

Pocket-Money For Readers! SEE OUR OFFER ON PAGE 11.

The Greyfriars Herald

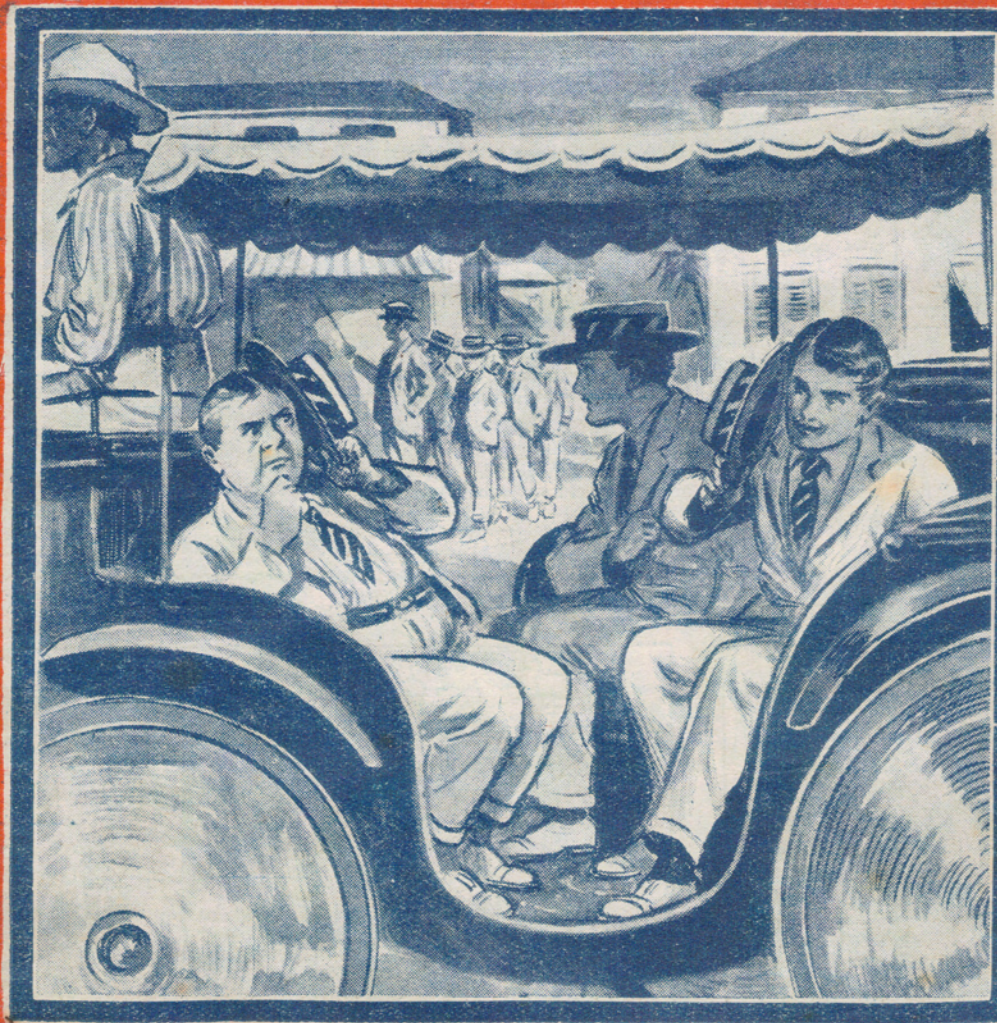
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No. 43 (New Series)

FULL OF SCHOOL STORIES AND ARTICLES

Aug. 21, 1920.



FRENCH LEAVE IN TRINIDAD!

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

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Editorial

By Harry Wharton.

HOW TO BECOME A CARTOONIST!

My Dear Chums, Several of you have written to me lately inquiring how you may become black-and-white cartoonists. To some I have already replied, commenting on the sketches submitted, but I now take the opportunity of chatting to "J. J.", Blackburn, Bernard Smith, "Cross-nib," and many others.

CATS AND SKELETONS!

In the first place, while it is possible for anyone to become fairly proficient at sketching with continuous practice, the fellow who is going to really make good at the game, is he who is born with a distinct bent for art-work. This usually shows itself very early in life.

At school, Louis Wain, the famous artist who specialised in cats, was for ever covering his exercise books with feline forms. His father complained of this habit to the boy's teacher, who, wise man, advised him to allow his son's bent to take its natural course. I don't, however, advise any of you to use your school books for your art practice, otherwise like Traddles in "David Copperfield," who was always drawing skeletons, you may get more cane than encouragement.

DO NOT FEAR TO COPY!

Frank Nugent, whose perpetrations appear below, tells me that it is essential for each would-be cartoonist to take a course at some art school. Even to make comic drawings requires a knowledge of the technique of pen-and-ink work, and the anatomy of the subject. A splendid way of improving your drawing is to copy the work of some of the best black-and-white artists. After all, as seven-year-old little Molly said: "A picture is only thinking of something, and then drawing a line round the think."

But you must have the knowledge in the head before you can reproduce the idea with the pen on a piece of drawing paper in a pleasing form.

I shall have very important announcements to make next week, so look out for them.

Your cheery pal,

HARRY.

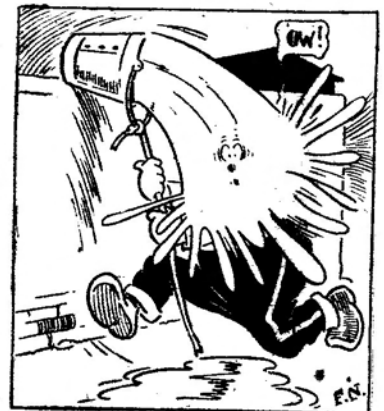
A VERY UPSETTING AFFAIR! - - - - Drawn by FRANK NUGENT.



1. Micky Desmond and David Morgan the chums of Study No. 6, had been taking counsel together over the convivial kipper, with the result that they hit upon a bright wheezelet for getting even with old Gosling, the college pudding—er—porter.



2. And when Gossy saw the rope hanging over the wall he cried, "Which 'ow some, o' them young varmin'ts 'ave been skidaddling out o' bounds, I'll be bound. I'll just remove that rope so's they won't be able to get back—the young rips!"



3. But our best Sunday topper! When Gossy hauled on that rope the pail came flying over the wall in the fashion so ably depicted. "Ow!" howled Gossy. "Which as 'ow it's water with nothink in it! I'll never get the taste out o' me mouth!"

My Weekly Interview

By the Special Representative of
"The Greyfriars Herald."
This week:
DICKY NUGENT

"WHERE do fags go in the winter-time?" asked the editor as I strolled into his sanctum.

"Is that a conundrum?" I inquired. "Because, if so, I've got a jolly good answer. Because one rode a horse and the other rhododendron!"

"Ass!" snorted the editor. "You know as well as I do where the fags congregate in the winter-time. You'll find a whole giddy swarm of them in their common-room, engaged in frying herrings on penholders."

"What's that got to do with me?" "Everything! I want you to go and interview Nugent minor."

"But it isn't winter-time yet—" "That was merely a figure of speech. Buck up and get this interview done. I'm gasping for copy."

"Well you can jolly well go on gasping!" I retorted. "Dashed if I'm going to interview a grubby little fag!"

"Look here," said the editor persuasively. "If you'll promise to go and see young Nugent, you can come and have tea with me in half an hour."

I brightened up at once, at the prospects of a free feed. The editor always does himself well, especially when the circulation of the "Herald" is booming.

"All serene," I said. "I'll tackle this interview right away."

When, a few moments later, I stepped into the fags' common-room, I could scarcely breathe. The place resembled a burning fiery furnace.

It was a scorching day in August, but all the windows were closed, and a tremendous fire was roaring up the chimney.

Seated around the fire was a swarm of inky-fingered fags, engaged in their usual occupation of frying herrings. And the aroma that those herrings gave forth was far from savoury.

I stood fighting for breath, fixed by the hostile glares of about a score of fags.

"Phew! What did the editor want to send me to this beastly fried-fish shop for?" I panted.

Dicky Nugent rose aggressively to his feet.

"Let's sling him out on his neck, kids!" he said. "He's come nosing round after our herrings!"

"My dear infant," I said, "I wouldn't touch one of these antiquated fish with a barge-pole! The smell's quite enough for me!"

"What do you want here, then?" demanded Dicky Nugent.

I produced my notebook and pencil.

"As the special representative of 'The Greyfriars Herald,'" I said, "I want to ask you a few questions."

"Fire away!"

"First of all, when did you wash your neck last?"

"This morning, of course!" Nugent minor's tone was shrill and indignant.

"You're sure it wasn't this time last year?"

"Beast!"

"How long have you been wearing that collar?" I asked.

"Not more'n a fortnight—have I, you fellows?" said Dicky Nugent, appealing to his chums for confirmation.

"Not more than three weeks at the outside," said Gatty. "That's quite a new collar. You won't need to change it for another six months."

"What's your favourite recreation, Nugent?" I inquired.

"Frying herrings, of course!"

"And what are you going to be when you grow up—the proprietor of a fried-fish shop?"

"You cheeky rotter!" roared Nugent minor wrathfully.

I went on scribbling in my notebook, and failed to notice that all the fags had risen to their feet, and were grimly advancing towards me.

"Do you ever fry anything besides herrings?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. We fry all sorts of queer fish at times," answered Dicky Nugent. "In fact we're just going to fry you!"

And then, for the first time, I became aware of my danger. But before I could turn and flee, half a dozen fags had armed themselves with the map-pole.

"Book him!" yelled Nugent minor. And then I was booked by the back of my coat, and lifted bodily from the floor.

"Bring him to the fire!" rapped out the leader of the fags.

"Ow! Leggo!" I howled.

I freed one of my arms, and my fist came into sharp contact with Dicky Nugent's nasal organ.

"Oooch!" he gasped.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the other fags.

But my triumph was short-lived, for the young beasts swarmed round me, and effectually prevented me from further displaying my pugilistic talents.

Kicking and struggling, I was quickly dragged to the fireplace.

My fierce protestations were of no avail. I was made to share the fate of the herrings. For nearly five minutes I suspended before the blazing fire. The perspiration streamed down my face, my togs were scorched, and my hair was singed.

In the course of my career as a special representative, I've passed through some terrible ordeals; but never such an ordeal as that!

"I think he is done to a turn now," said Nugent minor, at length.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

I was bumped down into the grate, and the map-pole was unhooked from the back of my coat. And then, feeling like a boiled beetroot and a baked chestnut rolled into one, I crawled away from the scene of my persecution.

Did I go and have tea with the editor?

Nay, gentle reader!

I spent the next hour or so lying on my back in a cold bath!

THE END.

ODE TO MISS FILLIS HOWELL

By **HORACE COKER**
(Illustrated by the Orther)

Dere Fillis,—How I long to view
Yore brite and sparkling eyes of blue!
Yore eyes: (—)

Like sunset on the mowntain peeks
Is the red glow upon yore cheeks!
Yore cheeks: ()

And nought, dere Fillis, can kompare
With the sweet ringlets of yore hair!
Yore hair: SSSSSS


No teeth so wite as yores, you no;
They are as wite as summer snow!
Yore teeth: vvvvvv

And, oh, what grace and bewty meet
In every movement of yore feet!
Yore feet: JL

My hart with rapture farely skipps
When gazing on yore dewy lipps!
Yore lipps: (—)

With what foud pitty do I trace
The teers that trickel down yore face!
Yore teers: 0
0
0
0
0

Dere Fillis, may it be my part
To kaptivate yore hand and hart!

Yore hand and hart: 

A CURE FOR STUTTERING!

To the Editor of "The Greyfriars Herald."

Sir,—I write to say that I am afflicted with the unfortunate habit of stuttering. I don't stutter in ordinary conversation, only when I am being cross-examined by Quelch, and on these occasions I can never get beyond "I—I—I—"

As I hate to look an ass in the eyes of my schoolfellows, I shall be glad if you will give me a cure for this distressing affliction.—Thanking you in anticipation, Yours faithfully,

NERVOUS NED.

(The only sure method by which "Nervous Ned" can overcome his affliction is to go into the Form-room with a quarter of a pound of toffee wedged in his mouth. Then, when Quelch begins to cross-examine him, he will be tongue-tied!—ED.)

TROUBLE AT TRINIDAD!

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.

At Trinidad!

"WHAT'S that?"
"Trinidad!"
And a dozen voices on the deck of the Benbow repeated the word, as the juniors stared across the sea towards the blue mountains looming against a burning sky.

"Trinidad!" said Jack Drake. "That's where—"

"Where Columbus did something or other," said Tuckey Toodles, with an air of wisdom. "Columbus was the chap who discovered America, you know—"

"Go hon!"

"But he was," said Tuckey Toodles. "I know he was, because we've had it in class. He sailed from somewhere, at some time or other, and sighted land somewhere, and—discovered it, you know."

"Tell us some more," said Dick Rodney, with an air of great interest. "I didn't know you were so deep in history as this, Tuckey!"

Tuckey Toodles smiled expansively. "I can tell you all about it, Rodney," he answered. "Columbus's real name was something else—comma, or full-stop, or something—"

"Colon!" said Drake, laughing.

"Yes, that's it—Cristofal Colon, and they called him Christopher Columbus," said Tuckey. "I don't know why they did, but they did, you know. He sailed from Spain, or somewhere, in the reign of some king or other, and if it hadn't been for Columbus, there wouldn't be any Yankees. And old Colon left a son, who wasn't half his weight—"

"Sort of semi-colon!" suggested Sawyer major.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't remember what he did in Trinidad," said Tuckey Toodles thoughtfully. "Somebody else was there after him—I forget who, but I know it was somebody, because we've had it in class."

"It's where Sir Walter Raleigh killed the Spaniards, a thumping long time ago," said Drake. "Jolly old times they were, too, when they sailed out here in ruff and trunk-hose—"

"Ruff times, in fact!" remarked Sawyer major, who was a determined humorist.

"We shall get some cricket there," said Drake. "That's more in our line than slaying Spaniards and raiding the galleons. We're going to put in some time at Trinidad, Mr. Packe says, before we go on up the Orinoco. That island is really a bit of Venezuela, chipped off about ten thousand years ago. And there's South America itself!"



"I have you understand, sar, me no common nigger!" said the black man, dancing round Drake and Rodney after Tuckey Toodles.

He pointed to a blue, dim line in the south-western sky.

"The Cordilleras!" said Rodney.

