. But he drew chiefly on the great abilities he had displayed as servant to a very grand gentleman, evidently with a view to impressing upon Drake that this was a chance too good to be lost.
 Drake was amused, and a little distressed, by the keen desire of the black gentleman to remain with him.
 Gratitude was evidently a strong point with Tin Tacks, and it was ever present in his mind that his life had been saved by Drake, who had risked his own life in the sea for him. But, added to that, it was evident that he had taken a strong liking to the frank and good-humoured schoolboy. Drake liked him, too, and he would have been glad to allow Tin Tacks to remain; but he knew that it would be useless to ask Mr. Packe about that.
 Tin Tacks' offer of service to Drake was mentioned at the tea-table, and it

made Rodney smile. But Tuckey Toodles looked more serious over it.
 "Rot, of course," said Toodles.
 "You don't want a servant, Drake."
 "Quite so," assented Drake.
 "It's different with me," said Toodles.
 "Eh? You?"
 "Certainly," said Tuckey loftily. "I'm accustomed to plenty of servants at home, you see. I regard this life as roughing it. At home I've always got a butler and footmen at my beck and call."
 "I don't think!" murmured Rodney.
 "You're a poor bounder, Rodney, and you don't know what our mansion is like," said Toodles. "At home I never lift a finger for myself. My valet puts my boots on in the morning."
 "As well as his own?" asked Rodney.

to keep this nigger to wait on me, I can get permission."
 "My hat!"
 "I could send a wireless message home for a suit of the Toodles livery to be sent out to us by steamer, perhaps," said Tuckey thoughtfully.
 "As for wages—"
 "That would be rather a difficulty, wouldn't it, as you're so wealthy that you never have any money?" grinned Rodney.
 "The chap says he doesn't care about wages, though," said Toodles.
 "After all, it's an honour to him to serve a real gentleman, and he will get his rations on the ship. I think I'll try it on with Packe." Tuckey Toodles turned to the black gentleman, who was staring at him open-eyed.
 "Can you look after a gentleman's clothes, Tin Tacks?"
 "Bery good, sar."
 "And wait on him—"



Jack Drake stood panting, while the negro sat on the deck. Captain Potts came striding up, with a furious face.

"Of course."
 "How on earth does he get about with two pairs of boots on?"
 "You silly ass!" hooted Toodles.
 "I mean he puts my boots on me. He combs my hair—"
 "Well, you ought to have your hair combed, for telling such thumping whoppers!" remarked Drake. "If you don't draw it mild, we'll comb your hair for you, too."
 "You needn't be jealous of me, Drake, because I've got a wealthy home. You're not a poor rotter like Rodney. Yarooooh! Wharrer you chucking that biscuit at me for, Rodney, you beast?"
 "You'll have the coffee-pot next, if you don't ring off!" growled Rodney.
 Tuckey gave him a glare, and rubbed his fat nose, and resumed:
 "What I mean is this—I've been roughing it a long time, and I miss the servants at home. I think I ought

"Yes, sar."
 "Hand and foot?" asked Toodles.
 "Me tink so, sar."
 "Well, I'll give you a trial, if it can be worked," said Toodles. "I rather like the idea of having a faithful nigger."
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "I can't see what you fellows are cackling at. You hear me, Tin Tacks? If I can fix it with old Packe, you're going to be my faithful nigger."
 "Tin Tacks no nigger—free-coloured gentleman of Barbados!"
 "My nigger is going to be a nigger, and no rot about coloured gentleman. You'd better understand that at the start. You can consider yourself my servant, for the present, at least."
 "No serve little fat lubber!"
 "Wha-a-at?"
 "Tin Tacks only serve real gentleman," explained the black man.

"Serbe Mass' Jack, bery glad, but ne serve little fat pig!"

The expression on Tuckey Toodles' face was extraordinary, and it made his study-mates shriek with laughter.

"Why, you—you—you—" spluttered Toodles, crimson with wrath. "You—you cheeky nigger! Don't you know a gentleman when you see one?"

"Me know bery well. Mass' Drake gentleman," answered Tin Tacks. "Mass' Rodney gentleman."

"And what am I, then?" roared Toodles, in great wrath.

Tin Tacks grinned.

"You bery fat little porker, like roast for dinner in Barbados!" he answered.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you—you—" spluttered Tuckey.

"You asked for it, Tuckey!" chuckled Drake. "If you call a chap a nigger, I suppose he can call you a pig."

"But he is a nigger!" howled Toodles.

"Well, and you're a pig, if you come to that!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tuckey Toodles jumped up from the tea-table.

"Do you think I'm going to stand this cheek from a nigger?" he hooted.

"I'll kick him out of the room!"

"Sit down!"

"Order!"

"Yah!" retorted Toodles.

He came quickly round the table, and grasped Tin Tacks by the shoulders. The black man came off his stool with a crash. Drake and Rodney jumped to their feet.

"Toodles, you ass, stop it!" shouted Drake.

"I'm going to kick the nigger out —"

"I tell you — Oh, my hat!"

Tin Tacks was on his feet in a twinkling. His black face had lost its good humour, and his eyes were flashing with rage. He grasped Tuckey Toodles and swept him off his feet, in spite of his weight.

Tuckey gave a howl of agonised alarm as he was tossed in the air in the grasp of the powerful negro. The cabin spun round him, and his fat face went white.

"Grooogh! Help!"

"Tin Tacks!" yelled Drake, in alarm.

The negro was swinging Tuckey back, apparently with the intention of hurling him through the open doorway. Had he done so, the results would have been serious for Toodles — and for Tin Tacks, too, afterwards. Jack Drake jumped at him, and grasped him in time.

"Stop! Put him down!"

"Help!" gurgled Toodles.

"Do you hear me, Tin Tacks?" shouted Drake.

The black man hesitated one moment, and then he set Tuckey Toodles down on his feet, very white and shaken. Toodles stood gasping and stuttering.

"Me bery sorry, Mass' Jack!" murmured Tin Tacks. "No want make Mass' Jack jolly angry. Little fat pig call me nigger. Me free Barbadian coloured gentleman!"

"Grooogh!" gasped Toodles. "I—I—I'll — Grooogh!"

"You'll get out!" growled Drake; and he took Toodles by the ear, and led him from the study. "Keep out till you can behave yourself."

"That dashed nigger — Yar-oooooh!"

Drake's boot interrupted Toodles' remark, and the fat junior departed hastily. The door closed on him, and tea in No. 8 Study finished without the fascinating society of Tuckey Toodles.

Free from the disturbing influence of their fat study-mate, Jack Drake and Dick Rodney were able to benefit from the presence of their dusky guest to the extent of gaining much interesting information of that fascinating portion of the globe for which they were bound.

"Barbados berry nice placo," said the black man. "S'pose young massas go ashore, ole Tin Tacks act as guide, and show you tings."

"That's jolly good of you, Tin Tacks," said Drake. "I'm looking forward to a run ashore in Bridgetown, and it'll make things a whole heap more interesting, having someone who knows the merry old place to show us round. What do you say, Rodney?"

"You bet it will!" cried Rodney.

"Me stay 'longside Massa Jack all de time," averred Tin Tacks.

"But no bring little fat porker."

"Oh, you mustn't take any notice of him," said Drake. "He doesn't mean any harm. But I'm jolly sorry we shall have to say good-bye to you at Barbados."

"No say good-bye," said Tin Tacks. "Me no leave Massa Jack!"

And already a plan for staying with the boy who had saved his life was maturing in the black man's woolly head.

THE END.

How Tin Tacks puts his plan into execution will be shown in next Tuesday's rattling, long, complete story of the school hip.

RESULT OF TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION.—No. 35.

In this competition no competitor sent in a correct solution of the pictures. The First Prize of £2 10s. has therefore been awarded to:

ARTHUR WM. DIVER,
55, Rutland Road,
South Hackney, E.9.

whose solution contained one error.

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

Alice Motteram, c/o E. S., 43, St. Albans Road, Kingston-on-Thames; James Lynch, 8, Greenhough Street, Ancoats, Manchester; Bruce Taylor, 53, Taylor's Lane, Dundee; Fredk. J. Boreham, 5, Central Avenue, Southend-on-Sea; Winnie West, 55, Lawrence Road, South Ealing; Margaret Kirkham, 48, Kenilworth Road, Waltham.

CORRECT SOLUTION:

Dear Readers,—Numbers of you have written to me declaring that you have formed cricket teams composed entirely of readers of "The Greyfriars Herald." Good luck to the Heraldite Clubs! Like their favourite journal, various members have been scoring some tremendous hits lately!—Yours,

HARRY.

MY KRICKET KOLLUM

By
BILLY BUNTER

WHARTON refused to give me a plaice in the team this week.

"I have given you severall games this seezon," he said, "and what is the result? Why, you have maid a larning-stock of the Remove! You can't play kricket for toffy!"

"Ah rite!" I said savvidgely, turning on my heal. "Sinse you will not avale yourself of my servisees, I will offer them to the villidge team!"

I borroed Dick-Bussell's bike, and set owt in the direckshun of the villidge. I new that Friardale had a home match, and I had grate hopes of getting a plaice in the side. At the entrance to the grownd, I met the Friardale kaptin. He was looking very blew.

"What's rong?" I asked.

"We're a man short," he explained. "Wun of our feloes hasn't terned up."

"Then I shall be pleased to take his plaice!"

"But you don't look a kricketer."

"Appearanses are disseptive," I replied. "Give me a plaice in your team, and you'll never regret it!"

After sum hessitashun, the Friardale skipper said I mite play.

The match was with Wapshot Wanderers, and the Wanderers, winning the toss, elekted to batt 1st.

They put up a sorry show. The wickets fell with serprizing rappiditty, and the hole side was dismist for the meeger totle of 20. But the boling of the Wapshot Wanderers was so dedly that the villidgers were skittled owt wun after the other. I was the larst man in, and we wanted three runs to tye, and fore to win.

"Play up, Master Bunter!" eride the villidge erchins.

The 1st bawl came down with such force that I coudn't see it. Forchunatly, I missed the wicket-keepers leggs.

"Come on!" shouted the other batsman. "We can have a couple of buys!"

We crossed twice, and that left us with wun to get to tye, and too to win.

"Now, Master Bunter!" eride the villidge yewths, in korus.

