

A TUCK HAMPER FOR A STORYETTE! SEE INSIDE

The Greyfriars Herald 1½



No. 44 (New Series)

FULL OF SCHOOL STORIES AND ARTICLES

Aug. 28, 1920.



A NARROW ESCAPE FOR TOODLES!

(A striking incident in our splendid, long, complete school tale.)



Occasional Contributors from GREYFRIARS

Occasional Contributors from Other Schools

Editorial

By Harry Wharton.

FOR CLUB AND THE CUP!

My Dear Chums.—I have great news for you this week—in fact I am bubbling over with it. Some time ago I held a little "Essay" competition, and from it I was able to judge pretty accurately your tastes in stories. Now I am glad to announce that I have two yarns in hand which I will stake my best cricket bat will meet with the approval of every boy and girl among my vast circle of readers.

For some time that popular author, Walter Edwards has been engaged upon the task of preparing a great serial of the footer field and the first instalment of this will appear in the Bumper Number of THE GREYFRIARS HERALD on sale on Tuesday next. The title of it will be "For Club and the Cup," and it narrates the struggles of a youngster who takes over the management of a professional football team at a time when everything is going wrong with the club. What he has to contend with and how he overcomes all obstacles to the success of the team on the footer field makes entrhralling reading. Look out for this great sporting tale, and please tell all your chums about it.

THE SECRET OF IDOL ISLAND!

Another simply magnificent new serial will also commence next week. It has been written by Paul Creswick, a writer who has made his name with several popular books for boys, and describes how two young wireless operators and their girl chum elucidate an extraordinary mystery on a lonely island in the South Pacific. I wager, too, that you will enjoy every word of this stirring new tale which is second to none of any I have ever read.

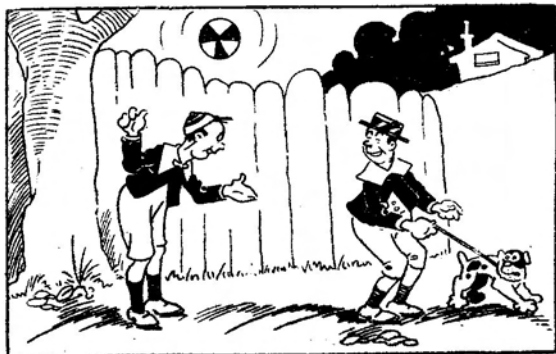
There will be a great demand for THE GREYFRIARS HERALD next week, so I strongly advise each of you to ask your newsagent to reserve you a copy. If you have a non-reader chum, order an extra copy for him. When he has read the first instalments of our great new sporting and adventure serials he will not only become a permanent reader of the HERALD, but will also be thoroughly grateful to you for introducing our Bumper Number to him.

Your Cheery Pal,

HARRY.

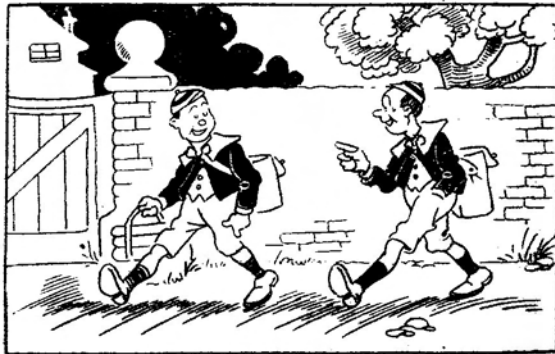


SWEET OF HIM.



FRANKIE: "Let's go and play with the boys over the fence. You see, their ball came over just now, and when I threw it back I found it sticky. I think they've got toffee!"

EASILY AR-RAIN-GED!



HARRY: "I don't think we'll get any cricket this afternoon. I think it's going to rain."
 CHARLIE: "Well, let it rain."
 HARRY: "All right, old chap—I was going to!"

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

*The views of my readers, given below,
Are not necessarily mine, you know!—Ed.*

Tom Dutton's Lament!

To the Editor of "The Greyfriars Herald."

Dear Sir,—Although not afflicted with the distressing malady of deafness I am somewhat hard of hearing. So much so that on three mornings in succession I have failed to hear the breakfast-gong, and, on entering the hall, I have been greeted by the sight of an empty plate, my breakfast having been devoured by that prize porker, Bunter.

If this state of affairs continues, I can see myself wasting away to a shadow, owing to lack of nourishment.

What steps do you advise me to take in the matter?—Yours, etc.,

TOM DUTTON.

(By sleeping in hall all night, Dutton will stand a better chance of

securing his breakfast. Even if he adopts this plan, however, there is no guarantee that he will hear the gong. Nothing short of a powerful earthquake could make Dutton hear!—Ed.)

Mr. Prout Can't Make It Out!

To the Editor of "The Greyfriars Herald."

Dear Wharton,—On Saturday last it was my intention to take a party of boys on an expedition, with a view to indulging in botanical research.

I advertised my intention on the school notice-board, and requested that all boys interested in botany should line up in the Close at two o'clock. Judge of my surprise when, on entering the Close at the stipulated time, I found it deserted!

I quite fail to understand why boys

should prefer the degrading and brutalising pastime of cricket to the ennobling and uplifting science of botany. I was compelled to venture on the expedition alone, and I derived vast instruction and entertainment in exploring the common objects of the seashore.

I also located a number of interesting old fossils, and some delightful species of fungi.

I intend to organise another expedition on Saturday next, and I trust that on this occasion I shall not be unaccompanied.—Yours, etc.,

PAUL PROUT.

(We are informed by our special botanical correspondent that he, too, saw an interesting old fossil wandering by the shore on Saturday last—but he carefully refrains from mentioning the old fossil's name!—Ed.)

My Weekly Interview

By the Special Representative of "The Greyfriars Herald."

This week:

SAMMY BUNTER

TODDLE round to the fags' quarters, old sport," said the editor, "and you will find a plump and podgy youth named Samuel Tuckless Bunter."

"I refuse to go within a mile of the fags' common-room!" I said firmly.

The editor, with equal firmness, told me that if I didn't go and interview Sammy Bunter he'd give me the order of the boot, and find another special representative.

The prospect of losing my job—the most important job on the staff of the "Herald"—was anything but pleasant. So I yielded to the editor's wishes, and set out in search of Sammy.

I ran him to earth, not in the fags' common-room, but in the Close. He was seated on one of the rustic benches, poring over the pages of Mrs. Beeton's cookery-book.

Sammy looked up at my approach. He blinked eagerly at me through his big spectacles.

"Hallo! Come to interview me for the 'Herald'?" he said.

"Right on the wicket!"

"Well, it's about time," grunted the fat fag. "Fancy leaving me alone for nearly a year! You ought to have interviewed the most important people first—starting with me, and finishing with the Head."

"Why, you fat young duffer—"

"Still, better late than never," said Sammy. "We'll come along to the tuck-shop, I think."

"We jolly well won't!" I said

warmly. "If you think I'm going to fritter away the afternoon—and a term's pocket-money—in feeding a young porpoise, you're mistaken!"

"Oh, really, you know! I feel awfully peckish!" said Sammy, with a sigh. "Wish one of my titled relations would turn up and stand me a feed!"

At that moment a car swung through the school gateway, and came to a standstill in the Close. It was a hired car, from Courtfield, and out of it stepped a dapper little man, who wore a frock-coat several sizes too big for him, and a pair of striped trousers. He also possessed a monocle and a twirling moustache.

The dapper little man came towards us. To my amazement, he seized one of Sammy Bunter's grimy paws, and shook it heartily.

"Sammy, my dear boy," he said in a high-pitched voice, "I am overjoyed to see you! I haven't seen you since you were a tiny tot, romping in the nursery at Bunter Hall!"

"Who—who are you?" gasped Sammy.

"I am your uncle—Sir William Wilberforce Wemyss de Bunter. But call me Uncle Bill!"

Sammy Bunter's eyes nearly goggled from his head.

"Are you really my uncle?" he gasped.

"Of course! And I've called for the purpose of taking you for a nice, jolly picnic. Where's big brother Billy?"

"He's gone out."

"That's a pity. Never mind; you can bring your friend with you."

And Sammy's Uncle Bill beamed at me through his monocle.

Nearly delirious with joy, Sammy clambered into the car. And I clambered in beside him. It seemed almost too good to be true, that one of Sammy's swell relations had actually turned up, and that I, the special

representative of "The Greyfriars Herald," was to benefit by his hospitality.

Uncle Bill gave instructions to the driver, and the car was soon speeding along the road at a good pace.

We did not halt till we reached a quiet little retreat about eight miles from Greyfriars.

"Where's the grub, uncle?" inquired Sammy, stepping out of the car and blinking around.

"If you and your friend will wait here," was the reply, "I'll go and fetch it."

So Sammy and I sat on the grassy bank at the side of the road, and waited, whilst the car, with Uncle Bill on board, sped away.

Half an hour passed—an hour—two hours. And the car did not return.

We were famished and fed-up by this time, and the things we said about Uncle Bill were the reverse of complimentary.

Yet another hour passed, but there was no sign of the car. And finally, in wrath and despair, we started to tramp back to Greyfriars.

Need I describe that tramp, gentle reader?

Suffice it to say that when we at last arrived at the gates of Greyfriars, smothered with dust and perspiration, we were a pair of very complete wrecks.

We were met in the Close by Wibley of the Remove.

"Hallo, Sammy!" he said. "Seen your Uncle Bill lately?"

"No!" hooted Sammy, in tones of wrath. "But when I do see him I'll jolly well punch his head!"

"Pile in, then!" chuckled Wibley.

"Eh?"

"You see, your Uncle Bill happened to be me!"

And then, before I could get at him, the practical joker darted away into the shadows.

THE END.

FALLEN AMONG FRIENDS!

A splendid, long, complete tale of our magnificent new series dealing with the adventures of the boys of the Benbow

By OWEN CONQUEST

(Author of the famous Rookwood school stories appearing weekly in the Boys' Friend)

CHAPTER I.

Lost!

"I'M tired!" Tuckey Toodles made that announcement.

The sun had sunk behind the sierras of the South American mainland, and night lay upon Trinidad, and upon the wide waters encompassing the island.

In the harbour of Port of Spain the old Benbow rode at her cable, and the juniors of the school ship were in their hammocks—with the exception of three who had been missed at roll-call.

Jack Drake and Rodney and Tuckey Toodles were still tramping on the wooded hillside, seeking in vain a path back to the town they had recklessly quitted earlier in the day.

Night had fallen with tropical suddenness, and after the sun was gone they had little hope of finding their way, though they still tramped on.

They were tired, and their clothes were torn by prickly bush, and one voice, at least, was loud with complaints.

For about the fiftieth time Tuckey Toodles announced that he was tired.

But Tuckey received little sympathy from his companions in misfortune.

If he was tired, they were tired, too—a fact which Tuckey seemed to leave out of consideration altogether.

"I'm tired!" repeated Toodles, crescendo, as he received no reply from the two Fourth-formers.

"Dry up!" snapped Drake.

"But I'm tired!" wailed Toodles.

"Give us a rest," growled Rodney.

"It's all your fault we're lost. If you hadn't checked the hack-driver he wouldn't have deserted us and left us here."

"I'm tired."

"There'll be a row over our not getting back to the Benbow," grunted Drake. "I shouldn't wonder if Mr. Packe sends a search-party for us. Nice for us—to-morrow!"

"Never mind to-morrow," groaned Tuckey Toodles. "I'm tired."

"Rats!"

"And hungry."

"Br-r-r-r-r!"

"You fellows are horribly selfish," said Toodles pathetically. "You don't seem to care a bit if I'm walked off my legs."

"What about our legs?" snorted Drake.

"Oh, bother your legs!" said Tuckey peevishly. "You oughtn't to have pressed me to come with you if you didn't know the way back. I'm not going any farther. I'm going to sit down."

"Better keep on," said Rodney.



Drake and Rodney unclasped hands, and with a loud yell Tuckey Toodles flopped into the prickly bush.

"You don't want to get lost by yourself, I suppose?"

"Well, suppose you fellows join hands, and carry me?" suggested Tuckey Toodles brightly.

Drake and Rodney stopped, and blinked at him in the dim starlight. They were fatigued with tramping over the wooded slopes—more fatigued than Toodles, as a matter of fact, for they had been rambling all the afternoon, while the fat junior was snoozing under the ceiba-tree. And Tuckey, the heaviest weight in the school at sea, proposed that they should join hands and carry him! They were used to Rupert de Vere Toodles and his little ways, but for once Tuckey took their breath away.

"Carry you!" murmured Drake at last.

"C-c-carry you!" stuttered Rodney.

Toodles nodded.

"That's the idea," he said. "You join hands, you know, under me, and carry me along. Only be jolly careful not to upset me. You know what clumsy asses you are!"

"You—you—"

"You see, I'm tired," said Toodles. "I've been looking after you fellows all day, and now I think you ought to carry me, after tiring me out like this. Are you ready?"

"Oh!" gasped Drake. "Yes—we're ready. Join paws, Rodney."

"What the thump—" began Rodney hotly.

"Join paws, I tell you."

Jack Drake closed one eye at his chum, visible in the starlight, and Rodney grinned assent.

"Oh, all right," he said. "Here you are."

Tuckey Toodles purred with satisfaction.

"Stoop a bit," he said.

"That all right?" asked Drake meekly.

"Yes, that's all right."

