

**TWO GREAT NEW SERIALS BEGIN TO-DAY!**

**The Greyfriars**

**Herald** 1<sup>1d</sup>/<sub>2</sub>



No. 45 (New Series).

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY


Sept. 4 1920.




**THE BOY MANAGER ARRIVES TO RUN THE SLACKERS' ELEVEN!**




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# Editorial

By Harry Wharton.

**EXPENSE NO OBJECT!**

My dear Chums,—I reckon you were jolly surprised when you asked your news-agents for your GREYFRIARS HERALD this week to find our little paper sporting a grand illustration in two colours on the cover!

This new type-of cover, I am sure, will be acclaimed with enthusiasm by all of you. It is a more expensive process to reproduce cover illustrations by the method I have now adopted, but my aim is to take every opportunity for making improvements wherever possible in our paper, and to give you the very best that lies in my power.

**OUR TWO NEW SERIALS!**

With this aim before me I have secured the two great new serials which start this week. A stirring footer yarn of the type of "For Club and the Cup!" will be welcomed with open arms, and "The Secret of Idol Island" will appeal to all of you who like a tale of adventure with a flavour of mystery in a savage part of the globe "a thousand miles from nowhere."

**SHALL WE HAVE MUSIC?**

As I have told you repeatedly, I am always willing to consider any suggestions you care to send me, and I am always grateful for advice even if it is not possible for me to adopt it.

Recently I received a very chummy and thoughtful letter from Wilfred Crossland, of Hull, and, among other things, he asks if it would not be possible to publish each week half a column on some subject of musical interest.

My opinion, Wilfred, is that such an innovation would not be of sufficient interest for the majority of my readers; still, I should like to have the opinion of others.

Now chums all, please let me know what you think of the two new serials and our new type of cover, and—look out for more good things to come!

Yours cheerily,  
HARRY.



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# THE TRIBULATIONS OF TOODLES!

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.

### Ashore in Trinidad!

"YAW-AW-AW-AW!"

Tuckey Toodles gave a long, deep, happy yawn.

Jack Drake and Dick Rodney sat up in bed, under the mosquito-netting, and exchanged a cheery grin across the airy room.

A black servant had entered, with almost noiseless feet, and thrown open the green jalousies at the window, letting a stream of air and sunlight into the room.

"Yaw-aw-aw! You fellows awake?" asked Tuckey Toodles, blinking through the white netting over his bed. "I say, this is all right, isn't it? Better than the Benbow!"

"I wonder what the time is?" remarked Rodney.

"Close on noon, I should think," said Drake. "We've had a jolly long sleep. I say, I wouldn't mind staying with Mr. Cazalet a few days, if we could get a leave from the Benbow. This would be a rather easier life than grinding Latin with Mr. Packer."

"Yes, rather!"

"Let's stay!" said Tuckey Toodles at once. "Mr. Cazalet has asked us, and we did him no end of a service last night, preventing thieves breaking into his house—"

"We did, did we?" ejaculated Drake. "Where were you when we tackled the housebreakers, you fat fraud?"

"I happened to be a bit behind you, Drake, that's all. I was just going to rush in like a lion when those silly niggers collared me. I say, I think it must be awfully late, for I'm hungry. I suppose we've missed brekker. Still, I don't mind, if we're in time for lunch."

Drake and Rodney jumped lightly out of bed.

They were feeling no worse for their long wanderings of the previous day, when they had been lost on the wooded slopes outside Port of Spain, the capital of Trinidad. A good night's rest had quite restored them. They were, in fact, feeling very cheery and comfortable. Mr. Cazalet's villa was an agreeable change from the closer quarters on board the school ship, now at anchor off Port of Spain.

Outside, the gardens were gleaming with tropical verdure, and the chirp of the cicadas was incessant. Blazing sunshine streamed down upon palm and orange and mango.

"Hallo, here's Sambo again!"

The black major-domo came in, followed by several negro servants. Mr. Sambo was a very fat and important-looking personage. He wore a blue frock-coat with gilt buttons, and car-



The horse rushed straight to the muddy bank and halted suddenly. Tuckey Toodles promptly went flying over his head.

ried a gold-headed stick in his ebony hand—evidently a sort of baton of authority. He grinned and bowed to the pyjama-clad juniors.

"Morning, sar!"

"Good-morning, Sambo!" said Drake and Rodney together, smiling. Toodles, who was still in bed, only grunted. The lofty and aristocratic Tuckey did not believe in wasting much politeness on "niggers."

"Mr. Nelson, sar," said the major-domo, with polite correction. "Name Samuel Pericles Nelson, sar. Mass' Cazalet call me Sambo; dat his little joke, sar. Me Mr. Nelson."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Nelson," said Drake gravely. "My mistake."

"Dat all right, sar," said Mr. Nelson gracefully. "Me major-domo to Mass' Cazalet, sar; me no common nigger. Mass' Cazalet gone down to harbour. Say to me, look after young buccra gentlemen. Buccra gentlemen like washy all over, sar?"

The juniors guessed that this referred to a morning bath, and they nodded assent. Tuckey Toodles did not nod. He did not care for morning baths, if they could be avoided.

"You foller me, sar," said Mr. Nelson. "Here, you niggers!"

Apparently, although Mr. Nelson was not a nigger, the other black fellows were niggers, in Mr. Nelson's estimation.

"Where's the bath?" asked Rodney. Sambo pointed downwards.

"Eh? This is the lowest floor of the house, isn't it?" asked Drake, puzzled.

"Yes, sar. Bath underneaf."

"Oh!"

"You foller me, sar."

Slippers and cloaks were handed to

the juniors, and Drake called to Tuckey Toodles.

"Come on, Tuckey! Don't you want a plunge?"

"No, I don't!" growled Tuckey. "Tubber's bad enough on board the Benbow. We ain't bound to have it here."

"You are!" grinned Drake; and he bundled Tuckey Toodles out of bed, with a bump to the floor, to an accompaniment of yells from Tuckey and chuckles from the negroes.

"Look here, I'm not coming!" roared Toodles.

"Get that cloak on!"

"Rats!"

"And those slippers."

"Sha'n't!"

"Then you'll come without!" said Drake, taking Toodles by one fat ear.

"Get a move on!"

"Yaroooh! Leggo! I'll come!"

And Tuckey Toodles bundled on slippers and cloak, and came. The juniors followed Sambo, who carried towels over his arm, out of the bedroom and down a bamboo-walled passage to the rear of the house. There, to their surprise, they found that steps led down under the building. In Trinidad most buildings are raised well above the earth, to allow a free circulation of air underneath, on account of the heat of the climate. In the space below there is often a swimming-pool, where the waters are cool and shady.

Drake and Rodney gladly plunged into the glistening water, and Tuckey Toodles, hesitating upon the brink, was jerked in by his fat ankle. The chums of the Benbow felt much better for their plunge—even Tuckey, reluctant as he was to have the pleasure.

They returned, refreshed and cheerful, to their room, where they dressed, and then they went to a very late breakfast—or, rather, lunch. It was laid in the garden, under the shade of a gigantic ceiba-tree, at least seventy feet high. There they met the son of their host, Arthur Cazalet, who greeted them cheerily. Tuckey Toodles did not waste much time in talk—he started on the lunch, and gave it his most earnest attention—but Drake and Rodney chatted with the young West Indian, and found him very agreeable. Lunch was over when the trot of a horse was heard, and Mr. Cazalet arrived.

"Well, I've seen your master on board the Beubow, my boys," he said with a smile. "I am afraid that Mr. Packe was a little angry at your leaving him yesterday, but I told him of your courageous conduct here last night, and he has consented to overlook your escapade. And you are at liberty to remain ashore till sundown if you care to do so."

"If!" said Drake, with a smile. "Yes, rather! Thank you very much, sir."

"My son will look after you, and show you some of the sights of the place," said the planter; and with a nod and a smile he passed into the house.

Tuckey Toodles rubbed his fat hands.

"I say, this is ripping!" he said. "No blessed lessons to-day. I suppose you don't go to school, young Cazalet?"

Arthur smiled, and shook his head. "No, I've left; I'm learning coffee-planting now, with my father. I'm quite at your service for to-day. What would you like to do, you fellows? Ride?"

"Yes, rather!"

"Then I'll see about the horses."  
"Not a bad chap, that fellow," Tuckey Toodles remarked, as young Cazalet left them. "I don't quite like the way he speaks to me, though. I wonder what sort of a school he went to here? Nothing like St. Winifred's, I'll bet you. Still, as his pater's an old Winifredian I suppose they're respectable."

"Ass!"  
"Well, you have to be careful whom you mix with in these out-of-the-way places," said Toodles sagely. "It would be awfully awkward for some rough-and-ready Colonial to come turning up at Toodles Towers some day, claiming acquaintance, wouldn't it?"

"He would have to be jolly clever to find Toodles Towers, I think," growled Rodney. "You silly little fat ass, if you can't talk sense, don't talk at all!"

"Look here, Rodney—"  
"If you say another word I'll squeeze a pineapple down your neck!"  
And Tuckey Toodles sniffed, and did not say another word.

#### A Very Enjoyable Ride!

**T**HE blaze of the noontide heat was over, but it was still very warm when the horses were led out for the Benbow juniors. Four very handsome steeds were waiting, held by negro grooms, under the trees

by the roadside, when Arthur Cazalet led out his friends. Tuckey Toodles surveyed the animals with the eye of a connoisseur. As a matter of fact, Tuckey's ignorance of horseflesh was abysmal, which was rather surprising, considering his descriptions of the extensive stables at Toodles Towers. Tuckey's method of displaying his knowledge was by finding fault, and though he hadn't very much knowledge to display, it was easy enough to find fault, Tuckey not being very much restrained by considerations of politeness.

"H'm! I suppose there isn't much real horseflesh in this little island?" he remarked to the planter's son.

"Oh, we've got some rather decent horses in Trinidad," answered Arthur, with a smile.

"Not much like our thoroughbreds at home," said Toodles, with a shake of the head.

Cazalet made no reply to that remark.

"Still, a chap has to be satisfied with what he can get in out-of-the-way corners of the earth," said Toodles brightly. "Don't mind me—I can rough it. I say, how do you like living in Trinidad?"

"Very much."  
"You don't feel sort of lost, and missing, and out of the way?"

"Not at all."  
"Queer!" said Toodles.

"Will you fellows mount?" asked Arthur, after a rather curious glance at Toodles, who was evidently rather a problem to him.

"I'd rather have had a more mettlesome steed," remarked Toodles. "This beast looks a rather tame old dummy. Still, I dare say I can make him go."

"I think he'll go fast enough for you," said Arthur. "Are you much of a horseman?"

"Oh, terrific!" said Toodles. "I hunt at home, you know. It would do you good to see me clearing the gates and hedges. Lend me a whip, will you? I shall have to touch up this critter, to make him go."

"Better not use the whip too much—"

"My dear chap," said Toodles patronisingly, "I know how to ride!"

"But—"  
"You Colonial chaps don't know much about horseflesh. I shall be glad to show you how to manage a horse."

"Oh!"  
"Come here, you brute!" said Toodles.

For a fellow who was going to show a benighted Colonial how to manage a horse, Tuckey had rather bad luck. He planted a foot in the stirrup, and clambered up, but the horse shied as he did so, and Tuckey missed him. He came down in the grass on his back, with his foot still in the stirrup, uttering a loud yell.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Drake.

"Yow-ow-woop!"  
"Try again!" chuckled Rodney. "The Toodles style of mounting a horse is rather interesting."

"Yah!"  
Cazalet had caught the horse by the bridle, grinning. He held the animal while Toodles essayed to mount again, and a negro groom gave Tuckey a helping hand up. Tuckey was about

to order the groom off haughtily, but it dawned upon his fat mind that he could not mount without assistance, so he submitted.

He was planted in the saddle at last, gasping.

"I say, these dashed stirrups will have to be shortened a bit," he grunted. "My hat! Call this a horse?"

Arthur spoke to the black groom, who arranged the stirrups to Tuckey's satisfaction at last.

"Stand back, you black fellow," was Tuckey's grateful remark when it was done.

"Ready?" asked Cazalet.  
"I'm waiting for you," said Toodles.

"Come on, then!"  
Drake and Rodney and the young West Indian set their horses in motion, and Tuckey Toodles essayed to follow. But his steed seemed to have taken a dislike to him, or possibly he knew that his rider was no horseman. He declined to move.

"Gee up, you beast!" exclaimed Toodles. "Yah! You rotten brute, gee up!"

"Come on, Tuckey!" shouted back Drake. "What are you hanging about for?"

"Yah! This silly beast won't move!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tuckey Toodles lashed the horse's flanks with the riding-whip, to get him going. He had more success than he desired. At the lash of the whip the horse leaped forward, and broke into a gallop.

"Oh, dear!"  
Tuckey did not lash again. He held on for his life.

Clatter, clatter, clatter!  
The horse's hoofs beat a tattoo on the hard road as Tuckey dashed after his comrades.

He overtook them in less than a minute, and passed them at a gallop.

"My hat! Tuckey's going it!" exclaimed Drake, in surprise. "I never thought he could ride!"

"Eh? Doesn't he hunt at home?" asked Cazalet. "I thought he said so."

Drake laughed.  
"Tuckey says lots of thing," he answered. "By the way, Cazalet, if you feel inclined to punch his silly nose during the day, don't mind us."  
The West Indian laughed, too.

"Help!"