I fooly intended to skore the winning hit. But, alas! in skoring back to snick the ball threw the ships.

I had the missfortune to nock my wicket down.

"Owt!"

And then the villidgers seemed to go mad. They made a combined rush at me, and I was swept off my feet, and karried away to the nearest duck-pond.

"In with him!" eride the kaptin.

What folloed was like a garstly nitemare. I alited in fore feat of slimy water, and as I crawled owt of the pond I was pelted with mudd. It was simply orful, and I shall sertingly shall never tern owt for the villidge team agane.

But perhaps I sha'n't get the change!

THE END.

THE CASE OF THE BALL-DRESS!

Our Great New Series dealing with the amazing adventures of

HERLOCK SHOLMES
DETECTIVE

Written by

PETER TODD

I.

"**W**HERE are we going, Sholmes?" I inquired, as my amazing friend, with a gentle application of his boot to my coat-tails, helped me out into Shaker Street, one afternoon.

"To Boodlesohn House!" replied Sholmes.

I was duly impressed.

Lord Boodlesohn was a great figure in London society, and his figure at the bank was even greater.

He had first come into prominence during the war. Repressing, with great difficulty, his ardent desire to join the fighting forces in Flanders, he had devoted himself to turning out munitions on a great scale, and had reluctantly seen his fortune increase by leaps and bounds. He dwelt now in one of the largest mansions in Park Lane, the family connection with Petticoat Lane being entirely severed.

His daughter, Lady Gloxiana Boodlesohn, was famous for her attractions, which ran into seven or eight figures.

"A robbery, Sholmes?" I inquired. Sholmes shook his head.

"Possibly," he answered, "I cannot say as yet. Lady Gloxiana's new jazz-dress is missing. Its value is immense, though its size, I understand, is not at all commensurate with its value. It appears that Lady Gloxiana is to attend a dance this evening at Fitzsoof Lodge. The dress was delivered this morning. When Lady Gloxiana went to her room to try it on, it had disappeared."

"And nothing else is missing?"
"Nothing, apparently," said Sholmes. "Lady Gloxiana's jewels, to the value of two-million pounds, were not touched."

"Then it can scarcely be a robbery, Sholmes. A thief would not leave two million pounds worth of jewels, and decamp with so very tiny a prize as a jazz-dress!"

"So it seems, my dear Jotson. Yet the dress has disappeared!"

We arrived at Boodlesohn House. A gilt-edged footman admitted us into a large hall studded with diamonds.

We were shown at once into Lady Gloxiana's boudoir.

Her ladyship was in a great state of agitation.

Evidently she took the loss of her latest costume very much to heart.

It was not, as she explained to Sholmes, the value of it that mattered, a thousand pounds more or less made no difference in that wealthy mansion.

But it was impossible to obtain another dress in time for the ball at Fitzsoof House.

Unless the missing article was found, Lady Gloxiana would be reduced to the painful necessity of wearing a dress she had worn before.

Needless to say, my amazing friend was touched by this picture of distress.

"Find the dress, and name your own reward, Mr. Sholmes!" said her ladyship. "I have heard how you solved the mystery of the disappearance of Lord Stoney de Broke's watch, after a visit to his uncle. I have every confidence in you."

Sholmes bowed.

"Let me be shown to the scene of the crime—I mean the place where the jazz-dress was last seen alive," he said.

"Immediately!"

Another gilt-edged footman conducted my amazing friend away, leaving me with her ladyship.

Sholmes, apparently, did not need my assistance in looking for a clue.

We waited.

He was not long absent.



"Lady Gloxiana," said Sholmes, "I have found the ball-dress!"

Lady Gloxiana looked up eagerly as he entered, with a smile upon his face. I knew that smile! Sholmes had succeeded! It was such a smile as he generally wore in moments of triumph, as on the unforgotten occasion when he had had the cash ready for the gentleman who called in Shaker Street for the instalments on the furniture.

"Mr. Sholmes! You have found a clue?"

"Better still, Lady Gloxiana. I have found the dress!"

Lady Gloxiana started so violently, that every jewel upon her superb person jingled. It was like a peal of bells.

"You have found it?"

"I have!"

"But—but the house has been searched—not a nook or recess has been left unransacked—"

"No doubt—"

"Yet you, in a few minutes, have found the missing jazz-dress?"

"Look!"

Sholmes slipped his hand into his waistcoat pocket, and drew forth the folded costume.

Her ladyship uttered a cry of joy.

"My dress!"

Her beauteous face was irradiated with smiles.

"Mr. Sholmes," she cried, "how can I ever thank you?"

Fortunately at that moment, Lord Boodlesohn came in, and when he learned of the astounding success of my amazing friend, he was so overcome, that he presented us with two of his best tenpenny cigars before he had time to recollect himself.

When we left the mansion in Park Lane, we left happiness behind us.

II.

"**I** FEEL unusually backed, my dear Jotson," Herlock Sholmes remarked, as we walked back to Shaker Street. "It is always a pleasure to relieve beauty in distress."

"True!" I remarked. "But how—"

"Your usual inquiry, Jotson," said Sholmes, with a smile. "My dear fellow, it was not difficult—for me! The theory of robbery I did not entertain for a moment—it was evident that the jazz-dress had been simply lost to sight, though to memory, dear."

"But the mansion was searched, from the gilt-edged roof to the diamond-studded hall!"

"No doubt, but it needed a Herlock Sholmes to look in the right place, my dear Jotson. The first thing I observed, on entering the room, was a thimble standing on the table, evidently left there by her ladyship's dressmaker."

"A thimble?"

"Exactly!"

"But what—"

"My dear fellow, I lifted the thimble, and looked under it," explained Sholmes. "That had not occurred to the Scotland Yard detective, who was first called in. It occurred to me. Under the thimble was the parcel containing the jazz-costume. The case was perfectly simple; the dressmaker, on leaving the apartment, had carelessly laid down the thimble, and inadvertently covered the jazz-costume with it. That is all!"

"But it needed Herlock Sholmes to discover it!" I exclaimed.

Sholmes smiled.

"True! And now, Jotson, we will change the lady's cheque without delay. She has been very generous, and it will run to fish and chips for dinner. A very satisfactory case indeed!"

THE END.

Next week's amusing case will be "The Disappearance of Lord Adolphus." Tell your chums about this ripping series!



The GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

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



Mr. Justice Wharton was in fine form at the Box-room Petty Sessions this week, and the proceedings were much enjoyed—except by the prisoners!

The "Cat" For Bolsover!

Percy Bolsover, the well-known pugilist, was the first prisoner. He gave his age as fifteen, and his weight as half a ton. He refused to give his address, but Mr. Robert Cherry, K.C., the prosecuting counsel, said that he resided in No. 10 Study, Remove Passage.

Magistrate: What is the charge against this formidable-looking rufian?

Mr. Cherry: He inflicted grievous bodily harm on Mr. Wun Lung, a gentleman of Chinese extraction.

Magistrate: You talk like a beastly dentist! (Laughter.)

Mr. Cherry: Prisoner savagely attacked Mr. Wun Lung on the—

Magistrate: Solar plexus?

Mr. Cherry: No, on the floor of the common-room, your worship! (Laughter.)

Magistrate: What was the extent of the damage?

Mr. Cherry: Mr. Wun Lung received three black eyes (laughter), and several rows of teeth were knocked out.

Magistrate: He must be a giddy centipede! (Renewed laughter.)

Mr. Cherry (indignantly): This is not a matter of frivolity, your worship! My client, in consequence of the injuries he has sustained, is compelled to go about in a bath-chair!

Magistrate: Is he in court?

Mr. Cherry: Yes, your worship.

Magistrate: Wheel him into the witness-box!

Mr. Wun Lung, whose Oriental face was buried by bandages, then gave evidence.

"Me playee gamee chessee with beastly bully Bolsover in common-room, your worship, and me lickee him hollow. He no likee being licked. 'You lickee me,' he said, 'and now I lickee you!' And then he givee me six blackee eyes—"

Magistrate: It was only three just now!

Mr. Cherry: Three have become black since, your worship! (Laughter.)

Magistrate (to witness): And how many rows of teeth did prisoner knock out?

Witness: He knockee out six sets, your worship.

Magistrate: Well, that's a fair knock-out! (Laughter.)

Witness: Beastly bully Bolsover nearly killee me. Me claimee compensation!

Magistrate: Better help yourself liberally from the poor-box.

Court Usher: Somebody appears to have helped themselves already, your worship. The box is empty! (Loud laughter.)

Mr. Harold Skinner, K.C., C.A.D., for the defence, said that the case for the prosecution was a tissue of falsehoods from beginning to end.

"How any fellow can possess six eyes, and umpteen sets of teeth, passes my comprehension!" exclaimed Skinner. "If the jury convict my pal, Bolsover, I can only say that they are a set of doddering silly asses!" (Laughter.)

His worship, summing up, said that there had certainly been a good deal of exaggeration on the part of the prosecution. At the same time, he was

satisfied that prisoner had been guilty of assault, and he would sentence him accordingly.

Foreman of the Jury: But supposing we find him Not Guilty, your worship?

Magistrate: I shall sentence him, all the same. (Loud laughter.)

The members of the jury were absent for a considerable time, and when they returned to the court, there were suspicious smears of jam and chocolate on their cheeks. They had evidently been considering their verdict in the tuck-shop.

Magistrate: Do you find prisoner guilty or not guilty?

Foreman of the Jury: Awfully, fearfully guilty, your worship!

Magistrate (to prisoner): You will be sentenced to six strokes of the cat!

The kitchen cat was accordingly produced by Mr. Skinner, and prisoner stroked it six times!

REPORTS IN BRIEF!

Claude Hoskins, a strolling musician, was charged with playing his violin in the precincts of the Remove passage.

Magistrate: Was he playing for money?

Mr. Cherry, K.C.: No, your worship, for love!

P.-c. Johnny Bull stated that he asked prisoner to move on, and Hoskins became violent and abusive.

Prisoner was acquitted, on condition that he played his violin for a solid hour outside the study owned by Loder of the Sixth.

A whimpering child named George Gatty was charged with being an absentee from fag service. He was promptly handed over to an escort of prefects.