Upon the clasped hands of the chums of the Fourth Tuckey Toodles took a comfortable seat, steadying himself by catching at the shoulders of the Fourth-formers.

"Ready?" he said. "You can start now. Mind you go steady."

The chums raised him up.

It was no light task, and it would certainly have been an impossibility to carry Master Toodles very far. But they hadn't any intention of carrying him far.

They carried him as far as the nearest prickly bush, which was about three feet away.

There they unclasped hands under him.

"Yarooooop!"

Tuckey Toodles let out a demoniac yell as his support gave way, and he slid down into the prickly bush.

He made wild grasps at the Fourth-formers, catching Drake by the nose, and Rodney by the ear, so that their yells were added to his.

But his grasp did not hold—fortunately for the nose and the ear—and he flopped into the bush, howling.

"Yow-ow-ow! Help! I'm stung! I'm bitten! I'm scratched! Yooop! Drag me out! Oh, dear! Help!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yah, you awful rotters! Oh, dear! Yoooop!"

Tuckey Toodles scrambled out of the bush. He brandished a pair of very fat fists at the grinning juniors.

"You rotters, you did that on purpose!" he roared.

"Got it first time!" chuckled Drake. "Would you like us to carry you any more, old top?"

"Yah!"

"There's another bush close by," suggested Rodney. "We'll carry you as far as that, with pleasure."

"Yah! Rotter!"

Tuckey Toodles was tired of being carried. He tramped on supported by his own fat legs, with his chuckling comrades, every now and then emitting a deep, deep groan, which ought to have touched the hearts of the Fourth-formers—but didn't!

In the Dead of Night!

"HARK! What's that?"

Tuckey Toodles stopped suddenly, with a gasp.

From the shadowy trees, close to the three lost juniors, there came a sudden sharp cry.

Drake and Rodney halted, too, staring rather uneasily into the gloom. They grasped the sticks they carried, very much on their guard. Tuckey Toodles backed behind them.

"Is it a—a—a tiger?" he gasped.

"Fathead! There are no tigers here."

"Or a lion?"

"Ass!"

"There's a catty beast called an ocelot in this island, in places," said Rodney. "I hope—hark!"

The sharp, screaming cry was repeated, so close that it made the juniors jump.

There was a moan of terror from Tuckey Toodles.

His fat little legs refused to support him, and he sank down in the thick grass.

"We shall be torn to pieces!" he moaned. "It's all your fault, you rotters—you brought me here on purpose to be torn to pieces! Help!"

Sharp and piercing rang the cry again, and there was a rustle in the thick, tropical foliage.

"Look out!"

"What—?"

Drake and Rodney struck out at the dark shape that loomed out of the trees, for the moment fearing that it was a springing ocelot.

An enormous bat fluttered by, with another piercing howl, and disappeared into the shadows.

Jack Drake burst into a laugh.

"An owl! My hat!"

"A dashed owl!" gasped Rodney.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Is it—is it gone?" spluttered Toodles. "I say, keep it off, you know! Don't let it get at me!"

"Get up, you blessed funk!" growled Drake. "I tell you it was only an owl—a silly owl, like yourself. You disturbed it with the silly row you were making."

"Oh!" said Toodles. "Are you s-s-sure it was only an owl? Not a vampire bat?"

"No, and not a pterodactyl," said Rodney sarcastically. "Get up, and come on, and for goodness' sake keep your head shut! We shall spend the rest of our natural lives in Trinidad, at this rate!"

Toodles did not rise.

"I'm tired," he said. "I think I'd better have a rest before I go any further. You fellows can keep watch."

"Is that a python Toodles is sitting on?" asked Drake, peering down into the shadows.

Tuckey leapt to his feet with a frantic yell.

"A pup-pup-python!" he howled.

"All serene; it's only a branch," said Drake, with a chuckle. "Now you're up, you may as well come on."

"You awful rotter, you were pulling my leg!"

"I'll pull your ear next, if you don't stop grouching. Do you think you're the only part of this outfit that's tired?"

"Well, it serves you rotters right," grumbled Toodles. "You shouldn't have dodged Mr. Packe yesterday, when he was showing us the sights. I say, I don't like Trinidad. I wish I was home at Toodles Towers."

"I wish you were!" growled Rodney.

Drake chuckled. Tuckey Toodles' description of home scenes were always on the superb side, and it was curious that they had grown more and more superb the further the Benbow sailed from Old England. Toodles Towers was a new addition, which had come into existence only since the Benbow had reached West Indian waters. Sawyer major, the humorist, had declared that by the time the school ship was up the Orinoco it would be Toodles Castle, and that Toodles senior would be Duke of Toodles. But at such remarks Tuckey only curled an aristocratic lip.

"This blessed island could be jolly nearly put into the park at Toodles Towers," grumbled Tuckey. "I wish I was back there, with the butler serving me a magnificent supper on gold plate. I say, when do you think we shall come to a house, Drake?"

"How should I know, ass? I don't even know if we're going right for Port of Spain. We may be wandering off into the middle of the dashed island for all I know!"

Tuckey groaned.

"Well, we can't go very far without falling off—that's one comfort," said Rodney, laughing. "When we see the sea we shall know where we are. No sign of it so far, though."

"At Toodles Towers—"

"Bother Toodles Towers! Get on, and don't jaw, old chap!"

Toodles did another dozen yards, and then he stopped again. His comrades eyed him with wrathful impatience.

"I'm going to take a rest," said Toodles. "I can't keep on; I'm tired. I'm going to sit on this log and rest."

And Tuckey prepared to sit down.

Just as he was about to squat on the log the log moved, and Tuckey jumped up with a howl of terror. A hideous head whirled round towards the school-boys.

"It's a snake!" panted Rodney.

Jack Drake lashed out with his stick, and there was a horrid hissing sound as it crashed on the reptile's head.

"Run for it!" panted Rodney.

Toodles was too terrified to stir, but Drake caught him by the arm and dragged him away. The three juniors ran, plunging wildly through the tangled shrubberies.

There was a sound of hissing and thrashing behind them, but if the reptile was in pursuit they soon out-distanced it. But they did not stop running till they were a good quarter of a mile from the scene of the encounter.

Even Tuckey Toodles forgot that he was tired, till at last they slowed down, panting for breath.

"Wha-a-at was it?" he stuttered.

"A python, I think."

"Ow!"

"We've had a jolly narrow escape," said Drake soberly. "My hat! It isn't all a joke, wandering about the wilds in the tropics after dark. Better not sit on any more logs, Tuckey, in case they turn out to be pythons!"

Toodles shuddered. He had very nearly plumped his weight upon the python, and had he quite done so he would probably have been enfolded in the coils of the monster. Tired as he was, he was not tempted to sit down again.

The juniors tramped on wearily.

They hoped to catch sight of lights in the town, but there was no light to be seen, save that of the stars, twinkling in the dark blue heavens overhead, and the glitter of the innumerable fireflies.

It was midnight now, and it was probable that Port of Spain was in bed and asleep, as well as the school on board the Benbow. Perhaps just then the chums of the Fourth regretted that they had yielded to the temptation to leave Mr. Packe's party and travel off "on their own" to explore the environs of the Trinidad capital. Certainly at the present moment, they would have been very glad to stretch themselves in their hammocks on board the Benbow.

"If we could only see a light somewhere!" groaned Toodles.

"We sha'n't see a light at this hour; everybody will be in bed," said Drake. "Even if we come to a house, I don't know that we shall be entitled to knock people up, after midnight."

Tuckey gave a snort.

"I'm jolly well going to!" he said. "We can pay for our lodging—at least, you fellows can pay for it. I say, doesn't this look like a road?"

"My hat, it does—and it is!"

The tramping trio came out into a beaten track, and they followed it with renewed hope.

It led them into an open road, and they followed the road, hoping that it led towards the city.

"Here's a gate!" announced Toodles, halting.

It was a green-painted gate, set between two stone pillars, and shadowed by a gigantic ceiba tree.

The schoolboys stopped, and Drake exchanged a glance with Rodney.

Evidently they had fallen upon one of the country houses that dot the hill-sides out of Port of Spain, but there was not a twinkle of light to be seen, and it was clear that all the inhabitants were asleep.

"We're going in!" said Toodles. "At least, I am! I'm jolly well not going to take another step!"

"I—I suppose we can go in," said Drake, hesitating. "I've heard that the Trinidad folk are very hospitable. Blessed if I like waking anybody up at this time of night, though."

"Rats!" growled Toodles.

He pushed at the gate, and found that it was not locked. Drake and Rodney followed him in, and the gate shut behind them. Before them was a drive, winding among beds of luxuriant tropical flowers. In a few minutes they sighted the house beyond—a handsome villa, glimmering in the starlight, with a wooden gallery built round for shade, and the windows opening into the gallery. Broad steps led up to it, the house being raised some little distance above the ground, as is usual in Trinidad. Jack Drake scanned the building, hoping to see a sign that someone was stirring, late as the hour was.

"Come on!" mumbled Toodles. "We're jolly well going to knock 'em up and ask for a bed."

"Hold on a minute—"

"Look here—"

"Shut up, you fat idiot!" whispered Drake fiercely. "There's somebody there! Look, Rodney!"

In the wooden gallery there was a sudden wink of light, which evidently came from a dark-lantern that had been turned on. For a moment the startled schoolboys caught sight of two crouching figures under a shuttered window; then the light vanished, and all was gloom again.

They stood still, their hearts beating. Even Tuckey Toodles was silenced by the sight of those two crouching, sinister figures, that had been revealed for a moment by the glimmer of the lantern.

Benbows to the Rescue!

"THIEVES!" whispered Rodney. Tuckey Toodles backed a little into the shadow of a clump of mangoes beside the path.

Drake and Rodney remained where they were, tensely watching.

There was no doubt about it—the crouching figures, at that hour of the night, outside the window, could mean nothing else. The wandering schoolboys had arrived at the villa at the very moment when the midnight thieves were at work.

As they watched in silence the lantern winked out again, and they caught another glimpse of the thieves. Both of them were in seafaring garb. One was kneeling, at work with some tool on the window-shutter, and his back was towards the juniors. The other, bending over him and holding

the lantern, was a swarthy Spanish half-breed.

Darkness again.

"What are we going to do?" muttered Rodney. "We can't leave the rascals to rob the house."

"No fear!"

"But if we make a row—they're armed. I saw the haft of a knife sticking out of that fellow's sash—"

"Hark!"

There was a faint sound in the distance.

Leaving the shadow of the trees, the juniors stole on tiptoe towards the house. Silently they reached the foot of the wooden gallery, the floor of which was on a level with their heads. Here they were safe from being seen, unless the thieves should look over the railing above them. There was a vague sound of movements, and a low muttering of voices above, and the juniors realised that the thieves had succeeded in opening the window-shutter.

They hesitated, not knowing what to do. Of the occupants of the strange house they knew nothing, or even if it was occupied at all. But to go on their way, and leave these two rascals at their nefarious work, was not to be thought of.

As they stood in painful uncertainty there was a sudden sound of commotion from the house.

A sharp cry of alarm, and a Spanish oath, came to their ears.

The sounds of a struggle followed. That put an end to their hesitation.

There was violence being done within a few yards of them, and it was no time to hesitate.

"Come on!" panted Drake.

Gripping his stick, he ran to the steps and ran up them, with Rodney at his heels.

They came into the outside gallery with a rush.

Light gleamed from an opened window—one of the green-painted shutters stood wide open.

Within, on the floor, stood a lantern, evidently placed there hurriedly by one of the rascals as the alarm was given.

A burly, brown-faced, bearded man was struggling on the floor with one of the intruders, and the other—the half-breed—was hovering round them, knife in hand.

The swarthy ruffian was watching his opportunity to strike, while from other parts of the house there came already the sounds of alarm.

"Stick him, Benito, you fool!" came a gasping cry. "Do you want to be taken? He's downing me—stick him!"

It was at that moment that Jack Drake burst in at the open window.

The Spanish half-breed was thrusting with his knife at his comrade's adversary when Drake sprang in, and the sudden apparition of the Benbow junior caused the ruffian to start back.

Before he could recover from his surprise Drake lashed out with the stick, catching the dusky wrist, and the knife clattered to the floor.

The half-breed, with a growl of rage, flung himself upon the junior.

"Buck up, Rodney!" panted Drake, as the swarthy hands gripped him and bore him backwards.

He went down with a crash, the

clutching half-breed upon him, and Rodney sprang to his aid at once.

The two juniors and the half-breed rolled on the floor together, while the struggle between the other rascal and his adversary went on.

Voices were calling in the house now, and the door of the room was burst open, and a throng of negro servants appeared, some carrying lamps. A lad of about sixteen was the first in the room.

"Father!"

"Help here, Arthur!"

Drake and Rodney had the half-breed down now, on his back, and Drake was kneeling on his chest.

But the other ruffian, realising that his game was up now, tore himself loose and made a bound for the window.

In an instant he was outside, and was running round the gallery to the steps, to vanish into the darkness of the grounds.

The man he had been assailing staggered breathlessly to his feet, with the assistance of his son.

"Father, you're not hurt?"

"No, no, my boy!" The bearded gentleman turned to the startled crowd of black servants at the doorway.

"Search the grounds for him! Go at once—all of you! Don't let him get away!"

There was an excited howl from the negroes.

"We catch him, Mass' Cazalet."

Then there was a pattering of bare feet, and a shouting of voices in all directions.