"Venezuela!" said Daubeny of the Shell. "That's where my pater made his pile."

"And here's the Orinoco coming to meet us!" added Drake, laughing.

The blue waters of the Antilles were behind the school ship now; round the Benbow the sea rolled green, swamped by the mighty flood of the Orinoco pouring into the Atlantic.

Under full sail, tall and stately in her swelling white canvas, the Benbow rolled on before the trade wind.

With eager eyes the juniors watched Trinidad rising more clearly into view—cliff and mountain and forest.

They were eager to tread the shores of the famous island, one of the brightest jewels in the crown of the British Empire, won in old days from the Spaniards and the French by dint of hard blows.

It was there that Sir Walter Raleigh had landed, at the close of the sixteenth century, on his way to seek gold in the Spanish Main beyond. And there he had slain the Spanish garrison, thinking that—to use his own words—"by leaving an enemy behind him he should savour very much of the asse."

And there, two hundred years later,

British seamen had landed and captured the island from the Spaniards and their French allies, and added it to the dominion upon which the sun never sets.

There, in old days, the hapless Indians had been done to death by their Spanish masters, so that at the present time only a small remnant of a tribe survives in the mountains.

Round those beautiful shores, backed by cliffs and lined with mangroves, the old buccaneers had sailed, and the mangrove swamps had sheltered the canoes of cannibal Caribs.

But those wild old days were gone, never to return. The peaceful steam-packet plies where once the savage old buccaneer unfurled his sail.

Onward through the Dragon's Mouth—the Boca del Drago—the Benbow surged on her way, under shortened sail now.

Before the ship now lay the wide Gulf of Paria, which separates Trinidad from the mainland of South America.

Round into the great bay, and Port of Spain, the capital of Trinidad, lay in view, with innumerable shipping at anchor, and the town rising beyond. And then the anchors of the Benbow sank deep into yellow mud, and the school ship rested in the wonderland of the west.

A Run Ashore!

"THERE'S niggers—"
 "Lots!"
 "And Indians—"
 "Some!"
 "Sawyer says they're cannibals!"
 "Ass!"
 "And Spaniards—"
 "Well, what about the Spaniards?" asked Drake, laughing.
 "But Tuckey Toodles did not laugh; he looked very serious.
 "I've read a lot about the Spaniards in the West Indies," he said. "They're awfully ferocious, you know! They used to burn the Protestants alive in the Inquisition—"
 "That was three hundred years ago, ass!"
 "Before our time!" grinned Rodney.
 "Well, how do you know they've changed?" demanded Tuckey Toodles. "You've never been to Trinidad before."
 "Fathead!"
 "And there's wild animals," resumed Tuckey. "All sorts of foreigners and wild beasts, excepting Germans. I think we ought to be armed."
 "Dry up, old chap, for goodness' sake!" said Drake.
 "We ought to take a revolver, at least. Suppose we get attacked by brigands!"
 "There aren't any brigands in Trinidad!" shrieked Drake.
 "How do you know? There's lots just across the gulf, in Venezuela."
 "Venezuela is Venezuela, ass, and Trinidad is under the British flag. That makes all the difference."
 "Some might swim across," said Tuckey sagely. "I'm jolly well going to take a revolver!"
 "And where are you going to get one?" asked Rodney.
 "I know where Mr. Pigtop keeps his revolver. I could sneak it without his being any the wiser."
 Drake and Rodney grinned.
 There was leave for a run ashore for the Benbow fellows, and No. 8 Cabin were making their arrangements. Port of Spain lay glimmering before them in the blaze of the tropical sun. White walls and masses of verdure met their eyes as they looked towards the town. It was the day following the Benbow's arrival in harbour, and the juniors had not set foot on dry land yet.
 Mr. Pigtop, the chief mate of the Benbow, had been talking to Captain Topcastle on the poop, and he had come down to the maindeck just in time to hear Tuckey Toodles' remarks. Tuckey had his back to the mate, and did not see Mr. Pigtop, or the surprised and wrathful stare which that gentleman turned upon him.
 "I've seen old Pigtop put that shooter in the drawer," continued Tuckey Toodles, still blissfully unconscious of the fact that the chief mate was standing a few feet behind him, glaring at him. "I could get it easily enough. Pigtop's rather a silly old ass, you know—"
 "Dry up, you fat duffer!" muttered Rodney hurriedly.
 "Well, he is an old ass, with a face like a mahogany image," said Tuckey. "Sawyer major says he's the double of a Chinese idol. I'll tell you what,

you fellows—if you see old Pigtop around while I'm gone to his stateroom, you just keep him away for a bit. You can easily pull the wool over his eyes. He's such an old donkey— Yaroooooop!"
 A finger and thumb, which felt like a vice, closed on Tuckey Toodles' fat ear from behind.
 Tuckey sprung round with a yell, and blinked at Mr. Pigtop.
 "Yow-ow-ow! Leggo!" he wailed.
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "So you're going to sneak my revolver, are you?" demanded Mr. Pigtop, still gripping Tuckey's ear, and glaring at him.
 "Ow! No! C-certainly not!" gasped Toodles. "I—I—I wouldn't think of such a thing! Wow!"
 "I'm an old donkey, am I?"
 "Yes! I mean no—certainly not! Yow-ow-ow-ow!"
 Tuckey Toodles wriggled with anguish.
 "Yow-ow! Leggo!" he spluttered.
 "I—I was just telling Drake that you weren't an old donkey, Mr. Pigtop—ow! I—I was advising Rodney not to sneak your revolver—yooooop! I—I don't think you look like a Chinese idol—wow-wow!"
 Mr. Pigtop gave Tuckey's fat ear another twist, and walked on, looking very grim.
 Tuckey rubbed his ear, and groaned.
 "You awful rotters!" he gasped.
 "Why didn't you tell me the beast was just behind me?"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "I'm going to complain of this!" howled Tuckey. "The dashed mates ain't allowed to pull fellows' ears—ow!"
 "You're not allowed to call the dashed mates old donkeys, either!" chuckled Rodney.
 "I didn't know the beast could hear—wow! I say, what do you think the captain would do if I went up and complained?"
 "Sling you off the quarterdeck, most likely!"
 "I suppose he's just as big a beast as Pigtop," mumbled Tuckey Toodles. "I don't like the captain, you fellows—"
 "Shush!"
 "I'm not going to shush! I think the captain's a beast, and he looks more like a gargoyle than— Yow-owwww!"
 A finger and thumb closed on Tuckey's other ear, and he howled.
 It was the captain this time.
 He had followed Mr. Pigtop to the maindeck, in time to hear Tuckey's complimentary references to himself.
 "Yoop!" howled Tuckey. "Leggo my ear, you beast! Oh, is it you, sir? J-j-jolly glad to see you, sir! N-n-nice morning, ain't it? Ow!"
 Captain Topcastle did not waste any words on Tuckey Toodles. He gave his ear a twist, and passed on.
 Drake and Rodney howled with merriment. Tuckey's luck seemed to be out that morning.
 He rubbed both his fat ears, and mumbled.
 "I'd jolly well go and complain to Mr. Packe," he said; "but Packe's just as big a beast as—"
 "Toodles!"
 It was Mr. Packe's voice.

"Oh, dear!"
 "Toodles, how dare you?" exclaimed the Fourth-form master.
 "I didn't, sir!"
 "What?"
 "Never, sir—I didn't—I wasn't—"
 "You will take a hundred lines, Toodles, and write them out when we return to the ship," exclaimed Mr. Packe. "Silence! Another word, and I will refuse you permission to go ashore."
 Tuckey Toodles was dumb.
 Mr. Packe gave him a severe frown and passed on, leaving the fat junior blinking dismally at his study-mates.
 "Jevver hear of such awful luck?" gasped the hapless Tuckey. "On a blessed ship everybody's just at everybody else's elbow. I wish we were back at old St. Winny's. Oh, dear!"
 "I wish you were, old fellow!" said Drake heartily.
 "The boat's ready," said Rodney, laughing. "If you're going ashore, you'd better get ready, too. Are you going to borrow Mr. Pigtop's revolver, after all?"
 "Under the circumstances, I shall go unarmed," said Tuckey. "If you fellows get into trouble, don't blame me."
 "We won't!" grinned Drake. "There won't be any danger, old fellow—if you don't have any firearms!"
 A large party of the Benbow juniors were going ashore. They looked very merry and bright in their white linen jackets and trousers, and wide-brimmed hats. Tuckey Toodles had bought a new hat from one of the boatmen who plied a trade with ships in the harbour—a Spanish sombrero, in which Tuckey took great pride and delight. The sombrero had a high crown and an immense brim, and there was no doubt that it was very shady. It made Tuckey look a great deal like a mushroom, but he was persuaded that it gave him a dashing, Spanish air.
 To his chagrin, Mr. Packe ordered him to replace it with the orthodox school hat.
 "I suppose there's a post-office in Port of Spain, Drake?" Tuckey Toodles remarked, as he took his seat in the shore-boat with the crowd of juniors.
 "Sure to be," answered Drake. "What the thump do you want a post-office for?"
 "I shall have to call there for a remittance," explained Toodles. "I wrote home at Barbados, asking my father to telegraph me some cash at Trinidad. I'm short of money. If it hasn't come—"
 "Why say 'if'?" murmured Rodney.
 "If it hasn't come, I suppose you can lend me some tin, Drake? I'm going to see you fellows through, you know, and show you the sights."
 "Certainly," said Drake. "I've a Mexican peso that was passed on me at Barbados. You can have it."
 "How much is it worth?"
 "Well, it's a bad one, so it can't be worth very much, but you're welcome to it."
 "Yah!" snorted Toodles.
 Bump!
 The shore boat rocked as it bumped

on a chunk of driftwood brought down to sea by the waters of the Orinoco.

"Ow! What's that?" ejaculated Tuckey Toodles.

"Only a shark," said Sawyer major.

"A-a-a—what?"

"Lots of sharks here," said Sawyer calmly. "They bump into boats, you know, and knock them over, and seize the fattest chap aboard in their awful jaws—"

"Yaroooh!"

"Toodles, keep your place!" exclaimed Mr. Packe, from the stern-sheets. "What do you mean by jumping about in that manner?"

"Help!"

"You ridiculous boy! Whatever is the matter with him?" exclaimed the Form-master.

"Tell 'em to pull back to the ship!" howled Toodles. "I'm not going to be devoured by sharks!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bless my soul! There are no sharks to be seen, and if there were any here they could not harm you in the boat," said Mr. Packe. "You must not be so frightened, Toodles."

"I'm n-not f-frightened!" stutted Toodles, through his chattering teeth. "But that awful monster, sir—look!"

"That is a piece of driftwood, Toodles."

"Oh!"

Tuckey Toodles sat down again, looking daggers at the playful Sawyer. The juniors chortled, and the black boatmen grinned, and Tuckey sat with a very red face till the boat bumped at the quay, and the Benbow fellows scrambled ashore.

On Their Own!

JACK DRAKE and Co. looked round them with great interest as they walked into the town.

Port of Spain was a very interesting place to the Benbow fellows, fresh from the old country and the temperate zone.

Wide streets, planted with great trees for shade; walls that swarmed with scarlet flowers; giant palm-trees, and a crowd of all nations met their eyes.

Negroes with brawny black bodies that glistened in the sun, Hindoo coolies brown as berries, Chinese and mulattos, Spanish creoles and swarthy half-breeds jostled in the busy streets, and half a dozen languages could be heard in as many minutes. Dogs and goats seemed to have the freedom of the city, as well as black vultures, who did a great deal of the scavenging work of Port of Spain.

Tuckey Toodles eyed his first vulture rather uneasily, and wished he had brought Mr. Pigtop's revolver, after all.

"Only a crow, ass," said Drake.

"Tain't a crow—it's too big for a crow," said Tuckey. "Looks to me like a ferocious eagle."

"They're called Johnny crows here," said Rodney. "They're vultures, but they won't touch you unless you peg out. And you won't have the kindness to us to do that!"

"Yah!" retorted Toodles.

The Benbow crowd attracted some glances from the loungers of Port of Spain—and the loungers seemed in-

numerable. Life is easy for the loafer in the West Indies, where the soil has but to be "tickled with a hoe to laugh with a harvest." Black gentlemen who can live with one day's work a week see no necessity for working on other days, which they often spend in loitering and loafing, or dozing under a shady wall. In Trinidad the problem of poverty is almost solved; there the poor man, if he choose, may be as lazy as a lord. Tuckey Toodles envied some of the coloured gentlemen he beheld, and he already had thoughts of settling down in Trinidad when he grew up.

The Benbow juniors marched in twos and threes, under the anxious care of Mr. Packe, who had to keep his eyes open to see that his flock did not wander. But mareniaf like a school on parade did not meet the views of all his pupils.

"What price clearing off on our own?" Drake murmured to Rodney. "After all, we're not a little girls' school, you know!"

Rodney laughed.

"I'm game," he answered. "If we turn up for the boat at sundown it will be all right, and if there's lines, it can't be helped. We want to see the place on our own."

"Exactly."

There was a crashing of tom-toms as a body of negroes came tramping along, apparently engaged upon some celebration. The Benbow fellows had to crowd out of the way, and Drake and Rodney took the opportunity of turning down a side-street and scudding. In a couple of minutes they were far out of sight of the anxious Mr. Packe, who was, in the opinion of the juniors, over-anxious.

"All serene now," said Drake, with a laugh, as they stopped by a garden-wall, over which mangoes were growing, round a corner.

"Right as rain!" said Rodney.

"Hallo! Here comes somebody!"

There was a pounding of feet, and a fat figure came scudding round the corner.

It was Tuckey Toodles, going at full speed. He crashed into the two chums before he saw them.

"Oh, you ass!" gasped Drake, staggering back.

Rodney grasped the fat junior to save himself.

"Ow! Help!" roared Toodles.

"Brigands! Kidnappers! Help!"

"You silly ass!" roared Rodney.

"Oh, is it you, old chap?" gasped Tuckey. "All serene! I say, I came after you. I was afraid you'd lose your way without me to look after you!"

"Br-r-r-r!"

"You forgot to lend me any money, Drake—"

"I'm going on forgetting," growled Drake.

"Well, never mind; you can pay the exes., and I'll settle up when we get aboard the Benbow again," said Tuckey brightly. "I say, there's a cinema in this town—"

"Bother the cinema! Do you think we're going indoors on a day like this?"

"Well, perhaps you're right. We'd better look for something to eat first," said Tuckey.