Samuel Tuckless Bunter was charged with not having washed his neck for a fortnight. Six stalwart constables were detailed to duck him in the fountain.

Prisoner: Yow-ow-ow! I—I shall get wet!

"Serve you jolly well right!" was his worship's "dry" retort.

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CURLY HAIR "My bristles were made curly in a few days," writes K. Welch. "Curlit" curls straight hair. 1/5, 2/6.—SUMMERS (Dept. A.P.), 21, Upper Russell Street, Brighton.

CUT THIS OUT!

"Greyfriars Herald" PEN COUPON. Value 2d. Send this coupon with P.O. for only 5/- direct to the Fleet Pen Co., 118, Fleet St., London, E.C.4. In return you will receive (post free) a splendid British Made 14-ct. Gold Nibbed Fleet Fountain Pen, value 10/6. If you save 12 further coupons, each will count as 2d. off the price; so you may send 15 coupons, and only 3/-. Say whether you want a fine, medium, or broad nib. This great offer is made to introduce the famous Fleet Pen to GREYFRIARS HERALD readers. (Foreign postage extra.) Satisfaction guaranteed or cash returned. Self-Filling, or Safety Models, 2/- extra.



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When answering advertisements will our readers kindly mention this paper.

OUR TUCK HAMPER AND Silver Shilling Feature

Prizes for all Contributions printed on this page.

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

One Way There!

It was at King's Cross, and a man rushed through the barrier, on to the platform and dived into a first-class carriage just as the train pulled out of the station.

"I say," he shouted back to a porter, putting his head out of the window, "is this right for Finsbury Park?"

"Yes; change at Peterborough!" replied the official.—Sent in by M. Addison, 132, Cavendish Road, Clapham Park, London, S.W.12.

Cheese It!

Horace Coker (walking back to Cliff House with Phyllis Howell, on whom he has forced his company): Aw—I say, Phyl, what's the diff. between a Cliff House flapper and a mouse?

Phyllis Howell: I'm sure I don't know.

H. Coker: Well, y'see, one harms the cheese, and the other charms the he's. Awfully good, what?—Sent in by H. C. Pope, School of Music, O'Connell Street, North Adelaide, South Australia.

FOWL SPORT!



HAROLD: "How did you get on in the 'Egg and Spoon' race, old chap?"

ARTHUR: "Won easily, dear boy! The other fellows' eggs hatched out before they got home!"

The Whole Trouble!

It was washing day, and Johnny had been kept at home to look after the baby. Mother sent the two into the garden to play for awhile; but it was not long before loud cries disturbed her.

"Whatever is the matter with baby now, Johnny?" she called out.

"I dunno what to do wiv him, muvver," replied the boy, "he's dug a hole, and he wants to bring it into the house!"—Sent in by A. Horsnell, 30, Carlton Road, Leytonstone, E.11.

OUR TUCK-HAMPER PRIZE STORYETTE

A CHANGE OF TONE!

The small boy who had scratched his name on the paint of the stationary motor-car had been soundly cuffed by the owner of the vehicle for his pains. Attracted by the loud howling which resulted, a crowd soon gathered, through which the lad's father pushed his way.

"Oo struck my son?" he demanded furiously. "Show me the man!"

The motorist stood forward. He was six feet two inches in height and forty-nine inches round the chest.

"I did," he said. "Served 'im right, sir!" said the man, touching his cap. "An' I'll give the varmint another 'iding when I git 'im 'ome!"—Sent in by A. G. Slack, 165, Birkin Avenue, Nottingham, to whom a hamper crammed full of delicious tuck has been despatched.

Obviously!

"Now, Billy," said the Sunday-school teacher, "what was the result of the Flood?"

"Mud!" replied the bright youngster.—Sent in by L. Hill, St. Kilda, Queen's Road, Swansea, South Wales.

Her Idea!

Mistress: Surely, Mrs. Blogg, those people you used to work for are Germans?"

Charlady: They was, mum; but y'see they've been sterilised!—Sent in by A. M. Goller, 265, Mount Pleasant Road, Bruce Grove, Tottenham, N.17.

A S-age Wheeze!

First Tramp: 'Owver did you get anything from that stingy ole maid, Bill?

Second Do.: Oh, I asked 'er if 'er mother was in!—Sent in by Miss Ida Rushworth, 27, Cleveland Street, Middlesborough.

A "Howler!"

Mr. Prout: What is the wife of a Red Indian called, Bland?

Bland: A squaw, sir.

Mr. Prout: Quite right, my boy. Now, Coker, what is a Red Indian baby called?

Coker: A squawker, sir!—Sent in by Guy Sewell, 40, Eerington Street, Leicester.

ASS-KED FOR IT!



FUNNY FREDDIE (as Charlie goes in to bat, wearing a large straw hat): "Ha, ha! Who stole the donkey's dinner?"

CHARLIE: "Don't you worry, old chap; I'll give it to you when I come out!"

Ass-king For It!

A short time prior to the Great War, a small Belgium boy was walking along a road, driving an ass before him. On his way, he met a German officer, who stopped him, and admired the condition of the animal.

"That's a fine donkey, my boy," he said. "I suppose you call it 'Albert,' after your king?"

"No," replied the boy, "I think too much of my king to call it 'Albert.'"

"Oh," said the officer, "I hope you don't dare to call it 'William,' after my king?"

"No, indeed," said the youngster; "I think too much of my ass to call it that!"—Sent in by G. Pendleton, 14, Montreal Road, Ilford, Essex.

Sweet Compliments!

"I've just met your little boy and girl, Mr. Sand," said the gushing lady. "What charming little dears they are, to be sure!"

"Thank you, ma'am," said the grocer. Then, after a pause: "But I can't let you have more than your ration of sugar!"—Sent in by I. Mearns, 177, Clifton Road, Woodside, Aberdeen.



Our magnificent racing serial specially written by

MAJOR CHERRY

The Rocking Horse to the Rescue!
In high spirits, Tony trotted down the road leading through Lord Estor's estate, and out into open country, on his way to see his chum, Dick Selby, who was in the nursing-home at Framham.

In addition to his broken collar-bone, Dick had sustained a severe chill, but Tony himself, despite the fears of the doctor, had not suffered in the slightest from his drenching in the storm on that memorable night in the grounds of Jerry Groat's house. Neither had he been worried by the police, with reference to the information he had given them concerning Ginger Hales, the racecourse tout, although the search of the bookie's house had proved such a fiasco.

As he rounded a bend in the highway, the stable-lad saw a struggling, perspiring figure pushing up a slight rise, an old bike, with one tyre as flat as a pancake. It was Shorty Dunn, the apprentice from the Garston stable, and that unfortunate youth was muttering harsh words under his breath upon the unaccustomed steed of steel, and sincerely wishing he had trusted himself to a mount of good flesh and bones.

At the sight of Tony he stiffened suddenly and halted, and then, as The Rocking Horse bore down upon him, with a swift movement, he hurled his useless bike into a ditch by the side of the road. Next moment he sprang forward and clutched the horse's bridle.

"Let go, you idiot!" shouted Tony, as The Rocking Horse reared back.

"What the dickens are you up to?" "Get off o' that gee!" hissed Dunn savagely. "You said in the dressing-room yesterday you'd fight me when an' where I liked, so you can 'ave the scrap 'ere an' now!"

"Don't be a howling ass!" cried Tony irritably. "Name a place and time and I will meet you all right if you're so anxious for a jolly good licking, but I'm not going to set my horse adrift on an open road just now simply to hand you what you've been asking for."

Shorty gave a vicious tug on the colt's bridle, and the dappled grey threw back his head in alarm and backed towards the roadside ditch.

Like a flash, Tony leapt from his saddle, keeping a hand on the reins, and darted round to face the trouble-breeder. With a laugh of derision,

Shorty let go the bridle, and put his fists up.

But a startling thing happened; before the two boys could close The Rocking Horse himself intervened. With a snap his big white teeth fastened into the young bully's collar.

"Yow! Leggo, you brute!" howled the would-be pugilist, his courage entirely evaporating before this unexpected equestrian attack.

But the temper of the usually good-tempered Rocking Horse was thoroughly aroused, and he shook the boy violently backwards and forwards several times before hurling him flying into the ditch where reposed the crooked bicycle.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Tony. "It serves you jolly well right, old top! Now, if you like to walk down the road a little way, I'll tether the gee to a telegraph post, and give you a bit on my own account."

But Shorty Dunn showed no inclination to rise from his soft bed among the rank grass at the bottom of the ditch. Annoyance with his punctured bike has caused him to desire immediate vengeance on the Estor lad when he had appeared on the

scene, but now the bully preferred to recover from the unexpected shaking-up he had received at the hands—or, rather, the teeth—of the horse, before embarking on further pugilistic adventures. But Tony knew that sooner or later he was to have a tough fight on his hands, though he little dreamed of the curious circumstances in which the meeting would take place.

Seeing that the Garston apprentice had no intention of accepting his invitation, Tony leapt into his saddle, and touching his heels to the mottled flanks of The Rocking Horse, he proceeded on his way to Framham.

In a stable attached to the nursing home, in which Dick was a patient, Tony put up the colt, and then he went in to see his chum. He was received by Dick, whom he found looking fairly fit and hopeful, with a volley of congratulations on his success in the Apprentices' Handicap.

To his chum, Tony poured out the story of the search for the tout in Jerry Groat's house, and of the wily manner in which the bookie had placed himself on the right side of the law.

"It was hard luck," commented Dick, "and as it turned out we should have done better not to have gone to the police at all. Still, we found out lots of useful information, and it's now as clear as daylight that Great's gang was mixed up in the Sunfire doping affair, although we don't yet know the names of the ring-leaders, and that the bookie himself penned that cipher letter we took from the tout, Ginger, in the wood. But what's the next move to be?"

"The next move," said Tony deliberately, "is back to The Poplars. I'm going there as soon as I've left you."

"W-what!" Dick gasped. "You're g-going back to Jerry Groat's place again?"

"You bet I am," said Tony. "I'm going to get the boss of this cheery old institution to let me leave the gee in the stables here for a while, and then I'm going to call on Jerry. D'you remember on the first day of the Newmarket races, he taunted me about the chances of Wavecrest in the Apprentices' Handicap and offered me fifty-to-one against my winning the race, and that on the spur of the moment I took him on?"