It was a wild yell from Tuckey Toodles, who was now well ahead on the road.

He had lost his reins, and was clinging to the horse's mane, and holding on frantically.

"Hallo, your friend's in difficulties," said Arthur.

The juniors put their horses to the gallop. Tuckey Toodles was only too evidently in difficulties. He had no control whatever over the horse, and that animal had a fancy for galloping. So he galloped, and Tuckey clung to his back and howled for help.

The clatter of hoofs behind seemed to urge on Tuckey's steed to greater efforts.

Irritating as Tuckey was, his comrades did not want to see him take a tumble, and they strove to overtake



him. But Tuckey's steed galloped faster, and it became a race. With Tuckey clinging wildly to his mane, the horse dashed on towards the hills, the other three riders clattering in hot pursuit.

Negroes working in the cane brake along the road looked up and stared, and shouted, and laughed, as the peculiar race swept by. A smart American buggy rattling along the road just dodged Toodles and his steed, and the driver made remarks in the American language until he was out of hearing. The next narrow shave was when Toodles came upon a heavy bullock-cart, lumbering along with a stack of fruit towards Port of Spain; but luckily his horse decided to go round the bullock-cart, and not into it. After that the frolicsome steed seemed to tire of the excellent road, and took to grass. At this spot the road was bordered by an old sugar-plantation that had gone to grass, and the hapless Tuckey was taken into a wilderness of herbage and shrubs and prickly bush, still with the excited three careering on his track.

By this time Tuckey Toodles was so shaken up and confused that he hardly knew what was happening to him.

He no longer had any desire to "witch the world with noble horsemanship." He would have given a week's rations to be safely off the horse.

But he dared not attempt to jump off, and the horse would not stop. Tuckey careered on, letting out a frantic yell every now and then.

"My only hat!" gasped Drake, his face streaming with perspiration. "That gee is a goer, and no mistake. Tuckey said that he wanted a mettlesome horse. He's got one!"

"He has, and no mistake!" chuckled Rodney.

"There's a stream ahead of this," said Arthur, rather anxiously. "I think the brute will stop there. But

"Help!"

Through the mangoes ahead there was a gleam of water.

Tuckey Toodles let out a howl of terror as he saw the stream glistening ahead.

It was too wide for the horse to leap, and the quadruped wisely did not attempt it.

He rushed right on to the muddy bank, and halted suddenly.

The sudden halt did it! Tuckey Toodles went flying over his head, and plunged nearly in the middle of the stream.

Splash!

The horse trotted contentedly away.

#### Back to the Benbow!

"YURRRRRGGGHH!" That was Tuckey Toodles' remark as his head came up out of the water.

The stream was not deep, but the yellow mud at the bottom was rather deep. There was about two feet of water, and nearly as much mud. Tuckey stood in it and howled.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The three pursuers came breathlessly up, and jumped off their horses. Tuckey was evidently not hurt, though his situation was unpleasant, and they

did not trouble to restrain their merriment. In fact, they couldn't. They roared with laughter as Tuckey stood with his fat chin over the water, and blinked at them and shrieked.

"Yah! Help! I'm drowning! Yoosooop! Rotters! Help!" bawled Toodles.

"Why don't you come out, then?" demanded Drake. "You can walk out, I suppose? It's not deep."

"Groogh I can't! I'm stuck!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at, you awful rotter?" yelled Toodles.

"I tell you I'm sinking! Help! There's an alligator just over there! I shall be devoured! Yoop! Help!"

"It's only a log!" gasped Cazalet.

"Tain't anything of the sort—it's an alligator! I believe you want me to be torn to pieces! Help!"

Tuckey Toodles floundered in the water, but as fast as he jerked one foot out of the thick mud the other sank deeper. He was a prisoner in the middle of the shallow stream, and for some time his comrades were laughing too much to help him.

But Arthur Cazalet detached a long and wiry liana from a tree, and, using it as a rope, threw the end to Toodles.

Tuckey clutched hold of it, and with the assistance of the liana he was dragged out of the mud at last.

He came splashing and squashing ashore, and sank down, gasping.

"Grooooooggggh!"

"You're none the worse, old top," said Jack Drake comfortingly.

"Ow-wow!"

"But you were going to show Cazalet how to manage a horse—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't think anybody will want to learn how to manage a horse like that, Tuckey. It may do for Toodles Towers—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow, you awful rotters!" groaned Tuckey. "I'm wet—I'm muddy! Ow! I've been nearly drowned! Groogh! This mud smells like anything! Ow!"

"It does, and no mistake," said Drake. "You'd better go in again, and have a wash."

"Yah!"

"You'll soon get dry in this sun," said Cazalet, smiling. "Do you think you'd better mount again?"

"I'm not going to get on that wild beast!" snorted Toodles. "Tain't like the horses I'm used to at home, I can tell you."

"Then what the thump are you going to do?" demanded Drake. "We've come about five miles, and it's too far to walk back."

"Yah!"

"Toodles can get a lift on the road. There are plenty of carts passing," said Cazalet. "We shall have to walk back to the road."

And as soon as Tuckey felt sufficiently recovered the horses were led back to the road, where half a dollar to a negro bullock-driver secured Toodles a lift. His horse—which untold gold would not have tempted him to mount again—was tied on behind the cart.

Drake and Rodney certainly were not sorry to see Toodles safely off, and probably Arthur shared their feel-

ings, though he was too polite to say so. Tuckey having rolled away in the lumbering bullock-cart, the three comrades remounted their horses, and rode on.

It was a very happy ride, in spite of the absence of Tuckey Toodles—or perhaps because of that. They rode as far as San Josef, the ancient capital of Trinidad, where they had refreshments at a hospitable bungalow, and the shadows were lengthening when they remounted their horses to ride back towards Port of Spain.

As the sun sank in crimson and gold towards the South American cordilleras, they arrived at the Cazalets' villa, where they found Tuckey Toodles, in a rather bad temper.

"I've been waiting for you chaps," he said crossly. "We've got to get back to the Benbow by sundown, or there'll be a row. Luckily, I've had something to eat. You fellows won't have time for that. Do you call it pally to desert a chap like this?"

"Bow-wow!" was Drake's reply.

"I say, that chap's got away," went on Toodles.

"What chap?"

"That Spanish half-breed that was caught breaking into the house last night. He was handed over to a nigger bobby to take into the town this morning, and he got clear. Rotten, ain't it? I thought we might have to come and give evidence against him, and that would have meant cutting lessons. I think that bobby ought to be scragged for letting him get away."

"He couldn't have known how serious it was," grinned Rodney. "If he'd known you wanted to dodge lessons, perhaps he'd have been more careful."

"Yah! I say, how are we going to get back to the ship? I'm too jolly tired to walk."

"I'm going to drive you down in the buggy," said Arthur.

"Good! I'll drive, if you like," said Toodles. "I'm a splendid driver." Cazalet hesitated.

"You jolly well won't!" said Drake emphatically, before the planter's son could reply. "You can risk your own silly neck on a horse if you like, but mine's more valuable."

"Look here, Drake—"

"Bosh! Dry up."

The buggy was brought round, and the juniors took their leave of their kind host. It was Arthur Cazalet who took the reins as they drove down to Port of Spain.

Tuckey Toodles renewed his offer to drive, but the planter's son seemed deaf, and Tuckey snorted and gave it up.

On the quay they found some of the Benbow fellows waiting for the boat to take them back to the ship, in charge of Mr. Packe. That gentleman frowned a little at Drake and Co., but Mr. Cazalet had evidently succeeded in placating him, for he made no reference to the escapade of the previous day.

"Here's the boat," said Jack Drake, and he shook hands with Arthur. "We'd be glad if you'd come and see us on the Benbow, if you'd care to. We chuck lessons at four."

"I'd like to look over the ship," said Cazalet.

"To-morrow?" asked Drake.  
 "To-morrow, if you like."  
 "Done, then; we'll expect you."  
 "Take your places!" came Mr. Packe's voice.

The Benbow juniors crowded into the boat, and pulled for the ship, Drake and Rodney waving their hands to the planter's son on the quay. And in a few minutes more they were treading the decks of the old Benbow.

#### Under Suspicion!

**Y**OU fellows should have seen me! I felled him with a blow—one of my terrific lefts!"

Tuckey Toodles was making those remarks as Drake and Rodney entered the common-room on the Benbow that evening.

Toodles was surrounded by a crowd of juniors, most of whom were grinning. The fat Fourth-former did not see the chums enter, and he ran on cheerily:

"Fairly knocked him out, you know! Then I turned on the other like a lion."

"And what did you do to him?" inquired Sawyer major, with a grin.

"Felled him, too," said Toodles. "Only he got away through the window. If he hadn't got away he would have been caught, you know."

"Not really?" asked Daubeny of the Shell sarcastically.

"Yes, really! And the old gentleman—nice old boy, you know—wring my hand with tears in his eyes, and said 'My gallant lad—'"

Drake stared. Evidently Tuckey Toodles was giving his schoolfellows a description of the scene at the Cazalets' the previous night, and drawing upon his fat and fertile imagination for the details.

"And what were Drake and Rodney doing all the time?" inquired Egan.

Toodles gave a scornful sniff.  
 "They were right off the scene," he said. "I won't say they were funky—he, he, he!—only they didn't arrive in time, you know. I had knocked out both the thieves before they came in. And the old planter said to me: 'My noble boy—'"

"Did he call you a noble boy as well as a gallant lad?" inquired Sawyer major.

"Eh? Oh! Yes! He said: 'My noble lad, I thank you for your courage and devotion! You have saved my life! Henceforth—'"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't see what you fellows are cackling at," said Toodles peevishly. "You wouldn't have stood up to a pair of ferocious burglars as I did, I can tell you. One of them had a knife, and the other—"

"A fork?" asked Sawyer.

"No, you ass—a revolver! The bullet missed me by a hair's-breadth as he fired, clipping a lock of hair from my head—"

"Let's see the place," said Rawlings.

"I mean it nearly clipped a lock of hair from my head, but it didn't go quite close enough—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Then I felled him to the earth—"

"Did all this happen out of doors?"

"No; in Mr. Cazalet's room."

"Then how did you fell him to the earth?" asked Sawyer. "Did you hit him so hard that he went through the floor?"

"I—I mean I felled him to the floor! Look here, if you fellows don't believe me—Hallo, is that you, Drake, old chap?"

Toodles broke off as he caught sight of his study-mates. Even Tuckey Toodles had the grace to turn pink.

"I—I was just telling these fellows—" he stammered.

"You awful Ananias!" said Drake, in measured tones. "You're telling whoppers, as usual. There wasn't any pistol on the scene at all, and neither were you on the scene—you were skulking in the garden—"

"Oh, I say!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And you never showed up till it was over, when the niggers found you skulking, and yanked you in," exclaimed Rodney.

Tuckey Toodles rose to his full height—which was not great—and surveyed the chums of the Fourth with a scornful air.

"I might have expected this," he said bitterly. "Just like you fellows, to try and bag a chap's laurels. Didn't I fell one of the burglars with a terrible blow?"

"No!" roared Drake. "You didn't!"

"Didn't Mr. Cazalet clasp my hand and say: 'My gallant, noble-hearted youth—'"

"No, you fat fraud!"

"Well, the fellows will know which of us to believe, I hope," said Tuckey loftily. "I'm going to get off lessons to-morrow, to go and see the chief of police about it, and ask him whether they're found. As the chap who baffled the villains, Mr. Packe can't refuse me leave to go. Besides, I can describe them."

"You only saw one of them," said Drake—"the man who was bagged before you showed up. You didn't see the man who got away first."

"Then how can I give a description of him?" asked Tuckey triumphantly. "I can, you know. He's got only one eye."

"You heard young Cazalet say so."

"Only one eye!" repeated Daubeny. "There's a man on the Benbow with only one eye. Has Peg Slaney been raiding ashore?"

"Slaney was away from the ship last night," said Egan. "I know he had leave ashore."

Jack Drake exchanged a quick glance with Rodney.

They had thought of Peg Slaney when they knew that the attempted thief at the Cazalets' villa had only one eye, and they had wondered whether the one-eyed seaman had been mixed up in the affair. From what they knew of Slaney, it was likely enough that the ruffian, on shore for the night, had entered into a rascally scheme with some associate about the harbour.

"Is Slaney on board now?" asked Rodney.

"Yes; he's bringing me some ginger-pop from the canteen now," said Torrence of the Shell. "Here he is."

Slaney entered the common-room

with a tray as Torrence spoke. Sawyer major called out to him.

"Hallo, old beauty! You had a narrow escape last night, didn't you?"

Crash!

"Look out, you ass!" exclaimed Torrence.

The tray had slipped, and the ginger-beer and glasses had gone to the planks. The steward's mate stared blankly at Sawyer major, whose words had evidently startled him.

"Wha-a-t—what did you say, sir?" he stammered.

"Hallo! Did I startle you?" grinned Sawyer.

"Ay, ay, sir!" said Slaney, recovering himself. "I don't know what you're driving at, sir."

"Guilty conscience," murmured Torrence. "My hat! I wonder if it was Slaney?"

The one-eyed seaman squinted suspiciously at the juniors, evidently ill-at-ease. He left the commonroom hurriedly, and did not return with a fresh supply of ginger-beer.

Drake was looking very thoughtful as he strolled away to his cabin with Rodney, leaving Tuckey Toodles spinning a still more circumstantial yarn of the happenings at the villa outside Port of Spain.