"You ate enough for two or three days at brekker!" answered Drake. "We're going out of the town now."

"If you're going to starve me, Drake, I don't think I shall be able to come with you," said Tuckey, shaking his head.

"Please yourself."

Drake and Rodney started walking.

In a moment Tuckey Toodles had overtaken them.

"Dear old chap, I'll never desert you," he said affectionately. "I'm sure you fellows would get into trouble without me to look after you. I don't mind waiting another half an hour for lunch, to please you."

"Make it two or three hours!"

grinned Drake.

"Oh, dear!"

"There's a lovely place outside the town, called the Savannah," Rodney remarked. "That's what we want, if anybody knew the way."

"Ask that nigger," said Toodles, jerking his thumb towards a tall, powerful-looking negro who was basking in the sun by the wall.

Until Toodles spoke the big black man had looked half asleep, enjoying to the full the delights of tropical heat and complete laziness. But at Tuckey's remark he jumped up with astonishing activity.

"Who you call nigger?" he inquired.

"Here, you keep off!" exclaimed Tuckey, in alarm, backing away behind Drake and Rodney.

"I have you understand, sar, me no common nigger!" said the black man, growing excited; and he danced round Rodney and Drake, with the evident intention of administering severe punishment to Tuckey Toodles on the spot.

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Rodney. "Toodles, you ass—"

"Keep him off!" yelled Tuckey.

He dodged frantically, with the black man in angry pursuit. Drake and Rodney looked on in dismay.

"Help!" yelled the hapless Tuckey. "You fellows keep him off, can't you? Yaroooh! Help! Police! Yah! Oh!"

"Here, hold on, my man!" exclaimed Drake, as the negro caught Tuckey at last. "Tuckey, you fat-head, apologise to the gentleman!"

The black man's anger vanished as if by magic as Drake made that tactful speech. His scowls disappeared, and he smiled.

"You gentleman, sar," he said. "Me gentleman, too. Little fat trash pollygise, all right."

"Oh, dear!" gasped Tuckey.

The black gentleman stood waiting for his apology, his wrath quite ready to bubble up again if that amende honourable was refused.

It was rather a bitter pill for Tuckey to swallow, for Tuckey Toodles was a lofty, aristocratic youth, in his own estimation, and he could scarcely bring himself to apologise to a "nigger." But the nigger's fists looked like legs of mutton, and Tuckey had a haunting doubt that he might be a cannibal. So he swallowed his pill.

"Sorry!" he stammered. "I—I—I apologise!"

"We apologise for him, too," said Dick Rodney gravely. "You must

excuse his manners, sir. He's only a silly kid, and he's been very badly brought up."

"Why, you rotter——" spluttered Toodles.

"We're ashamed of him," said Drake. "He's always getting into trouble from his bad manners."

"Why, you beast——"

"He doesn't know how to treat a gentleman when he meets one," continued Drake, with owl-like gravity. "He apologises; we apologise. Good-morning, sir!"

Drake took off his straw hat and bowed to the black gentleman over it, and Rodney followed his example, with great seriousness. The black gentleman, all smiles now, took off his rag of a hat and bowed, too. The juniors walked away up the street, and the negro resumed his place under the wall, quite satisfied with that vindication of his gentility. And Drake and Rodney waited till they had turned a corner before they laughed.

Stranded!

"If you fellows think I approve of this——" began Tuckey Toodles, in great disgust, when they were safe out of sight of the black gentleman of Trinidad.

"Cheese it!" growled Drake. "Why can't you learn some decent manners, you fat bounder?"

"A blessed nigger——"

"Chap can't help his complexion," said Rodney, "and I dare say he likes it as much as we like ours. And if you call a black man a nigger here, fatty, you're liable to land in trouble; and next time we'll leave you to get the licking you ask for!"

Whereat Tuckey Toodles snorted, but held his peace.

The chums were not long in learning the route to the Savannah. They inquired of another black gentleman, who was lounging near a carriage, picturesquely attired in red-striped calico, with bare feet, his woolly head protected by the remains of a Panama hat. The carriage was an ancient one, and the mule that drew it seemed almost as ancient. The lounging coachman woke up to new life as the juniors made their inquiry of him.

"Me drive you," he said. "Long way—debblish long way. Me drive you for one dollar, sar."

"Jolly good idea!" said Tuckey Toodles at once. "No good walking in this fearful heat. Jump in!"

Drake and Rodney had no time to debate the point, as Tuckey jumped into the ramshackle carriage at once.

"May as well," said Drake; and they followed the fat junior into the dusty old vehicle.

The black driver took his seat at once, and cracked his whip, and the vehicle rumbled away through the streets of Port of Spain.

At Tuckey's suggestion a halt was made at a shop for a supply of "tuck," for a picnic on the Savannah, and then the juniors drove on again.

Over the open carriage was a ragged canvas screen, which partly covered them from the rays of the sun. The warmth of the weather reminded the juniors of a visit to the hot-houses at Kew. Tuckey Toodles fanned himself with a palm-leaf. As they drove out

of the town they caught sight, at a street's length, of the Benbow party, marching on under the solemn guidance of Mr. Packe. The three juniors ducked lower in the carriage.

"My hat! If Packe spots us——" murmured Rodney.

"Faster!" called out Drake to the driver.

The man cracked his whip and grinned, and the ancient mule put on a little more speed. To the relief of the juniors, Mr. Packe and his flock disappeared from sight. Mr. Packe had probably missed them by that time, but he did not think of looking at the passing carriages for his missing pupils.

Every joint and plank in the old vehicle creaked and groaned as it rattled along the road out of Port of

roads, and had been following a track that led through a ravine. Under a big ceiba tree the schoolboys unpacked their lunch-basket. The black driver came up with a grin and an extended dirty hand.

"You pay me dollar, sar," he said.

"You're going to take us back presently," said Drake.

"'Nother dollar to go back."

"All serene."

Drake handed the man his dollar; the drive was certainly cheap enough. The black man sat in the carriage to his own refreshment, which he drew from under a seat. Under the shade of the big ceiba the three juniors lunched with great enjoyment.

"Now we'll have a ramble," said Drake, rising and stretching himself.



There was a crashing of tom-toms as a body of negroes came tramping along. Drake and Rodney took the opportunity of scudding away from Mr. Packe's party.

Spain, and across the open lands of the Savannah.

Even Tuckey Toodles—surreptitiously nibbling at the lunch-basket—was a little impressed by the scenery that unrolled around them. Past the park and the Botanic Gardens, towards the hills that rose blue in the distance they rattled on, passing on the road negroes and colliers, and mule-carts and donkey-carts—occasionally a group of black washerwomen washing clothes in a pool or stream.

Port of Spain, with its busy harbour and the hum of men, was far behind, and the schoolboys, enjoying the excursion, did not think much of the distance they were covering. It was Tuckey Toodles who urged a halt at last, under the admonitions of his inner Tuckey.

"I wonder where the thump we are now?" remarked Dick Rodney, as he stepped from the carriage and stood looking round him. "A good many miles from the old Benbow, anyhow. We can camp here for grub."

The carriage had left the public

"This seems a pretty solitary spot—almost in the hills. Ready, Tuckey?" Tuckey Toodles gave a portentous yawn.

"You fellows can go and ramble, if you like," he said. "I'm going to sleep."

"Slacker!"

"Yah!"

Drake and Rodney laughed, and started. Tuckey Toodles rolled himself in the grass, in the shade of the ceiba's mighty branches, and his deep and resonant snore was heard before the chums were out of hearing.

Drake and Rodney walked on cheerily.

They were in an unsettled quarter of the country, and did not see a single habitation during their ramble, though once or twice they sighted smoke rising over the trees in the distance.

They were some miles from the carriage, where Tuckey Toodles had camped for the afternoon, when the sun sloping down the west warned them that it was time to return.

They found some little difficulty in picking their way back to the spot in the ravine where they had left the carriage and Tuckey and the negro driver.

They found it at last, but to their surprise the carriage was not to be seen.

Tuckey Toodles was seated under the ceiba, demolishing the last of the contents of the lunch-basket, as they came up.

"Hallo, you fellows back at last!" he exclaimed. "I've been waiting for you a jolly long time."

"Where's the go-cart?" demanded Drake.

"You—you see—" Toodles hesitated.

"Where is it, ass? It's time we got back to the town, if we're not to miss the boat for the Benbow."

"Ahem! It—it's gone."

"Gone! Where?"

"Back to Port of Spain, I—I think!" stammered Tuckey.

The juniors stared at him blankly.

"You utter ass!" exclaimed Rodney.

"Do you mean to say you've sent the carriage away while we've been gone?"

"Nunno! I—"

"Then what's happened?" demanded Drake, taking the fat junior by the shoulder, and shaking him.

"Yaroooooh!"

"You fat chump—"

"Tain't my fault!" gasped Toodles.

"I told the beast he was to stay, and he wouldn't! He's gone off! Ow! Leggo!"

"And left us here!" said Drake.

"Why, we don't even know the way back to Port of Spain, even if we could walk the distance! Look here, you silly chump, the man wouldn't go off like that, and lose his fare, for nothing. What have you been up to?"

"N-n-nothing! I—I may have called him a nigger," stammered Tuckey.

"He was cheeky. So—"

"You fat idiot!"

"Well, I told him to fan me, and keep the mosquitoes off," said Tuckey indignantly. "He wouldn't. So I told him he was a cheeky nigger, and he had the impudence to kick me—me, you know! I'd have given him a thumping good hiding, you know, only it was so warm, I didn't feel equal to the exertion. And then he drove off, you know, and never took any notice of my ordering him to stay. Lucky the beast had bare feet—he kicked me jolly hard, you know!"

"You—you—you fat idiot!" gasped Drake helplessly. "Do you understand that you've landed us? It's miles back to the town, and we don't know the way!"

"Tain't my fault! I can't help niggers being cheeky—"

"What are we going to do?" roared Rodney. "There'll be a frightful row if we're not aboard the Benbow for the night!"

"You fellows manage it somehow," said Toodles. "So long as we get somewhere in time for supper, I don't mind. I'll take a rest under the tree while you're deciding. Only don't arrange for me to do a lot of walking. I'm not going to walk much, I can tell you!"

And Tuckey Toodles sat down again. Drake and Rodney stared at him. They were landed for the night, that

was clear. The sun was already setting, and the wooded slopes round them were trackless to their eyes. Not only would they fail to answer roll-call on the Benbow, but it looked as if they would have to pass the night without shelter, in what they stood up in. And with one accord, without stopping to exchange opinions on the subject, the chums laid hold of Tuckey Toodles, and bumped him in the grass, with three terrific bumps, accompanied by three terrific yells from Rupert de Vere Toodles, which rang far and wide over the darkening Savannah.

THE END.

Next week's rattling, long complete story of the boys of the Benbow entitled: "Fallen Among Friends," contains some remarkable adventures of Jack Drake and Co. while lost in Trinidad. Don't miss it!



"SQUARE DEAL SANDERSON"

THE thrilling story of the famous film in which the greatest of all "Cowboy" stars, **WILLIAM S. HART** plays the leading part. A more exciting or enthralling tale you could not wish for. Begin it TO-DAY in the

BOYS' REALM

The Great Sports Story Paper.

A KIND OFFER FROM WUN LUNG.

To the Editor of "The Greyfriars Herald."

Sir,—Me tinkee "The Greyfriars Herald" is not velly exciting paper for boys to read.

Why not have story where the hero choppee offee villain's headee, or cuttee throatee? I will writee you a story of my native landee, with plenty much excitement. Circulation of "The Greyfriars Herald" will go up by leapee and boundee!

Will you givee me permission to do this?—Yours truelee, WUN LUNG.

(If we allowed our Chinese friend to have his own way, "The Greyfriars Herald" would be about the most riotous "blood-and-thunder" it is possible to imagine. People would lose their heads—in more senses than one—in every paragraph! If Wun Lung dares to make any further suggestions of this sort, we shall have no alternative but to choppee offee pigtail!—Ed.)

MY KRICKET KOLLUM

By

BILLY BUNTER

"NEVER agane, under any circumstances, shall you play for the Remove!" declared Wharton, in wringing toans.

But I worried him to such an egg-stent that he had no allturnatiff but to give in, and inklude me in the team which was dew to play Highcliffe on the Satterday.

I felt so buckt at having bean selected that I promptly got into tuch with a man at Courtfield who takes forty-graphs.

"Pleese come over to Greyfriars on Satterday," I said to him on the telly-fone, "and bring your kammera with you. I shall be playing for the Remove, and evverybody will be pleesed to sea a pickeher of a sellebrated batsman like me skoring the winning gole—I meen making the winning hit—for the skool."

The forty-graph man promised to come, and he said he'd bring no end of plaits, bekaws a felo with a face like mine was bound to smash a considerable kwantity

When Saturday came, Highcliffe ran up the big totle of a hundred and forty.

The forty-graph man was waiting for me to go in and make the winning hitt. But he had to wait a jolly long time.

For wunce in a way Wharton and the others ackwitted themselves well. Wharton and Cherry and Nugent and Smithy skored runs at such a terriffick rate that the game was over and wun befour my innings came, which was a grate pittty.

When I did go in, I was boled for a duxegg. But, as I explaned to Wharton afterwards, there was no sence in piling up any more runs, so I got out on purruss.

The forty-graph man got a snapp of me allrite. Just as my wickit fell I herd a sudding klick. And I new that the kammera had done its deddly work at an unforchunit moment.

A few days later the foloing report of the match apeared in the lokle rag:

"Greyfriars Remove v. Highcliffe.

"In spite of the fact that W. G. Bunter was included in their team, the Greyfriars Remove gained a meritorious victory over their Highcliffe rivals.

"Bunter did everything possible to lose the match, but, despite the severe handicap of having such a clumsy and awkward clown in the side, Greyfriars managed to win."

The neckst time that cheeky reporter felo apears on the Greyfriars grownd, I shall brane him with the bizzness end of my batt! He ought to no better. But the readers of "The Greyfriars Herald" will reelize, if he duzzent, that the pillow and manestay of the Remove team is me—W. G. Bunter!

THE END.

THE MYSTERY OF THE GARDEN SUBURB!

Our Great New Series dealing with the amazing adventures of

HERLOCK SHOLMES
DETECTIVE

Written by

PETER TODD

I.

IT was during this period of our residence in Shaker Street that the musical world was shocked by the strange and inexplicable death of Signor Tremuloso, the famous Italian tenor.