"I remember that all right!"

READ THIS FIRST.

Lord Estor, a grand old British sportsman, is attending Epsom, with his daughter, the Hon. Dorothy Cavanagh, a charming girl of sixteen. The bad luck which has dogged the Estors 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 track a suspect to the house of Jerry Grant a notorious book-maker, where they learn that Ginger Hales, a racecourse tout, is being held 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. Tony wins the Apprentices' Handicap, but incurs the enmity of Shorty Dunn, a stable-boy, in the employ of Sir Digby Garston. Next day he rides to Framham to visit Dick.

"Well, I'm going to call for my winnings."

Dick looked at Tony as though suspecting the younger lad had suddenly taken leave of his senses.

"You crazy chump!" he hooted. "You'll be thrown out on your neck!"

"I know that," said Tony, "if Jerry's there. But I'm going to make some inquiries first, and if he isn't at home I'm going to ask to be allowed to wait for him. Then, if the servant shows me into that 'Turf Commission' office on the ground floor, I'm going to have a jolly good hunt for the key-book to that cipher we've got."

"And what about when Jerry comes in and wants to know what you're up to?" demanded Dick.

"Well, that little bet will furnish sufficient excuse. Jolly good wheeze, isn't it?"

"Yes, jolly good," agreed Dick, "if you're looking for a broken collar-bone as well!"

"Nevertheless, I'm going to try the plan," said Tony. "So long, old chap—see you again soon!"

Dick solemnly shook hands with the temerous youngster.

"You bet I will," he said—"when you're brought in here to-night on a stretcher!"

And Tony set off on his search for the key-book to the mysterious cipher.

Trapped!

TONY experienced no difficulty in inducing the authorities of the Framcham nursing-home to permit him to leave his mount, The Rocking Horse, in the stables for an hour or two. His next act was to telephone to his foster-parent, Barney Bulfin, to inform the trainer that he would be rather later than he had expected in getting back home.

These matters having been satisfactorily settled, he set out on foot for The Poplars, the residence of Jerry Groat, the notorious bookmaker.

Well was Tony aware that no little peril was attached to the enterprise he had saddled upon himself, for the bookie had made it plain that night when the police had paid a visit to the house that he would not rest until he had wreaked full vengeance for the lad's interference with his plans.

Reaching his destination, and feeling that there was no immediate cause to fear trouble of any kind, Tony entered the wide gravel drive that led up to the front entrance to the old mansion, and knocked at the massive door of the place with boldness. He remained widely alert, however, prepared to take to his heels should his temerous plan for any reason go awry, or should sudden danger threaten.

After waiting a couple of minutes beneath the porch, the door was opened in response to his knocking, and a manservant whom Tony had not seen before looked out.

"Is Mr. Groat at home, please?" asked the stable-boy.

The man looked Tony up and down several times with an appraising eye.

"I'll see," he growled. "What's your name and business?"

"Oh, just tell him that a gentleman who has transacted business on

the Turf with him has called to get his account settled up."

This somewhat ambiguous remark caused the servant to smile knowingly.

"H'm! Been puttin' a bit on the gees with Mr. Groat, have you, young fellow-me-lad?" he said, leering at the lad. "And lost a tidy bit o' brass, I'll be bound! I've no doubt the master'll be glad enough to see you, if you've come to settle up with him—that is, o' course, if he's in."

Leaving Tony standing outside the half-opened door, the man slouched down the hall and disappeared from sight.

If it so happened that Groat was at home, Tony determined to make some excuse, no matter how feeble, and take a swift departure, for he had no intention of putting his head absolutely into the lion's mouth.

In less than half a minute the servant returned.

"Sorry, me sporty young fellow—

so he was, although not quite the one he expected to make!

In a manner that was almost too polite, the manservant ushered Tony into the room, and saw him settled in an armchair, with a copy of the "Sporting Times," before taking his departure.

Without rising from his seat, the boy took careful stock of the room. His keen eyes roved swiftly round, while his sharp brain took careful note of every little place in which the key-book to the mysterious cipher might be reposing.

The walls of the office, which were built of fine oaken panels, were hung with some good old-fashioned sporting prints. The place was furnished with pegamoid chairs, a mahogany table, a desk, and a bookcase filled with racing guides, histories of the Turf, and other volumes relating to the Sport of Kings.

Tony also noticed that from the large bay-window of the room it was only a drop of a few feet to the lawn below, and, satisfied that he could make his escape by that way if necessary, he crossed the room lightly, and softly turned the key in the door.

Next moment he darted across to the desk, and rapidly ran his eyes over the papers, ledgers, and other contents. There were two drawers, each of which he pulled open and looked into, but there was nothing that gave promise of being the key-book he was so anxious to obtain a sight of.

Ignoring the bookcase, as being an unlikely place for the repository of anything secret, he next turned his attention to the small secretaire. Several small account-books, and "ready reckoners" lay scattered about, but a hasty examination showed that the covers of these contained nothing but what was indicated by their appearance. The only drawer in the secretaire was locked.

Disappointed by his lack of success, he was about to turn his attention elsewhere, when a small bunch of keys, half concealed among some papers, caught his gaze. With one of these he opened the drawer, and a small book, face downwards, was revealed.

It was a yellow-covered book, and, turning it over, Tony gave a start of interest, for scrawled in indelible pencil on the outside were the words: "A-Z Cipher and Decipher." With fingers trembling with excitement, he turned over a few pages, and the array of letters, figures and words made him convinced that this was indeed the key-book which would enable him to read the cipher he had in his possession.

A vision of elucidating the Sunfire doping mystery came to him, but it was only momentary, for next moment a heavy hand fell on the boy's shoulder, and he swung round, with a startled exclamation, to find himself looking down the muzzle of a deadly-looking automatic pistol, held by the bookmaker, Jerry Groat, who ordered him curtly to put his hands above his head.

The door had been locked, he had heard no movement behind him, and the occurrence was so astounding that Tony could only blink in amazement at the man who had trapped him. The yellow-covered key-book slipped from

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me-lad," he said, "but Mr. Groat ain't at home."

Tony feigned annoyance, though secretly he was very pleased to hear the news.

"When will he be back?" he asked. "My business is important."

"His valet says he ought to be back in less than half an hour."

"Ah!" murmured Tony. "In that case, perhaps you'd be so good as to let me come in and wait for him? I've come all the way from Newmarket, and I don't want to wander about the lanes until he returns."

"That's all right," said the servant, stepping to one side. "Come in, and make yourself at home. You can wait in Mr. Groat's office. You'll find plenty o' newspapers and sportin' journals to while away the time."

As he followed the man through the hall to the bookmaker's "Turf Commission" office, Tony could have hugged himself with delight at the success of his scheme for securing entry to Groat's office, for he felt he was on the verge of a discovery. And

his nerveless grasp, and rolled beneath the secretaire.

But the mystery of Groat's stealthy appearance was explained by the fact that there was an open space where one of the oaken panels had been previously in the wall. It was clear that, either because the old mansion had been fitted with this sliding panel, or for reasons of his own, the bookie had this additional means of entrance to the room.

"So," hissed Groat, leering at the boy, "you've flown straight into the spider's web, have you? This time you won't escape so easily, you young spy and thief!"

Tony flushed to the roots of his hair. He had taken a big risk, on the off-chance of successfully forwarding his investigations into the activities of the gang of which Groat was a prominent member, and he had failed hopelessly. Dick had been right; he was a fool for ever embarking on such a mad enterprise. He had been caught red-handed, and excuses were not likely to avail him in escaping any penalty that Groat cared to exact.

The bookmaker smiled gloatingly. "You ain't got nothin' to say now, have you, you sneakin' young rip?" he sneered. "Although you had a mighty lot to tell the cops the other night. Howsomever, the tables are turned. I've caught you stealin' from my office, and I'm goin' to hand you over to the police. Honest men have got to be protected by the law against young crooks o' your type."

Tony smiled, in spite of the desperate position in which he found himself.

"Well, maybe as you're such an honest man yourself, Mr. Groat," he said, "it will probably weigh on your conscience to remain in the debt of one of your clients. So you might just dibby up those fifty quids you owe me!"

"Fifty quids!" exclaimed the bookie. "What the blazes d'you mean?"

"Simply that you offered me fifty-to-one against my taking Wavecrest home first in the Apprentices' Handicap, and I took you on in quids! So fork out, and look pleasant!"

But the bookie neither showed any disposition to pay up nor look pleasant. Instead, his coarse features worked convulsively with rage, and his hand trembled so that it looked as though the automatic might go off at any moment. He spluttered as though choking for a few moments, and then he burst into a storm of execration.

Still venting his rage in a torrent of abuse, he moved across to the desk and took the receiver from the hook of the telephone, taking care to keep his pistol pointed in the direction of the boy. He ceased speaking to listen to the response from the exchange, and as he did so a sharp knock sounded on the locked door of the office.

With a muttered exclamation Jerry Groat hung up the receiver, crossed the room warily, and turned the key in the door.

"Oh, it's you, is it, Andy?" he said. "Come in and close the door. I've caught that young sneak, Tony Draycott!"

Andy Finch Takes a Hand!

ANDY FINCH, the bookie's right-hand man, whom Tony had seen on that occasion when the gang had been debating the fate of Ginger Hales, stepped into the room with a smile on his evil features. He had dropped in to see the bookmaker on business, and the cunning manservant had informed him of the visit of the Estor stable-boy.

"Good work, Jerry!" he said, rubbing his hands together. "A fine opportunity for payin' off old scores! How did you come to lay 'im by the 'eels?"

In a few sentences, most of which extolled his own cleverness in making the capture, the rascally bookmaker informed his henchman how Tony had been shown, by his orders, into the office, and how he—Groat—had watched, from the recess in the wall, the boy rummaging through the desk and secretaire.

"Ave you searched 'im, Jerry?" asked Andy Finch, when the other had concluded the account. "E's probably got some o' your belongings in 'is pockets."

"Oh, I know what he was after," said Groat. "It was that!"

He indicated the "A-Z Cipher and Decipher," which lay under the secretaire.

Finch's eyebrows went up in surprise.

"What the dickens did 'e want that for?" he demanded.