Tin Tacks, the Barbadian coloured gentleman, was slinging the hammocks in No. 8 when the chums entered. He grinned a welcome.

"Ole Tin Tacks bery glad see you agin, sar," he said.

Since he had stowed himself away on the Benbow the coloured gentleman of Barbados had berthed in the fore-castle, and had been assigned to a watch; but he found time from his duties, nevertheless, to look after "Mass' Jack." He was determined to attach himself to Jack Drake, and the junior had given up arguing on the subject.

"Tin Tacks, old man," said Drake, "did you happen to see anything of Slaney last night?"

Tin Tacks' eyes gleamed, as they always did at the sight or the mention of his old enemy.

"Me see him, sar," he said. "He go ashore."

"Did you see him when he came back?"

"Come back dis morning, sar," said Tin Tacks. "Him in bery bad temper, him clothes torn. Me tink he get into a fight in the harbour. Bery bad character, sir. Him no gentleman."

"My hat! It looks more likely than ever," said Drake. "Look here, Rodney, if Slaney was mixed up in that burglary, he's got to be dealt with. Young Cazalet was the only one who got a good look at the man, and he may be able to recognise him again. He's coming aboard to-morrow—"

"And then—" said Rodney.

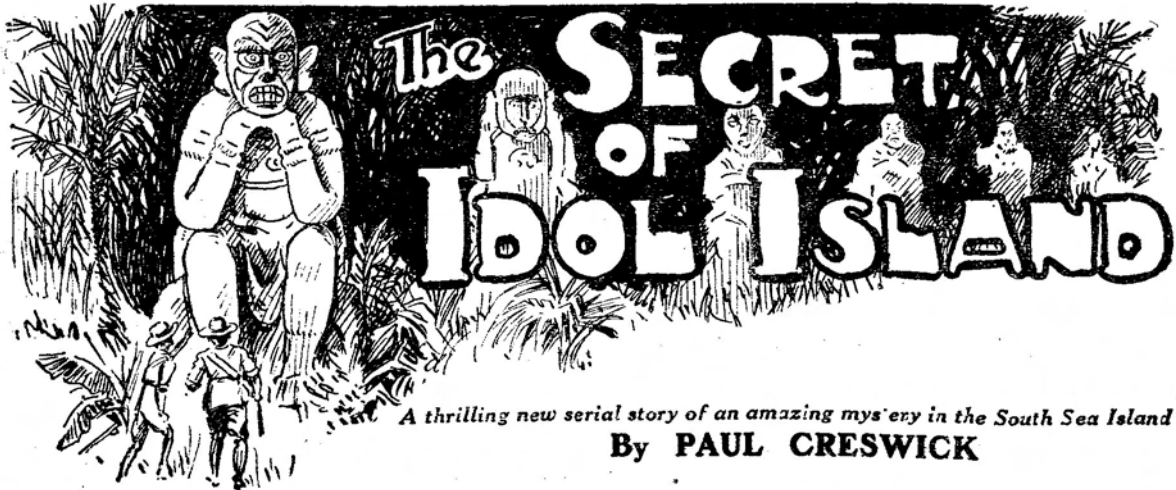
"We'll get him to look at Slaney, and see whether he knows him. If he does—"

Drake broke off suddenly at a sound in the passage without. He stepped quickly to the door, just in time to see Peg Slaney disappear round the nearest corner.

THE END.

Next week's long complete story of the boys of the Benbow will be entitled: "Who Shall be Captain?"





A thrilling new serial story of an amazing mystery in the South Sea Island

By PAUL CRESWICK

I.  
"VISITORS, by jove!" announced Curly Walker, one eye screwed against the small end of the telescope.

Jack Armstrong, first operator at Wireless Station double-o-seven Bluff Point, Easter Island, South Seas, answered tersely "Rats!"

"Come and look for yourself," his chum retorted. "Come hither and acknowledge that, occasionally, your intelligent partner does see straight! On the distant horizon, umpteen degrees to the south-west, taking a true bearing west from our faithful wireless mast, you will perceive the smoke of a distant—"

"Let's have a squint—" Jack Armstrong gently but firmly pushed Curly away from the tripod stand which supported the big glass. He took a square look through it. "You're right, up to a point. There is smoke, and, by inference, a vessel under steam. Out of her route, of course!"

"She's coming here," insisted Curly, second certificate operator at Station double-o-seven.

"But why?"

"Ah, that's just it! Why? To visit Mr. Curly Walker, I suppose!"

Jack Armstrong swung the glass carefully on its pivot, in order to follow the smoke. "It beats me altogether. We've had our call, and there's no boat due here for nearly six months. If she's from Valparaiso we ought to have had a message."

He turned to face his chum.

"What was all that stuff you were telling Mambese, at tiffin? All that tosh about fireworks on North Foreland?"

Jack hadn't paid much attention to his chum's story of fireworks until this moment. But the added fact of the steamer gave him an uneasy feeling.

"Let us hear it again, Curly. You were at watch about twelve o'clock!"

"It may have been a bit later, Jack," answered Curly. "We'll call it twelve-thirty. Mambese was on the other side of the station, so perhaps he didn't see them. A green star went up, just clear of the North Foreland. I thought it just a shooting-star, and didn't worry until I saw a second light flash. They didn't bother me at

all until the yellow star burst—landward, five minutes later."

"You said there were three green lights."

"Two or three. It seems ridiculous now. Fireworks off and on Easter Island—the most desolate little spot in the Tropic of Capricorn. I guess it was summer lightning!"

"We will meet any party that steamer's going to land. It's our duty," declared Armstrong. "See that your six-shooter's all right, and turn in now for your spell of rest. I'll call you, if and when the boat shows signs of standing in to the shore."

Soon as he was left alone Armstrong went back to the telescope. The steamer was evidently bound for this island. He abruptly left the telescope and entered the centre building of the station, that one from which arose the slender lattice-wired mast with all its queerly graceful stays and jibs. Armstrong sat down to the keyboard, and slipped the telephones over his ears. He tapped out a message.

"If that boat is wirelessed and in tune with this little jigger, I'll hear from her," he thought.

His labour was vain, however, though he tried more than once.

He gave up the attempt at last, and went round to the station, to the cook-house and sleeping quarters. He paced the fence in the little compound and had a few words with the natives. There were but three of them, the chief being Mambese, an apparently reliable fellow. He had not seen any lights. It was certain he must have seen them if they had existed outside Curly's imagination.

Later in the day the boys watched a Chilean tramp steamer come to anchor at the far end of the big bay below the station.

They had lowered the wireless mast, and all trace of the station had disappeared from the view of any, save those on Bluff Point. It was a curiously convenient place for a telegraph station. The Chilean Government had chosen the spot cleverly. Bluff Point was separated from the mainland by well over two hundred yards, the sea washed round the base of it at full-tide. It was as though some bygone giant had chopped this little bit of projecting rock almost clear of the rest of the huge cliffs

which border the south-eastern end of Easter Island.

They saw a boat put off with two passengers—evidently people of note from the way in which they were being cared for. The boat brought these two, with many big packing cases, to the shore, some two miles away to the south.

"It's a man and a boy," said Curly. "And a dog, and—dash it—a cat! Look, they're going up to the Stone Houses. My hat, they'll catch it! The idols won't stand people monkeying with their old houses. Great Scott, Jack, it isn't a boy at all! It's a girl."

"He's got breeches and short hair!"  
"Bobbed hair! Look how it blows about. I thought we were going to meet them, Jack? I think we ought to meet them. They're not dangerous, anyway."

"We'll leave our visit over until tomorrow, I think. Doesn't do to be in a hurry, sometimes. They look all right, these two, but we had better reconnoitre a bit. Put up the short installation. I guess it won't be seen or suspected from the beach. The steamer is getting ready to put off."

"Oughtn't we to have spoken her, Jack?"

"I tried to this morning. She isn't wirelessed, and looks a queer old tub. Plenty of carrying capacity. Here comes the last lot of luggage for our friends at Stone Houses. When the short station is fixed we'll have a toddle round North Foreland. Guess Mambese can take charge for a couple of hours."

Curly was ready for any adventure outside the compound. He always felt cramped at the station, but understood one or the other of the two chums must always be pretty near to it. Armstrong had invented a portable coherer—or receiving apparatus—which was capable of taking a signal from the main station. When he had this little "contraption" slung across him, something like a gas-mask, he was able to leave the compound for a while. But Mambese could only signal a code word or so to him through this coherer. Jack Armstrong meant to send Curly back, directly they got to the North Foreland. They descended to the beach through the winding tunnel cut downward through the bluff. The tide was out; but there is not much tideway round the islands of the

South Seas. The two boys crossed the strip of wet sand separating the bluff from the mainland, then entered a gully which would bring them into the lower ground beyond the cliffs and the grinning idols, ranged with grim monstrous sentries below the cliffs— ceaselessly at watch.

It was rough going. The gully was almost a labyrinth, with its branches and turnings and twistings. All the while the path was continually rising; so that despite the shade, the boys had scarcely a dry thread left in their white drill uniforms. The weight of the coherer had to be borne. They took the machine in turns, and had just got through the gully when Armstrong felt the crackle of a signal. He stopped dead, holding up his hand for Curly to do the same. Having slipped the listening-in 'phones over his ears, Armstrong grimly waited.

"It's O.K.," he said, at last. "Mambese is only testing. When we get clear you can signal from the open. Got your flag?"

Curly nodded, as he pulled the flag out of his pocket and proceeded to fix it to the end of his stout walking-stick.

"I'll give old Mambese the 'All clear' as soon as we're on Palmtree Hill. That's where he always looks for us."

They soon reached the desolate hill, and Curly waved the signal to the bluff, just visible from the summit where they stood. It was bakingly hot, with hardly any breeze. They trudged across the fertile land below them in silence. A few wild sheep and small swift deer scurried away towards the forest on their left. Once they espied a couple of the Polynesian natives, naked and red-brown, eyeing them furtively from a very safe distance.

"Miserable beggars," muttered Curly.

Jack Armstrong nodded his head. "They're the worst kind of funks. They didn't like the wireless being put up—the bluff's taboo until some brave heart amongst them can cut it down."

"Do you feel we can trust old Mambese and the others?"

"They're civilised, more or less. And we've just got to trust them. Here's your old firework ground, at last. Now we'll have a good look round."

It was pretty enough place, although wild as could be, with all its luxuriant tropical vegetation. The ground descended steeply to a beach which seemed made for pleasure and service. There was a small sheltered bay just south of the Foreland, wherein vessels could ride in deep water and be as safe as in harbour. Amongst the palm trees where one or two high wooden totems, or native idols, smeared with crude vegetable colours up the length of the poles which supported the absolutely hideous heads reared aloft—to frighten enemies and hearten true worshippers. The ground lay swampy and rather treacherous under the thick grasses and scrub which covered it. Curly suddenly called out, and Armstrong saw his chum pitch forward on his face.

"Hallo!"

"It's all right!" spluttered Curly. "Caught my foot in something."

He sat up and made an investigation of the thing which had tripped him. He held up a length of copper wire, new, and shining in the sun like gold—except at one end which was all oxydised and fused.

"Here's part of one of my fireworks, Jack," he said.

The two examined it critically, but not learning much from it, soon continued their search.

Suddenly Armstrong put up his hand, as though he had received a signal from Mambese.

"Great Scott!" whispered Jack. "Look out!"

For suddenly round a corner of a huge idol a masked figure had appeared. It was clothed in a long black cloak, and to the boys' startled eyes he reminded them of the days of the Inquisition.

The man, as man it was, leaped straight at Curly, and gripped him round the throat, for his object was the copper wire, then before Jack could leap to his chum's rescue a loud whistle resounded, and the figure, as if at a secret command, immediately let go his grip of Curly, turned, and before they quite knew what had happened, had disappeared among the idols.

## II.

**E**ASTER ISLAND is a queer little spot of land, just south of the Equator—and midway between three great trade routes. It is seldom visited, although holding perhaps the very key to the riddle of the universe. Along the rough tremendous platform which flanks the scarlet cliffs off Bluff Point is grouped the strangest, weirdest collection of idols, rudely hewn out of the natural rock. Thin-lipped, cruel faces, surmounting gigantic inhuman bodies. Nobody has yet explained these idols, much older than Anno Domini itself. Hence their intense attraction from Professor Cordwell's point of view. And the professor had traveled the world over and had seen most of the world's sights.

On this superb morning the professor found himself installed in one of the hundred great stone houses, built by nobody knows who, which adorn Easter Island on the eastern side. Thousands of years old, with walls five feet thick, solid enough to withstand the shocks of the volcanic little isle, No. 1 Stone Houses was just the haven that the professor desired.

Already No. 1 Stone Houses was very comfortable. The trading tramp steamer which had brought the professor to Easter Island—for a stiff price—had carried all that this world-renowned scientist needed. It had carried something more—his dog Fidget and his cat Fussy. Also something else, pretty precious and preciously pretty, in the shape of his only child and heiress, Cordelia Cordwell, aged sixteen.

She was mistress and maid in one to her clever old father, already ruling the two Polynesian girls who had come from their sheep-farming at the other end of the island to make No. 1 Stone Houses number A1 in every way.

Immediately after the tramp steamer had sailed for its next call—

Sala-y-Gomez, hundreds of miles north-east—the professor got to work. Cordelia heard him, soon after day-break, moving noisily about in his quarters of No. 1 Stone Houses.