The affair was wrapped in mystery. The assistance of my amazing friend, Mr. Herlock Sholmes, was not at first sought by the police, and all we knew of the matter was gathered from the daily papers.

It appeared that Signor Tremuloso, who lived at Chumpstead, in the N.W. district, had gone out for a walk in the evening, and his footsteps had led him in the direction of the Garden Suburb adjoining Chumpstead.

All accounts agreed that he had left home alive.

At ten o'clock, Police-Constable X YZ 123 was startled by the sound of deep groaning as he was passing through one of the streets of the Garden Suburb.

On the pavement, outside the garden gate of Mr. Voxbuster, a well-known resident and musical amateur of the Garden Suburb, he found the unfortunate Italian gentleman, writhing in anguish.

To add to the tragedy of the scene, Mr. Voxbuster's house was brilliantly lighted up, a musical party being in progress there. In the darkness outside, the Italian gentleman breathed his last in the constable's arms.

The only words he was able to utter, before he expired were:

"Crudele—troppo crudele!"

This was the constable's evidence at the inquest.

No cause could be assigned for the sudden and tragic death of Signor Tremuloso, but the police suspected foul play.

The papers referred to the affair as the "The Mysterious Murder in the Garden Suburb."

For a week the Scotland Yard authorities investigated the mystery in vain.

They could not discover how the Italian gentleman had come by his death, or by what felon hand he had been felled.

Herlock Sholmes made no sign. He was prepared to place his vast abilities at the service of the authorities when asked to do so; but he waited for the request which he was sure would come. It came at last.

One afternoon our old acquaintance, Inspector Pinkeye, was shown into our rooms at Shaker Street by Mrs. Spudson.

Sholmes greeted him with a smile. "I have been expecting you, Pink-eye," he remarked. "Help yourself

to the cocaine, my dear fellow; the cask is at your elbow. The Garden Suburb affair, what?"

"Exactly, Mr. Sholmes," said the inspector. "We find ourselves at a loss again, and if you care—"

"Certainly!"

"Thank you, Mr. Sholmes. An extraordinary affair—the most mysterious murder in my experience," said Inspector Pinkeye. "No sign of violence was found on the deceased—only an expression of terrible suffering was firmly fixed upon his face. The post-mortem was conducted by Dr. Turnemout, and proved that death could not have been due to natural causes. Yet what weapon was used baffles us—"

"Some deadly poison, that leaves no trace behind," I suggest.

The inspector nodded.

"It is possible," he said. "What do you think, Mr. Sholmes?"

Herlock Sholmes smiled.

"I am afraid I am going to give



Inspector Pinkeye was shown in by Mrs. Spudson.

you a shock, inspector," he answered. "In my opinion, which is, as Jotson will tell you, infallible, it is not a case of murder."

"Then what?"

"Accidental death!" said Sholmes, quietly.

"But what accident could have happened to Signor Tremuloso, which has left no trace upon him?" exclaimed the inspector warmly.

"My dear inspector, there are more things in artistic and musical garden suburbs than are dreamt of in your philosophy, as Shakespeare has remarked. Yet the clue is plain."

"It is not plain enough for me to see," said the inspector, somewhat gruffly.

"Possibly," assented Sholmes. "Yet you must be aware of the facts of the case. The Chumpstead Garden Suburb is well-known as a centre of artistic and musical amateurs!"

"But what—"

"Mr. Voxbuster is one of the best-known of these, and he was giving a musical evening when the unhappy

Italian tenor, led by a fatal chance, passed by his house—"

"I do not see the connection!"

"Naturally; if you could, you would not require my assistance," replied Sholmes. "However, let us go to the Garden Suburb and make inquiries at Mr. Voxbuster's house."

"Every inquiry has already been made there."

"From your point of view, doubtless; but I wish to make a few more." said Sholmes drily. "I shall see you later, Jotson, when I will furnish the usual explanation at the end of the story."

And Herlock Sholmes departed with Inspector Pinkeye, leaving me to await his return.

II.

HERLOCK SHOLMES returned in time for dinner. The kippers were ready, and Sholmes dined before he condescended to gratify my eager curiosity as to what had happened in the Garden Suburb. The kippers and winkles having been disposed of, however, Sholmes drew his usual jug of cocaine from the cask, and his chin resumed its customary activity.

"As I said, a case of accidental death, Jotson," he remarked. "A few questions addressed to Mr. Voxbuster elucidated the whole mystery."

"You mystify me, Sholmes. What connection had Mr. Voxbuster with the sudden death of the Italian musician?"

"He was the unfortunate and unintentional cause of it, Jotson."

"Sholmes!"

"A pure accident, Jotson. Mr. Voxbuster was giving a musical evening at his home in the Garden Suburb, when the unhappy Italian, taking his evening stroll, passed along the street."

"But—"

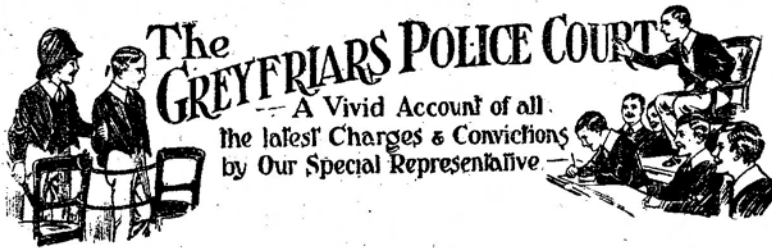
"The windows were open, on account of the warmth of the evening. Mr. Voxbuster and his guests were having what they described as a 'little music.' It was at ten o'clock that the constable found Signor Tremuloso expiring in anguish. I have ascertained that it was a few minutes earlier, that Mr. Voxbuster, who is well-known in the Garden Suburb as an amateur tenor, began to sing 'I'll sing these songs of Araby!' The wide-open window allowed the dreadful result to pass into the street, and it smote, with full force, upon the unprepared and sensitive ears of the unhappy musician. His physical organisation was not equal to the strain! He fell!"

Sholmes took a deep draught of cocaine, to conceal his emotion.

"Mr. Voxbuster kept on grimly to the end, Jotson. No other casualties are recorded; the inhabitants of the Garden Suburb are a hardy race. But the hapless musician, whose fatal footsteps had led him within range of Mr. Voxbuster's tenor solo, fell, and expired in anguish before the solo was concluded. A sad case, Jotson—very!"

THE END.

Look out for the laughable adventure entitled: "The Case of the Sinn Feiners!" in next Tuesday's issue!



The GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

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

This week, at the Woodshed Petty Sessions, offenders suffered for their transgressions, for Justice Wharton put them through it. His worship knows the way to do it! The court was packed to overflowing. All Greyfriars chaps insist on going!

MORGAN AND THE MONKEY! Amusing Scenes in Court!

David Morgan, a mad Welshman, was the first prisoner to appear. He was charged with being in possession of a tame (?) monkey, named Tango. And the monkey appeared in the dock with him.

Magistrate: Pardon me, but I am unable to tell which is the prisoner and which is the monkey! (Laughter.)

Mr. Robert Cherry, K.C.: The prisoner is the one who's clad in Etons, your worship.

Magistrate: Oh, I see! Not quite so good-looking as the monkey, is he? (Laughter.)

Prisoner (excitedly): I'm not here to be insulted, mark you!

Magistrate (grimly): Yes, we'll mark you all right! You will be sentenced to receive six hefty swipes with a cricket-stump!

Mr. Cherry: Might I suggest that your worship hears the evidence before passing sentence?

Magistrate: It wouldn't be a bad idea, would it? Get the evidence off your chest, my learned chump!

Mr. Cherry: The monkey, which is now grinning at you from the dock, your worship, has been responsible for a series of outrages. Prisoner hasn't attempted to keep the beast in order. He's allowed it to run riot. The other day it got into No. 1 Study through the window, and invited itself to tea. When the tenants of the study came in, hungry and thirsty after a fierce game of hopscotch, they found the floor strewn with broken crockery, and the grub had vanished. It had been scooped by that gibbering ape!

Magistrate (sternly): I don't approve of these monkey-tricks! (Laughter.)

Mr. Cherry: The monkey also savagely attacked Mr. Frank Nugent, and pulled out several tufts of his hair.

Magistrate: Where is Mr. Nugent now?

Mr. Cherry: He has gone away to receive treatment at the Institute for Baldheaded Bounders, your worship. (Laughter.)

Magistrate (nervously): Is the beast chained up at this present moment?

Mr. Cherry: Oh, yes! He is attached to prisoner's watch-chain, your worship.

Magistrate: Then he can't attack me?

Mr. Cherry: Oh, dear, no! He's

most affectionate to his relations! (Loud laughter.)

Magistrate (warmly): Are you insinuating that I'm a monkey?

Mr. Cherry: Certainly not, your worship! Everybody knows that you're an ass! (Renewed laughter.)

At this juncture, Tango detached himself from prisoner's watch-chain, and made a sudden leap at his worship, whose wig was wrenched off, and hurled out of the window.

Magistrate: Help! Fire! Murder! The mad brute is clawing my chivvy!

With great difficulty, a number of jurymen succeeded in capturing the monkey, and restoring it to the dock.

Magistrate: Oh, dear! My nerves are shattered by that ordeal. Fetch me a strong lemonade, somebody, with a dash of rain-water.

Having partaken of this stimulant, his worship was able to proceed.

Mr. Richard Russell, K.C., for the defence, said that there was no law against a fellow keeping a pet.

"Tango is quite tame and perfectly harmless," declared Mr. Russell.

Magistrate: But he nearly mangled me!

Mr. Russell: That's merely his playful way, your worship! He was caressing you, that's all. I submit that Tango is a very intelligent creature—quite as intelligent as a certain magistrate I could name! (Laughter.)

There is no case against the prisoner, and if the jury don't bring in a verdict of Not Guilty, I'll meet them in the gym. afterwards!

His worship, summing up, said that he couldn't stand monkeys at any price, and this particular monkey was the absolute limit.

Voice from the Gallery: Don't be hard on your ancestors, your worship! (Laughter.)

Magistrate: I don't wish to influence the jury in any way, but unless they return a verdict of Guilty, they'll find themselves in the dock!

The foreman of the jury, without consulting his fellows, promptly brought in a verdict of Guilty.

Magistrate: Prisoner is hereby sentenced to receive a jolly good spanking with a cricket-stump. And as for the other monkey, he must be deported within a week.

The prisoner escaped his deserts by presenting his worship with a bag of monkey-nuts!

Trouble For Temple!

Cecil Reginald Temple, the star turn of the Upper Fourth, was the next prisoner to appear. He was charged with bathing in an unauthorised place.

Magistrate: What was the unauthorised place?

Mr. R. Cherry, K.C.: The school fountain, your worship.

Magistrate: Bless my soul! This is simply shocking!

Mr. Cherry: Prisoner cannot plead ignorance, your worship, because a notice was exhibited near the fountain, to this effect:—

"No bathing is permitted here, And he who disregards this warning,

Will be commanded to appear Within the Police Court in the morning!"

Prisoner (conducting his own defence): I wasn't swimming in the beastly fountain from choice! I was chucked in by a gang of Remove hooligans!

Magistrate: Did you swim out again?

Prisoner: Well, I made a few strokes—

Magistrate: And so will I! You will receive six hard ones with the map-pole.

His worship carried out the sentence himself. And the victim was carried out afterwards!

REPORTS IN BRIEF!

William George Bunter was charged with causing an obstruction in the Remove passage.

Owing to prisoner's huge bulk, explained Mr. Cherry, it was impossible for pedestrians to pass on either side of him.

Prisoner was sentenced to do an hour's dumb-bell exercise morning and evening, until such time as he had worked off his superfluous fat.

Three defiant-looking youths—Richard Nugent, George Adalbert Gatty, and Edwin Myers—were charged with firing at his worship with pea-shooters during the court proceedings. The pea-shooters were confiscated, and prisoners were bound over to keep the peas.

A hulking lout named Gerald Loder applied for a separation from his fag, Hubert Bolsover, on account of the latter having smashed up all his crockery.

The magistrate complained that it was a beastly fag having to deal with the antics of a beastly fag, and if Loder didn't remove that beastly fag from his mouth while he was giving evidence, there would be trouble! (Laughter.)

The case was eventually dismissed, amid loud cheers from the fag fraternity.

Richard Nugent, a whimpering fag, was further charged with being in possession of pears, and it was at first thought that this was a plain case of orchard robbing.

It transpired, however, that prisoner was not in possession of fruit, but of a tablet of Pears' soap. He explained that he was about to have his annual tub, and was therefore acquitted, amid loud cheers from the fags in the gallery.

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, and addressed to "Greyfriars Herald," The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., E.C. 4.—Editor.

The Charge Fizzled Out!

A man who had an impediment in his speech had been brought up before the local magistrate.

"What are you charged with, my man?" asked his worship.

"S-s-s-s—" began the unfortunate accused.

The magistrate turned to the constable.

"What is this man charged with?" he demanded.

And the reply came:

"Soda-water, I think, sir!"—Sent in by C. Rothery, Plasnewydd, Princes Drive, Colwyn Bay.

Banked on Doing Well!

The Lady Visitor: What plans have you for the future, my poor man?

The Convict: I've got the plans of two banks and one post-office, mum!"

—Sent in by V. Burton, 121, Shepherdess Walk, City Road, London, N.1.

A WICKET PUN!



TOGGINS: "Is that bat any good for driving?"

SLOGGINS: "Rather; why a Surrey batsman once made two hundred not out with a bat of this sort."

TOGGINS: Goodness! How did he do it?"

SLOGGINS: "Because he was 'Abel,' I suppose."

Cheese It!

"I say, Harry," said a miner to his mate, "what's a cosmopolitan?"

Harry thought for a moment then he replied:

"Well, supposin' there was a Russian Jew living in England with an Italian wife, smoking Egyptian cigarettes near a French window in a room with a Turkey carpet on the floor. Now if this man ordered American ice-cream sodas while listening to a German band playing 'Come back to Erin,' after a supper of Dutch cheese made up as Welsh rarebit, then you might be quite safe in saying he was a cosmopolitan!"—Sent in by Miss Madge Broadley, 54, Eelholme View, Beechcliffe, Keighley, Yorks.

OUR TUCK-HAMPER PRIZE STORYETTE

MORE FIREWORKS FOLLOWED!

Night was coming on, the storm was increasing in violence, and some of the deck-fittings had already been swept overboard, when the captain decided to send up a signal of distress. But hardly had the rocket burst over the ship when a solemn-faced passenger stepped on to the bridge.