Meanwhile, the Spanish half-breed had sullenly given up the struggle. The two juniors were too much for him, and he was helplessly pinned under them on the floor.

Mr. Cazalet stared rather grimly at the scene.

The appearance of the two schoolboys in his room astonished him as much as it had astonished the thieves, and if he had fancied for a moment that they belonged to the latter their actions were a sufficient testimony to the contrary.

"Got him!" said Drake, looking up.

"You seem to have secured him, my boy," said the Trinidad gentleman.

"Arthur, get a cord and tie up that rascal's hands."

"Yes, dad."

"We'll hold him for a bit, then, sir," said Rodney. "The rotter's as slippery as an eel."

The half-breed scowled up savagely at his captors. In a minute or less Arthur Cazalet hurried back into the room with a cord in his hands, and the captured rascal's hands were tied behind him. He was marched away by a black servant. Then Mr. Cazalet turned to the juniors.

"You seem to have done me a service, young gentlemen," he said. "May I inquire how you came here?"

"Certainly, sir," answered Jack Drake cheerfully. "We'd lost our way, and were thinking of knocking you up to ask for shelter when we saw those two rascals at your window. So we chipped in."

"Thank you very much. I fancy that half-breed would have used his knife if he had not been stopped. You have saved me from robbery—per-

haps something more serious. You are very welcome here," said the Trinidad gentleman, with a smile. "It was my good fortune that led your footsteps in this direction, I think."

There was a roar of voices in the star-lit grounds, and Arthur Cazalet ran to the window.

"They've got him, dad!"

"Good!"

"We got him, sar!" came a jubilant howl from without.

"A couple of ruffians off some foreign ship in the harbour, I suppose," said Mr. Cazalet. "I suppose you boys have never seen them before?"

"Not that we know of, sir," answered Rodney.

"I saw that ruffian as he jumped out," said Arthur Cazalet. "He had a patch over one eye. I think I should know him again."

Jack Drake started.

There was a man on board the Benbow with only one eye, and for a moment Drake wondered whether it was Peg Slaney who had been concerned in the attempted robbery.

He watched rather eagerly for the appearance of the prisoner, as the jubilant negroes dragged their captive towards the house, and up the steps into the gallery outside the window.

But a moment or two later a terrified and dismayed howl enlightened Drake and Rodney.

"Yah! Leggo, you dashed niggers! I ain't a burglar—I tell you I'm Rupert de Vere Toodles, and I ain't a burglar at all!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Drake.

"Hallo, what's the joke?" asked Arthur Cazalet, looking round from the window in surprise.

"Yah! Leggo!"

"Here's de thief, Mass' Cazalet!"

And the hapless Tuckey Toodles was bundled bodily in at the French window, with three or four brawny negroes grasping him.

In Clover!

"**A** BOY!" exclaimed Mr. Cazalet, in wonder.

"Yarcoo! Leggo!"

"Find him in de garden, massa!" said one of the black servants proudly. "Him kick my shins. Bery bad little thief!"

"I ain't a thief!" howled Tuckey Toodles. "Leggo! Don't I keep on telling you I ain't a burglar, you silly niggers!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, you're there, Drake, are you, you rotter?" gasped Tuckey Toodles. "Tell these lunatics that I ain't a burglar, you beast! Oh, dear!"

"Do you know this boy?" asked the planter, looking at Drake.

Drake chuckled.

"Yes, sir; he belongs to our school. We left him in the garden when we ran in to tackle the thieves."

Mr. Cazalet smiled.

"Oh, I see! My servants have made a mistake, and allowed the thief to get away while they seized your friend. Release him at once, Sambo; he is a friend of these young gentlemen. Search the grounds again."

The chattering negroes crowded

out, and Tuckey Toodles sank down on a chair and gasped for breath.

"Ow! Ow! Ow! Groooh! If this is the Trinidad hospitality I've read about, I don't think much of it! Yow-ow-ow!"

"You silly ass!" said Drake. "The negroes found you skulking in the dark, and collared you, and serve you right. If you'd come in to take your share of the scrap it wouldn't have happened."

"Yah!"

"I am sorry for the mistake, my young friend," said Mr. Cazalet kindly. "My servants naturally did not know you—"

"Ow! Ow! Wow!"

"You will remain here for to-night," continued the planter. "I will give instructions for a room to be prepared for you at once. If you

Toodles putting in, parenthetically, that it was all Drake's fault.

"But I don't mind, as it's turned out," said Tuckey, beaming. "It's worth a licking from old Packe, to have a spread like this! I think I could manage one more pie, Rodney. Shove it this way."

And Tuckey Toodles, with glistening cheeks and bulging eyes, recommenced operations.

"Well, I cannot say I am sorry you have lost your way to-day, as it has turned out," said Mr. Cazalet, with a smile. "So you belong to the Benbow, is the harbour?"

"Yes, that's our ship, sir," said Drake. "It's a school at sea, you know. When we're at home we're St. Winifred's."

"I dare say you've heard of St. Winny's, sir?" said Tuckey Toodles,



Leaving the shadow of the trees, the juniors stole on tip-toe towards the house, where the thieves had succeeded in opening the window shutters.

have lost your way, and have been wandering, no doubt you are hungry

"Yes, rather!" said Tuckey Toodles promptly. "Famished, sir! I feel as if I'd been on a desert island for weeks!"

"Come with me," said Mr. Cazalet. "Arthur, my boy, you may go back to bed."

"Right-ho, dad! Good-night, you chaps," said Arthur, with a frank smile and a nod to the chums of the Benbow.

"Good-night," answered Drake and Rodney cordially.

Mr. Cazalet threw on a dressing-gown and led the way, and the three juniors of the Benbow were not sorry to sit down to an ample meal of cold chicken and other comestibles, which Tuckey Toodles, in a stage whisper, confided to his chums, beat the Benbow prog hollow. Over that very late supper Drake explained how they had come to lose their way, Tuckey

with his mouth full. "Or perhaps you don't hear much in this out-of-the-way island—yarcooop! Is that you treading on my foot, Rodney, you rotter?"

"I have heard of St. Winny's, certainly," said Mr. Cazalet, with a smile. "I happen to be an old boy of St. Winifred's."

"Really, sir!" exclaimed Drake and Rodney together.

"It is nearly thirty years since I left," said the planter, with a laugh, "so I cannot suppose my name is familiar to you—John Cazalet."

"I know the name, though, now I think of it," said Drake. "I've seen it in the school roll. You were captain of the school in your time?"

The planter nodded.

"I am glad to meet St. Winifred's boys," he said. "I hope you will look on my house as your home, as near as may be, while your ship remains at Trinidad."

"Jolly glad to!" said Tuckey

Toodles, without giving his companions a chance to speak.

"You're very kind, sir," said Drake.

"And I suppose you are likely to get into trouble on the ship, for leaving your party in the town as you did?"

"Oh, we don't mind a licking, sir," said Drake. "I'm sorry if Mr. Packe has been worrying about us, that's all."

"Don't we?" said Tuckey Toodles. "I jolly well mind a licking, Drake, I can tell you, and I expect you to explain to old Packe that it was your fault and Rodney's, and I only came to look after you."

Mr. Cazalet glanced rather curiously at Tuckey Toodles for a moment. But the estimable Tuckey did not observe it; he was busy with a new dish, and it occupied all his attention.

"You will not want to rise early, after staying up so late," said the planter. "If you like, I will ride down to Port of Spain early in the morning, and visit your ship. Possibly I can obtain your pardon, when I acquaint your master with the service you have rendered me to-night."

"Oh, good!" said Toodles.

"You're awfully good, sir," said Drake gratefully. "Of course, we'd rather not be hauled over the coals if we can help it. But it's giving you a lot of trouble."

"Not at all; I shall be glad to see St. Winifred's afloat," said the planter, with a smile. "Now, if you are finished supper, Sambo shall show you to your room."

So the three juniors bade good-night to the hospitable planter, and followed black Sambo to the room that had been prepared for them.

"We seem to have fallen into clover," remarked Jack Drake, as the door closed behind the black majordomo. "Those beds look comfy—better than the bush I thought we should have to sleep in."

"Yes, rather," said Rodney, with a smile. "They seem jolly nice people here, too. That kid Arthur seems a decent chap."

"I didn't like the way he looked at me," grumbled Tuckey Toodles.

"Perhaps he didn't know what to make of you, Tuckey. He mayn't have seen a prize porker got up as a schoolboy before!"

"Yah!"

There were cool pyjamas laid out on the beds, and mosquito-netting rigged over them. Nothing had been forgotten for the comfort of the guests, sudden and unexpected as their visit was. Jack Drake and Co. turned in with great satisfaction.

And in about a minute and a half the three were in deep slumber, from which they did not awaken till the sun was high in the heavens, and a new tropical day was blazing down upon Trinidad.

THE END.

Next week's rattling tale of the boys of the Benbow will be "The Tribulations of Toodles!" You will enjoy reading the laughable adventures of the fat junior.

THE CRIMSON ARROW

(continued from page 18)

and then platoons of braves would drop down on their faces taking cover from the volleys of the Palefaces.

It was evidently going to be an attempt to carry the place by storm, for, though the fire of the fort was fast and murderous, the yelling mob of Redskins came on. Their own trade guns, outraged by the rifles, had them at a disadvantage and they lost many braves before they got within range of the defence.

Then their fire came hot and strong, and they came forward in little rushes, dropping and taking cover in the folds of the ground.

There was not much cover round the fort for Major Lincoln had been careful to burn all the brush, and to cut down all the trees within rifle range. But the ground was full of irregularities of which the attacking party took full advantage.

The air was filled with the cloud of powder smoke, and the grass outside the palisades had caught fire from the burning wads of the guns.

There was no wind, and this smoke cloud hung close so that the boys soon found themselves firing into a thick fog of acrid smoke at an enemy they could not see.

Uncle Baldy chuckled.

"Look out, boys," said he, "they're comin' on fine! I never seed Redskins fight this fashion before, and I'd never ha' thought they'd stand up to the pastin' we've given 'em. Down, boy!"

The last words were a shout and the boys crouched low behind their little breastwork, for a perfect cloud of arrows hurtled through the air, quivering in the wooden palisades and sending the splinters flying where they hit the wood.

Another thrilling instalment of "The Crimson Arrow" will appear in next Tuesday's issue.

Do
YOU
Know
"Pongo"?

If not, you ought to get an introduction right away. You can meet him any Friday in "CHUCKLES"—he's on the front page with his merry animal friends—all of them full of fun and mischief. His adventures are rare fun. Ask your newsagent TO-DAY for

Chuckles
1½d.

The Favourite COLOURED Comic

MY KRICKET KOLLUM

By
BILLY BUNTER

"TO-MORRO," I said, klapping Wharton kordially on the shoulder, "the Remove play the larst match of the sezoon. And I am natcherally ankshus to cuvver myself with glory."

"Bough-wough!" said Wharton. "It's up to you to give me a plaice in the team," I told him. "My batting and boling are a revervelation. And my katches in the slippis—"

"You make more slippis than katches!" was Wharton's krushing retort. "No, Bunt, I should not dream of inkluding you in the side to-morro."

"Am I to take no part in the pro-seedings?"

"You can roll the pitch, if you like!"

"Beest!" I ekclaimed savvidgely.

Well, the morro dorned, and I was hooping against hoap that Wharton would clime down, and give me a plaice in the eleven. But he didn't. I skanned the list of players on the notiss-board, but I skanned it in vane. My own name was conspicuuous by its absense.

And yet, in spite of the fackt that I was knot playing, the Remove wan!

The match was against St. Jim's, and when Tom Merry and Co. went in and maid CLVIII runs (I rite in Roamin' figgers to prove my nollidge!) I thort it would be all up with the Remove.

But neigh!

Wharton batted with grate vigger, and so did Nugent and Bob Cherry. And, to cutt a long story short (the edditer only allows me wun kollum!), the Remove beet St. Jim's by a big marjin. But, of corse, the marjin would have been bigger still if W. G. B. had been playing! I'm shore I should have skored a sentury, at least!

Now, deer reeders, I do not want to weery you with fackts and figgers, but I think it only rite that I should plaice on rekord my performanses for the sezoon. Hear they are:

	No. of Innings	Totle Times		Average
		No. of Runs	Not Out	
W. G. Bunter	12	1,002	6	167

I think that's simply grate, don't you?

And now, jentle reeders, "Bon swore," as the French say. I hoap I shall be aloud to konduct this Kricket Kollum neckst sezoon. Till then, I bid you a fond adew!

Editor's Note.

The following is an accurate record of Billy Bunter's batting performanses for the season:

	No. of Innings	Total Times		Average
		No. of Runs	Not Out	
W. G. Bunter	12	3	0	.25

A slight difference between these figures and Billy Bunter's—what?

THE CASE OF THE SINN FEINERS!

Our Great New Series dealing with
the amazing adventures of

HERLOCK SHOLMES
DETECTIVE

Written by

PETER TODD

I.

"PACK your bag, my dear Jotson," said Herlock Sholmes, when I came down to breakfast one morning in our rooms at Shaker Street.

"We are going—" I began.
"To Ireland," said Sholmes. "You have just time to make your will and pay up on your insurance, Jotson. These little precautions are necessary—it is not as if we were merely going to Tartary or Timbuctoo."

"And our business in Ireland, Sholmes?" I inquired.
"You have heard of Sinn Fein, my dear fellow?"