"Cordy, where's my hammer?" She tumbled out of her bunk, pulled on a rough, useful dressing-gown, and slipped her little feet into her stout shoes.

"What hammer, daddy?" "The long-handled one, bless the girl!" called the professor. "The only one that's a bit of good! The hammer I always use—you had it last."

"You were knocking open the packing-cases with it, daddy, last night."

"And I gave it to you—no, here it is. What a strange thing you can't put things back in their places, Cordy. Never mind, I'm not angry. Tell me, what's all that flag-staff business out there along the cliffs? It was there yesterday, when we landed."

Cordelia regarded the far-off, high, latticeworked mast carefully.

"I think—I believe it's a wireless," she said at last.

"Wireless telegraphy in this unknown place?" asked Professor Cordwell incredulously. "That would be new and old shaking hands, with a vengeance! It can't be wireless, my dear."

"It is wireless," persisted the girl. "And, if I've learned anything at all from my clever daddy, it's a high-powered installation."

"Get out my patent receiver," said the professor promptly. "No, stay—I'll do it myself."

He dived into one of the many big packing-cases scattered about the stone floor of his new home, and, with surprising care for so hasty a man, got out a miniature receiving-set for messages—a wonderful apparatus, improved by himself, with a kind of gramophone horn attached to it, for magnifying the faint messages which were all the small coherer could pick up.

In a few skilful movements he had set the coherer, applied the battery, and turned the horn towards himself.

A faint sound from the horn attracted him—a tiny, crackling sound.

"Silence with that tea-pot!" called the professor. "Don't say another word! There's a message—get my pencil! Dash, dot, dash—no, that's wrong! Dash—dash—it's Morse! Now, who can be sending me Morse at this time of day? There was no wireless on that steamer."

"It's from the station on the cliffs," interrupted the girl. "I told you so!"

"I knew it was a wireless station, all the time. What's this they're signalling? 'H-e-a-r-t-y w-e-l-c-o-m-e t-o I-d-o-l I-s-l-a-n-d f-r-o-m J-a-c-k A-r-m-s-t-r-o-n-g a-n-d C-u-r-l-y W-a-l-k-e-r,'" read out Cordelia from her father's quick Morse writing. "Any more, daddy?"

She was looking over his shoulder, and still reading:

"P-l-c-a-s-e c-o-m-e t-o t-i-f-f-i-n." She pushed her hair from her eyes. "That's rather nice of Mr. Jack Armstrong."

"And Mr. Curly Walker," said her father. "Get dressed as soon as you can, and after breakfast we'll take



them at their word. A wireless station here—eh? The Chilian Government are not asleep, it would appear. I wonder what system they're using?"

He pushed up his spectacles on to his forehead, in a way he had, while Cordelia ran off to her room to slip into her working clothes.

She was very much like a boy in her "land" costume—a picturesque figure of good looks and usefulness. The professor had put away his coherer before she appeared.

He looked a pleasant enough old fellow, with his rather long hair and clean-shaven, sharp face and loose-fitting breeches and coloured shirt. He had managed to get a bathe, long before Cordelia had awakened, and was feeling lively, and ready for adventures.

He put on a kind of Sam Browne belt, with pouches for the various gadgets he liked to carry with him. His hammer was slung at his side; a long-barrelled revolver was in its holster, cartridges in a bandolier, field-glasses in their case. A small microscope in another pouch, an expanding telescope in yet another case hanging from the wonderful belt.

Then he had a magnetic compass, and a store of ruled and squared paper for charting the island, with pencils and fountain-pens and callipers. He was a regular storehouse of oddments.

"You only need a frying-pan and a portable stove, daddy!" cried Cordelia, turning him round and round.

"What I need is my breakfast," answered the professor. "You just stay here, Fidget, and take care of Fussy. You two animals can take care of No. 1 Stone Houses while we're away."

III.

It was hard walking along the beach of this bay. Great rocks projected into the water from the very base of the high, beetling cliffs, and these rocks had to be got over somehow.

The sea was blue as indigo, and calm as a lake. The sun shone down in a white heat, luckily tempered by the south-west breeze which just ruffled the sea's smoothness. The professor had to sit down after ten minutes' going.

"I wish you hadn't made me bring all these things, Cordy," he grumbled. "You oughtn't to expect me to carry so much."

"But you wouldn't be happy without them, daddy."

He filled his pipe, and lit the tobacco with a pocket magnifying lens.

"We ought to have brought an aeroplane, you know," he said. "I knew we should forget something or other."

Cordelia was gazing towards the big headland on which the wireless station seemed to be placed.

"They're sending a boat—a little launch. It's coming to fetch us."

"Good!" said the professor, with a contented puff at his pipe.

A small, trim pinnace came shooting along the sea, manned by two persons. It seemed to have no motive power on board—it just pushed itself through the water quickly, and without the least fuss. It was painted white, and carried a bare, short mast forward, rigged with lattice stays.

"I fancy it's a wireless boat," said Cordelia.

"I've invented a wireless boat myself," declared the professor. "I didn't trouble to patent it, though. Well, I'm not angry—I'm too hungry!"

The boat came gracefully over the surf to where the two newcomers to Easter Island were waiting. It ran cleverly up the sandy shore, and lifted itself as it beached, so that the passengers could spring out dry-footed.

"Why, they're only boys!" whispered Cordelia to her father, in rather disappointed tones.

The elder boy advanced, cap in hand.

He looked hard at the professor, as if surprised.

"Mr. Jack Armstrong?" asked the professor, putting down his pipe.

"Yes, sir. And this is my chum and fellow-operator, Curly."

tease his daughter, who couldn't help a shudder, despite the heat.

"They're quite a good lot, professor," answered Armstrong, with a smile which made him more likeable than ever. Cordelia felt her disappointment passing away. "Come into the boat, sir, and let's get along to tiffin."

Both he and Curly couldn't help noticing the professor's extensive rig-up, but they pretended they hadn't. They offered to help Cordelia very gallantly into the boat, but that independent young lady preferred to get in by herself. She stood up to assist her father, who was clambering in. The boys followed.

Curly took the tiller. John Armstrong sat by the queer, little, bare mast with its lattice rigging. He touched a button, and the stern of the pinnace instantly raised itself slightly, then began to back into the water as



The masked figure leaped straight at Curly, and gripped him round the throat.

Curly came forward.

The professor held out his hand.

"I'm very delighted to know you two gentlemen. I have to thank you for your welcome, and for your invitation. This is my daughter, Cordelia. We're here to find out all about these images."

He waved his pipe towards the platform below the headland, whereon, in the faint haze, could be seen some of the strange, huge, tumbled figures which make Easter Island so unlike any other island in the world.

"They're very queer things, sir," said Curly Walker, who had glanced once or twice more than inquiringly at Cordelia and her father. "We've been here for nearly a year, and haven't found out much about them yet. The natives are horribly afraid of them, and us. They won't come over this side of the island at all, if they can help it."

"Natives—eh? What are they like? Cannibals?"

The professor was bound to try and

he pulled a short lever at the bottom of the mast.

With a swish and a swirl, the small craft slid out across the noisy surf and rode comfortably on the sea.

The boat swung round splendidly, nose on to the distant headland. Jack Armstrong did something else to the mysterious little mast, and at once they felt themselves rushing onward to their destination.

"It's all done up at the station," said Armstrong. "One of the native operators is watching us and directing the electric waves. This affair here is only a kind of coherer, picking up the power and transmitting it to the screw."

"I can understand the principle of it," said Professor Cordwell. "But I congratulate you on its application. I have thought sometimes about inventing a magnetic boat—but, first, let us talk of the island. You say the natives are afraid of the idols. Why?"

Another thrilling instalment of this great new adventure serial will appear next Tuesday.

# THE GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

A vivid account of the latest charges and convictions

## BUNTER'S BEAUTY CONTEST!

The first prisoner to appear in the dock, at the opening of the Box-room Petty Sessions, was William George Bunter, who gave his age as fifteen, and his address as "Porkerville," Remove Passage.

Magistrate: Somewhere, in the dim and distant past, I have seen your face before.

Court Usher: This is Bunter's ninety-ninth appearance in the dock, your worship! He has been convicted twenty times for listening at keyholes, a dozen times for telling whoppers, and times out of number for petty larceny.

Magistrate: What is the charge against him on this occasion?

Mr. Robert Cherry, K.C. (for the prosecution): He is charged with obtaining money by false pretences, your worship. A short time ago, he promoted a beauty contest at Greyfriars. Competitors were invited to send him their photographs, together with a sixpenny postal-order in each case. Prisoner promised that the whole entrance fees should be lumped together, and paid out in prize-money. The whole thing was a gigantic swindle. I went in for the contest myself—

Magistrate: You! Do you call yourself beautiful?

Mr. Cherry (modestly): I'm as handsome as a young Greek god, your worship!

Magistrate: Sure you don't mean a young Greek dog? (Laughter.)

Mr. Cherry (warmly): Look here! My face—

Magistrate: Don't refer to such an unpleasant topic in this court! (Renewed laughter). If your fortune depended on your face, you'd be perpetually hard up!

Mr. Cherry: My face is finely moulded—

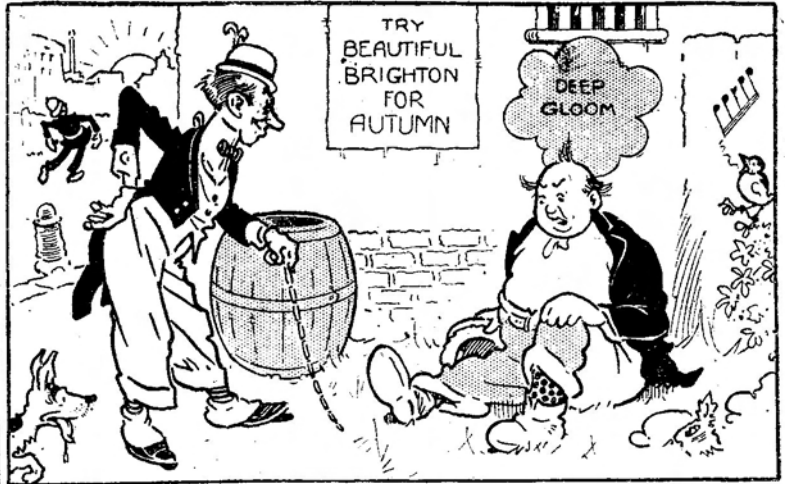
Magistrate: I always did say it resembled a chocolate mould. (Laughter.) Proceed with the evidence, my learned friend. You say that you entered this beauty contest. In that case, I suppose you were awarded the booby-prize?

Mr. Cherry: I wasn't awarded a prize of any description, your worship. Prisoner didn't pay out a single penny. He collected all the entrance fees, and treated himself to a first-rate feed on the proceeds. It is a long time since there has been such an appalling outrage as this swindle! I submit that prisoner deserves to die a lingering death!

His worship, summing up, said that prisoner must have suffered a terrible shock on receiving Mr. Cherry's photograph, and it was not proposed to punish him further. It was really marvellous how he had survived the shock of gazing on such a countenance as Mr. Cherry's. He would be bound over to be of good behaviour for five minutes.

# CHEERFUL CLARENCE AND FAT FRED THE FAMOUS

Special permission has been granted to "The Greyfriars Herald" to reproduce



1. "Hallo, hallo, hallo, old egg!" chirped Clarence. "Cheer up. I'll bet you the feathers on my hat against the whiskers of a dried haddock, the world isn't as bad as all that!" "Sno good!" moaned Fat Fred. "I've no money, and I want a holiday—badly."



3. And a little later a doleful widower might have been seen nursing three sleep-killers. "It isn't for meself I want the filthy lucre," said Fred, "it's so's I can give the nippers a Varsity eddication the same as I had meself."

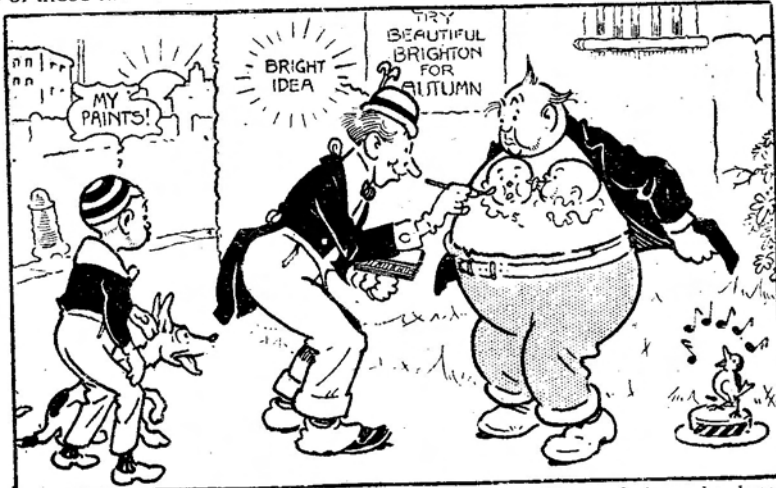


5. But Clarence's film-brain soon got working overtime. "Crowd up to the window with that family of yours, old parsnip," he piped. "Let 'em see the carriage is full of howling humanity, and if that don't scare folk away, call me a bashibazook."