"I'd meant to ha' told you, Andy," said the bookie. "Some time ago this young rip and his sneaky pal, Selby, stole a code letter from Ginger. This evenin' the varmint made an excuse to get into this place, with the intention o' findin' the key to it. I watched 'im nosin' about, to make sure, an' then I spoiled his little game."

"So that's it—eh?" muttered Finch, glazing at the boy, who stood, with his arms folded, facing the two rogues. "And what, my I ask, are you a-goin' to do with 'im now you've caught 'im?"

"Hand him over to the police. I was just about to 'phone for a constable when you knocked."

Andy Finch gave a low whistle. "Ere, I say, you'd better be keeferful, boss!" he said, with a rather startled look. "I wouldn't give 'im in charge, if I were you!"

"Oh, why not?"

"I reckon we can deal with a kid like 'im without troublin' the force," said Finch. "Now, if you'll follow my advice—"

The ruffian dropped his voice to a low whisper, so that Tony could not catch the drift of his remarks at all. To the boy, however, it was clear that Andy Finch had so little love for the blue uniforms of the police that he was exhausting a considerable amount of argument in an endeavour to persuade the bookmaker to forgo his original purpose, and entertain some other plan for dealing with the situation.

At last Finch spoke aloud, in a final appeal.

"At any rate, Jerry," he said, "lock 'im in one o' the rooms upstairs for the time bein'. I'm sure if we

talk the matter over again we can hit on some better plan than draggin' in the cops. If, after that, you don't approve o' my suggestions, you can still 'ave 'im landed in quod."

"Oh, have it your way, then," growled Groat grudgingly, "though you'll have to think o' somethin' a good deal more safe than your usual blood-thirsty suggestions. We've got the chance now o' puttin' the young varmint out o' the way with safety, and I ain't goin' to do anythin' that'll put me in the dock instead o' 'im!"

Andy Finch granted impatiently.

"You suffer from an excess o' caution, Jerry," he said. "A nice sell it'd be if the rip was discharged, on the grounds o' insufficient evidence, wouldn't it? You can't say as he's actually stolen somethin' from you."

Jerry Groat winked his eye, and lowered his voice.

"O' course I could, Andy!" he muttered. "And you could bear me out that we found several pound-notes o' mine stowed in his pocket!"

Tony just managed to catch the remark, and his eyes flashed with rage.

"You despicable cad!" he cried. "So you would add perjury to your list of crimes!"

For reply Groat thrust the muzzle of his automatic pistol hard against Tony's ribs.

"Don't tempt me too far, you worm," he hissed, "or I'll let daylight into you in thirteen places!"

"Ere, don't be a fool, Jerry!" said Andy Finch apprehensively. "Let's get 'im upstairs, out o' the way. But first jest let me make sure 'e ain't lifted anythin' o' yours."

Finch rapidly ran his hands through the boy's pockets, Tony making no resistance to the search. The boy realised only too well that, with the odds against him, resistance was only likely to lead him into worse trouble. But he remained constantly alert for a favourable opportunity of making his escape, and his eyes roved longingly towards the open window which led out on to the lawn.

No opportunity of making a break for it occurred, however, for no sooner had Andy Finch concluded his search than Groat ordered the boy curtly to walk from the room. As a gentle reminder that he had better obey quietly, the bookie kept his automatic pistol pressed hard against the small of Tony's back.

With the stable-lad in front, and Andy Finch bringing up the rear, the little procession passed upstairs. On the first landing, happening to glance over his shoulder, Tony caught a momentary glimpse of the face of the manservant who had let him into the house, grinning from a doorway.

Arriving on the third floor, Groat indicated a door facing the stairway, and ordered the boy to open it and enter the room. No sooner had Tony obeyed than the bookmaker pulled the door to with a bang, and turned the lock on him.

The room in which Tony found himself was devoid of furniture of any kind. The walls and floor were bare, and it had the appearance of having been unused for any purpose for a considerable period. The boy waited until the retreating footsteps of the

two rogues had died away, and then, with a spark of hope in his heart, he opened the glass doors which afforded light and ventilation to the room, and stepped on to the small railed balcony outside.

At once he recognised the position of his prison. It was two storeys above the room in which the conference of the gang had been held, and below him was the wide-spreading elm-tree out of which Dick had been hurled on the night of the storm.

Each of the rooms on that side of the house were fitted with balconies, but from the one on which Tony was standing there were no means of reaching the branches of the elm-tree save by jumping. But the highest branch, which did not appear to be capable of supporting much, was at least ten feet below.

In the playing-fields of Tony's old school had been just such another elm-tree, known to the boys as the "Five Boughs." Immediately on promotion to the Remove Form, each junior was required to prove his courage by climbing to one of the topmost branches of the tree. From the end of this he had to drop to a lower one, and as this bent beneath his weight, so he let go of that and clutched the one beneath. By repeating this process, the descent of the tree was accomplished. The Five Boughs, however, Tony remembered, went out of business as a test of courage after one unfortunate junior had broken his neck.

The elm outside of Jerry Groat's house presented even greater difficulties than the old Five Boughs, and after carefully estimating the distance and the chance of retaining a hold on the nearest branch the stable-boy sought some other way out of his predicament.

But there was no rain-pipe within yards of where he stood, and as the balcony merely overlooked the extensive grounds of the old mansion, there was no one to whom he could appeal to render assistance.

But while Tony was kicking his heels in the room on the floor, and wondering what was going to happen to him, Jerry Groat and Andy Finch proceeded back to the "Turf Commission" office, and, aided by two of the former's choice cigars, sat down to think and talk matters out.

"Now, see here, Andy," said the bookie, "if you've got any sensible plan to suggest whereby we can fix that young pup Draycott, without resortin' to the police, trot it out. But understand, I ain't listening to any o' your usual blood-thirsty schemes."

Finch puffed contentedly at his cigar in silence for a few moments.

"I'm suggestin' nothin' blood-thirsty this time, Jerry," he said, at length—"only a li'l accident."

"Accident? What d'you mean?"

"Firstly, boss, I guess you'll admit that this Estor stable-brat is a pretty big thorn in our side? 'E an' his pard must ha' heerd a good deal the other night—enough anyway to make 'im a real danger to the gang."

"That's true enough, Andy!"

"Then it's up to us to make things safe for ourselves, and that's where the li'l accident comes in. If Master

Tony Draycott 'appened to fall out o' the window o' that room on the third floor, where we've got 'im safe under lock an' key, an' broke 'is neck, it would kinder set our minds at rest."

The words though spoken quietly and evenly caused Jerry Groat to sit up suddenly in his chair, with a startled look on his face. His cigar dropped from his fingers to the carpet, where it lay smouldering merrily unnoticed by either of the rogues.

"S-set our m-minds at rest!" spluttered the bookie. "Didn't I tell you I didn't want to hear any o' your blood-thirsty schemes?"

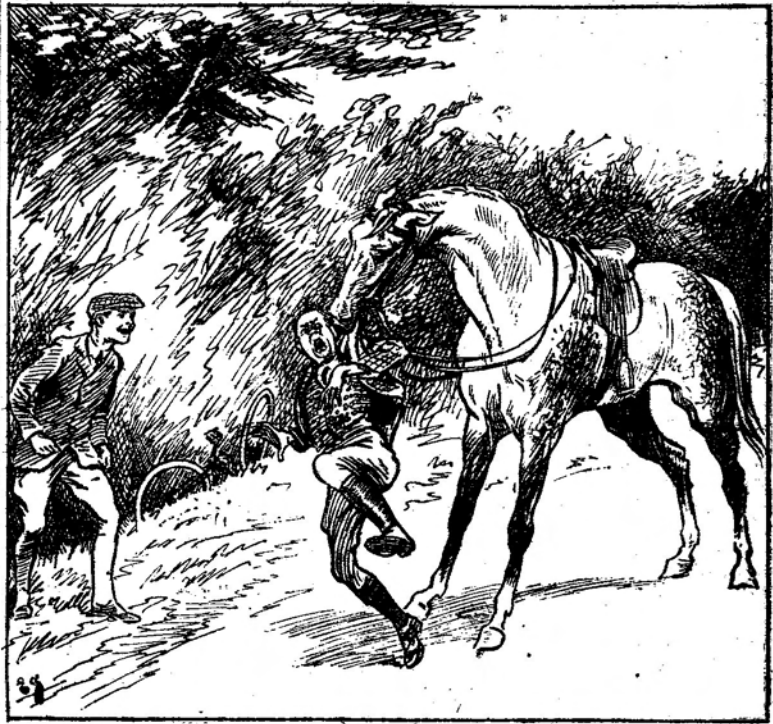
Andy Finch looked reproachfully at his chief.

"You surely don't call a li'l accident blood-thirsty, do you, Jerry?" he asked in a hurt voice. "Nothin' could be nicer nor simpler. You could keep 'im covered with the automatic, an'

twitched spasmodically. Jerry Groat had been concerned in quite a variety of crimes in his shady turf career, but he had never been an accomplice to murder, although there were two or three people on his black books, whom he would have cheerfully seen out of his way had his courage been as great as his rascality. He had always set his face against the blood-thirsty scheme of his henchman; but this fresh fiendish proposal appeared so safe of accomplishment that the idea gripped him in spite of himself.

And, after helping himself liberally several times from a glass decanter on a sideboard, and by this means imbibing a considerable amount of courage of the Dutch variety, Groat finally consented to be a party to the dastardly proposal.

With luck, the accomplishment of the scheme appeared to be simplicity



The Rocking Horse shook the bully violently before hurling him into the roadside ditch where reposed the crooked bicycle.

I'll toss 'im over the balcony almost afore 'e knows what's 'appenin'!"

"But that—that's murder?" said Groat hoarsely.

"Oh, come now, Jerry," protested Andy Finch, "those are 'ard words to use. You don't think as I'd commit a murder, do you? If, when I suddenly trip 'im up, 'e overbalances an' falls over the balcony, it would be a bad accident, I allow, but that'll be 'is fault."

"What's more simple, Jerry," he persisted, "than for you an' me to say the brat must ha' fallen out o' the tree. The police know that 'e an' 'is pal climbed the elm the other night, and that young Selby fell out o' it an' broke 'is collar-bone. What's more nat'ral than that Draycott should again use the tree as a spyin'-place?"