"I have certainly heard the word, Sholmes. Is it a new breakfast food?"

"Nothing of the kind."
"A new parlour game?" I hazarded.

Sholmes shook his head.
"If you were a regular reader of the 'Daily Snooze,' Jotson, you would know that Sinn Fein is the free and independent patriot party in the sister isle. If, on the other hand, you regularly read the 'Morning Ghost,' you would be aware that Sinn Fein is the unpatriotic and traitorous party in Ireland. Like the little boy in the story, you pays your money and you takes your choice."

"And the truth, Sholmes?"
Sholmes smiled compassionately.
"My dear fellow, all the news from Ireland comes in the shape of official reports or newspaper telegrams. There is no question of truth."

"True!"
"My services have been called in by Dublin Castle," explained Herlock Sholmes. "Sinn Fein outrages have now reached the culminating point, or the patriot movement has now become formidable, whichever you like. Police-stations have been burned; policemen have been potted; banks have been robbed; life and property rendered generally unsafe—but that is nothing out of the common—the climax has now been reached."

"Good heavens, Sholmes! What has happened?"

"A distinguished official has been kidnapped by the Sinn Feiners!" said Sholmes.

My hand trembled as I dissected my kipper.

"This was, indeed, startling news!"
"He was taken from his car, on the road near Ballybooze," said Sholmes. "He has disappeared completely, with his kidnapers. What their intentions are is not known. They cannot blow his brains out—"

"Why not, Sholmes?"
"I have mentioned that he is a

distinguished official, Jotson. The feat would therefore be impossible."

"Most true!"
"But he is deprived of his liberty, and in all probability restricted to a meagre diet of whisky and potatoes"

"Horrible!"
"However, I shall be there," said Sholmes carelessly. "Once arrived at Ballybooze I do not anticipate great difficulties."

"You have a clue?"
"None!"
"Then how—"

"I am going to call on my friend and colleague, Bexton Slake, and borrow his celebrated bloodhound, 'Squeedro,'" explained Sholmes.

"Ah!" I exclaimed. "You will show Squeedro something belonging to the prisoner, and he will follow the track—"



Sholmes followed the bloodhound, and Jotson followed Sholmes.

"Not at all."
"Then I do not see—"
"I do not expect you to, Jotson. Pack your bag, my dear fellow, and let us walk our chinks," said Sholmes.

On our way to the station we called in at the office of Bexton Slake, who was almost as famous a detective as Herlock Sholmes himself.

Slake was lying back in an arm-chair, examining an ordinary glass tumbler filled with some dark-coloured liquid, which he held tilted to his mouth. Strange gurgling noises emanated from the great detective's throat.

On his knee reclined the graceful form of the one and only Squeedro. Sitting on the floor, playing "noughts and crosses," was Slinker, Slake's handsome young assistant.

Without beating about the bush Sholmes stated his mission, and, having presented his friend and colleague with a fivepenny cigar given him by a noted criminal on the previous evening, Slake readily agreed to allow him the services of his bloodhound.

An hour later we were en route for Dublin.

II.

THE shades of night were falling fast—as I believe some poet has already remarked—when we arrived at Ballybooze.

It was a lonely village in the midst of the Tippleary mountains.

We put up at the village inn, which, for some reason unknown to us, had not been burned to the ground.

We retired to rest early. The night was an unusually quiet and peaceful one. Not more than five or six dead bodies were visible from the windows when we rose in the morning.

After breakfast Sholmes led Squeedro, the bloodhound, to the spot where the kidnapped official had been taken from his car.

I watched my amazing friend with keen interest.

I had expected that he would show the bloodhound some article belonging to the missing gentleman, but this was not Sholmes's method.

"As the kidnapped gentleman was taken away in a cart, he cannot have left a scent behind him, Jotson," he explained.

"True," I remarked. "But, in that case, I fail to see how Bexton Slake's bloodhound will assist you."

Sholmes smiled.
"Squeedro will follow the scent of the Sinn Feiners," he answered.

"But they are unknown—"

"Quite so."
"You have nothing belonging to them!"

"True."
"Then how—" I exclaimed.
"Patience, my dear fellow."

Sholmes drew a whisky-flask from his pocket. It contained Irish whisky.

Uncorking it, he held it to the bloodhound's nose.

Squeedro gave one sniff, and started off at a loping trot across the mountain.

"Come on, Jotson!"
Sholmes followed the bloodhound, and I followed Sholmes, lost in wonder at the amazing sagacity of my astonishing friend.

The way was long, the wind was cold, but we pushed on rapidly, led by the unfailing Squeedro.

Over mountain and bog he led us, guided unerringly by the scent of Irish whisky.

Two hours later we arrived at the mouth of a solitary cavern. One glance at Sholmes's face was enough for the Sinn Feiners; they fled.

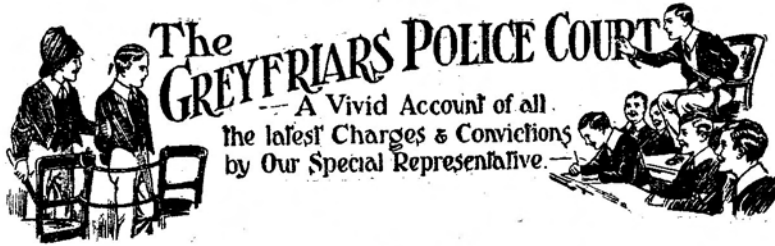
In the cavern lay a prisoner, who, by his expression of vacant imbecility, we knew at once must be a Government official.

"The kidnapped man, Jotson!" drawled Herlock Sholmes.

Once more my amazing friend had succeeded!

THE END.

Another screamingly funny adventure next week. It is entitled "The Case of the Mysterious Soprano."



The GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

A Vivid Account of all

The latest Charges & Convictions
by Our Special Representative.

The police-court proceedings were held this week in the boat-house by the River Sark. Large crowds thronged the banks, and everything went swimmingly!

FISTICUFFS IN COURT!

His Worship "Walloped" by a witness!

William George Bunter was the first to appear in the dock, which nearly collapsed beneath his weight.

Mr. Robert Cherry, K. C., devoted a couple of hours to reading out a record of prisoner's previous convictions.

Magistrate: What's he been up to now?

Mr. Cherry: The same old stunt, your worship—obtaining money by false pretences! He went round the Remove studies with a collecting-box, and said that he had just been appointed treasurer of the Remove Football Club, and was therefore authorised to collect the subscriptions.

Magistrate: You don't mean to say any silly asses gave him anything?

Mr. Cherry: Yes, your worship! I gave him something myself! (Laughter.)

Magistrate: What did you give him?

Mr. Cherry: A thick ear, your worship! (Renewed laughter.)

Alonzo Todd, being called upon to give evidence, said that he was one of Bunter's victims. He had believed the story about Bunter being the newly appointed treasurer of the football club, and he had contributed the princely sum of twopence, partly in cash and partly in halfpenny stamps.

The next witness, Thomas Dutton, caused quite a sensation in court.

Magistrate: Were you also a victim?

Witness: Licked him? Of course! As soon as I found out it was a fraud, I dotted him on the boko! (Laughter.)

Magistrate: Answer my question! I asked if you were a victim of Bunter's guile!

Witness: Eh? What's wrong with my dial?

Magistrate: Your deafness is appalling! One would almost think it was a jape—

Witness: What! My dial's out of shape, is it? And so will yours be in a minute!

Hereupon, witness hurled himself at the magistrate, and a fierce bout of fisticuffs ensued. His worship put up quite a good show, but his magisterial gown happened to get in the way, causing him to trip up. Witness pounded and pommelled him unmercifully, and it was some time before the Remove Constabulary were able to restore order.

When the magistrate reappeared on the Bench, he was swathed in bandages. And the gentlemen of the jury had great difficulty in controlling their facial expressions.

Magistrate: Yow-ow-ow! I'm not in

the humour to listen to further witnesses! Clear the court!

Mr. Cherry: But what about the prisoner, your worship?

Magistrate: Oh, let him rip!

Prisoner promptly rolled out of the court.

Serious Charge Against Dick Penfold!

There was a sensation in court when Richard Penfold, who had hitherto borne a good reputation, appeared in the dock

Magistrate: What have you been up to, my dear fellow?

Prisoner: Nothing, my dear ass! And if I have any of your old buck, I'll sling you in the river.

Magistrate: What is the charge against this rude person?

Mr. Peter Todd, K.C., (for the prosecution): I regret to say he has been betting, your worship!

Magistrate: Betting?

Mr. Todd: Yes! He put money on a horse called Slick Sam.

Prisoner (excitedly): Why you burbling chump, I've never backed a horse in my life!

Detective-inspector Wibley was then called to give evidence.

"I was standing in the school gateway, your worship, disguised as a small pebble when prisoner appeared, pushing his bicycle. I heard him remark to another fellow: 'I'm going over to Courtfield, and I'm backing Slick Sam. He's bound to win!'"

Magistrate (sternly): These shady practices must be put down with a firm hand! Prisoner will be sentenced—

Mr. Mark Linley, K.C., (for the defence): Don't be in such a hurry, your worship! I've got something to say.

Magistrate: Leave it till afterwards!

Mr. Linley (warmly): My client's honour is at stake and I must insist upon speaking now!

Magistrate: Well, buck up and get it over, there's a good chap. I've got an appointment at the Crown and Anchor in a few minutes. (Loud laughter.)

Mr. Linley: It is utterly absurd to say that Mr. Penfold has been indulging in the vicious and shady practice of betting. He certainly said that he was backing Slick Sam—but Slick Sam's not a racehorse. He's a boxer!

Magistrate: Well, I'm jiggered!

Mr. Linley: He fought a dozen rounds the other evening with the Courtfield Giddy Marvel, and Mr. Penfold went over on his bike to see the scrap. When he said he was backing Slick Sam, he didn't mean that he was backing him with money. He merely meant that he was supporting him.

His worship, summing up, said that this was yet another misunderstanding on the part of Jotland Yard.

"It's time these defective detectives were scrapped!" declared his worship. "They make a mess of every case they take up." (Cries of "Hear, hear!" and "Sack the lot!")

Magistrate: I will not trouble the gentlemen of the jury on this occasion. They may continue to slumber. I must apologise to the prisoner for the scurvy way in which he has been treated. He has been falsely charged with betting—a most loathsome and contemptible offence! By the way, can anybody tell me what won the two forty-five? (Loud laughter, and a voice, "Pretty Polly, your worship!")

Magistrate: Oh, crumbs! And I was ass enough to back Bill the Laggard! All my life's savings have gone to pot. Never mind! Prisoner will be acquitted, without a stain on his collar—I mean character!

The verdict was received with whoops of applause, followed by a loud splash. Counsel for the prosecution was being ducked in the river!

His Worship's Lucky Escape!

A grinning Irishman named Michael Desmond was the next prisoner to be hustled into the dock. He greeted Mr. Justice Wharton with the remark:

"Top o' the mornin', yer honour!"

Magistrate: Don't be familiar, or you'll find yourself charged with contempt of court!

Prisoner: Bow-wow!

Magistrate: What is the present charge against this wild Irishman?

Mr. Peter Todd, K.C., (for the prosecution): He broke into No. 1 Study by stealth, your worship, and rigged up a booby-trap over the door. It was no common or garden booby-trap, your worship. It was a most elaborate affair, specially designed for your benefit.

Magistrate: Great Scott! But why should prisoner go out of his way to harm such a popular and distinguished personage as myself?

Mr. Todd: It appears that he submitted a short story to "The Greyfriars Herald," and that you, in your capacity as editor, refused to publish the yarn. You sent it back to prisoner with a rejection slip, and that made him furious. Thirsting for revenge, he rigged up the booby-trap I have referred to.

Magistrate: And what happened.

Mr. Todd: Instead of descending on your devoted head, your worship, the soot and treacle and stuff descended on Quelch's!

Magistrate (to prisoner): Then I should advise you to pad yourself out with copy-books!

Prisoner: Trust me, yer honour! (Laughter.)

Detective-inspector Penfold was then called upon to give evidence. He said that he concealed himself behind the screen in No. 1 Study, disguised as a carpet-sweeper, and he saw prisoner preparing the booby-trap for his worship's benefit. As soon as the arrangements were complete, Quelch arrived on the scene, with the results which had already been described.

In view of the fact that prisoner would shortly get it in the neck from Quelch, his worship decided that no punishment should be administered by the court and the grinning practical-joker was discharged.



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 Wrong Time!

Judge Slumper was famous as one of the most compassionate men who ever sat upon the bench, but his softness of heart did not prevent him from doing his duty as a judge.

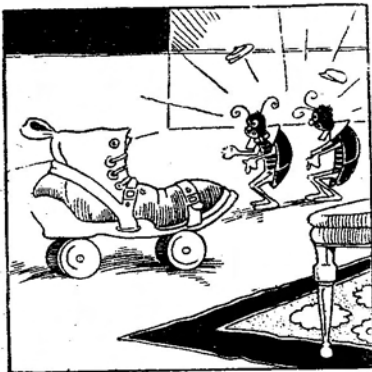
A youth who had been convicted for stealing was brought into court for sentence. He looked very sad, and the court was greatly moved by his contrite appearance.

"Have you ever been sentenced to imprisonment before?" asked the judge.

"Never! Never!" exclaimed the prisoner, bursting into tears.

"Don't cry—don't cry!" said the judge consolingly; "you're going to be now."—Sent in by Miss Josephine Reay, 25, High Cross Street, Brampton, Cumberland.