"Captain," he said, "I'd be the last person on earth to cast a damper on any man's patriotism, but it seems to me that this is no time for letting off fireworks."—Sent in by Dennis Lazenby, 70, Wynburg Street, Hull; to whom a hamper crammed full of delicious tuck has been despatched.

His Solution!

Patrick O'Donnell wanted to send a telegram to a friend in a remote part of Galway, and the clerk told him the charge would be one shilling and ninepence.

"Be jabbers, how d'ye make that out?" demanded Pat.

"Ninepence for the wire and a shilling for delivery outside the radius," explained the man.

"Bad cess to it!" retorted the Irishman. "Bedad, ye can send the telegram and Oi'll write and ask me friend to call for it!"—Sent in by Miss S. Gould, 54, Lord Street, Cheetham, Manchester.

A Gentle Hint!

The errand boy was never-tipped, so when he arrived at the house of his master's friend, he rudely threw the parcel on the floor.

"I shall have to teach you manners, my boy," said the man. "Watch me. I will take your place and show you how to behave."

He went outside and knocked gently on the door.

"Come in!" called the boy.

The man entered and said:

"Good-afternoon, sir. My master sends his compliments and wishes you to accept this little gift!"

"I thank you," said the errand-boy. "Tell him I return the compliment, and here's half a crown for yourself!"—Sent in by Chas. Temple, 68, Grove Road, Bow, E.3.

BATTY!



MUGGINS MINOR: "Look here, Mr. Shopman, this bat I bought from you is no good. I want it changed."

SHOPMAN: "What's wrong with it?"

MUGGINS MINOR: "Why, every time I've played with that bat I've been bowled first ball!"

A Subject for Compassion!

Mr. Twigg: Bunter, have you finished your preparation?

Sammy Bunter: Er—yes, sir.

Mr. Twigg: What have you done?

Bunter: History, geography and gazinta.

Mr. Twigg: Gazinta! What's that?

Bunter: Why, two gazinta four twice, and four gazinta eight twice. You must be dull, sir.—Sent in by S. B. King, 29, Pelly Road, Plaistow, E.13.

Then He S-catted!

Spark: My dog took first prize in the cat show last night.

Bark: Nonsense! It couldn't!

Spark: But it did—it took the prize cat!—Sent in by S. Diaper, 43, Lett-son Street, Camberwell, S.E.5.

Very Cutting!

The Customer: Now please cut all three short.

The Barber: I'm afraid I don't understand, sir.

The Customer: Why the hair, the beard and the conversation!—Sent in by K. Innes, 105, Ashley Road, Bristol.



The Luck of the Estors

Our magnificent racing serial specially written by

MAJOR CHERRY

Danny Wade Climbs Down!

NO sooner had Tony gone to the ground beneath the foul blow delivered by Danny Wade than the players in the donkey-polo match galloped their steeds to the scene of the incident. At the same time a number of spectators, including Lord Estor, Dorothy, and Barney Bulfin, rushed to the assistance of the fallen apprentice.

"You cad, Wade!" cried the Owner. "How dare you strike the lad?"

But the jockey remained sullen and silent while the sporting peer and his daughter attended to the unconscious stable-boy.

Fortunately, the blow was nothing more serious than a knock-out to the point of the chin, and within a few seconds Tony was able to rise dizzily to his feet.

"I'm—I'm quite all right now, thanks," he said, smiling. "Let's get on with the game."

"I think it's up to Mr. Wade to apologise," said Dorothy, looking contemptuously at the half-defiant jockey—"or at least to offer some explanation for his conduct. It was only an accident that he was bowled over, and Tony did his best to help him."

"Hear, hear, your ladyship!" cried Tubby Brownlee, the captain of the apprentices' side. Then, turning to Danny Wade, and pointing dramatically at the ground with his hockey-stick, he said: "Get down and say you're sorry, you worm, or I shall lead my men from the field!"

Never in all his life before had the leading jockey been spoken to in this manner by a stable-boy, and he clutched his own hockey-stick, as though about to wreak vengeance on the temerous youth in no uncertain manner.

Fortunately, however, Barney Bulfin interposed. Grabbing the valiant Tubby by his collar and the seat of his multi-coloured harlequin's costume, he heaved him out of the way, and stepped up to the irate jockey.

"See here, Danny," he said quietly, "you've created a jolly bad impression over this business. Now, the least you can do is to show you've still got some vestige of sporting spirit left by offering young Tony here some sort of apology for your loss of temper."

Danny Wade gulped two or three times, and his eyes wandered furtively round the crowd of onlookers. He had

made a fool of himself, he knew, but to apologise to a stable-boy was a bitter pill to swallow. However, with no very good grace he managed to stammer out something which was accepted as an apology, and then the spectators retired from the field, and the game was restarted.

The unpleasant incident was soon forgotten by the crowd as the jockeys and apprentices strove to gain an advantage.

Following some smart passing between Tony and one of the other lads, the latter shot the ball across to Tubby, who made a wild attempt to smash it into the jockey's goal. Unfortunately, he missed the football entirely, and, more unfortunately still, his hockey-stick came into contact with the hindquarters of Shorty Dunn's moke with a resounding thwack. Again Shorty went careering round the field, this time clinging desperately with arms and legs to the neck of his scared and infuriated steed.

Faster and more furious grew the game, until a temporary halt was called, owing to Tubby's donkey taking a seat on the ground, in the mouth

of the jockeys' goal, and refusing to budge. By dint of much pushing and coaxing on the part of the combined teams, the animal was induced at length to assume a more normal position, but directly Tubby climbed on to its back again it resumed its former lethargic habit of grazing on the short grass. Only when one of the stable-boys surreptitiously prodded it with a sharp-pointed stick did the donkey wake up. It promptly leapt about four feet into the air, ridding itself of the unfortunate Tubby in the process, and made three complete circuits of the field without stopping.

When Tubby and Shorty Dunn returned from their involuntary gallop, the latter commenced to indulge in some very rough play, on one occasion bringing his heavy hockey-stick across the forelegs of Tony's moke, causing that unfortunate beast to rear back in pain and alarm.

"Hi, go easy, old sport!" cried Tony. "Banging the donkeys of your pards about isn't the way to win the match!"

Shorty Dunn showed his teeth viciously.

"That was intended for your legs, you cheeky kid," he hissed, "in return for the crack you gave my moke just now!"

Tony had no opportunity to explain that he was not responsible for the blow which had so enlivened the moke of the Garston apprentice a few moments before, for the necessity of tackling one of the opposing players, who had secured the ball, arose at that instant.

The Estor lad had hoped that the donkey-polo would have helped to patch up his quarrel with Dunn, for he disliked being at loggerheads with another fellow over such a trifling matter as that raised in the dressing-room on the Newmarket course, which had been responsible for the first bad blood. But it was evident that the Garston apprentice was nursing the quarrel, and was only waiting his opportunity to vent his wrath on the younger boy in some underhand manner, which would afford him a greater measure of safety than a straight face-to-face fight with bare fists.

After the teams had played twenty minutes each way, the exciting and amusing donkey-polo match came to an end, the score being four goals to three, in favour of the apprentices.

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 Groat, 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. Lady Dorothy arranges a donkey polo-match between riding jockeys and apprentices in aid of some charity. Danny Wade falls from his mount, but when Tony goes to his assistance he unexpectedly rises and sends the boy reeling to the ground with a smashing blow to the chin.

Returning home in the dog-cart with Barney, Tony was strangely pre-occupied. He was thinking of the extraordinary incident in which he and the jockey, Wade, had figured. When Wade had fallen from his mount, the boy had stooped to loosen his silken jacket at his throat, to permit him to breathe more freely. But the touch of Tony's fingers had spurred the jockey into a paroxysm of rage and fear; he had clutched his jacket as though fearful something hidden beneath might be revealed.

The motive was so obvious that Tony was positive that he was not mistaken in his conviction that the jockey's swift blow was struck only to frustrate what he believed to be an attempt to secure that "something" which was concealed under his violet-and-white silken jacket. But whether this mysterious "something" consisted of a memento, money, or a secret document Tony could not decide; neither could he keep the tantalising problem, for which he found no solution, from recurring in his mind.

On the Eve of Doncaster!

WITHIN a fortnight of the day of the Newmarket Pete, Dick Selby had quite recovered from the broken collar-bone he had sustained, and Tony was exceedingly glad to have the companionship of his great chum once more.

Together they tackled the mystery they had set out to solve; but Jerry Groat and his gang had apparently left the neighbourhood of Newmarket, for they saw none of the rogues for weeks. Ginger Hales, the racecourse tout, had also departed for pastures new, so the boys could not put their plan of collaring the spy and making him divulge the information they believed he possessed, into execution.

Both lads had the strongest suspicion of the treachery of Danny Wade, but by the time the Doncaster races drew round they were no nearer the solution of the mystery surrounding the identity of the scoundrel who had doped the Estor racehorse at Epsom than they were at the time Dick had left the nursing-home.

Both Tony and Dick, however, found so much to occupy their time, in their capacity of stable-apprentices, that neither felt so keenly their failure as amateur detectives as they might have done otherwise.

Each day the former managed to snatch an hour or so in which to exercise The Rocking Horse, the dappled grey colt on which he set such store, in spite of the disparagement of more experienced horsemen. The way in which the colt responded to his every word and touch across the hedges and fields of the countryside encouraged him to quietly persevere in his task of developing the grey into a crack steeplechaser.

The rest of his spare time Tony expended in becoming proficient in the mechanism and driving of a jolly little two-seater car which Barney Bulfin, his foster-parent, had acquired.

Since Tony's great race in the Apprentices' Handicap the luck of the Estors had improved somewhat, but Wade's mounts seldom made the brilliant showing which was expected of

horses trained to the hour, and ridden by the leading jockey on the Turf. Lord Estor had yet to win his big race of the season, and hopes ran high in the stable that the St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster would furnish him with the opportunity of leading in a successful runner, for the selected racer of the string was none other than the magnificent Sunfire, the Derby favourite, whose chances at Epsom had been ruined by treachery, and who later made such excellent running in the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot, after being left at the post.

Each day Dick Selby, the Estor stable-boy, exercised the golden-brown mare on the Heath, and his opinion, privately expressed to Tony, was that nothing on four legs could beat the Estor crack, unless— And in the minds of both lads was the possibility that foul play might again play a part in ruining the chances of the finest racer which had ever stepped on to a racecourse.

"Between ourselves, Tony," said Dick sadly, "I wish to goodness Wade wasn't going to ride the mare. He's a first-rate jockey, we must admit, but in spite of his reputation of always riding straight, I don't trust the chap. A lot seems to point to the fact that he is mixed up in some way with Jerry Groat, and I'm not at all sure that we shouldn't, even now, go to Barney and tell him of our suspicions."

"It's no good, Dick," returned Tony uneasily. "We can't go blacking the fellow's character without some definite proof against him. Besides, Lord Estor has paid a tremendous retaining fee for his services in all the big events of this season, and there is no one else the Owner would care to put up on Sunfire in Wade's place."

Dick's eyes flashed, and he clenched his hands.

"There'll be another rotten fiasco over the St. Leger, I'm positive," he cried. "I know the mare can go the course without turning a hair, and I only wish I had the chance of wearing colours in the big race! I'd eat my riding-boots afterwards if I didn't take her past the post lengths ahead of the rest of the field!"

"I only wish you were going to be up on Sunfire, old chap," said Tony quietly. "One thing, I know you'd ride to win, and, like yourself, I'm not so jolly sure about Wade."

He stopped short, and the expression on his face changed. It was as if some daring idea which afforded a glimmer of hope had occurred to him.

Dick noticed the sudden change, and his eyebrows lifted inquiringly.

"What's come to you, old top?" he asked.

"I—I must think things out," muttered Tony, as if half fearful of his own thoughts. "Perhaps I'll tell you later."

And, despite the coaxing of his chum, the younger lad refused to say another word on the subject.

One early morning, a few days after this conversation, while darkness still enveloped the countryside, the Estor string of racers who were to take part in the Doncaster meeting were led from the stables for the purpose of entraining at the Newmarket sidings.

Each of the thoroughbreds was wearing blinkers and a blanket, and was in the charge of one of the stable-hands, who held firmly on to the halter of the spirited animal.

Perkins, the head groom, and Tony and Dick were all going on the train with the racehorses; Barney Bulfin was to essay the journey to Doncaster in his little two-seater. In this venture the genial trainer was to have the company of Lord Estor and Dorothy, who were also going to motor over, but in a magnificent Rolls-Royce touring car. They had offered to take Barney in their car, but the trainer had taken a greater fancy than he suspected possible for his new acquisition, and was anxious to prove his mettle as a full-fledged chauffeur.

The Estor stable employees boxed the horses at the Newmarket siding, three cars being used for the entire string of racers. Three rival stables were also sending Doncaster runners by the same train, and by the light of the electric standards that illuminated the busy scene on the railway sidings, Tony noticed that Sir Digby Garston himself had come down to watch the boxing of his own horses. Shorty Dunn, too, the head lad of the Garston stables, was also very much in evidence as he strained and tugged to get one or two of the more roguish of the thoroughbreds into the box-cars.

When the train moved out, Dick Selby took his seat in the centre car of the three used for the Estor racers, wherein Sunfire and two horses were stalled. Tony was in charge of the other thoroughbreds in the rear car, and another stable-lad, called Milligan, was on duty in the one in front.

The doors of each car were securely fastened, and there was no other means of entrance, ventilation being secured through the opening between heavy slats of wood, high in the sides, above the horses' heads. Altogether, the greatest precautions are taken whenever racehorses make journeys by rail, for there are rogues of the Turf who would neglect no opportunity of attempting foul play if by doing so they might benefit to the tune of a few hundred pounds.

As the train jolted along through the night, Tony Draycott sat on his seat in the box-car, gazing at the horses, whose covering blankets showed yellow in the dim light, and meditating over all the thrilling events which had passed in swift procession since that memorable day when the veterinary surgeon at Epsom had pronounced so dramatically that the Derby favourite had been doped by the application of a hypodermic needle.

The uncertain light, the impatient tapping of the horses' hoofs on the floor of the car, and the monotonous jostling of the train, all tended to make the lad drowsy at that unearthly hour of the morning. But Tony resolutely resisted the inclination to drowse comfortably throughout the journey, for he realised that his was a position of supreme trust, to be taken as seriously as the long night-watch of the sentry on duty, or the look-out man on the bridge of a speeding warship.