As Finch finished speaking, the bookmaker's usually ruddy face was of an ashen hue, and his muscles

itself. It was proposed that they should both enter the room in which Tony was a prisoner, and, with Groat covering the boy with his automatic, endeavour to manoeuvre the captive back to the balcony, engaging him in conversation the while. Then, watching a favourable opportunity, Finch could dart down, grasp the boy's legs, and a swift heave would settle the matter.

Together they went upstairs, and quietly proceeded to the room in which they had locked the stable-boy. Holding his pistol ready, Groat suddenly turned his key in the lock, thrust open the door, and stepped into the room, closely followed by Andy Finch.

Another long, exciting instalment of Major Cherry's ripping yarn will appear next week. Order your "Greyfriars Herald" in advance!



THE GRIMSON ARROW

A Thrilling Serial Story of Buffalo Bill and the Redskins

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Growing Suspicions!

UNCLE Baldy did not doubt Deadwood Dick's statement. Deadwood Dick was no Redskin fighter. But there was no man in the West who knew better than he the ramifications and personalities of the many desperados and cut-throats of the Far West, who ran with Redskin and Paleface alike, and who were infinitely more dangerous and pitiless than the worst of the doomed Red Race.

These were the Bad Men, the highwaymen of the Western trails, a queer mixture of outlaws swept together, and onward by the march of a civilisation they had disgraced.

There was little that Deadwood Dick did not know of these gangs of ruffians and their haunts. He had penetrated into their camps, and learned their secrets. He had taken his life in his hands a thousand times during his never ceasing warfare against these Bad Men of the West. No detective officer knew more of the secrets of his clients than Deadwood Dick knew of the thousand bad men who had sworn to have his life.

But Diego Vasquez, as he called himself, was not on Dick's list.

"How do you know he's a Chinese?" asked Uncle Baldy, as they watched the trim figure riding ahead of them closely shadowed by the two boys.

Deadwood Dick grinned.

"You want to know too much, Uncle Baldy!" said he "But I'll bet my scalp against yours that yonder greaser is more'n one of the Bad Men. He is IT! He is the worst man in the world!"

As the convoy rolled in at the gates of Fort Madison, both Kit and Joe kept a sharp eye on the mysterious stranger who had joined it.

There were no more signs or looks passing between him and the captive Apache chief, Big Tree. And, in the bustle of the convoy's arrival, the stranger did not escape a close shadowing.

Fort Madison was humming with activity, for the convoy bearing the women and the children from the settlements had got in, and these were settling down in the long lines of Sibley army tents, served out to them by the quartermasters of the Dandy Fifth.

Already these hardy frontier people

were making their homes anew. Indian raids and excursions were no new affairs to them, and, long ago, they had learned to work with the spade in one hand and the rifle in the other, as the saying goes.

The friendly Soshones defiled outside the fort, and camped by the sweet water springs, erecting their skin teepees, with their seventeen poles, in a style that would have done credit to a European army.

It was the squaws who did this work, whilst their lordly masters, grouped together, smoked their pipe of peace and laziness.

Everywhere was bustle, and seeming confusion. Frontiersmen were cleaning up their arms, ready to place themselves under the order of the commandant, their few rough household goods and chattels were being carried to store. Hunters were getting ready to go out against the great buffalo herd on the morrow, to secure meat against the coming war. Engineers and convoy riders were strengthening the fortifications and

constructing new earthworks against a big Indian attack. Not that this was greatly to be feared, for the Redskin, above all things, hated a frontal attack on a fortified position. Yet there was no knowing what the powerful combination of the Apache and Navajo forces might bring forth.

The boys secured their horses in the horse-lines, following Diego Vasquez, who secured his Mexican plug with a long rawhide lariat to the pickets of the store tent.

Then he turned, and smiling politely, asked a group of troopers for the direction of headquarters.

The log buildings where Major Lincoln and his staff had their orderly-room, were pointed out to him, and off he swung, his Mexican spurs jingling gaily.

And Uncle Baldy, watching the stranger as he went, was less satisfied with him than ever. The rolling gait of the born Mexican greaser was assumed and exaggerated.

Deadwood Dick was looking after the stranger, with a doubtful expression in his eyes, as he strode off to headquarters, followed by Kit and Joe.

"What makes you say that he's a Chinese?" asked Uncle Baldy.

"Why," replied Deadwood Dick slowly, "he's trying hard to look as near a greaser as he can. But he's a man who some time or other has let his finger-nails grow long, and has worn them in sheaths like the high-tone Chinese. You can tell that by the way he holds his fingers. He holds them like a man who is taking care o' his nails all the time. And the build of his legs and his seat are not those of a man born to the saddle. But let us get up to headquarters, and see what they make of him there!"

The ways of this frontier force were easy. At the head of a board table, in the orderly-room, sat Major Lincoln, the commandant of Fort Madison.

Behind him stood half a dozen orderlies, who came and went with messages, and about the room lounged the troopers of the Dandy Fifth, smoking and chatting whilst they waited the major's pleasure.

The Mexican presented himself coolly, and, greatly to Uncle Baldy's disappointment, gave a very good account of himself, in reply to a few searching questions.

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 Bellevue, 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. A stranger in the garb of a Mexican, joins the convoy, and Deadwood Dick, the detective of the plains, avers, "He's not a Mexican at all. He's a Chinese, and a high-tone Chinese at that."

He produced letters from the Mexican authorities, letters which warned the United States commander of the very uprising that was taking place, and giving accurate information of the number of Redskins that were already on the move. The letters further commended the messenger for employment as a hunter and a scout, if by chance he should get through with his scalp intact to Fort Madison.

There was an amiable and an easy smile on the evil face of Diego Vasquez, as he faced the commandant and his officers. He was granted the job he asked for at forty dollars a month, and his rations, and was detailed to a tent of his own, and warned to be ready for the buffalo hunt on the morrow.

Then he bowed politely and withdrew, making a queer gesture with his hands, which he checked half-way.

Uncle Baldy was disappointed. He had shouldered his way into the orderly-room, followed by Deadwood Dick.

"His papers are all in order, Dick!" he whispered. "Are you goin' to say anythin' to the commandant?"

But Deadwood Dick shook his head. "There's nothing against him," he answered in a low tone. "His papers are all right, and with a Bad Man running loose, it's easier to learn somethin' of him, than if he's safe locked-up in the jail. I'm for sayin' nothin'."

Buffalo Bill and Buck Dixie were of the same opinion. They had watched the steed of the stranger, which had daintily nosed at a good feed of prairie hay dusted with powdered algarroba bean, a meal that a horse straight from a long ride across the Mexican trails would have devoured greedily.

But the horse of the stranger was well-fed, and showed no more trace of fatigue than his master.

"He's a spy," said Buffalo Bill; "of that I have no doubt, but he has little to learn here that is not known already to the Apaches through the Navojoes. He is better loose than tied up!"

The stranger had swung off easily to his tent, which was situated a dozen paces from the lodge in which the boys, with Uncle Baldy and Prairie Wolf, were established. And they noticed that it was not long before he had shaken down, and was playing cards with a crowd of the wild cowboys, who had flocked to the fort at the first news of the rising.

Chief Big Tree had been taken away and imprisoned in the lock-up of the fort, a powerfully built log-hut, closed by a huge, iron-studded door, before which stood an armed sentry.

On the morrow, Big Tree would be tried by a drum-head court-martial for his many crimes, and would be shot. The scalps of Paleface children, which had been found on him, were quite enough evidence for ridding the earth of this pitiless scoundrel.

Everybody in the fort agreed that Chief Big Tree's number was up. He was deeply implicated in the Apache rising, about which information collected through many agents was beginning to come into the fort.

Major Lincoln and his staff had their own system of Intelligence, which was probably better than that of the

Redskins, and all sorts of strange people, Redskin and Paleface, were hourly arriving in the fort.

And all the news that was brought by these fully confirmed the commandant of Fort Madison, that he was up against the biggest Indian war in the history of the Far West.

Perhaps Big Tree would have been brought up for his trial at once, had not the major and his staff been so busy.

They were seated in the orderly-room with Buck Dixie and Buffalo Bill, unravelling all sorts of clues and evidence, from the strangest imaginable objects which had been brought in by the scouts.

Upon the table before them was spread a large scale map of the prairies, measuring twelve feet by twelve, which was probably the first ordnance survey of this uncharted country. It was a tremendous work, and it had been made by Buffalo Bill and Buck Dixie, being the work of three years intense hard labour.

This map, or chart, was divided up into sections, and crossed in all directions by faint pencil marks, which represented the latest trails of the Redskin war-parties.

And the evidence of the scouts was wonderful, and more wonderful still was the way in which it was pieced together by the grave faced men who surrounded the table.

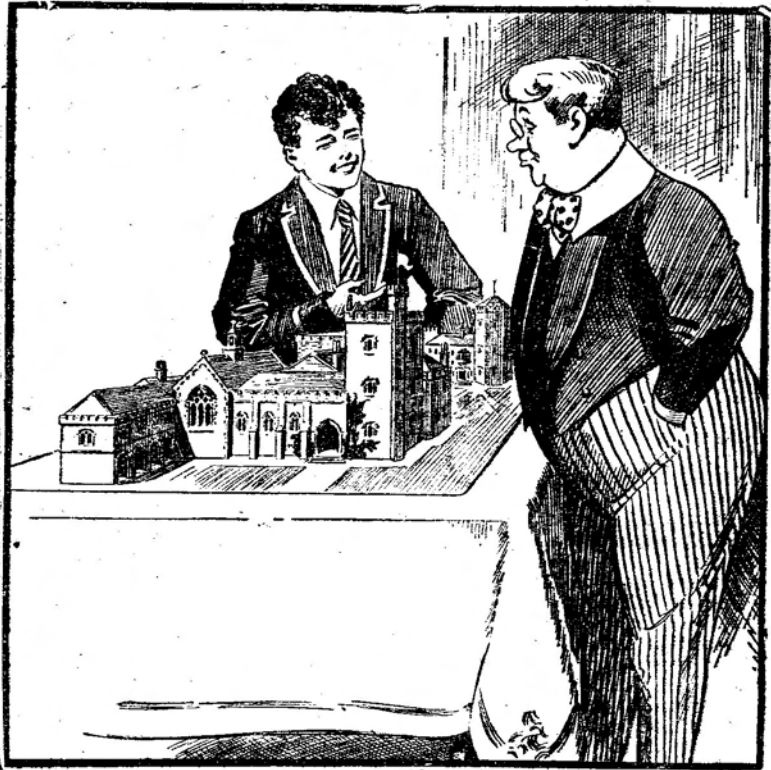
A trail that was twenty-four hours old told its tale. The numbers of the party were counted, and its probable position was marked down on a map. An arrow dropped from some careless warrior's quiver, the hair from a horse's tail found in a half-finished nest, a bead picked up in the dust, all told their tale.