HEROES OF THE BLITTERGRAPH FILM COMPANY

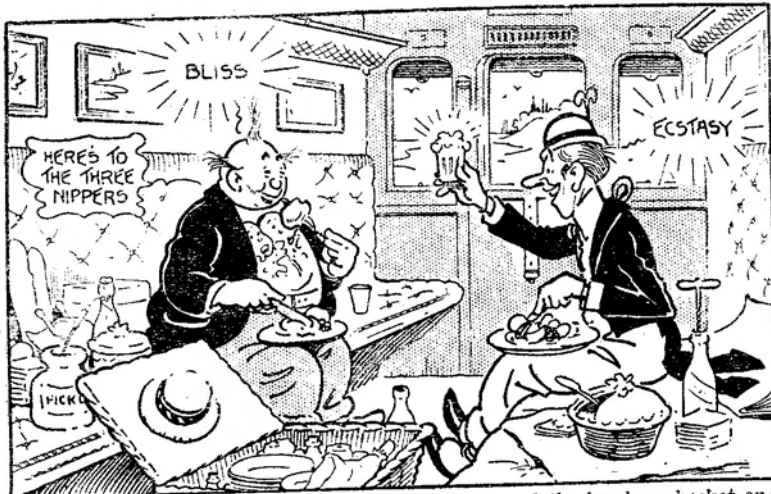
ings of these two screams! That's luck for you if you like, chums, is't it?



2. "There, there!" murmured the cheerful one. "We'll see what can be done, my son!" And he borrowed a box of paints from the little boy without asking for 'em, and decorated Fred's manly chest with the handsome chivvies of babies and sucklings.



4. And when they had worked the stunt for a few hours, the two rascals bought themselves a prime luncheon-basket and two tickets to Brighton. "Hurry up, laddie," said Clarence, "or we sha'n't get a seat in the train."



6. Then, when the train started, our two heroes opened the luncheon-basket and started, too. "Yum, yum!" gurgled Cheerful Clarence. "Bless me, my boy! Here's luck! Thank goodness the nippers don't eat! Oh, wow-wow!"  
(Look out for next week's funny adventures.)

My Weekly Interview

By the Special Representative of "The Greyfriars Herald."  
This week: WUN LUNG

"IN Number Thirteen Study," said the editor, "you will find a gentleman of Chinese extraction. His name is Wun Lung." "Does he have any difficulty in breathing?" I inquired. "Of course not! Why do you ask such an idiotic question?" "Because, as he's only one lung, I concluded he must be in a bad way," I replied.

"Ass! Don't stand there manufacturing feeble puns! Go along and interview Wun Lung, and let me have your article as soon as poss. The printers are tearing their hair and gnashing their teeth over the delay." So I went along to interview the heathen Chinee.

In the passage, I passed Skinner of the Remove. He had just emerged from No. 13 Study, and in his hand he carried a pair of scissors.

Inside the apartment all was peaceful and serene. Wun Lung was curled up on the hearth-rug like a yellow dormouse. He was fast asleep, and there was an angelic smile on his chivvy. Bending over the inanimate form, I tweaked Wun Lung's nose.

"Yoooooop!" A piercing yell rang through the study, and the Chinese leapt up like a jack-in-the-box.

"You muchee bad fellow, to frighten me like that!" he exclaimed.

"You muchee big slacker, to go to sleepee like thisee!" I retorted. "I've come to interview you on behalf of 'The Greyfriars Herald.'"

Wun Lung didn't look best pleased. He had been enjoying his nap on the hearthrug, and his awakening had been rude. Ignoring me, he crossed over to the looking-glass to adjust his crumpled togs. And then he uttered a loud cry of horror and indignation.

"Lookee! Lookee what you've done, you cad!"

"Eh?"

"You've cuttee two inchee offee my pigtail!"

And then I noticed, for the first time, that Wun Lung's pigtail had been shortened. Having seen me bending over him when he awoke, he naturally concluded that I was responsible for the outrage.

I protested my innocence, but in vain. Wun Lung darted out of the study, and told all the fellows what had happened. And the result was that I was brought up at the next sitting of the Greyfriars Police Court, and charged with hacking off a couple of inches of Wun Lung's pigtail.

I was sentenced to half-a-dozen strokes with a cricket-stump, and it wasn't till the last stroke had been administered that I suddenly remembered having seen Skinner with a pair of scissors in his hand! But, alas! recollection had arrived too late.



# FOR CLUB AND THE CUP!

Our splendid new sporting serial of trials and triumphs on the footer field

By **WALTER EDWARDS**

## CHAPTER I.

### Breaking the News!

**T**HE distant rumble of traffic was the only sound which disturbed the old-fashioned, quiescent atmosphere of St. Stephen's Inn. Peace, tranquility, and a curious air of aloofness from the outer world seemed to pervade the place, its flat-fronted buildings looking strangely solemn in the watery rays of a November sun.

It was Saturday afternoon, and the legal fraternity which rented the musty offices appeared to have tired of its dreary round of duty, its black-japanned boxes and deeds and wills and codicils, and to have taken itself off to more congenial surroundings.

Yet, despite the air of peace and almost oppressive silence, something akin to a tragedy was being enacted in the offices of Messrs. Murch and Murch, an old-established and reputable firm of family lawyers.

Joseph Murch, a handsome, white-haired old gentleman, who looked more like a prosperous farmer than a legal luminary, was leaning back in his comfortable armchair and regarding the pale-faced, resolute-looking youngster before him with compassion in his shrewd old eyes.

"My task is a painful one, my boy," he said in kindly tones. "But I know that, being your father's son, you will hear me out with a stiff upper lip."

The boy nodded his fair head, and looked straight into the old man's eyes.

"Go on, sir," he said in a low voice. The lawyer gave a slight cough, and continued:

"Like most other people, you doubtless thought your father was a wealthy man when he died, so I think it is my duty to disillusion you at once. He did not die a pauper, of course, but the greater part of his fortune had been sacrificed upon the altar of an ideal.

"Your father was a splendid fellow, a staunch friend, and a sportsman to the core, but he was somewhat eccentric. I remember once, when we were both at Rundle's— But that is by the way. Soon after your grandfather's death your father retired from business, and looked round for a

hobby. Most men in his position would have taken up golf and fishing and the like, but not so Jack Denyer. Instead, he became interested in a professional football club—Norchester United—which was in very low water at the time.

"He spent huge sums in enlarging the ground and erecting terraces and a grand-stand. Furthermore, he infused new blood into the team. He spent money like water upon new players, and slowly but surely Norchester United began to get upon its legs once again. The 'gates' improved, the team seemed to take a new lease of life, and Norchester became a match-winning side.

"Your father was highly delighted, and he became obsessed with the idea of his team winning the English Cup. He swore that he would one day bring the coveted trophy to Norchester, and right to his dying day he never lost sight of his one desire. The United became his whole life; he lived for the club.

"Well, it looked as though his ambition was to be realised, when a dry-rot set in. This happened some years ago, of course. The players seemed to become lethargic and stale, and again it looked as though the club had struck a bad patch.

"But your father wasn't daunted. He just set his teeth and went steadily to work, travelling all over the country in search of new players. And many a budding International did he bring back to Norchester, and again did the team become one to be reckoned with. A vastly improved side went from victory to victory eventually finding itself in the semi-final for the Cup.

"It seemed that nothing could stop Norchester from pulling the match off; but something did. The players took the field in a half-hearted sort of manner which proved that they were in anything but good fettle, and the ensuing game was little more than a farce. The opposing side was all over the United; they lost the match to the tune of six goals."

The old lawyer's voice was low and husky as he spoke of the defeat, for his mind went back to the day when

he had seen his friend's face with surprise, pain, and disappointment stamped upon it.

He looked across at the youngster, who was following his story with set features and steady eyes.

"What happened then, sir?" asked Jack Denyer, after a short pause. He sensed that the shrewd old lawyer was leading up to an important point, and he half guessed what it was.

"Your father's disappointment was almost pitiable, my boy," Murch went on; "but he was by no means beaten. He tried to get to the bottom of the poor display which his men had put up, but he was unable to get any satisfaction out of the manager, who declared that the players were stale. This was at the end of the season, of course, and your father had to find consolation in the fact that Norchester had finished well up the League table.

"Well, to cut a long story short, the following seasons were a repetition of that one, despite the fact that your father spent nearly the whole of his fortune upon new players. New blood would join the club and show excellent form for a few weeks, when their play would fall off, and their performance would be just mediocre. It began to dawn upon me that there must be something radically wrong somewhere. It struck me that there must be an evil influence at work. I mentioned the matter to your father, but he would not hear of it, and right up till the time of his death he still cherished the idea of eventually winning the Cup.

"But it was not to be," finished the lawyer, in a lower tone.

He met the youngster's clear eyes, and in their depths he saw a question dawning. He waited for the boy to speak.

"Can you account for the bad luck which seemed to dog the team, sir?" asked Jack slowly. "Have you any suspicions?"

It was a direct question, and the old man shifted somewhat uneasily in his chair, and played abstractedly with an ivory paper-knife.

He certainly had strong suspicions, but he did not know whether he ought to reveal them to the youngster who



was looking at him with a steady, clear gaze and set lips.

He hesitated, and that hesitation told Jack Denyer all he wished to know.

"You suspect somebody of having worked against my father sir," he said with conviction. "Who is the man—or men?"

Still James Murch hesitated, but only for a moment.

"Jack," he said slowly "I will tell you of my suspicions, but I don't want you to do anything rash. After all, I may be wrong. I trust that I am. Your father had an only brother—"

"Uncle Martin," interposed Jack Denyer.

"Yes," agreed the lawyer. "Well, Jack, I may as well tell you that your uncle ran wild right from the time he was a youngster, but what was at first taken for mere childish mischief eventually proved to be nothing more nor less than a criminal strain. Like the rest of the Denyers, he went to Rundle's—to be expelled a year or so later. Gambling was his downfall. Your grandfather paid his debts again and again, but Martin went from bad to worse."

Lawyer Murch paused for a moment, for it was obvious that the subject was a painful one to him. He ran his long fingers through his mop of white hair with a nervous gesture.

"Then came the day when he called upon his father and confessed to—forgery. He had forged his father's name and cashed a cheque for a considerable amount of money.

"The confession came as a great blow to the old man, for he had been in the habit of declaring that Martin was merely weak, and easily led astray. But forgery—well, that was a different matter altogether, and in that moment he saw his son in his true colours. He was nothing better than a criminal, a man unworthy of the name he bore, a man unworthy of Rundle's, the school which had known and respected the Denyers for a matter of centuries. The very thought of a Denyer not having 'played the game' was more than the old man could stand, for his good name meant everything to him."

Again did Lawyer Murch pause, for the recounting of these far-off events had stirred his blood.

"Jack, my boy," he went on, his face flushed, "your grandfather told Martin exactly what sort of a cad and scoundrel he was—and then he met the cheque. But it was the last penny Martin ever had from his father. The old man disowned the young waster, and on his death every penny he possessed was willed to your father.

"As you know, I have been lawyer to the Denyers for more years than I care to remember, and it was on the day that the will was read that Martin, reeking of alcohol, forced his way into the house and created a scene when he learnt that he did not benefit under the will. I remember it as though it had been yesterday. He cursed his own father, and then, turning upon his brother—your father, of course, he swore that he had influenced the old man. Furthermore, he vowed that he would not rest until he saw your father in the gutter.

"Quite naturally, we all thought that it was the drink that was affecting Martin's brain, and your father was generous enough to think so as well.

"Eventually we prevailed upon Martin to leave the house. Still vowing vengeance, he left, and your father did not set eyes on him until a year or so later, when he turned up at the offices of the Norchester Football Club. And he was a pitiable sight. His clothes were old and shabby, he was down-at-heel, and, so he said, starving.

"And your father helped him, eventually installing him as manager of the club—for, with all his faults, Martin had at one time played a very good game for Rundle's.

"Jack"—the old lawyer's voice was solemn—"from the moment your uncle took the affairs of the club in hand the United went from bad to worse.

the swing of things and appreciated the Rundle code he was happy.

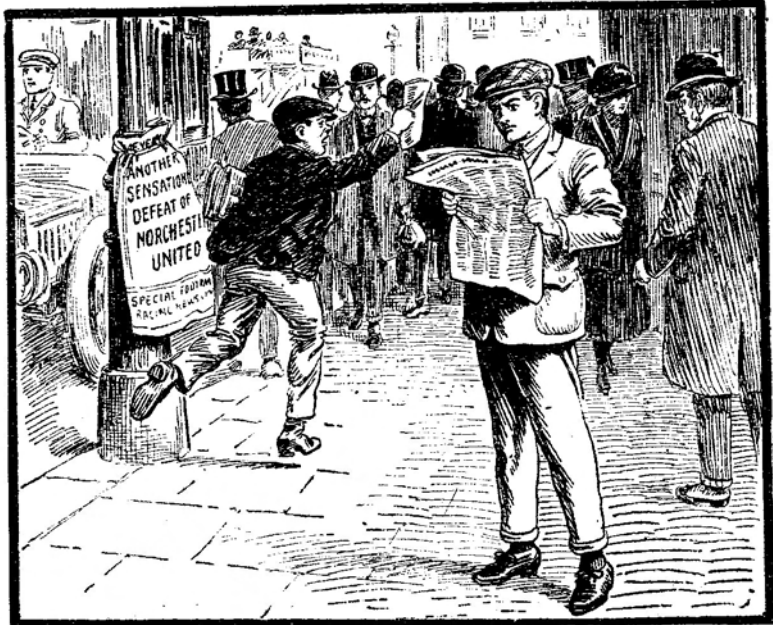
Jack Denyer had turned up at Rundle's and soon proved his worth, and when a telegram summoned him to London to the deathbed of his father he had already gained the coveted position of skipper of sports.