For about half an hour he remained almost motionless in his seat, and

then, to shake off the persistent desire to sleep, he arose, stifling a yawn as he did so.

The Peril of the Train!

NEXT moment every muscle in his body stiffened, his eyes became fixed and staring, his whole being the personification of startled alertness. A strange, shuffling sound, almost inaudible amid the restless movements of the racehorses and the steady jogging of the train, had caught his ears. But it was not so much the fact that the sound was unlike those made by the uneasy shifting about of the thoroughbreds in the stalls as the direction from which it came that put the stable-boy on the qui vive. The noise proceeded from the roof of the box-car!

It was as though someone was crawling on all fours along the roof, and, listening intently, Tony heard the shuffling sound receding down the length of the car.

"Great snakes!" muttered the boy to himself. "I must be suffering from nightmare!"

He gave a low laugh, as though to reassure himself, but, in spite of trying to convince himself how absurd was the idea that anyone should be climbing about on the swiftly-moving train, he remained uneasy and worried in his mind.

He tried to sit quietly down again, but jumped up quickly, unable to shake off a presentiment of something sinister and evil overshadowing. A strong impulse to open the door at the back of the car and climb to the roof possessed him. It was against orders to open the door of a horse-car during the journey, but, on the other hand, by so doing he might possibly frustrate a repetition of the foul play by which the Estor stable had already suffered so severely.

With swift determination he made up his mind. He withdrew the bolts, slid the door back, and, clinging to a steel rail that ran in a curve up the back of the car, drew himself up to the roof.

A full moon, bursting from a packed mass of black clouds, lent a momentary light to the scene. On either side the trees, fields and hedges of the countryside rolled by; ahead Tony saw the fore-part of the train twisting and turning like a giant snake, and, beyond, the steel rails stretched out in the moonlight like two silver ribbons.

He caught but a swift impression of this, for his eyes almost instantly became glued on a dark, crouching figure on the car ahead.

A terrible fear tugged at Tony's heart-strings. He knew that inside the car upon which the figure was crouching was the crack racer, Sunfire, and, furthermore, that serious danger threatened the mare.

On hands and knees he made his way along the swaying car. The train was travelling at fully twenty-five miles an hour, and a strong headwind made the journey along the roof both difficult and dangerous.

Glancing ahead, Tony saw his quarry draw what looked like a short cane from beneath his coat, and then

lean over the edge of the car and peer in between the ventilation slats at the horses inside. So engrossed was the mysterious individual with his survey that he failed entirely to notice the approach of Tony.

As he reached the forward edge of the car Tony saw the villain fumble in his pocket, and then fit something into the end of the black, stick-like object he held in his hand. The fellow leaned gingerly over the edge of the car again, and placed the object to his lips.

Tony sprang swiftly to his feet as the purport of it all came to him. The small black object was a blow-pipe, such as is in common use among the natives of the South Sea Islands, and the scoundrel intended to send a tiny poisoned dart quivering into the flank of the crack Estor racehorse, thus effectually preventing the mare from participating in the race for the St. Leger Stakes. The devilish ingenuity and daring in this fresh development of the plot against the Estor stable fairly staggered the young stable apprentice, and a sharp cry of agonised apprehension left his lips.

"Hold—hold, there!" Next moment he leaped across the gap between the two cars, to grapple with the scoundrel.

At the sound of Tony's cry the form slithered back from the edge of the car like a startled snake. Then, still grasping the deadly blow-pipe, he rose erect to meet the youngster's attack.

As he did so the light of the moon shone full on his face. Simultaneously Tony gave a gasp of amazement, as he recognised the distorted features of Shorty Dunn, the head boy of the Garston stables.

Next moment, springing with the abandon of an infuriated panther, Tony sent the rival apprentice spinning full-length on the car roof.

Dunn threw out his hands to save himself, and the blow-pipe went rolling down the sloping roof, over the edge of the car. Unable to maintain his balance on the swiftly-moving train, Tony fell face downwards, and clutched the unscrupulous Garston lad by the shoulders. Immediately Shorty Dunn brought his right knee up sharply, catching the younger boy a severe blow in the region of the belt.

Before Tony could recover himself Dunn gripped him firmly by the throat, forced him over on to his back, and knelt on his body.

"I'll—I'll choke you for this, you sneakin' young whelp!" hissed Dunn, his face livid with rage. "I've old scores to pay off, too!"

His thumbs pressed hard on the Estor lad's throat, until Tony's ears sang and his eyes began to bulge. With the superhuman strength of desperation the boy tore at the hands on his throat until their vice-like grip relaxed. Then he struck with all the force that his recumbent position permitted, full at the leering face of his enemy.

Shorty Dunn drew himself back to avoid the blow, and, taking immediate advantage of the momentary respite afforded him, Tony hastily rose to his feet.

The swing of the car as the train rounded a sharp bend in the line almost sent him hurtling overboard, but by grasping Dunn's coat he managed to preserve his balance.

With a snarl of rage the Garston apprentice lashed out with both fists. Tony took both blows on his body without turning a hair, and sent in a couple of short-arm jabs in reply.

Dunn gave two loud grunts, and staggered backwards. At the same moment the railway-car rolled heavily over some points, and he crashed headlong on his back, throwing out his hands on either side, to prevent himself rolling from the sloping roof.

Tony stood with legs well apart, swaying with the motion of the train, and regarding his fallen antagonist with a look of utter contempt on his face.

"You unutterable cad!" he panted. "I've known you to be a bully and a coward ever since the Newmarket meeting, but I didn't know you included horse-maiming in your list of accomplishments!"

Dunn's face looked positively ghastly in the moonlight. He had been caught red-handed, and nothing could be gained by attempting to explain by lying his presence on the roof of one of the Estor horse-cars. Beside, he couldn't think of any excuse to offer.

"I'll—I'll give you best!" he blurted out with an effort. "Now lemme go back to my car."

"Not likely!" said Tony, his voice ringing with scorn. "You can stay up here until we reach the next junction, which won't be long, and then I'm going to give you in charge. Who put you up to this game—eh?"

But before Dunn, who remained prone where he had fallen, had time to reply, the sound of a voice coming through the open ventilation slats in the side of the car came to the ears of the two rival stable-apprentices.

"What the merry dickens is all the shindy about up there?"

Tony knew that voice well. It belonged to his chum, Dick Selby, who had hauled himself up by clinging to one of the slats, from the inside of the car, and by this means had managed to get his mouth to the ventilator.

"It's I—Tony Draycott, Dick!" shouted Tony, at the top of his voice. "An attempt has been made to crock one of your horses—probably Sunfire! I think I was in time to prevent harm being done, but you'd better examine the mare carefully."

"An attempt to crock Sunfire!" roared Dick, in amazement. "Who by?"

"Shorty Dunn!"

"Who d'you say?"

Tony cautiously moved a pace nearer the edge of the car, and stooped down to repeat the name.

But the name did not leave his lips for the second time, for, seeing his opportunity, Shorty Dunn leapt to his feet and hurled himself with savage fury on the boy who had outwitted him.

To the accompaniment of alarmed shouts from Dick, the two stable-lads

indulged in a smart bout of in-fighting several times, almost falling headlong from the car in the process. Shorty Dunn had been spoiling for a scrap for some time, and now he was having it with a vengeance, in these extraordinary circumstances, and getting decidedly the worse of the encounter.

Finding he was no match for the Estor lad with his fists, he started to employ other tactics. He lunged savagely at the younger boy with his feet, and then, obtaining a wrestling hold, attempted to hurl him from the car.

"You—you murderous brute!" gasped Tony. "D'you want us both to be killed? Haven't you enough sense to know the game is up?"

But reason had entirely deserted Shorty Dunn. Like a madman he tugged, bit and kicked at his young adversary, until the inevitable happened. The train swung round a curve, and, locked in each other's arms, Tony and the Garston apprentice went hurtling from the roof of the box-car. It was unfortunate for Shorty Dunn that he happened to be underneath when they struck the grassy slope of the railway embankment, down which they went rolling swiftly into a ditch filled with stagnant water.

With thick, green weeds clinging to his saturated clothes, Tony freed himself from Dunn's clutch, and staggered to his feet. He felt severely shaken, but knew at once that no serious harm had come to him. The Garston apprentice, however, lay prone in the ditch, groaning dismally. Tony dragged him on to the grassy slope, and then looked down the line at the receding train. The moon gave but an uncertain light upon objects at a distance, but Tony could almost have sworn that he saw a dark figure mount to the roof of a car, and go running forward towards the engine. Unless it was indeed a hallucination, he knew that it must be Dick who had climbed out from the horse-car, and, finding nobody on the roof, was on his way to warn the engine-driver of the tragedy he believed to have taken place farther back on the line.

A cursory examination of Dunn was quite enough to inform Tony that the Garston boy had broken two—if not more—of his ribs by the fall he had sustained. He also swiftly examined the contents of the pockets of the injured lad, and found among them a small, round box, made of bamboo, containing several black, thorn-like darts. He returned all the rest of the articles to the pockets of their rightful owner, but the box of darts he carefully stowed away on his own person. He would have liked to have searched for the blow-pipe, which had fallen from the train, but to have done so would have meant walking for two or three miles along the railway-track, and so he decided to seek some opportunity later for that.

Tony made a pillow of grass for Shorty Dunn, who continued to lie groaning on the ground, and then he climbed the railway embankment and gazed down the track, in the hope that Dick had actually communicated with the engine-driver, and the train had been pulled up.

As he stood on the permanent way,

looking down the line, a series of faint whistles came to his ear, and his heart bounded joyfully with hope that the train would return that way. In less than a minute it came into view, the whistle still shrieking at intervals. At last the guard's van and the box-cars rolled past him, and the engine approached.

Tony shouted loudly to the figures he saw leaning from the cab of the locomotive, and Dick's cheery voice called out in response. The train slowed up, and then stopped, with a jerk and rumble of the couplings. Dick leapt to the ground, darted across to Tony, and clasped his chum by the hand. His relief at finding Tony safe and well was tremendous, and he plied the younger boy with a score of questions concerning the night's adventure.

Tony gave a hurried account of his

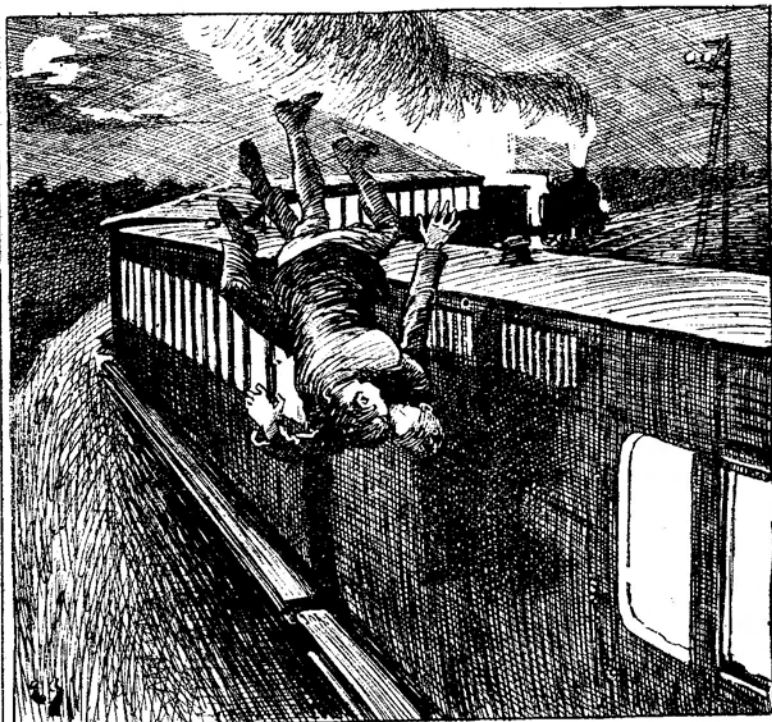
no one the whole facts of the affair until they saw Barney Bulfin.

At Doncaster they detained the racehorses, and stabled them in the establishment reserved for them near the racecourse. Barney did not arrive until after noon, and immediately Tony communicated the full details of the attempt against the Estor racer.

Barney's face was a picture of surprised consternation.

"I must inform Lord Estor of this at once!" he said. "That young scoundrel, Dunn, ought to be prosecuted, and I shall certainly do my best to persuade the Owner to put the matter in the hands of the police. It looks to me as though Sir Digby Garston had a hand in this!"

Rather to the surprise of Barney and Tony, Lord Estor readily agreed to informing the police of the occurrence,



The train swung round a curve, and, locked in each other's arms, Tony and the Garston apprentice went hurtling from the roof of the box-car.

extraordinary experience, and then the boys explained the matter to the engine-driver and to the guard, who came running up from the back of the train. Between them they carried Shorty Dunn to the guard's van, and made him a bed of some thick horse-blankets.

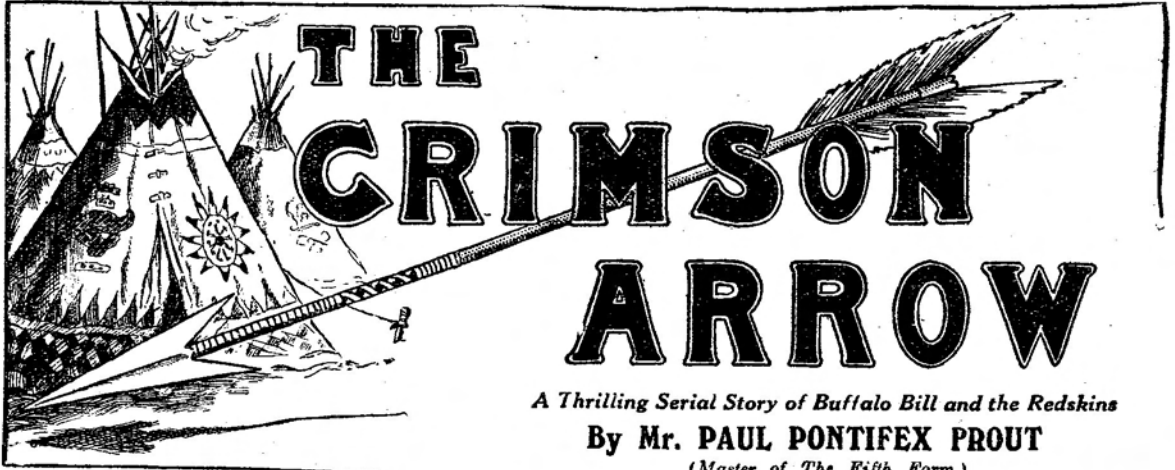
No sooner had this been done, and the boys had returned to their respective box-cars, than the engine-driver, who was getting impatient at the delay, opened the throttle of his locomotive, and the train rolled on its way.