Buck Dixie and Buffalo Bill translated these signs as though they were words from a printed book, and as the lines were pencilled in on the map, they all drew together towards one common centre, the ragged foothills of the sierras, eighty-seven miles away.

A MAGNIFICENT MODEL OF GREYFRIARS SCHOOL

The Greatest Novelty of the Year!

YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO MISS IT!



HARRY WHARTON: "Here you are, Bunter. Just look at this beautiful coloured model of Greyfriars School, which is being presented to readers in CHUCKLES this Friday."

BILLY BUNTER: "Oh, really, Wharton; that's a ripping wheeze. Where have they shoved the tuck-shop?"

Readers of "The Greyfriars Herald" are advised to order CHUCKLES To-day, without fail. There will be an unprecedented demand for This Friday's Issue.

In those hills the Redskins were concentrating their forces in a natural stronghold, from which it would be very difficult to force them to the open prairie without great loss of life to the attacking army.

The forces at Major Lincoln's disposal were very few. He had the Dandy Fifth, a few parties of friendly Indians, a motley rabble of trappers, and a hundred and fifty cowboys of the Circle Dot and other outfits. But these last were by no means disciplined troops. The trapper fights for his own hand, the cowboy is the master of the Redskin on the open plains, but in attacking the cunning Apaches in their rock-bound strongholds, these wild irregulars would stand but a poor chance.

Help must come from the east, and it would be long in coming.

Uncle Baldy Prepares For Trouble!

THE scouts and the staff sat in the log-house of the fort, unraveling all the tangled skeins of evidence that were coming in, and as the afternoon waned, the boys found themselves at a loose end.

They strayed out of the fort to seek the lodges of the Soshones, where they found Prairie Wolf, Great-Dog-Who-Barks-Loud, and old Chief Deer-Who-Leaps, who were sitting round a small fire, brewing the favourite luxury of coffee, and passing the friendly calumet from hand to hand.

They made a place for the boys, greeting them as chiefs, and Chief Deer-Who-Leaps ceremoniously passed the calumet to them.

The boys did not like tobacco, more especially the mixture of tobacco and dried sumach leaf that these grave Red Indian notables were in the habit of smoking.

But they each took a ceremonial puff, and tried to keep the tears from their eyes under the reek of the powerful Red Man's mixture, for they had to remember that they were Redskin chiefs and that a Redskin chief is never seen with tears in his eyes.

All around them, the young braves were making ready for the great buffalo hunt of the morrow, putting fresh tips to their arrows, and re-feeathering those that were badly worn. Others were preparing stakes ready for pegging-out buffalo-hides for curing, and all were looking forward to a great hunt, and a great profit, for the buffalo-hides, properly cured and smoked, would fetch a good price at the fort.

But the three chiefs were doing nothing, as befitted their dignity, and they were doing it very well.

Deer-Who-Leaps turned his beady black eyes on the two boys. The three chiefs had evidently been discussing them.

"Kit him got heap good horse!" grunted Chief Deer-Who-Leaps, referring to the white horse, Moonlight. Kit nodded.

"Buffalo Bill says that he's the best horse on the prairies!" he answered.

"Let Kit take care that he does not lose the Spirit Horse!" replied Deer-Who-Leaps. "There are many braves, who would seek far and wide for such a horse," he added, with meaning in his tones.

Kit stared rather uncomfortably at his Redskin friend.

"What do you mean, chief?" he asked.

"Wah!" grunted Deer-Who-Leaps. "I speak not with two tongues. Yet I know not who would steal the horse. But the young Paleface chief shall gaze into the Black Pool, and he shall see for himself. Behold, I will do magic. Come with me into the lodge, alone."

Kit somewhat astonished, followed his host into the darkened lodge of buffalo-hide.

Deer-Who-Leaps was very solemn.

He seated Kit on a heap of buffalo robes, and, in his hand, placed a small saucer of red earthenware. Then opening his parfleche, or magic bag, he drew from it a gourd vessel, bottle shaped and marked with Mexican figures.

From this, into the cup, he trickled a small quantity of jet-black liquid, from which rose a spirituous aromatic fume, which filled the tent, and almost stupefied Kit, as he sat holding the cup in his hands.

Then Deer-Who-Leaps made magic with his hands, pointing to the north, south, east, and west.

"Let the young Paleface chief gaze into the cup," said he, "and he shall see what he shall see!"

Kit stared intently into the black liquid, keeping his eyes fixed on the gleaming black surface.

Whether it was the spiritous smell of the liquid that made him feel dizzy, he could not tell. But the aroma was almost like the sickly whiff of chloroform, clinging and overpowering. Then his senses suddenly cleared. The figure of Deer-Who-Leaps, standing over him, had disappeared. All he could see was that black pool in the cup in his hands which gradually seemed to grow larger and larger.

The truth was, that, though Kit did not know it, he was partially stupefied by the fume of the powerful drug, and partly hypnotised.

All was blackness around him. Then suddenly a veil seemed to rise before his eyes. He saw the prairie, moonlit, and he saw two racing figures over it. One was a Redskin, an Apache, who was mounted on the Mexican horse of Diego Vasquez, the spy. The other was the spy himself, sailing across the dark plains of grass, mounted on a white horse, that was as near as possible like his own horse, Moonlight.

Kit gave a gasp and tried to shout.

Then he suddenly woke, as if from a dream, and saw Deer-Who-Leaps standing over him, in the act of taking the cup from his hands, lest he should let it fall.

The boy rubbed his eyes and looked round the darkened lodge in wonderment.

"Why," he exclaimed, "I have been asleep, and I have dreamed that Mexican rascal had stolen my horse!"

But Deer-Who-Leaps shook his head.

"The young Paleface chief has not slept," said he. "By the magic of the Black Pool, his spirit departed from him for a while, and he has seen that which may happen. Lo! The Red Man who makes medicine by the Black Pool can show many pictures. But it is not good to look too often!"

Kit was quite flustered, as he made

his way outside the tent, where he found Uncle Baldy sitting in the red sunset with the little group of chiefs, smoking the pipe of peace.

Uncle Baldy chuckled when he was told what Kit had seen in the Black Pool.

"So old Deer-Who-Leaps has been making magic?" he asked. "I know that sort o' magic. They distil that thar black liquor from th' cactus, an' mix it up with burned wolf-bones, an' pizen from th' fangs o' rattlesnakes. Every Redskin medicine-man has his own recipe. But half o' it is chloroform an' th' other half is hypnotism. But you saw what's going to happen all right, Kit, my son—that is if your Uncle Baldy wasn't lookin' after ye. Where did ye leave Moonlight, Kit?"

"Why, in the horse-lines," answered Kit, "tethered between a roan and a grey—both troop horses!"

Uncle Baldy grinned.

"He's not thar now!" said he.

Kit started.

"It's all right, my boy," said Uncle Baldy soothingly; "I have taken your hoss away, an' I've put another in his place. Come you an' see!"

Kit and his brother followed Uncle Baldy to the horse-lines. Kit could not believe his eyes. The sun had set below the horizon of the prairie, but the sky was still filled with its red glow.

And there, rosy red, in the reflection of the sunset, stood a white horse in place where Kit had tethered Moonlight, a horse which at a casual glance might have been Moonlight himself.

And, as Kit passed along the line of feeding horses, each with its little pile of alfalfa in front of it, a piebald horse reached out its soft muzzle, holding Kit tightly by the sleeve of his coat, a trick which Moonlight had already started.

Uncle Baldy grinned.

"I was in th' hoss trade once," said he, "an' I guess there's not much to teach me 'bout paintin' a hoss up or paintin' him down!"

Kit stared at Moonlight, who was now beautifully dappled with great roan patches, and who looked for all the world like one of the horses captured from the Apaches.

He patted the soft nose of Moonlight, and passed on, being careful also to fuss each of the horses in the line as he passed them, so that Moonlight's notice of him should not be too apparent.

"No Redskin would think o' stealin' Moonlight, now!" said Uncle Baldy.

"Why not?" asked Kit, in undertone.

"Why, boy! I've marked him up unlucky, three splashes o' colour each side o' him!" said Uncle Baldy. "An' every Redskin knows that it was a hoss marked that way, that was th' unluckiest hoss on th' prairies. Every Redskin that stole him got killed, by bullet or tomahawk, of by buffers. At last, it got so that no Redskin would steal that hoss for money. An' th' story was carried on till Moonlight, with his new markin' is th' last hoss in th' fort that any Redskin would steal!"

Another long, thrilling instalment of this tale of the Redskins will appear in next Tuesday's "Greyfriars Herald."

FLOODED OUT!

A screamingly, funny story of Greyfriars, written by
FRANK NUGENT



"Hang on tight, sir," said the brave Bunter to the quivering Mr. Quelch. "I'll soon have you safe and sound."

I.

BUNTER! You are not paying attention to the lesson! If Quelch had made that remark once, he had made it fifty times.

The atmosphere of the Remove Form-room was warm and stuffy, and Billy Bunter was feeling exceedingly drowsy. He was, in fact, on the point of nodding off to sleep when Quelch addressed him.

"I have overlooked your inattention on several occasions, Bunter, but I am not prepared to tolerate it any longer. You will write a hundred lines!"

"Oh, crumbs!" "We will now proceed with the poetry lesson," said Quelch. "Open your poetry-books, my boys, at page fifty-four."

There was a rustling of leaves, until everybody—with the exception of Billy Bunter—had located the page.

"You will find on the page in question," said Quelch, "a remarkable poem, dealing with a remarkable event. The poem is entitled 'The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire.' I shall expect every boy in the class to be able to recite the first verse from memory in a quarter of an hour."