PRESENTED WITH T'ANKS!



BERTIE BEETLE: "Oo-er! Look at that, now! They've been and presented the house with one of those war-tanks."

Sold!

Mother (to little Tommy who can't eat any more dinner): Why is it you have no appetite to-day, Tommy? I hope you didn't buy any sweets with that sixpence I gave you.

Tommy: Oh, no, mother, I gave the sixpence to my chum and he bought 'em for me!—Sent in by Miss U. Cox, 2, Olive Lane, Wavertree, Liverpool.

Pass the Salt, Please!

Mr. Green's radish-bed had been attacked by slugs, and he sought advice for their extermination from a neighbour, who told him to place salt between the rows of plants.

"Did you do as I told you?" asked the neighbour when he met Green a few days later.

"I should think I did," replied Green; "I put the salt down one evening and bless me, when I got up next morning the slugs were pulling up the radishes, dipping them in the salt and eating them quite contentedly!"—Sent in by A. Reader, 43, Newton Drive, Blackpool.

OUR TUCK-HAMPER PRIZE STORYETTE

PUT THE HAT ON IT!

The other day Gander met his friend Gummidge, the proprietor of a local cinema theatre, and, stopping him, he asked him what he was looking so glum about.

"Why," said Gummidge, "I've had to sack the whole of my orchestra, and I can't get another."

"Great Scott! Whatever made you do that?" cried Gander. "You always told me they were the best combination in town!"

"Well, it was like this," said Gummidge, sadly; "I told 'em to play appropriate music for the evening performance, and it happened there was a film containing a touching scene where the judge put on the black cap before passing the death sentence. Well, I'm hanged if the dashed idiots didn't strike up, 'Where did you get that hat?'"—Sent in by C. R. Whitfield, 37, Ruskin Avenue, Manor Park, E.12, to whom a hamper crammed with delicious tuck has been despatched.

No Cow-ard!

Sergeant (inspecting country recruits): What decoration is this you're wearing, young feller?

The yokel: Sure, it's the medal what our cow won at the show!—Sent in by H. G. Curnow, 10, Mercy Street, Bendigo, Victoria, Australia.

Thoughtful Boy!

Mrs. Bunter: Sammy, have you eaten all your toffee without thinking of your sister, Bessie?

Sammy: Oh, no, ma! I was thinking of her the whole time. I was afraid she'd come in before I'd finished 'em!"—Sent in by Nell Malloy, 58, Coventry Drive, Dennistoun, Glasgow.

Very Rocky Knowledge!

A liner was ploughing her way down the West-African coast bound for Cape Town when the pilot was taken ill. However, a passenger, who had boarded the ship at Sierra Leone, stepped forward and offered his services saying he knew all the rocks along that portion of the coast. His offer of help was accepted, and the man took his place on the bridge. Shortly afterwards a terrific crash was heard—the ship had struck a rock!

"I thought you knew all the rocks!" bawled the captain, dancing with rage. "So I do," replied the man volunteer calmly, "that was one of 'em!"—Sent in by C. Edwards, 126, Raddlebarn Road, Selby Oak, Birmingham.

A SEA-SONABLE PHENOMENON.



JIM CROW: "Well, I am surprised! I had no idea that shrimps grew in a field!"

Sounded Fishy!

Farmer Cowheel had just been reading an advertisement which ran:

"Live fish direct from the steam-trawler to your own table. Carriage paid on receipt of 2s.6d. State requirements."

The farmer procured the P.O. and wrote as follows:

"A cod fish, a few pair of soles, some smoked haddocks, a box of bloaters, and a keg of oysters would do nicely."

By return he received this letter from the firm of fishmongers:

"Dear Sir,—Many thanks for your esteemed favour enclosing P.O. value 2s. 6d. We are pleased to note your requirements, but would most respectfully suggest that you forward 3d. more in stamps, on receipt of which we will send you the trawler!"—Sent in by A. W. Dickinson, 16, Highbury Road, Headingley, Leeds.

Artful!

Harold Skinner (criticising Frank Nugent's latest masterpiece): Well, I say this, if that's art I'm a block-headed chump!

Frank Nugent (emphatically): Oh, that's art right enough!—Sent in by J. Higginson, 43, Station Street West, Coventry.



Our magnificent racing serial specially written by

MAJOR CHERRY

Dick's Brains Deduction!

THE more Tony thought about his scheme the more determined did he become to put it into execution. Even without definite proof he was convinced that Danny Wade, the leading jockey, was in some mysterious way connected with the gang of Jerry Groat, the bookmaker—that gang which had been lying so low of late.

On the other hand he absolutely trusted Dick Selby, and believed that if only his chum could obtain the mount on Sunfire, the St. Leger Stakes would fall to the Estor stable. There was little doubt if Wade were out of the way Dick would ride in the big race, for no one else so thoroughly understood the spirited golden-brown mare as he did.

And Tony's plan was the desperate one of preventing Wade from riding in the race, intending by doing so to furnish the crack Estor racehorse with a fair chance of showing her real form.

So obsessed was he with his idea that Tony could think of no other side of the question than that he would be doing the Owner and the stable at large a good turn by preventing Wade from riding in the big race. His intention was honest enough, but he had a presentiment that others might easily see matters in an entirely different light, and so he did not breathe a word to anybody concerning his plan—not even to Dick.

He had the whole thing schemed out in his mind. Danny Wade, he knew, had an uncle in the small country town of Haverdell, about twenty miles from Doncaster, and that the jockey had gone to stay with his relative until the second day of the race-meeting. It was Barney's intention to drive over on the following morning in his two-seater car to fetch the jockey, but Tony felt assured that by exercising a certain amount of judicious persuasion, he could entice his foster-parent to let him go instead. As things were to turn out the trainer all unwittingly played right into the hands of the boy, and practically assured the success of his scheme.

Tony had hoped to have had the opportunity of returning personally to that portion of the railway line below Grantham for the purpose of hunting for the blow-pipe which Shorty Dunn had dropped from the train, but he consoled himself with the knowledge

that the police had the case in hand and would institute a search for it.

Of course, he and Dick discussed the extraordinary attempt against the Estor horses at great length, and Dick adopted a theory which he became convinced was the right solution to the greater part of that chief mystery concerning the doping of Sunfire prior to the Derby at Epsom.

"There's no doubt, the air's clearing fast now, Tony," Dick said to the younger boy, after a busy morning's work with the horses. "We know that Jerry Groat's gang was mixed up in the Derby business 'cause we heard 'em say as much that night when we listened to their pow-wow from the elm-tree. Now we know that Shorty Dunn is mixed up in the plot against the Owner's horses, and, putting two and two together, we can safely bet he's in league with Groat as well."

"That sounds reasonable enough so far," murmured Tony.

"I should jolly well think it is reasonable," said Dick, "but by—ahem—brains deduction, I've got much farther than that. We heard the gang refer to two people, who we have

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 bookmaker, 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. While Tony is going in charge of the racehorses by train to Doncaster, Shorty Dunn, an apprentice of the Garston stable, attempts to injure Sunfire, but comes to grief. Suspecting Danny Wade of duplicity Tony hits on a plan for preventing him from riding in the St. Leger.

every reason to believe were the principals in the doping affair, as 'Headquarters' and 'Strawberry.' One of the gang distinctly said that Strawberry was the actual man who doped Sunfire at Epsom."

Dick Selby paused.

"Well?" said Tony.

"Well, the whole thing's as plain as your face," said Dick impressively. "Shorty Dunn and Strawberry are one and the same person!"

Instead of showing intense surprise at this brains deduction, as Dick expected he would, Tony merely looked mildly interested.

"And I suppose," he murmured, "that Headquarters and Sir Digby Garston are also one and the same person?"

Dick looked hard at the younger boy.

"Of course," he cried "I tell you it's all as plain as your face—"

"Look here, leave my face out of it," put in Tony. "It may be plain, but it's still a jolly sight better looking than your phiz!"

"All right, it's not fair to quarrel about your face, Tony," said Dick soothingly. "You can't help it anyway. The point is that it's quite plain that Shorty Dunn alias Strawberry doped Sunfire by means of a hypodermic needle at the Epsom races, at the instigation of Sir Digby Garston, alias Headquarters. If you can't see that all I can say is that you're a sillier juggins than I thought."

"Well, Dick, I'll admit there's evidence for your theory," said Tony, "but—"

Dick threw out his arms impatiently.

"What a chap you are, Tony, for chucking cold water on things. You always drag a 'but' into your remarks."

"For the simple reason," retorted Tony, "that several 'buts' suggest themselves with reference to your brains theory. You say that Shorty Dunn doped Sunfire at Epsom, but you don't explain how the dickens the stable-boy—and a rival stable-hand at that—obtained access to the mare."

"Pooh! The fact that he was mixed up with such an ingenious scheme as this last attempt against the Owner's horses proves that Shorty Dunn is by no means the fool he looks. A crafty knave like he is would find some means of administering the dope, you can bet your boots."

But knowing how carefully Sunfire was watched and protected at Epsom—like all racehorse are before important events—Dick took good care not to risk the ridicule of the younger boy by making the only suggestions he could think of for the moment.

"Another point where your theory seems to go astray, Dick," said Tony, "is in the light of that letter we took from Ginger Hales, the tout, which I deciphered with the key-book borrowed from Jerry Groat's house."

"Oh, how's that?"

"Well, perhaps you'll remember," said Tony, "that in the cipher letter it said something to the effect that 'Headquarters was willing to pay the price of Strawberry providing not in first three in cup?' Your theory when I showed you the deciphered letter in the nursing-home was that those words meant that the price demanded by Strawberry would be paid providing the mare, Sunfire, did not finish among the first three runners in the Royal Hunt Cup!"

"Yes, that was a jolly bright idea of mine," said Dick modestly, "and what's more I still think the letter means that."

"In that case," said Tony quietly, "if Strawberry is Shorty Dunn and Headquarters is Sir Digby Garston, as you also affirm, why the dickens should Shorty get his orders by cipher through Jerry Groat, the bookie, when it would be a jolly sight safer and easier for his owner to pass them on to him verbally?"

For a few seconds Dick Selby stood thinking hard. He was convinced that the head apprentice of the rival stable was but the tool of his unscrupulous master, but, nevertheless, it did seem rather ridiculous on the face of it that anything concerning their nefarious plans should be put down in black and white—even in cipher—when, as Tony said, it would be so much safer to convey orders verbally.

But suddenly two possible ways of bolstering up his theory occurred to Dick.

"In the first place," he said, "how the dickens do we know that that letter was intended for Strawberry? As likely as not it was sent to some other member of the gang. Secondly, there's the possibility that Shorty Dunn doesn't know that the Headquarters, who is at the supreme head of the gang of rogues, is none other than his own master, Sir Digby Garston."

Tony gave a low whistle and looked admiringly at his chum.

"By Jove! That's a jolly ingenious idea now, Dick," he freely admitted; "I hadn't thought of that."

Dick threw out his chest.

"So you agree with me now—eh?"

"I'll keep an open mind until we get some definite proof that Dunn was connected with the Derby doping affair," said Tony. "Meanwhile, I think I know where an important clue is hidden!"

"Oh! Where?"

"In the hollow of Danny Wade's chest," said Tony. "Cheerio!"

And leaving Dick gazing open-mouthed after him, Tony strolled quickly away.

Trouble For Danny!

THE following day was the big day of the Doncaster race-meeting, when the St Leger Stakes was the pièce de résistance of an interesting programme of events.

The morning revealed an absolutely cloudless sky and gave promise of one of those hot afternoons which so often recur late in the year when people have donned thicker clothing in anticipation of a spell of cooler weather. Not a breath of wind stirred over the springy green turf of the famous race-course, which was to be the arena of the contest between the crack thoroughbreds of the world that afternoon.

Among the horses participating in the big race were to be three or four of the famous racers which had gone to the starting-gate for the Derby at Epsom, including Viking, the colt, which had run into second place in that classic event. Unfortunately, Court Royal, the winner of the Derby, had developed a slight lameness during a trial spin a few days previously, and had had to be scratched from the big event.

Thus the morning of the race found Viking a strong favourite for the St. Leger, though there were not wanting ardent followers of the Estor stable willing to support Sunfire, against which bookies were offering odds of four to one.

Tony and Dick and the other stable-hands were up betimes in the morning, and they found ample to occupy their time with the horses for three or four hours. Tony knew that Barney would be coming down to inspect the thoroughbreds, and he was anxious for the trainer to arrive, so that he might prefer his request to be allowed to fetch Danny Wade from Haverdell to the course.

But time passed, and Barney failed to put in an appearance, and Tony began to fear that he had abandoned his idea of coming to inspect the horses, and had set out in the two-seater to fetch the jockey himself.

Just before noon, however, the trainer put in an appearance, looking flushed and hot.

Tony stepped forward to greet him, and was about to make his request, when Barney saved him the necessity.

"I've been kept at a confab. with the Owner longer than I expected, Tony," he said, looking at his watch, "and I can't spare the time to drive over for Danny now. You can handle the two-seater almost as well as I can, so you'd better go instead."

"Right-ho, guv'nor!" said Tony, striving to keep the exultation from appearing in his voice.

Barney drew a road-map from his pocket, and rapidly wrote an address on it.

"It's an easy road from Doncaster to Haverdell, and you've got plenty of time; the big race doesn't start until three o'clock. You can easily do the whole trip in less than a couple of hours."