A great sportsman himself, a fellow who could hold his own in the ring or on the sports fields, he was fair and just; but woe betide the youngster who tried to dodge games!

It was then that Jack's chin jutted forward in an aggressive manner, and his chums knew that there was trouble ahead for somebody.

Rundleites had come to regard that expression as "Denyer's fighting look," and it was that look which set upon his clean-cut features as he sat in Lawyer Murch's office in St. Stephen's Inn.

He pondered over what the lawyer



Jack Denyer opened the newspaper with trembling fingers, and the next moment his brow puckered into a heavy frown.

"I hinted to your father that he was the cause of all the United's troubles, but he would not hear a word against his brother. I admired him for it, mind you, but I still kept my own opinion, and when you put a straight question to me I could do no more than give you my own suspicions."

Jack Denyer, who had remained motionless whilst he listened to the old man's words, nodded his head—and there was something grim in the small movement. Furthermore, his eyes had taken a hard glint, and his chin was set in a manner which those who knew him had come to regard as a danger-signal.

Jack Denyer was feared and respected at Rundle's, the famous old school in Devonshire, the greatest sporting school in all England. A youngster going to Rundle's had to prove his worth, but once he had done so he was proud of himself. A new man had to be ready to take his gruel, to turn out at soccer, to have a round with the gloves; but once he got into

had said, and then, involuntarily it seemed, he squared his shoulders.

"So you think that my Uncle Martin is at the bottom of all the trouble, Mr. Murch?" he asked, in a hard voice.

The lawyer nodded his white head; and there was an apprehensive look in his eyes.

"I do, my boy," he replied, and then hastened to add, "but please don't do anything headstrong. It is merely my suspicion—"

"And a very good one, too, sir, I should imagine!" broke in Jack, grimly. "After all, Uncle Martin swore to ruin dad, and what better way could he have chosen than the one he did?"

He paused abruptly and rose to his feet, and the lawyer cast an approving glance at the well-set-up, lissom young figure as he stood with his back to the window. The shoulders were broad, and there was a depth of chest which spoke of exceptional strength. Also the sturdy neck supported a

well-shaped head which held itself defiantly—almost stubbornly.

"A true Denyer," mused Lawyer Murch to himself. "A Denyer worthy of a fine name." Then, looking up at the tall figure, he asked:

"And what do you intend to do, Jack?"

The youngster gave a short laugh in which there was but little mirth.

"I understand that dad has left me little other than the Norchester Football Club—"

"That, and little less than a thousand pounds," admitted the lawyer.

"Well," continued Jack Denyer, in even tones, "it is November now and quite early in the season, I shall let matters go on for the time being, and see how the club shapes. Should it do moderately well I shall not interfere, but at the first sign of treachery, should I have the slightest reason to believe that the players aren't loyal to the club, I shall have something to say in the matter. Norchester is playing West Kensall Rovers to-day—a team which hasn't won a match this season—and it should be a walk over for the United, who are playing at home. My future plans may rest upon the result of the game."

Lawyer Murch fixed his eyes upon the set features before him, and in them he read strength and determination. A schoolboy in years, Jack Denyer was certainly a man—a strong, masterful man at that—at heart.

Jack spoke again.

"Even before you spoke about my uncle, I had already suspected that he might be at the bottom of this affair, sir," he said evenly. "I shall wait. I shall do nothing if the team is moderately successful, but should I get the slightest inkling that I am being let down—should I have reason to suspect that Uncle Martin is not playing a straight game—I shall have no mercy upon him or upon the players."

"Mark my words, sir," Jack Denyer raised a clenched fist. "I have only to suspect foul play, and Uncle Martin and Norchester United will have to deal with me! The whole crowd may have hoodwinked my father, but they will find that they have a very different proposition in his son!"

And Lawyer Murch, looking into the pale, set face, with the firm lips and the jutting chin, murmured to himself:

"I quite believe it!"

Jack Denyer remained with the lawyer for another ten minutes or so, and then, bidding the old gentleman a cordial "Good-day" he opened the door of the office, passed down the narrow wooden stairs, and found himself in the quaint cobbled courtyard of St. Stephen's Inn.

His brain seething with what the old lawyer told him, he made his way mechanically across the square court and passed under the stone arch which led into Holborn.

And into his throbbing brain there penetrated the raucous cries of newsboys, who were running along the broad thoroughfare, and brandishing the latest edition of the evening papers.

"Ere yar! All the results! Reports and results! Piper!"

As in a dream, Jack Denyer paused on the pavement and looked at the

ubiquitous urchins as they dodged from one side of the road to the other, evading being run down by taxis and motor-buses, as by a miracle.

And then a newsbill, tied round a lamp-post, caught his eye

**ANOTHER SENSATIONAL DEFEAT OF NORCHESTER UNITED!**

The words seemed to stand out in letters of fire.

Sensational defeat!

The whole thing was absurd; ludicrous. And against West Kensall Rovers, one of the weakest teams in professional football!

"Hi, boy!" he called, feeling mechanically for a few coppers.

A grimy faced youngster thrust a paper in his hand, snatched at the coins, and was off again.

Jack Denyer opened the newspaper with trembling fingers.

"West Kensall Rovers—7" he read, "Norchester United—0"

Every vestige of blood left the youngster's face and into his eyes there crept the light of battle. The jaws tightened, the even teeth met, and the lips formed a grim, straight line.

Jack Denyer had taken on his fighting face.

He strode across the road and entered a post-office.

Striding across to the desk, he pulled a telegraph-form towards him and picked up a pen.

Without a second's hesitation he commenced to write in a firm, steady hand.

And the telegram read:

"Martin Denyer, Manager, Norchester United F.C., Norchester. New manager will arrive on Monday morning. "JACK DENYER."

**The New Manager Arrives!**

THE playing-pitch of the Norchester United Football Club looked as smooth as a well-ironed billiard-cloth, but the members who were lounging about the verandah of the club-house had no eye for its beauty.

The players were standing about in little groups, discussing probable winners in the day's races, or talking animatedly of anything, but the game which should have been employing their thoughts.

When a new player arrived at Norchester, he was invariably surprised at the state of things, for, instead of putting in the usual practice games, instead of the players perfecting their passing and shooting and dribbling, they seemed to do much as they liked. It was just a matter of getting into shorts and a football shirt, and then making up a four at cards or lounging about until lunch-time

The new player, surprised and frankly amazed, would ask the meaning of the slackness.

And the players would grin knowingly

"Old Martin's one of the best," they would say. "Doesn't worry us a bit, and so long as we're able to turn out on Saturday that's all he cares! Good

(Continued on page 19.)

*You may use this FREE Coupon*

**GRAND FOOTBALL COMPETITION**

**£1,000 PRIZE**

**FOOTBALL COMPETITION No. 1.**

Date of Matches, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11th.  
Closing Date, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9th.

- |                  |                     |
|------------------|---------------------|
| ARSENAL          | v MANCHESTER CITY   |
| ASTON VILLA      | v TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR |
| BLACKBURN ROVERS | v SUNDERLAND        |
| BOLTON WANDERERS | v WEST BRONWICH A.  |
| FULHAM           | v WEST HAM UNITED   |
| HULL CITY        | v BRISTOL CITY      |
| SOUTH SHIELDS    | v BARNSELEY         |
| WOLVERHAMPTON    | v BURY              |
| GILLINGHAM       | v MERTHYR TOWN      |
| NORWICH CITY     | v CRYSTAL PALACE    |
| NORTHAMPTON      | v WATFORD           |
| SOUTHAMPTON      | v PORTSMOUTH        |

I enter Football Competition No. 1, in accordance with the Rules and Conditions announced in "Answers," dated September 4th, and agree to accept the published decision as final and legally binding.

Signed .....

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**1 (FREE)** .....

**12**

**RESULTS**

**ONLY**

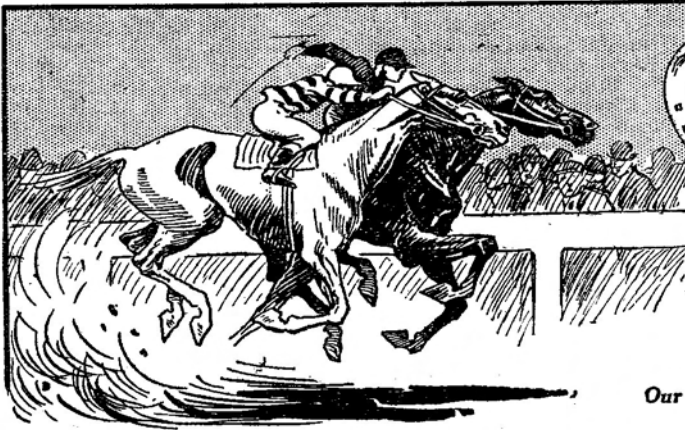
NO goals—NO entrance fee! Scottish and Irish readers may enter. For Rules and all further particulars see this week's issue of—

**ANSWERS**

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# The Luck of the Estors

Our magnificent racing serial specially written by

## MAJOR CHERRY

### Shorty Dunn Gets His Reward!

TO say that Danny Wade was annoyed is to put it mildly. He was absolutely beside himself with rage. For an hour he had been peddling his "borrowed" bike furiously along the dusty roads, beneath the blazing August sun, in an endeavour to reach the Doncaster race-course in time for the St. Leger, only to arrive on the scene when all was over but the shouting.

Apart from the arduous work of propelling the bicycle, he had twice come a cropper in his haste, and his cup of bitterness was filled to overflowing by the discovery that Dick Selby, a boy he cordially disliked, who had only recently been granted a jockey's licence, had ridden to victory on Sunfire, the mare which was to have been his own mount.

At first his remarks to Barney were almost incoherent owing to his rage, but when he had got his breath a little, he poured forth such a torrent of foul abuse directed against Tony Draycott, who had been responsible for his non-arrival in time for the race, that the trainer gently, but firmly yanked him out of the paddock, and away from the crowd that was beginning to collect.

"Well, it can't be helped now, Danny," said Barney soothingly "the race has been run, and we must take consolation from the fact that the Estor horse won in spite of your not being here to ride. It was most unlucky for you as things have turned out, but a breakdown will occur to the best motor-cars at times."

"Breakdown!" howled Danny Wade. "I tell you that blessed adopted son o' yours deliberately prevented me from getting to the course, and assaulted me with a spanner into the bargain. I insist that you give the young varmint a thorough horse-whippin' when he shows his face here again."

Veracity was never a particularly strong point with the famous jockey, and in his excitement it was easy to imagine that Tony had aimed a spanner at him instead of a wad of oily waste.

"I must hear Tony's version of the incident," said Barney, "and I have no doubt his explanation will prove perfectly satisfactory!"

More than this Danny Wade could not obtain from the trainer, and, with a snort of rage, he hurried away to his hotel for a much needed bath and

change of clothing. He would have liked to have administered the suggested horse-whipping to the stable-boy himself, but he had already experienced enough at the hands—or rather the fists—of Tony to cool his ardour for any more dangerous experiments.

The youthful cause of the St. Leger sensation walked cheerfully on to the course in search of Barney Bulfin, exactly half an hour later. He was neither flushed nor excited, though a proud smile lighted his face as he heard on every hand glowing tributes to the jockeyship of his best chum in pulling off the big event.

With some difficulty Tony located the trainer, who stood and regarded him quizzically.

"What's all this I hear about you purposely preventing Danny from reaching Doncaster, Tony?" demanded Barney with a twinkle in his eye.

So pleased was Barney with the success of the stable in the St. Leger that he had little desire to be censorious with anyone.

"Oh, Danny Wade talks through his hat at times," replied Tony off-handedly. "He was jolly annoyed when the stoppage occurred, on the road four miles from anywhere, naturally, but, really, I think it served him right!"

"What do you mean?"

"Well in my opinion," said Tony deliberately, "he wasn't fit to ride this afternoon, anyway. When I picked him

up at Haverdell he seemed to have been dining 'not wisely but too well' with his cheery old relative. He was pretty unsteady on his pins when he got into the car, and we hadn't gone more than a mile when he dropped off to sleep."

"H'm!"  
Barney's grunt might have meant anything, but he asked Tony no more questions about the motor "breakdown." Whether he guessed the facts of the case or not, he never mentioned another word about the affair to the boy, nor could Danny Wade obtain any satisfaction from him in spite of repeated demands. With Lord Estor, the jockey was equally unsuccessful. The Owner had won the big race; he could have done no more, and his opinion was that Wade was entirely mistaken in his assumption that Tony had tricked him.

Altogether Danny received little sympathy from anyone, and he soon ceased to refer to his suspected wrongs, though the subject rankled deeply in his mind.

But the sensation of Danny Wade's non-appearance on the Doncaster course for the St. Leger was soon forgotten by the general public in the fresh excitement created by the trial of Shorty Dunn, the Garston apprentice. This took place shortly after Dunn's ribs had mended, and during his convalescence.

Lord Estor in his kindness of heart had little desire to prosecute, but he felt, as did Barney and others, that a proper trial and cross-examination of some of the stable-hands who had been subpoenaed as witnesses might bring to light evidence of exceptional interest.