At Grantham, which was only a few miles down the line, Dunn was taken from the train and conveyed to hospital, and then the journey to Doncaster was resumed. To the curious questions of the other stable-boys on the train Tony and Dick returned evasive answers, having decided to tell

and a warrant was duly made out for Dunn's arrest, to be executed as soon as he had recovered sufficiently from his injuries.

The first day's racing at Doncaster afforded two minor successes for the Estor stable, but the great hope of the stable centred on Sunfire in the St. Leger. Despite the discovery of Dunn's complicity in the outrages against the Estor stable, Tony still distrusted the jockey, Wade. Not once had the horse obtained a fair chance of winning with Wade up, and Tony considered this fact sufficient excuse for putting into operation a scheme so daring that he hesitated even to confide it to his best chum.

Another powerful instalment of Major Cherry's magnificent tale of the Turf will appear in next Tuesday's issue of "The Greyfriars Herald."



THE GRIMSON ARROW

A Thrilling Serial Story of Buffalo Bill and the Redskins

By Mr. PAUL PONTIFEX PROUT

(Master of The Fifth Form.)

The Odds Against Him!

THE spy and his Apache companion did not take long to realise the fact that they were chased only by a single rider, and Vasquez had already made the discovery that he had been tricked in the horse he had hoped to steal.

This whitened animal he was bestriding had no stuffing in it. It was already beat, and if he were to escape, he must have another horse.

The speed at which his pursuer was overtaking him told him that the horse on which he was mounted was worth fighting for.

He shouted to Chief Big Tree, who rode beside him, and the Apache, turning in his saddle, drew a bow at venture.

But the bow and arrows the chief had snatched up on his escape were both strangers to him. The arrows were Soshone arrows, and were shorter than the Apaches' shafts, and flew higher.

Kit ducked as he saw the shape of the Redskin turning in his saddle against the starlight. He knew what to expect, and he heard the arrow whistle through the air close over his head, a true enough shot for direction, but high.

Kit brought his rifle to his shoulder as he raced along, and fired. He might just as well have saved his shot, for he still lacked the training which will enable a rider to aim fair at a mark, whilst riding full-tilt.

Still, the bullet whistled close enough to the spy's head to make him bob down to his saddlebow.

Then he wheeled his horse suddenly and rode back at Kit with a swoop like an eagle.

Kit was all unprepared for this Mexican manoeuvre. The spy thought he had an easy game in charging the pursuer and knifing him as he charged. He was expert at this game, for the Mexican duel, as often as not, is fought out on horseback with knives as the weapons.

But, luckily for Kit, Moonlight was more expert than his rider. Often and often had this wild horse played touch in this fashion with the wild horses of the prairies, dodging the fighting stallions.

He allowed the spy to charge nearly up to his young master.

Kit could see the hand raised

against the stars and swung his rifle to avoid the blow.

But Moonlight, with a sideways jump that nearly unseated Kit, carried his rider far clear of the knife-thrust and the grip of the outstretched hand. And, with a muttered exclamation, the spy was carried past his quarry.

Then, with a wild Apache whoop, Chief Big Tree charged the boy, racing down on him, tomahawk in hand.

Both horse and boy were ready for this charge. The tomahawk whistled through the air, only to be fended by the stock of Kit's rifle, a trick of Indian fighting which Buffalo Bill himself had taught him. The tomahawk cracked on the rifle, which caught Chief Big Tree under the ribs with a heavy push that would have unseated any but a savage rider.

As it was, Chief Big Tree received the punch of the stock with a deep grunt, and rolled out of his seat, hanging to his horse's mane. But like a cat, he clambered back without

falling, though he was doubled-up and out of the fight for a minute or so from this punch in the wind.

Moonlight seemed to know exactly what was needed of him. He leaped at the flash of the spy's pistol, and the bullet went chirruping harmlessly over Kit's head, and it was plain at once that the horse Vasquez was riding was a Indian mount that was unused to firearms. It must have always been ridden by an arrow-shooting Indian, for the explosion of the pistol seemed to drive it nearly mad.

It set to dancing and bucking in such a fashion that the spy, magnificent rider though he was, had as much as he could do to keep his seat.

For a moment or two, Kit had breathing space. Now was his chance to escape from this unequal combat. Moonlight would quickly have distanced the horses of his two antagonists.

But Kit never gave this a second's thought. He meant to capture the spy if he could, and hold him as hostage for his father's safety.

He was assured now that Vasquez was a power amongst the Apaches, and that he held his father in his hands. And, in any case, Kit was determined to hold both spy and Apache in play till Buck Dixie came up to make odds equal.

But his breathing space was not to last long. Soon the two were wheeling about him like hawks round a quarry, and with a simultaneous yell, they both made for him.

Kit had to tackle Big Tree first as the horses met in a clash of three. He drove the butt of his rifle clean in the Redskin's face, bowling him from his horse and rolling him over on the ground like a shot rabbit.

In that moment, the spy would have killed the boy. His long Mexican bowie was lifted and ready to strike. But Moonlight, who seemed to divine the evil intent of the rider, took his own part in the fight.

With an angry squeal he reared up, striking out with his fore-feet. Then, with his teeth bared, he made at the horse that the spy bestrode, taking it by the mane in a tight grip and forcing down its head in the true fashion of a fighting wild horse.

The horse neighed with fright, and Moonlight forced it down on its knees

READ THIS FIRST.

Into Fort Madison, the headquarters of the 5th United States Cavalry—the famous "Dandy Fifth"—rides a little group of horsemen, bringing news of an uprising of the Redskins. The leader of the party is Buffalo Bill, and other members are Buck Dixie, Deadwood Dick, Uncle Baldy, Jake Bellew, old Prairie Wolf, a former Navajo chief, and Kit and Joe Desmond, two British boys whose father is a prisoner in the hands of the Indians. A mock convoy sets out from the fort, and the Redskins make an attack, which is beaten off with heavy loss. Afterwards some mysterious crimson-coloured arrows are found sewn into the quivers of the fallen braves. One night on the prairies Buffalo Bill captures a famous wild-horse known as the White Horse of Death, and this he presents to Kit. A stranger, in the garb of a Mexican, joins the convoy, and after a robbery he escapes with an Apache prisoner. A chase ensues, and Kit, riding ahead, comes up alone with the two scoundrels.

keeping away from the spy, who, muttering imprecations, stabbed twice at Kit, only to stab the air. And at the third attempt, Kit caught his arm.

This was a fatal mistake, for if Kit had only left the fight to Moonlight, his horse would have seen him through. Moonlight was well accustomed to fighting in this fashion with the leaders of the herds of wild horses, which ranged the prairies, and knew well enough how to avoid his antagonist.

The grip on his wrist gave the spy the purchase that he wanted. He dropped the knife, and with a sudden snake-like twist of his wrist, got a hold on Kit's forearm, jerking the boy from his saddle and rolling with him to the ground.

Then ensued the toughest fight that Kit had ever known. His antagonist was as lithe as an eel and wiry beyond all belief.

But his life on the plains had wonderfully increased Kit's strength and stamina, and he made a fine fight for it.

Whilst the horses fought, and the spy's mount squealed for mercy, their riders wrestled on the ground, the spy exerting every trick of wrestling to get to his knife, which lay only a yard or so away, whilst Kit struggled fiercely to prevent him, wondering all the time why the Apache chief did not come to support his companion.

And Kit's heart beat fast, for as he lay locked in that fighting grip he heard the sound of hoofbeats thudding on the turf.

Buck Dixie and Starlight were coming up at full-speed. But would they arrive in time?

A Race For Life!

VASQUEZ has heard the sound of Starlight's hoofbeats as well.

With a sudden mad access of fury he twisted and turned like a rattlesnake in his endeavours to reach his knife.

Kit stuck to his man bravely, though he was like a live wire. But he had another adversary to reckon with. Chief Big Tree, in response to a yell from Vasquez, came staggering up.

Vasquez was upper-dog now, and was reaching for the knife. Big Tree stooped to pick it up, to hand it to him.

But as the Apache rose, a horse and rider swept by like a whirlwind, and a lasso, whistling through the air, dropped over the Redskin's shoulders.

Vasquez had stretched out his hand for the knife. It was almost within his clutch when knife and Redskin were suddenly flicked away into the darkness, the Redskin rolling and bumping on the ground at the end of the tightened lasso.

Buck Dixie had not missed his mark. His deadly lariat, with which he was as expert as any cowboy, had fallen true over the shoulders of Big Tree, and in a few seconds, he had that redoubtable warrior tied up like a ball of string.

Then Starlight wheeled round. But Vasquez had not waited for his charge. He had left Kit on the ground near exhausted, and rushed towards the two fighting horses, with the intent of

leaping on Moonlight and making his escape.

But he quickly swerved aside when Moonlight, with a sudden snap, made it plain to him that he was ready to treat the rider as he had served his horse.

Vasquez had no thought for his Redskin companion who was lying writhing on the ground, tied up in Buck Dixie's lariat. He ran to the horse of the captured man, leaped on its back and was off.

In his anxiety for Kit, Buck Dixie let him go.

He rode up to the boy who was panting on the ground.

"Did he stab you, Kit?" he called, as he slipped from Starlight's saddle.

"No," gasped Kit, "you saved me in the nick of time when you roped

Kit nodded, picking up his rifle from where it had fallen.

"What about the Redskin?" he asked.

"I guess he'll lie where I left him," answered Buck grimly. "I roped the varmint up tight enough."

They swung themselves up on their horses and again continued the pursuit.

Buck Dixie seemed to have an instinct for following his man, for they had not cleared three miles, before they could see him, a dim shadow ahead of them, urging on the jaded horse for all it was worth.

"I'd shoot the rat," said Buck, "but we've got to take him alive and see what information we can screw out of him. You leave him to me, Kit. You have had quite enough of fighting



Buck Dixie and Kit sailed along side by side with the Apaches in hot pursuit.

the Redskin. I'm winded, that's all!"

Buck Dixie stooped over him, running skilled hands over his body. He knew well enough that it is easy to get knifed in the heat of a desperate fight, and not to feel the wound.

But a swift examination told him that Kit was unhurt.

And Kit was soon recovering his breath after the struggle. Moonlight chased the Mexican's horse away, still snapping at him as he ran squealing away into the darkness. Then he turned, frisking, as Kit whistled, and came trotting up, muzzling his young master all over as though to satisfy himself that he was not hurt.

"The scoundrel will get away!" gasped Kit.

Buck Dixie shook his head.

"Our horses are better than that Apache screw he is riding," said he. "We will run his down. Are you fit for it?"

bad men to-night, and yonder rascal is as dangerous as a rattler, and as slippery. It was born lucky that he did not get you just now."

He loosened the spare lasso at his saddlebow, shaking out its coils and overrunning them as he raced along through the darkness. Then he hung it in readiness from the horn of his saddle.

The outlaw was flogging his horse along for all he was worth. But the jaded beast could not get a start on the two fresher horses.

He turned in the saddle, and there was a spurt of fire in the gloom, whilst a bullet whistled over Buck's hat.

Buck sent Starlight racing forward whilst he took his lariat from his saddlebow.

But, of a sudden, the outlaw gave a yell of triumph.

Before them the crest of a long prairie ridge was peopled with figures, and Kit and Buck were not left in doubt long as to what these were.

A wild Apache war-whoop rent the air.

They had ridden straight into a wandering war-band of the enemy.

There was no time to think twice. Buck wheeled his horse.

"Run for it, Kit," he cried, "or we'll be gobbled up!"

Moonlight swung round reluctantly. He had heard the horses of the enemy and was loth to fly from them. But, when he heard the whole yelling whoop coming racing after them, he stretched out full-gallop, bounding over the short turf like a racehorse.

Soon, the scout and the boy were sailing along side by side, the enemy in hot pursuit. Now and then, an arrow would whizz past them from the foremost riders, the best mounted of the Apache band. But in this dim light their aim was uncertain.

There was no chance of securing their prisoner. He lay bound on the prairie, and they could hear his savage yell of triumph as he saw the two Pale-faces chased back past him by the whooping war-band of Apaches.

These fired no more arrows now, but were intent of running their quarry down for their horses were fresh and strong.

But though Starlight and Moonlight were wayworn and lathering from the long night ride they accepted the challenge of those beating hoofs behind them, stretching out into a swift racing stride that caused the night wind to whistle past their riders ears.

The Apache braves were sure of their prey now. They wasted no breath in whooping, but rode as if they were riding a race.

But the pace told, even on their fresh horses, and they began to tail away, till only five braves were left in the race.

Buck Dixie held on grimly. He knew that soon they must run back on their main body, and he had no wish to lead Kit into another duel against such odds.

The boy had already had enough fighting and hard riding, and his strength was spent for a further wrestle.

Gradually Buck fell back behind Kit, allowing Moonlight to make the pace and so covering the boy with his own body.

One brave was pressing him hard now, and Buck, as he himself would have put it, felt ticklish between the shoulder blades.

But he had a shot in his locker for this Apache warrior, a shot that was entirely novel and unexpected. From his saddlebags Buck drew a couple of heavy leaden balls joined together on a thong of leather.

This was the deadly bolas of the Argentine guacho or cowboy, a weapon quite unknown to the Red Man. And Buck had been at great pains to learn the use of it from a stray guacho, who had somehow found his way for a season amongst the cowboys of North America.

With the bolas, the hard-riding guacho will ride down the swift-running guanaco or the ostrich, throwing the missile so that the leaden balls wind their thong round the legs of the quarry.

But this throwing is done forward. Buck had improved on the practice, and had learned to hit a mark behind him, for he had designed to use this weapon against the pursuer as well as the pursued.

He whirled the bolas round his head, the heavy leaden weights whistling through the air before he let go.

The missile flew straight behind him entangled the fore-legs of the horse that was running him down.

There was a crash and a thump in the darkness behind him, as horse and rider came down, the horse flinging the Redskin in a series of somersaults in the wake of the fugitives.

And Buck Dixie laughed grimly to himself, for this chance throw in the dark had sped better than he had thought for.

Undeterred by the fall of their leader, the other four braves whooped on, eager to close with Buck.

A Midnight Fight!

BUT their war-whoops were answered by a shout from ahead, and past the fugitives shot a horseman whom they recognised as Buffalo Bill mounted on Buckskin.