Tony took the map and stowed it in his breast-pocket, concealing a smile of satisfaction as he did so.

"You know where the car is, don't you, Tony?" asked Barney. "It's in the third garage from the right, at

the back of the Crown Hotel. Get yourself a few sandwiches for lunch before you set out. Now, off you go!"

Tony was just darting out of the establishment when he bumped into Dick, who was carrying a pail of water.

"Hallo! Whither away, Tony?" demanded the head lad.

"To Haverdell," replied the youngster. "I'm going for Danny Wade."

"Well, if you're going in Barney's car," said Dick, "as I suppose you are, don't go trying to beat the world speed records, like you did last time you asked me to go for a 'quiet little spin' with you. Danny's got to ride in a nerve-testing race here this afternoon, and we don't want the poor chap to go to the starting-gate a nervous wreck, through having undergone a few dozen hair's-breath escapes on his journey to the course; nor do we want him to arrive here on an ambulance!"

Tony laughed easily.

"I don't think the ambulance will be required, Dick," he said. "Still, you never know what pranks a motor-car will play. It's lucky that Barney took out a jockey's licence for you, so that Sunfire won't have to be scratched from the big race, anyway."

With that, Tony went on his way, leaving Dick looking after him and scratching his head, as though he hadn't quite grasped the purport of that last curious remark.

At the Crown Hotel Tony partook of a snack of lunch, and then he got out Barney's smart little two-seater, and set off for Haverdell. The roads were in excellent condition, but the boy had no reason for hurrying, and he bowled along easily, enjoying to the full the glorious weather and the rustic beauty of the countryside.

Owing to the casual pace at which he travelled, and the fact that he stopped once and rested beneath the spreading branches of a fine oak-tree that grew on a grassy bank by the roadside it was half-past one in the afternoon before Tony arrived in the little market town. He had no difficulty in finding the address which Barney had written on the road-map, and, drawing his car up alongside the pavement, he dismounted, and knocked at the door of the rather mean-looking house at which Danny Wade had been staying.

Almost immediately a stout man in shirt-sleeves opened the door and demanded if he had come for the jockey. Upon learning that such was the case, the man turned and yelled down the hall:

"Hi, Danny, me boy, the car's come to take ye back to Doncaster!"

Tony heard the sound of shuffling footsteps, and next moment there appeared the diminutive form of the famous jockey lurching down the passage. From his unsteady gait the stable-boy could tell at a glance that he had been drinking, and a feeling of disgust took possession of Tony at the thought that this man, who had been retained to ride the finest race-horse of the Estor string, should have so little care for the trust which that

grand old sportsman, the Owner, had reposed in him.

"Hallo, you lazy brat!" said Wade, as he reached the door. "How is it you couldn't get here before this? It was like Bullin, to send a kid like you, instead o' comin' himself."

"Well, don't stand argufyin' the point now, Danny," said the stout man, who, Tony rightly guessed, was Wade's uncle. "We've jest got time for another wet, and then you must be goin'."

"All right, old egg," said Danny disrespectfully. Then, turning to Tony, he said: "Get back in the car, and wait."

Without replying, Tony turned away, and Danny Wade and his uncle went back into the house for their final drink.

Five minutes later the two reappeared, Wade carrying over his arm his raincoat, while his uncle followed bearing a small suit-case, which he tossed into the car as soon as the jockey had taken his seat alongside of Tony.

Danny took an affectionate farewell of his convivial relative, and then he bade Tony proceed to Doncaster with as much speed as was commensurate with safety.

Without saying a word to the jockey at his side, Tony drove slowly through the town, and then he increased the speed of the car to about fifteen miles an hour.

"Come on, open her up!" said Wade testily. "We sha'n't get to Doncaster until tea-time if we crawl along at this rate!"

Not wishing to give the impression that he was dawdling on purpose, the boy opened out the car to about twenty-five miles an hour, a speed which seemed to satisfy Danny, for he settled back in his seat, and began to nod drowsily. It was glaringly apparent that the jockey was in no condition for riding in such a grueling test as the one mile six furlongs which comprised the course for the St. Leger Stakes, and the sight made Tony fiercely glad that he had decided to stop the fellow by hook or crook from reaching the racecourse in time for the big event.

He had reason for knowing that Wade knew nothing whatever about the mechanism of a motor-car, and so it would be an easy matter to arrange a fake breakdown. However, the matter was simplified further on account of the fact that the jockey slumbered heavily, overcome by the effects of a good lunch, the wine he had taken, and the swaying movement of the speeding car.

Tony compared the clock in the car with the cyclometer, and found that he had covered five miles of the road to Doncaster in less than a quarter of an hour. Keeping to the same pace he could reach the racecourse at least forty minutes before the St. Leger was due to be run, so he slackened speed a little, and looked for a convenient and lonely spot at which to have the "breakdown."

By consulting his map he found just such a place as he required, four miles further along the road, and he quietly brought the car to a standstill. Then, jumping out, he went to the forward

part of the car, raised the bonnet, and began tinkering with the engine.

Subconsciously missing the throbbing of the engine of the automobile, Danny Wade awakened with a start, and shot bolt upright in his seat.

"Hallo, what's happened to this beastly machine?" he demanded. "Get it started, and be quick about it!"

"There's nothing seriously wrong," said Tony, quite truthfully. And once more he devoted himself to an examination of the engine.

Wade looked at his watch, and, climbing out of the car, began to pace impatiently up and down in the road, muttering to himself the while. Apparently his short nap had proved beneficial to him, for he showed little trace of his recent indulgence in spirituous liquors.

Suddenly he stopped in his perambulations.

"How far are we from Doncaster?" he demanded.

"About eleven miles," said Tony, without looking up.

Wade consulted his watch again, and found that it was not yet two o'clock. He felt a trifle easier in his mind.

"Anyway, you can easily do the distance in less than half an hour," he said, "once you get the wretched old crock started."

But when ten more minutes passed, and Tony was still tinkering with the engine of the two-seater, Wade lost all patience, and burst into a torrent of abuse, reviling both the boy and the car equally, with the most uncomplimentary expressions from his extensive vocabulary.

During the time they had been stopped they had seen no vehicle on the road, which was not one of the main thoroughfares, but at last a touring-car, whose occupants were on their way from some country house to the Doncaster races, swung in sight and rapidly approached. As it reached the spot where Tony was employed tinkering with the engine of the two-seater, it slowed down, and a cheery voice demanded if the boy required any assistance. Before Wade could say anything Tony called out an answer in the negative, and the touring-car gathered speed again and receded rapidly from view. Too late the jockey saw that he might have obtained a lift if he had been a bit smarter.

"Why the blazes didn't you get 'em to give you a hand to put the beastly thing right?" he howled, clutching Tony by the shoulder and swinging him round. "I believe you're tryin' to keep me from gettin' to the course in time for the race, on purpose, you worm! If you don't get that engine started in two minutes I'll give you the biggest lickin' you've ever had in your useless young life!"

"You can try it on now, if you like!" retorted Tony, standing up calmly before the infuriated jockey.

But Danny released his hold, and fell to pacing up and down in the road again, while the boy, after securing a couple of spanners and an oily wad of cotton-waste, returned to the fore-end of the car.

Anxiously the jockey's eyes roved

ever and anon down the road, in the hope that some other automobile might come that way. At the end of two minutes Tony was still stooping in a workman-like attitude over the engine of the car, and Danny Wade's rage knew no bounds. He leapt behind the stable-boy, and kicked him with all the force of which he was capable.

"Take that, you incompetent young beast!" he hissed between his clenched teeth. "I'll wipe the road up with you, an' I'll get Barney Bullin to—Ooooh! Woof!"

His last remark was caused through Tony suddenly swinging round and ramming the wad of greasy waste into his open mouth.

Spluttering and shrieking abuse, the jockey lashed out wildly with his fists, and the next moment a fast and furious fight was in progress. Tony manoeuvred himself away from the body of the car and sent in a left hook to the chin that sent the jockey reeling among the dust that covered the road. Wade picked himself up and returned like a madman to the attack, aiming a savage kick at the body of his young antagonist.

Half suspecting that Wade would be quite capable of resorting to this method of fighting, Tony was fully prepared for the move. He stepped back quickly, and, stooping slightly, grasped the jockey's foot in both his hands and threw his opponent on to his back with a resounding bump.

In blind fury, Danny Wade leapt up again immediately, and a rapid exchange of blows took place until the jockey was forced to clinch to save himself from further severe punishment. Tony threw his arm across the man's chest and tried to push him off. At once an expression of agonised alarm came into Wade's eyes and he released Tony's body and clutched his own throat with both hands. In a flash the boy remembered the incident during the donkey polo-match at Newmarket, when the jockey seemed so desperately afraid that something concealed beneath his jacket might be revealed to the gaze of the boy.

Now, thought Tony, was the opportunity of solving the mystery of what Danny Wade was so anxious to hide, and he sprang forward and attempted to tear open the soft collar and shirt that concealed the jockey's throat.

Wade gave forth a howl of fear, wrenched himself free, and dashed at full speed up the road in the direction of Doncaster.

So surprised was Tony that he did not at once follow him, and, before he had decided what to do, the loud ringing of a bicycle-bell caused him to look sharply round behind him. A cyclist, who had been unnoticed by both the boy and the jockey in the excitement of the fight, had ridden up. He dismounted and looked at Tony curiously.

"Hallo, what's all the rumpus been about, kid?" he asked. "I saw you and that other johnny having the dickens of a scrap. You seem to have given him a lickin'."

Tony forced a smile as he strove to regain his breath.

"My—my companion and I had a few words," he explained. "He thought I wasn't getting the car in running order quick enough. He's in

hurry to get to Doncaster, you see?"

The cyclist smiled. "So I see," he said, looking after the retreating form of Danny Wade. "Can I give you any help?"

"No, I won't bother you, thanks!" The cyclist also appeared to be in a hurry, for, with an expression of hope that the boy would soon get the car started, he mounted his bike and rode rapidly away.

Looking down the road, Tony saw Wade wave his arms frantically as the man approached, and the cyclist dismounted again. Then, for perhaps a minute a conversation took place between the cyclist and the jockey with the latter becoming more excited every passing moment.

The stable-lad smiled to himself as he saw the man jump on to his bicycle, but his expression changed to one of consternation as Danny Wade sent the cyclist flying from his machine into a roadside ditch. Before the fellow could pick himself up, the jockey had mounted the bike and was peddling away in the direction of Doncaster.

A few minutes later the man crawled back to Tony and begged him to give him a lift to the next village where he had an engagement that afternoon. Tony readily agreed to do this, and, having obtained the man's address, promised, much to the other's gratification, to have the bicycle safely returned to him on his arrival at Doncaster.

The boy had no wish to overtake Wade, so he continued to tinker with the engine of the two-seater until he felt reasonably convinced that the jockey would have passed the next village. And all the time he was distinctly uneasy in his mind. Wade had eleven miles to go in fifty minutes, and, despite the fact that it was a broiling hot afternoon, the task of reaching Doncaster on a bicycle before the St. Leger was due to be run, was by no means an impossible one.

The question which recurred with monotonous persistence in the boy's mind was: Would Danny Wade, after all, reach the racecourse in time for the big event?

The St. Leger Sensation!

THE time was two forty-five, and the one topic of conversation among the thousands that thronged the racecourse at Doncaster was the forthcoming race for the St. Leger Stakes.

In the principal enclosure, Lord Estor and his charming daughter, Dorothy, were standing chatting with several other well-known members of society, including Sir Digby Garston, when Barney Bulfin sought the Owner out. The trainer's face was flushed, and his haste denoted that he had important news to convey.

"May I speak to you a moment, sir—alone?" he panted.

"Certainly, Barney," replied Lord Estor, raising his eyebrows. Then turning to his daughter and friends, he begged them to excuse him.

"Now what's the trouble, Barney?" asked the Owner, as the two moved slightly away from the rest of the party in the enclosure. "Nothing wrong with Sunfire, I hope?"

"No, thank goodness it's not that

sir," replied the trainer. "The news concerns Danny Wade. Our jockey hasn't arrived on the course!"

In a few words Barney told the Owner how he had sent Tony to fetch Wade from Haverdell in the two-seater.

He happened to glance across the Owner's shoulder as he spoke and noticed that Sir Digby Garston, who had edged near to them, had an expression of blank dismay and chagrin on his lean face. However, he thought nothing more about the matter, for Lord Estor demanded to know if any other jockey was available to ride in case Wade failed to put in an appearance altogether.

"With your approval, sir," said Barney, "I'll send young Selby across to the dressing-room to change ready to ride. We must give the public a

able to credit that he was actually about to contest one of the classic events of the flat-racing season. He felt a trifle uneasy in his mind, too, for his last curious conversation with Tony lingered in his mind. Had his chum deliberately prevented Wade from reaching Doncaster? Would the famous jockey yet dash on to the course before the runners were able to get to the starting-gate? These questions worried him a little.

But nothing sensational happened and the whole field of runners got away in as perfect a start as had ever been seen. For perhaps half the distance of that gruelling mile and six furlongs Dick conserved the powers of his mount, and then he let the beautiful golden-brown mare have her head. Sunfire came out from the bunch like a shot, wore down Viking, the horse that



As Lord Estor led in the winner a tattered, dirty and dishevelled figure rushed up to Barney. It was Danny Wade who had been retained to ride the mare.

run for their money. Dick knows the mare better than anyone else, and will at least put up a good show."