It was fairly obvious that Shorty Dunn, in attempting to send a poisoned dart into the flank of the Estor mare, while proceeding by train from Newmarket to Doncaster, had been the tool of some bigger scoundrel. Whether the man at the back of the plot against the Estor stable was Sir Digby Garston or another could merely be hazarded, but there were not lacking people who openly expressed the opinion that the Garston lad had been acting under the orders of his master.

The search which the police had instituted for a blow-pipe—that deadly little relic of savagery—which Shorty Dunn had dropped from the train upon being tackled by Tony, had been crowned with success. The weapon was merely a strip of hollow reed less

### 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. Suspecting Wade of duplicity Tony prevents him from reaching Doncaster in time for the St. Leger. The jockey arrives on the course in a towering rage as Dick Selby is being led in on the winner.*

than three feet in length, and an expert in such matters testified that blow-pipes of similar construction were still in use in some of the islands of the West Indies. How the Garston stable-lad managed to get hold of such a deadly weapon and a supply of poisoned darts was a profound mystery.

Despite the general hopes, the trial threw very little light upon the extraordinary case. Dunn refused to enter the witness box on his own behalf, and remained sullen and silent throughout the whole hearing of the case. Sir Digby Garston himself was called as a witness, but his evidence consisted merely in giving Dunn an excellent character and expressing his regret that any stable-hand of his should have so far forgotten the best traditions of the Turf by attempting foul play against the horse of a rival owner.

Dunn's stable associates who had accompanied the horses on the train to Doncaster either could not or would not throw any light on the matter, and so the evidence of Tony Draycott was about all on which the prosecution based its case, backed, of course, by the production of the blow-pipe, and the box of thorn-darts.

Dismissing two alternate charges of attempted murder or common assault against Draycott, the judge confined his summing up to the attempted foul play against the racehorse. On this account Shorty Dunn was found guilty and a sentence of three months' hard labour was pronounced, the judge remarking that the sentence would have been far more severe had not the Garston youth already suffered physically as the result of his wrong-doing.

As with a smug smile on his countenance Shorty Dunn was led back to the cells in the charge of two warders. Dick Selby, who was sitting beside his chum in the court turned to Tony and remarked:

"And there goes the rascal that doped Sunfire at Epsom!"

Tony followed the direction in which Dick turned his gaze to the unfortunate Garston apprentice, and there spread over his face an inscrutable smile.

#### A Chance for The Rocking Horse!

**B**EFORE the flat-racing season drew to a close one or two minor successes fell to the Estor stable, but it was unanimously agreed, considering that the Owner had one of the finest strings of racers in the British Isles, that there was little for pride in the results for the year as a whole.

Under Barney Bulfin's expert direction the animals had been trained to the hour, the finest jockey in the kingdom had been retained at great expense for the principal events, yet the results were in no way what might have been reasonably expected. Most people seemed to agree that it was sheer bad luck that was responsible for the very moderate showing of the Estor horses.

But whereas others put several further set-backs down to the luck of the Estors, the two stable-boys, Tony Draycott and Dick Selby, saw in almost every unfortunate little incident evidence of the "hidden hand."

By their investigations they had discovered a great deal, but there was much more to be unravelled, and they

utilised much of their spare time in trying to get on the track of Jerry Groat and the red-headed racecourse tout, and the other members of that gang of rogues. But The Poplars, the bookie's residence, was closed, and the most searching inquiries failed to reveal the whereabouts of Groat or his rascally underlings. Apparently they considered the Newmarket district was getting rather too hot to hold them, and so they had transferred their nefarious activities to some other part of the kingdom for a while.

With the passing of autumn and the advent of the cold weather the interest of the various racing-stables centred more and more on the subject of steeplechasing. In the Estor establishment especially they looked forward to the big events "over the sticks," for Barney was assiduously engaged on the task of developing the powers of a colt who had given early promise of making a jumper quite above the ordinary thoroughbred of the species. This promising youngster was called Buckshot.

Buckshot was a fine upstanding piece of horseflesh, black as night, but with a patch of white across his soft nose. His eyes flashed with fiery energy, and so restless and spirited was he that it took the strongest wrists to deal with him in a race.

While acknowledging the prowess of Buckshot, Tony was never tired of singing to Barney the praises of The Rocking Horse. Day after day the boy found time—perhaps a few minutes or maybe a couple of hours—in which to take the dappled grey for a canter across country, and the improvement in the speed and jumping abilities of the colt was tremendous.

"I say, guv'nor," said Tony to his foster parent for the twentieth time, as they sat in the library at home together one evening. "I'm going to hold you to the promise you made me some time ago. I've trained The Rocking Horse into jolly good shape, I reckon, and I want you to take out a jockey's licence for me from the Stewards and enter the colt for some of the events 'over the sticks'!"

Barney laughed good-humouredly as he always did when the youngster broached this topic.

"There's plenty of time to worry about that later, sonny," he murmured easily. "You've made a big improvement in the form of the grey, I can see by the way he hoofs it across country, but we've yet to see what he can do against the watch over a gruelling course with a few big hurdles and water-jumps scattered about!"

"Well, when are you going to give us a proper trial, guv'nor?" asked Tony impatiently.

"All in good time," said the trainer. "This morning I was conferring with the Owner about entering Buckshot for the Grand National Steeplechase at Aintree next March, and before doing so we are going to put the black colt through his paces with Danny up. To do so we shall mark out the Grand National distance, of about four and a half miles, on the Heath, and erect hurdles, and generally make the going as difficult as possible. To introduce the competitive spirit we have agreed to let Buckshot run the trial against The Rocking Horse."

"Oh, good egg!"

Barney laid his hand affectionately on the lad's arm.

"I'm afraid, Tony," he said, "you're a bit inclined to overrate the powers of the dappled grey. Your colt may be a sticker, but he hasn't got that burst o' speed between the 'sticks' that's necessary to compete with the crack steeplechasers o' the country. So I don't want you to be discouraged if Buckshot shows you a clean pair o' heels in this spin!"

Tony rose from his chair, and stood facing the trainer.

"And supposing we win the trial?" he demanded.

Barney shrugged his shoulders. "No chance o' that, lad, unfortunately," he said. "Still, I like to see a young fellow full o' confidence; it means his heart's in his work."

"But supposing we win?" repeated Tony. "Will you enter The Rocking Horse for the Grand National instead of Buckshot?"

"We'll enter both the horses," said Barney, with a laugh.

"Right-ho!" said Tony. "That's another promise I'm going to make you fulfil!"

And he walked out of the room. The smile left Barney's face as the trainer watched the boy pass out of the door, and he shook his head rather sadly.

"Ah, the bright hopes of youth!" he murmured. "How often are they dashed to the ground!"

#### The Trial Spin on the Heath!

**W**HEN it became known among the hands of the Estor stables that a trial was to be run between Buckshot and The Rocking Horse "over the sticks" the only interest aroused concerned the performance of the black colt against the stop-watch. Perhaps the only two people who took Tony's aspirations at all seriously were Dorothy and Dick Selby, who loyally encouraged the youngster, but even they knew in their hearts how hopeless was the lad's chance of making a good showing on a horse that such an expert as

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Barney Bulfin himself proclaimed "out of class" with the best steeplechasers of the day.

Day after day one of the stablehands exercised Buckshot, and Tony put the dappled grey through his paces without Barney announcing the date for the trial, but at last, to the general relief of the stable at large, the trainer gave the mandate that the race would be run at eight o'clock sharp on the following morning. By special arrangement Danny Wade, who was as fine a jockey over the jumps as he was on the flat, arrived in Newmarket to ride the black colt that morning, so that a fair idea of the powers of the horse might be obtained with the jockey in the saddle who had been retained to ride him in the Grand National.

On the eve of this important trial spin Tony went to bed early, determined to be as fresh as possible for the big test that he and his favourite mount were to undergo on the morrow.

On the following morning Tony was awakened from a deep sleep by a loud rapping on the door of his bedroom, and the voice of Barney bidding him to get dressed as soon as possible.

Realising that this was indeed the morning of the great day, the youngster rolled out from beneath the blankets and switched on the electric-light. To his astonishment, he saw that the clock on his mantelpiece revealed the time as a quarter to five. "I say, guv'nor," he called out, "roting me out of bed at this hour's a bit premature, if the trial isn't to start until eight o'clock, isn't it?"

A loud chuckle sounded from the passage outside his room.

"H'm! We changed our minds since we issued those orders," responded Barney. "The trial will take place as soon as there's daylight enough to see the course—that'll be in about an hour's time. Now, buck up and get your clobber on, and get down to the stables."

Having dressed, Tony left the house and set off at a steady jog-trot for the Estor stables. Although the season was now well into the winter, the air was quite muggy. A thin grey blanket of mist hung over the landscape, but the ground underfoot was soft, and gave promise of excellent going for the horses on the Heath.

Having well groomed The Rocking Horse, and performed sundry other duties about the stables, Tony set off with his mount for the point on the Heath from which the start for the trial was to be made.

Following him came Dick Selby, leading the spirited Buckshot, who was wearing a blanket and blinkers, and several other stablehands, including Perkins, the head groom.

At an arranged point along one of the roads leading to the Heath the little procession came upon a party consisting of Lord Estor, Dorothy, Barney Bulfin and Danny Wade, all of whom had come down in the Owner's Rolls-Royce car.

After the usual greetings had been exchanged Barney approached Tony and gave the lad his final instructions.

"You and Danny, together with Dick and Perkins, will proceed right away to the starting-point," he said. "The Owner, Lady Dorothy and I are going to a place of vantage a quarter of a mile from the finishing-post, where we can best view the last critical phase of the trial. Perkins will start you by word of mouth as soon as you're ready to get away—and we must hope to goodness that, after all the precautions that have been taken, no spies are concealed along the course."

With that the two parties separated, the stable-boys Perkins and the famous jockey walking by the two horses to the starting-point of the improvised steeplechase course. On the way there Danny Wade took no notice whatever of Tony nor of the other

over which they sailed with inches to spare. Then for half a mile the two horses raced with less than a few yards separating them at any time, taking three other hurdles in their course.

Then the course took a sweep to the right, and there loomed up before them one of the severest jumping tests that Barney had devised for the trial—a stoutly-built wooden fence with bunches of twigs shooting over five feet up from the ground.

At this point Buckshot was leading by a yard or two, and Tony saw the black colt shoot into the air and get safely over the big obstacle, merely brushing the top with his steel-shod hoofs. A moment later the boy leaned slightly forward touching the arched neck of his mount with his knuckles,



As The Rocking Horse shot over the hurdle, Tony heard a loud shriek and caught a momentary glimpse of a frightened, scurrying figure.

two, striding along in sullen silence, as though about to perform an obnoxious but necessary duty.

By the time they reached the point from which the start was to be made, the mist had lifted somewhat, and a portion of the course, ribbed with high dark-coloured hurdles, could be seen stretched out before them.

The coverings and blinkers were removed from the two horses, and Wade and Tony leapt into the saddles of their respective mounts.

"You fellows ready?" demanded Perkins.

Tony and Wade gave nods of assent, and walked their horses forward.

"Then off you go!"

As though released by an invisible spring, the two racehorses leapt forward and tore over the soft, yielding turf.

Side by side the black colt and the dappled grey rose to the first obstacle,

and felt the dappled grey rise to the fence.

As The Rocking Horse shot over a loud shriek rose as it were from right beneath the steed, and, looking down, Tony obtained a momentary glimpse of a scurrying, frightened figure on the opposite side of the obstacle. Even in that swift glance he recognised the fellow, who had either been lying asleep behind the fence or had been in concealment there. It was Ginger Hales, the racecourse tout, whom he and Dick had been so anxious to come across, and whom neither had seen for so long a time.

So surprised was the boy that he threw himself back in his saddle rather too suddenly, and, losing his balance as the horse landed, was shot like a sack of coals from the back of his racing steed.

Another rattling, long instalment of Major Cherry's fine racing yarn will be given next Tuesday.

# THE CRIMSON ARROW

A Thrilling Serial Story of Buffalo Bill and the Redskins

By Mr. PAUL PONTIFEX PROUT

(Master of the Fifth Form.)

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. An attack of the Redskins is beaten off with heavy loss. Afterwards some mysterious crimson-coloured arrows are found sewn into the quivers of the fallen braves. Later the whole Apache host encamps about the fort and a shower of arrows announces the commencement of the assault.

## Buck Dixie's Ruse!

UNCLE BALDY liked arrows less than bullets, and he curled up like a hedgehog under the storm.

The arrows were all crimson in colour, the feathers dyed a deep cardinal with the berries of the partridge-berry, the shafts coloured a deep vermilion. The crimson arrow was the symbol of this last great insurrection of the Red Men, and doubtless their medicine-men had inspired them with the faith that these arrows were magic and invincible.

At any rate, they came on in a style that would have done credit to the most dashing of white troops, and soon the boys found themselves fighting face to face with wild demonic figures which burst through the smoke, stabbing and shooting, hacking wildly at the wooden palisades with heavy axes in a vain endeavour to cut a breach in these slender fortifications.

But Major Lincoln, on Buffalo Bill's advice, had prepared for this onslaught. The palisades were faced with hoop-iron strips which turned the edge of the axes.

In the fog of smoke Uncle Baldy could hear the medicine-men shouting that they had stopped the wind by magic so that the Palefaces could not see to shoot, and the Apache braves, encouraged by their cries, fought like demons.

The boys were up against them at this part of the defence. They came on through the smoke yelling like madmen. Many climbed the palisades, only to be dropped by the short-range fire of the deadly revolvers.