Buffalo Bill lost no time in getting to work. It was well said by the Redskins that the famous scout had taken the eyes from a lynx and had placed them in his own head so that he could see in the dark, for the renowned Lucretia Borgia, his hunting-rifle, cracked in the darkness as he raced forward, and down rolled a Redskin, shot through the heart.

The next Redskin had to stand the charge of Buckskin. And horse and brave rolled over before it, for Buckskin had learned his business amongst the buffalo and could charge or dodge like a football player.

Buck Dixie had wheeled his horse now that he found himself in touch with his supports. His rifle rang out, and a third Redskin bit the dust.

Kit was fairly reeling in his saddle as ghostly figure after figure raced past him, cowboys, troopers and Redskins, all eager to get into the fray.

For they had run back into their party, and they had drawn on the Apache war-band till both parties had come into touch.

Kit had received a sharp order to stay in the background of this night-fight or melee. So he saw little of it save a few dark figures circling round one another at full-speed, whilst the darkness over the prairie was stabbed at frequent intervals with the flashes of firearms.

Kit, seated on Moonlight, panted to recover his breath. This was fighting indeed, and his heart smote him as he realised that he was not yet old enough or tough enough to keep this sort of thing going hour after hour.

Moonlight, with his ears pricked, sniffed the breeze and started as the shots rattled in the darkness, the crash of the heavy revolvers being plainly distinguishable from the sharp crack of the rifles.

The fight rolled away across the prairie, back over the path by which the fugitives had been chased, and the Apaches had soon had enough of it.

One by one, the reckless crowd of cowboys and troopers came riding back. They brought with them two

prisoners whom they had unhorsed, and a bunch of Apache horses whose riders had no further use for them.

One of the prisoners had been captured by Uncle Baldy, who was mighty proud of his achievement. And soon Joe came riding up, carrying the head-dress of an Apache chief who had been bowled over in the fray. And Joe was very glad to see his brother safe and sound, having only just learned of the narrow escape he had had from the vengeful greaser.

Buffalo Bill and Buck Dixie were the last to ride up. They were well content, for though they had lost the spy, Vasquez, and Big Tree, they had given this stray war-party of Apaches a hiding that they would not forget in a hurry.

They had no doubt now that Vasquez was one of the leading spirits of the great Indian rising. But they were well aware that the Redskin is sensitive in warfare and takes reverses badly.

Vasquez would return to the Redskin stronghold in the foothills with a vanquished party, and this would all have its effect. Besides, they knew their man now, and, as Buck Dixie said: "It is better to have an open enemy in the field than a clever spy in the camp."

They were certain, also of another thing and this was that the spy, having counted the numbers at Fort Madison, would urge the Apaches and Navajoes to an attack before help could come from the east. So the attack on the fort could not be long delayed.

There were very few instances in Indian warfare of an attack on a place that could be called in any sense a fortified position. The Redskin is a guerilla fighter by nature and training, and is very shy of attacking even an entrenched party.

But neither Buck Dixie nor Buffalo Bill banked on this. They knew that some outside influence was leading this rebellion. The crimson arrow was its sign and fiery cross, and goodness knows what riff-raff of half-breeds, Palefaces, and Mexicans might be behind the rising. There were the bad men and outcasts, other than the Redskins, who were feeling the pressure of advancing civilisation.

Talking over these things, the two famous scouts led their weary troop back to Fort Madison, which was sighted at daybreak.

The two boys were thoroughly worn out. They tied up their horses and made straight for their blankets, craving only rest and sleep. And not till noon were they disturbed, but lay there, sleeping like the dead through all the bustle of the crowded camp.

But at high noon, Deer-Who-Leaps and Great-Dog-Who-Barks-Loud opened the flap of the Sibley tent and stepped softly inside.

"Wah!" grunted Deer-Who-Leaps. "The young braves are weary with the fighting and our young men are eager that they shall join them in hunting the buffalo!"

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

COKER'S PERFECT DAY!

A capital complete story of Greyfriars and Cliff House written by

BOB CHERRY

I.

"WHARTON! You're wanted on the telephone."

Wingate of the Sixth bailed the captain of the Remove as we stood sunning ourselves on the School House steps after dinner.

It was a half-holiday, and we had been trying to decide what to do with ourselves. Possibly this unexpected telephone-call for Harry Wharton would provide a solution.

"Who wants me, Wingate?" asked Harry.

"It's a lady," answered the captain of Greyfriars, with a smile. "I didn't make any inquiries about her name or her pedigree."

"Daresay it's an old flame of yours, Harry," said Johnny Bull.

"Ass!" said Wharton, flushing. "Let's come and see who it is, and what she wants."

We promptly adjourned to the prefects' room.

The telephone-receiver had been left off its hooks, and Wharton picked it up and spoke into the transmitter.

"Hallo! Who are you, please?" A musical voice responded over the wires:

"I am Marjorie Hazeldene."

"Oh, yes, Miss Marjorie! Good-afternoon! Can I—or we—be of any service to you?"

"Yes. That's precisely why I rang you up. I want you and your chums to do me a favour."

"We are yours to command," said Wharton gallantly.

"It's very nice of you to say that. The fact is, a new girl is arriving this afternoon."

"A new pupil for Cliff House?"

"Yes. Her name is Connie Clayton, and she arrives at Friardale on the two-thirty. Miss Primrose wanted me to go to the station and meet her, but we happen to be having a picnic this afternoon, at the Priory ruins, in the wood. So I promised Miss Primrose that I'd get you and your chums to take on the job."

"Delighted, Miss Marjorie!" said Wharton. "What sort of a girl is Miss Connie Clayton?"

"She's simply charming, by all accounts. Phyllis Howell used to know her in London, and Phyllis declares that she's wonderful!"

"Do you want us to take her straight to Cliff House?"

"No. Bring her along to the Priory, and we'll all picnic together."

"Ripping!"

"You're sure you don't mind doing this for me?"

"Quite! It's a real pleasure!" said Wharton, fairly glowing with chivalry.

"Thank you ever so much, Harry. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!"

Wharton hung up the receiver, and a queer expression came over his face.

"What's up, Harry?" asked Nugent.

"Miss Marjorie wants us to go down to the station this afternoon, and meet a new girl called Connie Clayton," said Wharton. "We're to take her along to the old Priory, in the woods, where the Cliff House girls will be picnicing."

"Good!" I exclaimed jubilantly. "What could be better than a picnic in the woods?"

"Nothing," said Wharton. "But

"What are you 'but'-ing like a blessed billy-goat for?" demanded Johnny Bull.

"I'm afraid there isn't going to be a picnic."

"Eh?"

"And I'm convinced that Miss Connie Clayton is a fictitious person!"

"What!"

"It's just occurred to me," Wharton went on, "that the whole thing's a jape that's been planned at our expense."

"Great Scott!" I ejaculated. "Whatever makes you think that?"

"Because japes of this sort have been played before. And the voice on the 'phone didn't sound quite like Miss Marjorie's. Besides, if a new girl was coming to Cliff House, it's unlikely that we should be asked to meet her."

"That's so," said Nugent thoughtfully. "But if this is a jape, who is the merry japer?"

"Give it up," said Wharton. "It may be a Highcliffe bounder; it may be one of our own fellows. But it's a jape, right enough. I'm absolutely convinced of that. Some fellow is getting him-self up as a girl, with the intention of leading us the dickens of a dance this afternoon."

"He'll be unlucky!" I said grimly.

"The japer evidently imagines we shall walk blindly into the trap," remarked Johnny Bull.

Wharton nodded.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, you fellows," he said. "We'll go down to the station, and when the giddy impostor alights from the train we'll give him a rough handling!"

We trooped out of the prefects' room with grim faces.

As we passed through the Close we saw Coker of the Fifth pushing his motor-bike out of the shed.

There was an excited gleam in Coker's eyes, and his face was glowing as if in anticipation of good things in store.

"Whither bound, Coker?" inquired Nugent.

"Mind your own bizney!" was the prompt retort.

"Judging by the number of rugs in the side-car," said Wharton, "Coker anticipates having a lady passenger."

"I do!" said Coker, with a grin.

After a great deal of panting and puffing, and coaxing and persuasion, Coker managed to set his machine going. It flashed through the school

gateway, almost bowling over Gosling the porter en route, and then it disappeared in the direction of Friardale.

And, having seen Coker depart on his mysterious mission, we departed ourselves, to meet the bogus new girl, and to tell her—or, rather, him—exactly what we thought of him!

II.

"TRAIN'S coming in!" remarked Wharton, as we stepped on to the little platform at Friardale station.

"I expect the japer, whoever he is, boarded the train at Courtfield," said Johnny Bull.

"That's about it."

We were so absorbed in watching the approaching train that it was not until it came to a standstill that we caught sight of Coker.

The great Horace had left his motor-bike in the station yard, and he was pacing up and down the platform, his face still glowing as if with anticipation of good things in store.

"My only aunt!" exclaimed Nugent. "What's Coker doing here, I wonder?"

We shook our heads blankly, wondering what could be Coker's object in coming to Friardale station.

We were soon to learn.

No sooner had the train rumbled to a halt than a very attractive-looking girl alighted from a first-class carriage. She was very stylishly dressed, and a good-humoured smile played about her lips.

We promptly exchanged glances.

"Connie Clayton!" muttered Wharton.

"The impostor!" exclaimed Johnny Bull. "I can't help admiring the fellow for his nerve. And his disguise is perfect!"

"I thought I was pretty good at disguising as a girl," said Nugent, "but this fellow puts me fairly in the shade! I've never seen such a ripping disguise!"

"Why, even a Scotland Yard detective would be spoofed by a rig-out like that!" I said. "It's wonderful!"

Wharton gave a growl.

"We haven't come here to admire the cleverness of the fellow's disguise," he said. "We've come to scrag him!"

"The scragfulness of the ludicrous japer will be terrific!" muttered Hurree Singh. "Let us wretchedly tear off the disguisefulness, and see who it is!"

We made a move in the direction of the japer; but we were forestalled by Coker, who lifted his cap politely to the new arrival.

"Miss Connie Clayton?" he inquired.

"Yes, that is my name," was the reply, in pleasant, feminine tones.

"My hat!" murmured Johnny Bull.

"That fellow can imitate a girl's voice to perfection!"

"Shush!" muttered Wharton. "Let's hear what Coker's got to say." The Fifth-former was beaming at "Connie Clayton." He was evidently reflecting what a stunning girl she was.

"Got any luggage, Miss Clayton?" he asked.

"Yes. My trunk is in the luggage-van."

We fairly gasped. In order to carry out his jape with the utmost thoroughness, the impostor had actually gone to the trouble of bringing a trunk with him!

"I'll arrange for the trunk to be sent up to Cliff House, Miss Clayton," said Coker.

"Thanks most awfully! But I—I fail to understand this kindness. I don't even know your name."

"I'm Coker—Coker of Greyfriars!"

"You have come to meet me?"

"Yes."

"That's immensely good of you."

"Not at all! I've always been noted for my chivalry, you know. My motor-bike's just outside. If you'll get in the side-car, I'll take you—"

We didn't catch the rest of the sentence. But we saw "Connie Clayton" give a nod of assent, and she allowed Coker to escort her from the platform.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" gasped Johnny Bull. "Coker's walked into the trap!"

"Absolutely!" said Wharton, with a grin. "And I don't see that we're called upon to interfere. We'll let the merry japer go ahead!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

We laughed loud and long at the prospect of Horace Coker being utterly and completely spoofed. We pictured him taking the fair damsel for a joy-ride, and probably entertaining her to tea, and eventually discovering that it wasn't a fair damsel at all, but a japer from a rival school!

"Poor old Coker!" gurgled Nugent. "He's always putting his foot in it!"

"Pity we can't follow on and see the fun," said Wharton.

"Never mind," said Johnny Bull. "We shall hear all about it from Coker later."

"Provided he isn't in too bad a temper to explain!" I said.

-And, with many chuckles, we retraced our steps to Greyfriars.

A couple of hours later we were standing in the school gateway, awaiting Coker's return. And presently we heard the approaching rumble of his motor-bike, and we nudged each other gleefully.

"Here he comes!" chuckled Wharton.

"I expect he'll be looking simply murderous!" I said.

But my expectations weren't realised.

When Coker came into view he wore a smile of supreme contentment. We had never seen him look so chirpy.

"I've had the time of my life this afternoon, you kids!" he announced, as he slowed up beside us.

"You have?" exclaimed Wharton incredulously.

"Yes, rather! I've met some topping girls in my time, but Connie Clayton has them all beat. She's simply IT!"

For a moment there was silence—the silence of sheer stupefaction.

Then Wharton managed to blurt out:

"But—but Connie Clayton's not a girl at all!"

"Not a girl?" echoed Coker, in astonishment. "What the thump—"

"The person you met at the station this afternoon was a fellow in disguise!" I exclaimed.

"Not a bit of it!" said Coker.

"What ever put such a silly notion into your noddle?"

"You—you mean to say that Connie's a real girl?" stuttered Johnny Bull.

"Of course! And she's the nicest girl you could meet in a day's march! I took her along to the Priory, in the woods—"

"Eh?"

"And Miss Marjorie and the others were there—"

"What?"

"And we had the jolliest picnic you can possibly imagine!"

We blinked at Coker in surprise and wrath and dismay. And you could have knocked us down with a custard!

"Then it wasn't a jape, after all!" gasped Wharton.

"That telephone-call was genuine!" I groaned. "It was Miss Marjorie who rang you up, Harry, not a practical joker!"

"Kick me, somebody!" implored Wharton.

Then, turning to Coker, he added:

"How did you know that Connie Clayton was arriving this afternoon?"

Coker grinned.

"I happened to be on the 'phone, in Prout's study, at the same time that Miss Marjorie got through to you," he said.

"There was a mix-up on the line, and I overheard all that was said. I was interested in this new girl, and I thought I'd nip down to the station on my motor-bike and meet her, thereby cutting you out."

"You—you—" spluttered Wharton.

"I've had a topping time!" said Coker. "Thanks very much, you kids, for allowing me to meet Connie Clayton and take her off to the picnic. It was awfully decent of you not to interfere."

And Coker dismounted from his machine, and pushed it through the Close in the gathering dusk. And as he went he hummed the strains of "A Perfect Day."

Meanwhile, five wrathful and discomfited juniors remained scowling in the gateway, with feelings too deep for words!

THE END.

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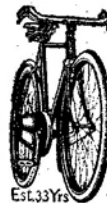
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