To this arrangement the Owner readily agreed and Barney hurried away to find Dick.

The minutes swiftly flew by and still the leading jockey, who had been retained to ride Sunfire, did not put in an appearance. The racehorses filed from the paddock on to the course, and word flew from mouth to mouth, through the vast concourse of spectators, that a practically unknown rider, Selby, was up on the Estor crack instead of the first jockey in the land. The punters who had placed their money on Viking and other "dark horses," chuckled with satisfaction; the backers of Sunfire heard the news with something akin to absolute consternation.

Dick, from his seat on the mare's back, surveyed the surging crowd that lined either side of the course hardly

was leading, and established a lead of no less than ten lengths on her nearest rival. Good judges among the spectators had guessed the mare would make a good showing, but they had expected nothing like this. The crowd were almost too dumbfounded to cheer as Sunfire, who had so disappointed on previous occasions with a crack jockey in the saddle romped home in a canter with a practically unknown stable-lad up—the winner of the classic St. Leger!

As Lord Estor led the winner in to receive the congratulations of Dorothy and his host of friends, a sudden commotion took place. A tattered, dirty and dishevelled figure rushed forward and accosted Barney. It was Danny Wade, the famous jockey, who had been retained to ride the Estor mare!

Another long, stirring instalment of this magnificent tale of the Turf will appear in next week's "Greyfriars Herald."



THE CRIMSON ARROW

A Thrilling Serial Story of Buffalo Bill and the Redskins

By Mr. PAUL PONTIFEX PROUT

(Master of The Fifth Form.)

Uncle Baldy's Trap!

SCOOTS had come in and had reported the great buffalo herd grazing quietly twelve miles away to the north-east of the fort. These had been careful not to disturb the outlying beasts of the great herd, for the further they travelled from the fort, the further the hunting parties would have to carry their loads of meat.

The old chief, Deer-Who-Leaps, had garbed and painted Kit and Joe, for the boys were to ride forth in their capacity of Soshone chiefs at the head of the young braves of the tribe.

The hunt itself consisted of just slaughter of the buffaloes, of a vast herd which the party found grazing on a wide expanse of prairie; but it was a very necessary slaughter, for there were many mouths to feed in Fort Madison.

Soon the waggons came rolling out over the prairie from Fort Madison carrying barrels and salt, and Redskins, cowboys, and trappers set themselves to the task of cutting up the carcasses in a wholesale fashion.

Tongues were barrelled and salted in brine, headed up in the casks and sent back to the fort straight away.

Long strips of buffalo-meat were lightly smoked in wigwams hastily erected. The other strips were dried in the sun, thousands of strips being hung from the poles and lines till it looked as though the scene of the hunt had been turned into a red washing day.

Uncle Baldy was in his element. He was a first-class butcher, and loved taking animals to pieces and preparing their hides.

Uncle Baldy's smoked buffalo-ropes were known far and wide, and he was busy selecting a stock of the best skins for curing and dressing. These he would sell at five dollars each to the troopers and would make great profits.

Never was there so speedy a cutting up of carcasses, salting down and smoking of meat.

Every army waggon and settler's prairie-schooner in Fort Madison was in full use. The settlers who had sought refuge in the fort had come out to lend a hand in this great provisioning.

And on the distant ridges were

posted vedettes to watch for any surprise by the enemy. It was not till near sunset that smoke signals in the distance told the hunters that the Apaches were on the move; but as yet in light force. There was nothing to apprehend from a light force, as every hunter had his rifle and revolvers, and if they were caught amongst that heap of fallen carcasses they were entrenched in a natural fort that the Apache and Navajo forces would think twice about attacking.

But the patrols escorting the meat waggons were quadrupled, and the work of securing the meat went on faster than ever.

That there were Indians about and in numbers was apparent. The great buffalo herd, which had quietened down after this fringe of the herd had been cut off, was restless and on the move again. Instead of grazing quietly, the countless black dots that could be seen on the distant horizon were restless and agitated.

Sometimes they bunched, then they separated again. Small stampedes were

taking place, though the whole of the great herd was not on the run.

This showed that Redskins were moving through the country in which they were grazing, killing a beast here and there in their wasteful fashion so that they might take its tongue and the tender cuts of the hump. Then the rest of the carcass would be left for the crows and kites, who were already winging up in black flights against the sunset.

Uncle Baldy, sitting on the carcass of an old buffalo bull, which he was skinning, looked up at these grim harbingers of death.

"Look at the birds, boys," said he. "Look how they darken the sunset. They know what's comin'! No need to tell the birds! They'll start on buffer an' they'll finish on men."

Something like a cold chill ran down the backs of the boys as they watched this grim dark flight coming up against the blood-red sunset.

"What are they, Uncle Baldy?" asked Kit.

"All sorts," answered Uncle Baldy. "Thar's kites an' prairie-hawks, an' carrion crows, an' undertakers, an' ravens. But they all fly apart. The kites fly the highest, an' the slower ones give 'em a clear berth. But they all know what's coming. No need to tell the birds o' prey when war is in the air!"

Uncle Baldy lit his pipe and sharpened his flaying-knife on the leg of his boot.

"Reckon we may hev to fight our way home with th' last load o' meat," said he, pointing to the waggons that were waiting for this. "But I reckon I'm going to put up a surprise for some o' these hyar Injuns."

Uncle Baldy went across to a waggon and taking some of the stout ash ribs of the tent and a bundle of osier-wards, started to work on his own by the last light of the sunset.

The cowboys who were finishing up the last loads of meat looked on in wonderment. Some of these were lighting fires and cooking buffalo-steaks and ribs for supper. Uncle Baldy himself was watching a big lump of buffalo cooking in the hide, which held the gravy like a dish, as it charred and hardened.

"What you doin', Uncle?" called a cowboy, as Uncle Baldy proceeded to build up a strange-shaped framework

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. On the following day one of the Redskin chiefs attached to the convoy, invites the boys to a buffalo hunt.

which looked as near as possible like the frame of some piece of display fireworks.

"Ask no questions an' ye'll get no lies, Laramie Jack," replied Uncle Baldy with a grin. "I'm building an Injun trap o' my own invention."

Uncle Baldy's traps for Redskins were already celebrated amongst the cowboys of the Circle Dot Outfit. They left their cooking-fires and crowded round the inventor unable to make head or tail of the queer lumpy framework.

But when Uncle Baldy took the hide of a shaggy buffalo and stretched it over the framework which he had firmly lashed with servings of thongs, a roar of laughter went up from the crowd.

It was a real Redskin trap, representing a wounded buffalo. The long hair of the shaggy coat would hang almost to the ground and the stalking horse would attract Redskins for miles.

Laramie Jack and Uncle Baldy got inside the contraption and gave an exhibition of the buffalo-trot that brought down the house so exact was their imitation of a buffalo which had been wounded, and which had been left behind by the herd. Then Uncle Baldy stiffened the dummy inside with a sheet or two of raw hide that made it practically arrow-proof, and cut cunning loopholes in the neck and tail so that the Redskin trap could fire fore or aft.

Supper was ready now, and the troopers, gathering round the fires, posted their sentries, who were keeping in touch with the mounted patrols. Coffee was made, the last waggon-load of meat was packed and the crowd gathered round for supper.

The night was clear but dark, but the stars shone so brilliantly that objects could be seen at some distance.

Already the beasts of prey were gathering to the scene of the hunt, and in the darkness came the sharp, querulous bark of the coyote. Now and then green and red flashes in the surrounding darkness showed the eyes of these brutes reflecting the light of the fires as they squatted around hungrily waiting for the crowd of men and waggons to depart.

It had been a great hunt, and everyone was satisfied that Fort Madison was now provisioned up to last through a long siege. No one would have thought that those men who sat laughing and singing round the campfires were already watched by a lurking and dangerous foe, and on the eve of a hard and desperate defence.

Soon the waggons were lined up. The guard of troopers and Redskins formed up on either side of the waggons. The patrols were recalled by the flashing of lights and the campfires were left burning.

Buffalo Bill and Buck Dixie were gone. They had ridden off over the prairie at sunset, and no man knew their destination. They had taken Deadwood Dick and Prairie Wolf with them.

If Buffalo Bill and Buck Dixie had been there, perhaps Uncle Baldy and Laramie Jack would not have been allowed to play the fool with their dangerous Redskin trap.

But as the slow-moving waggons

moved off, those two adventurers stayed behind the meat convoy, limping round amongst the dismembered buffalo carcasses and those carcasses of the old bulls which had been left on the field as being useless for food.

There were a good number of these, for a buffalo-bull in his best fighting years is tough. In his old age he is uneatable.

And amongst the carcasses, the dummy buffalo-bull limped round, looking by the uncertain lights of the fires exactly like some poor old survivor of the herd.

At any rate, this was the opinion of a large timber wolf which by some mysterious instinct, had found its way to this grim spot.

The wolf crouched low, his green eyes fixed on the halting buffalo. This

Redskin scouts, and, having only their legs to trust to, they did not want to get left too far behind the convoy.

Uncle Baldy, as the hind-legs of this strange beast, was getting rather hot and tired of his Redskin trap. Laramie Jack could stand more or less upright in the hump, but Uncle Baldy, in the tail end of this leather tank, was somewhat cramped.

He was just about to suggest to Laramie Jack that they should abandon their joke and run after the convoy which was about a half a mile ahead of them, when suddenly a shadowy figure of a brave mounted on a tall horse showed against the starlight.

Another shadowy figure appeared, and Uncle Baldy pinched Laramie Jack to draw his attention.



The dummy buffalo slumped to the ground as though mortally wounded, and out crawled Uncle Baldy and Laramie Jack.

was the sort of game that the cowardly brute liked, an animal too weak to defend itself. Lower and lower he crouched, glaring at the dummy which was shuffling about disconsolately amongst its dead brothers.

But greatly to the surprise of the huge wolf, the buffalo did not lower its head or turn away to avoid it. Laramie Jack who occupied the head end of it directed the wierd animal straight at the enemy.

Then, to the horror of the wolf, the buffalo spoke in human tones.

"Aw, quit crouching there, Spider Legs. D'ye think I'm Little Red Ridin' Hood?" demanded the buffalo.

The wolf sprang but he did not spring at the talking buffalo, which was too much for its nerves. It leaped over a dead carcass hard by and disappeared like a streak in the night.

Then the buffalo moved slowly away from the fires. The occupants of the dummy were well aware that sooner or later these fires would attract the

Laramie Jack had seen the two shapes and had drawn his revolver.

The two braves had seen the dark shape of the dummy buffalo, and were evidently waiting for others to come up so that they could surround and mob it like a pack of wolves.

They were wolves themselves, human wolves hanging on the flanks of the convoy watching for a chance to stampede the mules and oxen, but afraid of the heavy escort which they suspected to be along with the waggons.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, and one wounded buffalo was to their mind a better quarry than the loads of meat in those well-guarded waggons.

There was no doubt, to judge by the height of the horses and the shadowy figures that bestrode them, that these were Apache warriors. And they were also hungry Apache warriors who had ridden far and hard from the southwest, the advance guard of the Indian

hosts who were advancing behind a cavalry screen of strong war-parties.

The hoot of an owl echoed across the prairie. That was enough to let both Uncle Baldy and Laramie Jack know the enemy that they were up against. For the hoot was not of the white owls that used the prairie, but of the black-tipped owl of the Apache country.

Each of the men within the dummy buffalo had two heavy calibre revolvers ready, for they knew that the owl cry was a call to other Redskins to come up.

And the signal was answered by four other figures who rode up, and who then parted again to surround the dummy buffalo.

Uncle Baldy knew that, even though they carried firearms they would not use these for fear of arousing the convoy they were tracking. It was too dark to see their weapons, but he could hear them putting their horses to the gallop, charging up from behind, one after the other, ready to discharge their arrows into the lagging beast.

But the buffalo turned out to be a more fiery animal than they had anticipated. As the first two braves with their arrows drawn back to the barb, raced up behind, the buffalo broke out into a regular fusillade.

It was Uncle Baldy using his stern-chasers.

Two Redskins toppled down and crashed to the ground. Those who followed had not time to check the rush of their horses.

Bang! Bang! went the revolvers. The buffalo was firing broadside like a frigate.

Laramie Jack had the honours of the battle for four of the six astonished Redskins fell to his revolvers.

Three arrows dumped into the thick hide of the dummy, but the inner armour of hide, which the cunning Uncle Baldy had rigged up inside, stopped the barbs.

Then the dummy buffalo slumped down on the ground as though it had been mortally wounded by the arrows. The fore-legs and the hind-legs crawled out from under it, and holding their weapons ready, surveyed the six limp bodies which lay there.

Every Redskin had departed for the Happy Hunting Grounds. They were all as dead as Pharaoh, their horses standing stiff and scared over their fallen masters as the Apache horse is trained to do.

"Gee whizz!" muttered Laramie Jack, "but this hyar Redskin trap o' yours is th' big medicine, Uncle."

He kneeled for a second with his ear to the ground.

"Guess we'd better quit!" he muttered. "I ken hear hosses and they ain't our crowd either. We can't play this game twice seein' the number o' dead Redskins we've left about!"

He seized one of the Apache horses and leaped on its back and Uncle Baldy followed his example. They gathered up the bridles of the four remaining horses and raced off after the convoy.