Accordingly, we bent our heads over our books, with the fixed intention of mastering the verse within the specified time-limit. We knew that there would be breakers ahead if we failed to get the lines by heart.

At the end of a quarter of an hour Quelch looked up.

"Close your books!" he exclaimed.

"Now, Linley, get up and recite the first verse."

Mark Linley found no difficulty in doing that. He rose to his feet, and declaimed the verse with confidence:

"The old mayor climbed the belfry tower;

The ringers ran by two, by three. Pull, if ye never pulled before!

Good ringers, pull your best! quoth he.

Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells;

Play all your changes, all your swells;

Play uppe, "The Brides of Enderby!"

Billy Bunter was again nodding over his desk whilst Mark Linley was reciting.

"Bunter!" rapped out Quelch. "Yessir?" said the fat junior, starting up suddenly.

"I strongly suspect that your mind, such as it is, has again been wandering from the lesson. I will trouble you to recite the verse which you are supposed to have been learning."

Billy Bunter had not taken the trouble to learn the verse, but he had heard snatches of it during Mark Linley's recital. He stood blinking at Quelch, and cleared his throat.

"Ahem!"

"Proceed, Bunter!"

"Ahem!"

"Are you troubled with a cough, Bunter?"

Billy Bunter clutched at Quelch's suggestion like a drowning man clutching at a straw.

"Yessir!" he said promptly. "Do you think I ought to go round and see the matron, sir?"

"No, Bunter, I do not!" roared Quelch. "Recite that verse at once, without any further procrastination!"

The Owl of the Remove took the bit

between his teeth, so to speak, and started.

"The old——"

"I am pleased to see that you have memorised at least two words, Bunter," said Quelch, with crushing sarcasm. "Pray continue!"

"The old horse——"

"What!"

"The old horse climbed the belfry tower——"

"Bunter!"

"I think 'the old horse' sounds a lot nicer than 'the old mare,' sir!" said Bunter. "But if you insist upon having the actual words of the poem, here goes!"

"The old mare climbed the belfry tower——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was an irresistible ripple of laughter from the class. The mental picture of an aged quadruped climbing a belfry tower tickled us immensely.

"Silence!" thundered Quelch. "Do not laugh at this utterly stupid boy! His density is a subject for tears rather than merriment. Stand out before the class, Bunter!"

Billy Bunter looked the picture of dismay.

"What have I done wrong, sir?" he asked, as he rolled out to the front. "Wasn't it an old mare that climbed the belfry tower, sir?"

"It was a human being, boy—not a quadruped!" snapped Quelch. "I can clearly see that you have not taken the trouble to memorise the first verse of the poem. You will hold out your hand!"

"Mum-mum-my hand, sir?"

"Yes—at once!"

Billy Bunter obeyed. He received a couple of stinging cuts, and was sent back to his place.

"I strongly advise you, Bunter, to give your undivided attention to the lesson!" said Quelch.

Bunter decided to follow the Form-master's advice, but as soon as the tingling sensation in his palm had ceased he became drowsy once more—so drowsy that he could scarcely keep his eyes open.

Quelch addressed the class, and his voice fell upon Bunter's ears like a distant drone.

"In the year 1571, my boys, a disastrous high tide visited the coast of Lincolnshire. It caused the River Lindis to overflow its banks; it strewed wrecks about the grass for miles along the coast, and it swept out the flocks to sea. It also occasioned great loss of life."

Billy Bunter yawned aloud. Fortunately, Quelch failed to hear him.

"Houses were submerged by the flood," Quelch went on, "and sailors rowed from roof to roof, effecting many gallant rescues."

Quelch continued to tell us all about the high tide on the Lincolnshire coast. And Billy Bunter, for the second time that morning, nodded over the desk.

Then suddenly there came a rushing, roaring sound, as of a mighty torrent.

The class started to their feet, wondering what was happening.

Quelch turned pale, and strode to the door. He threw it open, and an

exclamation of horror burst from his lips.

The corridor was flooded with water! "Bless my soul!" ejaculated Quelchy. "We are in danger, my boys—grave and terrible danger!"

Even as the Form-master spoke, the water came rushing into the Form-room.

A chorus of startled exclamations arose.

"My only aunt!"

"The place is flooded!"

"What shall we do?"

Several of the fellows rushed to the window. They looked out into the Close, and beheld—not terra firma, but a gigantic sheet of water!

A solitary rowing-boat was visible. It was coming from the direction of the school gates, and it was manned by Gosling, the porter.

"Elp!" Gosling was shouting.

"Elp! We shall all be drowned!"

"What has happened, Gosling?"

asked Quelchy, in great agitation,

when the porter came within earshot.

"The tide's come in for miles, an' the River Sark's overflowed its banks, sir!"

"Wot I says is this 'ere—this'll be the death of me, an' you, an' all of us!"

II.

QUELCHY wrung his hands in despair.

"This—this is terrible!" he faltered.

"How did you procure that boat, Gosling?"

"It was brought 'ere by one of the boatmen from Fegg, sir. They 'ope to send some more along presently, but I dessay they'll be too late, sir!"

"Can you accommodate me in that boat, Gosling?"

"Sorry, sir, but my instructions is to save the wimmen an' children first."

"Where is Dr. Locke?"

"On the roof, sir."

"And the other masters?"

"They're up there with 'im, sir."

"Dear me! Why was I not warned of this calamity before?"

"I thought you would 'ave 'eard the water rushin' in, sir. Didn't you 'ear the school wall come crashin' down?"

"Indeed I did not!"

"Then you'll 'ave to pay the penalty for bein' as deaf as a doorpost!"

"You are impertinent, Gosling!"

"I can't stay 'ere jawin'," said the porter.

"I've got my dooty to perform. I 'ope as 'ow you won't 'ave too 'ingerin' an end, sir!"

And Gosling rowed away, pulling vigorously on his oars.

Quelchy turned away from the window. He gave a violent start as he did so, for the water was up to his knees by this time. As for his pupils, they were perched on the top of the desks, watching the water rising.

"Oh, dear!" wailed Skinner. "We shall be drowned like rats in a hole!"

"And I can't swim a stroke!" whined Snoop.

"All the same if you could!" growled Bolsover major. "Where would you swim to?"

"Anywhere, so long as I could get out of this!"

Billy Bunter spun round upon the cads of the Remove.

"Don't be a set of funks!" he said chidingly. "This is a ghastly business, but we must face it like men. Take your cue from me, you fellows. I'm not afraid. I'm as brave as a lion!"

"Ah, Bunter," said Quelchy, with a sigh, "if only I had half your pluck!"

"Keep your pecker up, sir," said Bunter. "The worst hasn't happened yet!"

"But the water is rising apace! Why, some of the desks are actually floating!"

"That's ripping, sir! They can be used as rafts!"

So saying, Bunter waded to the window.

"You see that tall elm-tree out in the Close, sir?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Well, I'm convinced that the flood will never reach the top of that. I suggest, sir, that we heave your desk out of the window, and I'll punt you across to safety by means of the map-pole!"

"My dear, brave Bunter—"

"Not at all, sir. I simply revel in these life-saving stunts. Are you ready, sir?"

Quelchy nodded.

"Give me a hand, then, you fellows, with this desk!"

With great difficulty the Form-master's desk was hoisted on to one of the window-sills, and pushed out into the Close, where it lay rocking to and fro in the seething water.

Quelchy clambered through after it, and perched himself on the improvised raft.

Billy Bunter followed, and proceeded to punt the desk along with the map-pole.

From the Form-room window the scared juniors of the Remove gazed out upon the swirling water in the Close.

"You—you'll come back and rescue us, too, won't you, Billy?" faltered Bob Cherry apprehensively.

"Bunter will never leave us in the lurch, I'm sure," affirmed Harry Wharton, repressing a shiver with difficulty. "He's too good a sport for that."

"I'll come back for you chaps, never fear!" said Bunter stoutly.

"Bear up, all you fellows!"

The brave words of the hero of the Remove greatly heartened most of his fellow Form-mates, though Skinner and Co. shook like aspen leaves, and groaned aloud as they watched the desk receding across the flood.

"Hang on tight, sir!" said Bunter to the quivering Mr. Quelch. "I'll soon have you safe and sound."

"Bunter, my dear boy, your gallyantry overwhelms me!"

"How much are you going to give me for saving your life, sir?"

"I will give you whatever you care to ask!"

"Good! Can I have a motor-scooter?"

"With pleasure!"

"And a magnificent feed?"

"Certainly!"

"And an undertaking from you that I'm given no more lines or lickings for the rest of the term?"

Quelchy nodded.

Billy Bunter fairly purred with pleasure. This, he told himself, was the supreme moment of his life!

And then, to the utter consternation and dismay of the fat junior, Quelchy suddenly sprang towards him, and wrenched the map-pole from his grasp.

He then proceeded to belabour his would-be benefactor, and Billy Bunter's yells fairly awakened the echoes.

His wonderful heroism was being rewarded, but not in the way he had anticipated!

Whack, whack, whack!

Billy Bunter awoke with a start.

Glancing wildly around, he saw, to his amazement, that he was still in the Remove Form-room.

There was no water to be seen—not a single trace of there having been anything in the nature of a flood.

Quelchy, however, was visible. In his right hand was grasped a pointer, which descended across Billy Bunter's shoulders.

Whack; whack, whack!

"O-ow-ow! What—what have I done, sir?" yelled Bunter.

"You have had the brazen effrontery, Bunter, to go to sleep in the middle of the lesson. I discovered you, sir, lolling across the desk in a state of somnolence! And not only have you slept, but you have been chattering in your sleep about a motor-scooter, and a feed, and a gallant rescue! You are an utterly slothful boy, Bunter, and I am now endeavouring to restore you to an animated condition!"

Whack, whack, whack!

The pointer rose and fell, and the victim's yells of anguish floated through the Form-room. Needless to state, nothing else floated, the flood having existed solely in Bunter's dreams!

The castigation was over at last, and the Owl of the Remove remained awake and alert for the remainder of the morning.

Bunter informed us afterwards that his dream had been caused by his having devoured half a dozen sausage-rolls in the interval between brekker and morning school.

The fat junior got precious little sympathy from his schoolfellows. It was generally agreed that a fellow who is ass enough to go to sleep in the Form-room must expect a rude awakening!

THE END.