Soon they could hear the Apache war-whoop behind them, and this was followed by a dead silence which told them that the pursuing Redskins, who, attracted by the flash of the revolvers, had discovered their six de-

ceased braves, and that wonderful dummy buffalo which was not the least of Uncle Baldy's stratagems for the luring and destruction of the Redskin.

But the fugitives were soon up with the convoy, the rear guard of which had turned and trotted back to cover their retreat.

They waited for a Redskin rush on the rear. But the Apaches were not in force, and those slinking, shadowy figures which were following the wagons towards Fort Madison, made no show, but kept away in the dim spaces of the vast starlit prairie.

The last load of provisions rolled into Fort Madison at midnight, and the boys, having rubbed down and fed their faithful steeds, sought their quarters.

They tried to sleep, but scouting-parties were coming in every half-hour, bringing their quota of news. The Redskins were on the move in force and they announced that the fort might have to do with five thousand of the enemy on the morrow, led not alone by the Apache and Navajo war-chiefs, but by the desperados of the Mexican border and the outlaws of California.

Before dawn the last patrol had been driven in. Apaches and Navajoes were advancing in force, and the last of the patrols announced that the numbers of the oncoming horde were greater than anything known in Indian warfare.

The friendly Indians who had camped outside the palisades struck their lodges and came in behind the fortifications. Deer-Who-Leaps led in his young men, shaking his head. This fight was going to be a bigger thing than anything which had happened. The Red Man had come to bay.

The gates were closed. But just before the red dawn broke, a messenger arrived.

It was a messenger in the shape of a crimson arrow, which whistled from the darkness without the fort ditch and quivered with a loud smack into the door of the commandant's headquarters.

He opened the door and there was the crimson shaft, still vibrating from its flight.

And around the shaft was tied a strip of paper—a message of defiance from the enemy.

The First Attack!

THE breaking of the dawn showed the Redskin host encamped almost within a mile of Fort Madison.

The ridges of the prairie, which had been empty the night before, were now crowned by hundreds of lodges of the enemy which gave the long lines of the ridges a serrated appearance like the teeth of a saw.

This made Uncle Baldy smile grimly.

"The prairie have been growing its teeth in the night, boys!" said he. "Now we'll soon learn if there's many Palefaces mixed in this hyar business. If so there be, they'll attack in the daytime. Redskins don't like fightin' in ther day if they can fight alone. But, jus' now, they're eatin' their breakfasts which same will keep 'em busy for a few hours. Ther white man is th' only

man who can fight on an empty stomach!"

The boys saw that the smoke of cooking-fires was rising from amongst the lodges of the enemy, who were swarming like bees on the ridges overlooking the fort.

As the sun rose, casting its long yellow rays and violet shadows over the prairie, everything seemed very quiet and orderly, and, to the boys, it hardly seemed possible that soon this peaceful scene would be turned into one of fierce fighting and carnage.

It was impossible to count the Redskin host so great were their numbers. But experienced men declared that they were about six thousand in number, an army greater than was ever gathered together in all the red history of Indian warfare.

There were anxious faces amongst the small garrison of whites, for there were many women and children gathered in the fort from the surrounding settlements, and the defenders well knew that defeat would mean a massacre.

But the majority of the cowboys and troopers of the Dandy Fifth were as happy and as reckless as a picnic party. To these hardened warriors of the plains it seemed impossible that they could be wiped out by a Redskin attack, more especially as they were fighting behind breastworks and palisades. They counted that they were going to give the Redskin a wipe up that he would never forget.

Most of them had old scores to pay off, and soon, with well-oiled rifles and with ammunition pouches ready to hand, they were ready at their posts waiting for the first onslaught of the foe.

It was nine o'clock before the Redskin host got on the move. And it was soon pretty evident that they had a large stiffening of rag-tag and bob-tail Palefaces amongst them, if the ruffians who were mixed up in the rising could be called "Palefaces."

These were Mexican greasers, Spaniards, half-breeds, yellow men, and runaway negroes, and as the Redskins came on they could be seen grouped in the centre of the host rallying round a yellow flag.

The ragged line looked imposing enough as they advanced, the feathered head-dresses of the braves glistening in the sunshine, spears, bows and guns brandishing, making a picture that was full of movement.

The medicine-men of the Navajo and Apache nations were riding in advance of the line encouraging the braves who responded by wild whoopings.

There were two thousand braves on foot and behind these were clouds of mounted warriors, Apaches behind Navajoes, and Navajoes behind Apaches, the cavalry being doubtless posted in this fashion to cut off any fugitives.

They were some eight hundred yards from the fort palisades before the first rifle rang out. Crash went the guns at the same time and dozens of warriors dropped before the bursting of the shells.

Then with a rush and a whoop the line increased its speed. It was evidently well-led by white men. Now

(Continued on page 8, Col. 2.)

THE GRATE FITE!

Spechully Kontribeuted to "The Greyfriars Herald" by

DICKY NUGENT

FAGGING for Loder is no katch. Loder of the Vith is a beest and a booly. I dare say he'll give me a wopping when he seize this in print. But I can't help saying it, bekaws it's trew.

Their are severall boolying beests at Greyfriars, but Loder takes the cake, beets the band, and prances off with the hole box of trix!

From the 4-going remarks, my readers will have deduced that I am Loder's fag. He treats me as if I was an animumul. In fakt, not even a horse could relate such a tail of whoa. I was torking abowt it to yung Tubb in the tuck-shopp.

"By the way, Nugent," said he, "have you herd abowt the grate fite that's coming off to-nite, at Courtfield, betwene Battling Mike and Bill Bodger?"

"Of course!" I said.

"Pitty we can't go over and see it," said Tubb.

"Leave it to me," I replide. "I'll try and wangle a duzzen late passes out of Loder, so that kwite a party of us can go over to Courtfield."

"Ripping!"

All Greyfriars was interested in the grate fite, bekaws Battling Mike was a lokie chap, living in the vilidge. The other man—Bill Bodger—came from wun of the subbubs of London.

That evening, as soon as the meel was over, and the things had been kleeared away, I said to Loder:

"Please, Loder, I want to ask you a grate fave," I said. "There's a grate fite dew to take plaice to-nite, over at Courtfield. And I should like to go and see it, and take a party of friends with me."

"Oh, would you?" growled Loder.

"And if you would let me have a duzzen late passes, I should be very greatfull."

Loder's anser was more emfattick than perlite. He cort up a cushion, and herled it at me with such force that I went whizzing out into the passidge.

My hoaps of going over to Courtfield were roodly shattered. Of course, it would be madness for us to go without late passes. And nun of the other prefects would issue any.

An hour later, however, I had okasion to go into Loder's study, to stoke up his fire.

Loder was out. And on his writing-table, in a konspikuous position, was a pile of late passes! I kounted them, and fownd their were eggsactly a duzzen.

No names had been filled in on the passes, but that didn't matter, bekaws we could eesily fill in our own.

With a woop of delite I pickt up the passes, and hurried away to the fags' kcommon-room.

"Hallo!" said Tubb. "Got the passes?"

"Yes."

"Did Loder let you have them?"

"No; I fownd them on his table."

"Then they won't be any use to us, you duffer! They've got other people's names filled in."

"They haven't," I replide. "They're blank. So all we've got to do is to fill in our own names, and go over to Courtfield. And when we get back we can show Gosling the passes, and he won't dream that we filled in the names ourselves."

"Good!" said Tubb. "But it'll be rather orkward if we run into Loder on our way back."

"Set your mind at rest," I said. "We sha'n't see anything of Loder. He'll be down at the X Keys."

Well, to cut a long story short, we filled in our names on the passes, and started off to Courtfield in high spirrits.

We were fool of the 4th-coming fite. Tubb deklared that Bill Bodger would win, but I said that Battling Mike would carry off the onners.

Wichever way it went, it was bound to be a good fite, and I blest Loder for having bean kareless enuff to leave a duzzen late passes on his writing-table!

II.

THEIR were seens of grate amymation in the Publick Hall at Courtfield.

Peepel had rolled up in there mill-yuns to see the grate fite.

We were absolutely lost in such a dense crowd, and even if Loder had been present he would never have spotted us.

We didn't have long to wate. The referee appeared on the platform, foloed by the two boxers, and a sudding hush fell upon the vast assembly.

"Jentlemen!" rored the referee. "A kontest of 20 rounds will now take plaice, betwene Battling Mike, of Friardale—"

"Good old Mike!"

"And Bill Bodger, of London."

"Bravo, Bill!"

We surveyed the two kombatants with krittical eyes.

Battling Mike was a big, powerfully-bilt man, and the mere site of his byseps maid you shudder.

Bill Bodger was short and stowt—sumthing like Billy Bunter, only instead of being soft and flabby he was a mass of mussels.

"2nds out of the ring!" showted the referee.

"Now for the giddy fireworks!" mermered Tubb.

"Time!"

Battling Mike led off with a strate left to the referee's noze. And a yell of aggerny rang threw the crowded hall.

"Serves the ref. rite!" growled Gatty. "He shouldn't have got in the way!"

After he had lade out the referee, Battling Mike devvoted his attenshun

to wiping up the grownd with Bill Bodger.

Left and rite, rite and left, his fists shot out, and Bill Bodger must have felt like a worm being krushed under a steem-roller.

But Bill was game. He rezzerlutely refused to take the nock-out, though by the end of the 1st rownd his noze, his eyes, and his dubble chin were the worse for ware.

"He hasn't the goast of a chance against Battling Mike!" I remarked.

"Rats!" said Tubb. "He's keeping his N er G in resserve."

"I'll wager you three to wun—in dce-nutts—that Battling Mike wins!" I said.

"Dun!" said Tubb.

Both boxers were now reseeving attenshun from there 2nds.

Battling Mike was allrite, save for a few brooses. But Bill Bodger's chivvy rekwiired severall yards of strapping-plaster. And it was necessary to put a bandidge rownd his ribs, wun of wich had been stove in.

"Time!" said the referee.

And the two men faced each other for the 2nd rownd of that grim, garsily, and grewsum struggel.

III.

BATTLING MIKE kontinewed to hold the upper hand. He fairly maid rings rownd his oponent.

Ist he punched him on the noze, and then on the jore. Then he went back to the noze, and then closed both of Bill Bodger's eyes. After wich; by way of varriety, he beet a tatoo on Bill's ribs, with the ressalt that severall more were stove in.

"Pore old Bill!" I said, with a grin. "I'm afrade they'll have to take him away on the amberlance."

"Here, here!" said Gatty. "Their won't be anything left of him soon, if Battling Mike keeps hammering him like that!"

"Don't tork rot!" growled Tubb. "Old Bill's got plenty of stammerin, and I reckon he'll go the hole of the 20 rownds and win on pints."

"Not he!" said Myers. "He's wacked alreddy!"

It sertingly looked as if Bill Bodger was dun. He was hobbling round the ring like an old man of 90, and Battling Mike was foloing him up with his fists, and hissing, between his clenched teeth:

"Take that—and that—and that!"

And pressently Bill Bodger through up his hands, and fell to the bords with a dull thud.

Their was a defening klammer from the crowd.

"He's wacked!"

"He's down and out!"

"He's thrown up the spunj!"

"Silense!" rored the referee. "I can't here myself count!"

A deddly hush fell upon the specked taters. Everyboddy thort that Bill Bodger had chucked in his mitt.

But when the referee got to "Nine,"

up bobbed Bill like a Jack-in-the-box, and the two men were at it agane, hammer and tongs.

"Battling Mike was hitting out savidgely now. His blows reigned upon his adversary like summer hale.

"Bill can't possibly larst much longer," I said.

"Weight and sea!" muttered Tubb. Even as he spoke Battling Mike rushed in and smote Bill Bodger just below the waste-line.

"Instantly the plaice was in an up-rore.

"Fowl! Fowl!"

The referee had notissed the incident, and he promptly stopd the fite.

"Battling Mike is diskwalified for fowling," he ecksclaimed. "And Bill Bodger is there-4 the winner!"

"Oh, crums!" I groned.

"You owe me three doe-nuts, Nugent!" said Tubb, with a gloting larf.

"Oh, rats!"

The grate fite was over. We did not linger in the hall to assist the people who were engaged in tearing the referee lin from lin. We maid our way back to Greyfriars.

It was past locking-up time, but we hooped that our late passes would see us threw.

Gosling the porter glared at us as he shuffled out of his lodje to unlock the gates.

"Yung rips!" he growled. "Wich you'll be reported for this 'ere!"

We fished out our passes, and Gosy seemed kwite satisfied.

As we were crossing the Close, however, who should be lying in wate for us but that beast Loder!

"What do you kids mean by coming in at this time of nite?" he demanded.

"Pleese, Loder," I said calmly, though my neeze were nocking to-

gether with frite, "we've got late passes!"

"Show them!" said Loder.

We did so, and the prefectt smiled grimly.

"You took these off my writing-table; yung Nugent!" he said. "Deny it if you dare!"

I hung my-head in silense.

"You stand self-convickt!" said Loder. "Matter of fact, I delibberately left those passes on my table, knowing that you'd help yourself."

"Oh, you beest!" I muttered.

"Enn!" said Loder. "Follo me to my studdy, all of you!"

In a glue-me per-ession, we set off in Loder's wake.

I will draw a vate, jentle reader, over the paneul seen which ensood.

But it will be a long, long time befour we forget the memmerable nite of the grate fite!

THE END.

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