One brave topped the palisade unhurt, and came flying down on Uncle Baldy in their little trench, rolling him over and over and over.

Uncle Baldy, winded by the shock, rolled under his adversary, whose scalping-knife flashed before the boys could get to their old friend's assistance.

The brave, with a whoop of triumph snatched away Uncle Baldy's fur cap.

Then the whoop died away in a cry of astonishment as Uncle Baldy's hairless head, polished as a billiard ball, was exposed to the knife.

Baldness was unknown to the Redskins, and the brave was so terrified by this phenomenon that he dropped his knife leaped like a cat for the palisades and dropped outside the fort again.

“Don't shoot him, boys!” yelled Uncle Baldy, sitting up and grinning all over his powder-blackened face.

And the boys let their daring assailant go, though they could have shot him easily. Doubtless, they thought, he went back to his lodge, and for many years after would tell the tale how on the day of the Red ruin he tried to scalp a Paleface who had not got a scalp.

It was Buffalo Bill's forethought that saved the fort, for the hoop-iron bindings on the palisades rendered the efforts of the Redskin pioneers useless. Hundreds of these were shot as they desperately strove to hack their way into the fort.

Then a sudden puff of hot wind blew the smoke away showing the horde of warriors crowding close round the defences like a pack of wolves.

The Redskins' bows twanged like harps and clouds of arrows fell. But again Buffalo Bill had given good advice for the defence. Over the defenders were erected mantlets of raw hide stripped from the buffaloes in the hunt of the previous days, and on these covers of stiff hide, the arrows smacked harmlessly, preserving many a life.

In only one place did the Red horde succeed in breaking the palisades, but here they met the full blast of cannon, two of which had been hastily wheeled round to cover the breach.

Only for a few minutes more did Kit and Joe have to stand up to that terrible surge of maddened braves screaming, stabbing and hacking through the palisades.

Both the boys had narrow escapes, a bullet passing through Joe's hat whilst Kit took the thrust of an Apache's spear between his arm and his body. But, luckily, the keen blade only grazed his side, and the next second the spearman was rolled over by a shot from Uncle Baldy's revolver.

Then the attack broke and turned, the great flood of Redskin warriors rolling back from the defences of the fort like a wave which has spent its strength.

A few volleys hastened their retreat and they rolled back discomfited, leaving hundreds of forlorn bunches of feathers and deerskins, which a brief half-hour before had been braves' lusting for battle.

Uncle Baldy wiped his forehead with his red handkerchief.

“They won't come on again, boys, till to-night,” said he. “They'll have no more stomach for a day attack. Their varmints have had their breakfast, dinner and supper.”

Then Uncle Baldy picked up the scalping-knife which the brave, who had apparently received such a scare

from his bald head, had left behind him.

“Guess my ole bald head most scared that Redskin-out o' his wits!” said he laughing.

Then the laugh stopped short.

Uncle Baldy's jaw had dropped, for in his grasp, the handle of the knife had slipped and opened, revealing a small box-like opening in which was a slip of the thin blue paper from Buck Dixie's army notebook.

“Uncle Baldy,” ran the note, “the Redskins will not attack again till moonrise. They are under the command of Lo Ching, the Chinese convict, escaped from San Francisco jail last February, now masquerading as Vasquez, the greaser. I want a hundred mounted men to-night. Let Kit be of their number. They will meet me by the old Redskin graveyard at midnight, and they will leave the fort by Storehouse No 2. Bring this to the notice of Major Lincoln without delay.”

“BUCK DIXIE.”

“Well, thar!” exclaimed Uncle Baldy. “If that don't beat the band!”

“What?” asked Kit.

“That thar Redskin what tried to scalp me!” replied Uncle Baldy. “Come over the palisade like a wild cat he did. And I'm mighty glad I told you boys not to shoot.”

“Why?” asked Kit, quite mystified.

“Cause the buck that tried to scalp me was Buck Dixie himself!”

“Buck Dixie?” gasped the two boys in chorus.

“Sure!” replied Uncle Baldy.

The boys read over the note.

“What on earth does it mean?”

asked Kit. “What does he drive at when he says that a hundred mounted men must leave the fort by No. 2 Storehouse to-night?”

“That's a bit o' medicine talk for th' commandant,” answered Uncle Baldy, with a wink. “A hundred men is a lot to take out o' th' garrison. But Buck Dixie is out there amongst th' Redskins disguised as one o' themselves, and where Buck Dixie is there's Buffalo Bill an' Deadwood Dick as well, Buck an' Bill Cody watching the Redskins whilst Deadwood Dick ticks off the Bad Men and the snuff-an'-butter Palefaces that's runnin' with 'em. But I'm for the commandant!”

An off Uncle Baldy went to deliver the mysterious message to Major Lincoln, who merely smiled grimly as he heard Uncle Baldy's story of the delivery of the note.

“Tell the two English boys that they will accompany the column,” was all his comment. “You will go as well!”

And Uncle Baldy returned to his post mystified. This was big medicine indeed! How were a hundred men to pass out of Fort Madison through the encircling ring of thousands of watchful Redskin eyes? Horses cannot fly, and there were no balloons in the fort that Uncle Baldy knew of.

But his faith in Buck Dixie and Major Lincoln was profound and he returned to the boys full of excitement.

“We're goin' out to-night, boys!” said he. “We are goin' out through th' Redskins!”

Another instalment of this exciting tale will appear next week.





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.

**Saw No Harmony!**

Mr. Newrich: Sophia, my dear, wot's that chime the horechestra's a-playin'?

Mrs. Newrich: The programme says as 'ow it's Chopin.

Mr. Newrich: H'm! Maybe so, but it sounds a deal more like sawin' to me!—Sent in by Austin Gill, 276, Bolton, Tottington, near Bury, Lancs.

**Too True!**

Felix McCarthy, of the Kerry Militia, was generally late on parade.

"Ah, Felix," murmured the sergeant, "you're always last!"

"Be aisy, sergeant, darlint," was the reply. "Shure someone must be the last!"—Sent in by A. Vincent, 121, Cadogan Terrace, Victoria Park, London, E.9.

**A Gentle Hint.**

Sinkius, who was of a very nervous temperament, sat at the Opera behind a couple who talked so continuously that he soon found the situation intolerable. At last he

leaned forward, and with the utmost gravity said:

"Pardon me, but would you mind speaking a little louder? Sometimes the music prevents me from hearing exactly what you say!"—Sent in by Miss Winifred Ottaway, 2, Council Cottages, Lower Green, Esher, Surrey.

**OUR TUCK-HAMPER PRIZE STORYETTE**

**WITH A GLASSY STARE!**

A member of an Irish battalion had lost an eye during the war, but was allowed to continue his services with the regiment on his consenting to have a glass eye in its place. One day, however, he appeared on parade without his artificial eye.

"Nolan!" exclaimed the officer, "you are not properly dressed. Why is your artificial eye not in its place?"

"Shure, sorr," replied Nolan, "oi left it in me box to keep an eye on me kit while Oi'm on parade!"

—Sent in by H. Thornton, 23, Marlborough Road, Waterloo, Liverpool, to whom a hamper crammed full of delicious tuck has been despatched.

**The Excuse Wouldn't Wash!**

It was the occasion of the annual treat for some of the little slum children of London, and they were taken for an outing up the River Thames. Of course, they quickly prepared themselves for a bathe.

As one little boy was getting into the water his pal remarked:

"I say, Joe, you look as though you could do with a wash!"

"Maybe," replied Joe. "Y'see, I missed the train last year!"—Sent in by H. Swindells, 71, Newton Street, Hyde.

**A Wicket Game!**

Hubby arrived home from the cricket match to find his wife with a frown on her face, reading a newspaper.

"That cricket must be a brutal game," she remarked, "and that man, Hobbs, must be a perfect beast! It says here"—indicating the paper—"that Hobbs continued to punish the bowlers. He cut, pulled, and slashed Rhodes to the boundary, and punished him unmercifully. Hirst was put on, but to no avail. Hobbs hit him with great force and style, but, with the last ball of the over, he skied him and was caught on the boundary!"—Sent in by Eric Jones, 11, Tower Gardens Road, Lordship Lane, Tottenham, N.17.

**Fur-ther Questions!**

"Mother!"

Freddie's voice broke the stillness for about the twentieth time that evening, and his ma began to get annoyed.

"What do you want now?" she demanded.

"I only want to ask you—"

"I'm not going to answer any more questions to-night. It's your bedtime. Don't you know that curiosity killed the cat?"

Freddie was silent for a moment, and then he broke out again.

"What did the cat want to know, mother?" he asked.—Sent in by L. Jennings, 353, Blorwick Road, Walsall, Staffs.

**FOR CLUB AND THE CUP!**

*Continued from page 14.*

fellow, Martin! He's no slave-driver!" Which was true.

Martin Denyer, on the day he learnt that he had been cut out of his father's will, had taken a solemn oath that he would ruin his brother Jack, but it was not until he had become manager of the club that he had seen a way in which to carry the oath into effect. Slowly and surely he corrupted every youngster who came to the club, with the result that his brother had been called upon to spend thousands upon thousands of pounds in infusing new blood into the team.

And then had come Jack Denyer's death, but what little money remained of his original fortune had reverted to the son, who was then at Rundle's School.

"Well," Martin had told himself, "I must carry on the good work with the son."

Imagine his surprise, then, when he had received a wire on the previous

Saturday night, saying that a new manager would arrive on the following Monday morning—to-day! He was going to be superseded—and on the instructions of a schoolboy!

He now joined the players on the balcony.

"Say, boys!" he cried, "I've got a bit o' news for you. You're going to have a new manager!"

The buzz of conversation died down immediately.

"But who is he?" asked one.

"Ask me another!" replied Martin, with a wide grin. "All I know is that I received a wire from a kid—"

"Excuse me."

The two words, quietly spoken, but penetrating, came to the ears of the players, and every eye was turned to the well-set-up youngster who was approaching the steps of the club-house.

Martin Denyer was the first to find his tongue.

"Well, young 'un," he said, in a

patronising tone, "an' what can we do for you? Come to sell us a few touch lines or somethin'?"

This with a glance at the leather bag the youngster was carrying.

The boy ignored the question.

"Are you Martin Denyer?" he asked steadily.

"I am," said the man, "I'm manager of the club!"

"Pardou me," said the youngster politely. "You mean you were the manager of the club!"

Martin Denyer flushed to the roots of his black hair, and an ugly expression came into his small, close-set eyes.

"What the blazes do you mean by that?" he demanded, taking a step towards the youngster, who was regarding him fearlessly.

"I simply mean that my name is Jack Denyer, and that I'm the new manager," answered the schoolboy quietly.

Look out for the long exciting instalment of our fine new footer serial in next week's issue. Please tell all your chums about this tale.—Editor.

# THE CASE OF THE MYSTERIOUS SOPRANO!

Our Great New Series dealing with  
the amazing adventures of

**HERLOCK SHOLMES**  
DETECTIVE

Written by

**PETER TODD**

I.

WE had sat down to lunch, when Madame Voceferoce was shown into our rooms at Shaker Street. Herlock Sholmes rose at once, and bowed over the sardinetin with his accustomed grace.

The celebrated prima donna was, of course, well known to us.

The greatest of living sopranos, her top E flat had more than once made an anxious impresario tremble for the roof of his opera-house.

Crowded audiences had loudly testified their joy and thankfulness when Madame Voceferoce had completed a performance.

"Signor Sholmes!" she exclaimed, sinking into a chair, which groaned beneath her ample form.

Sholmes, who was a master of all languages ancient and modern, replied in easy Italian.

"Whatto! Soho squaro, ice-creamo, saffronillo!" he said, with a smile.

I could see that the prima donna was struck by my amazing friend's command of the Italian language.

"Per bacco!" continued Sholmes. "Vermicelli, maccaroni! Così fan tutti! Chatteriamo! But let us speak in English, for the sake of my friend, Dr. Jotson, before whom you may speak quite freely. How can I serve you, signora?"

"If you have lost your voice, madame," I suggested, "you have come to the right shop. My friend Sholmes will undertake to find it

"It is not that," said Madame Voceferoce, clasping her hands.

"Signor Sholmes, I have a rival! You have, perhaps, heard me sing

"True."

"You have heard my E flat?"

"I have," said Sholmes. "I shall never forget it. I never hear a railway-engine whistle without being reminded of it."

"You flatter me, Mr. Sholmes. But—the prima donna made a tragic gesture—"I have a rival, an unknown rival, whose voice, remarkably, like my own in tone and quality, exceeds it in compass. Imagine my feelings, Mr. Sholmes, when first I heard this rival's voice! Who it may be, I know not; but if, once this singer comes before the public I shall no longer be the greatest soprano on the operatic stage. I shall be out-shone, out-done, out-screamed, out-E-flatted."

"Pray give me a few details," said Sholmes, who, I could see, was already interested in this extraordinary case. "You have not seen this marvellous singer?"

"Never."

"But you have heard her voice?"

"Every night for a week past," said the signora. "You must know, Mr. Sholmes, that every evening I give my voice a quarter of an hour's practice before an open window. My window overlooks an extensive view of the city. From somewhere in the darkness a voice comes in answer to mine."

"Extraordinary!"

"The voice of my unknown rival," continued the prima donna, in an agitated tone, "repeats my E flat in tones exactly resembling my own, and follows it with E, and even F."

"Amazing!" I could not help ejaculating.

"Find this mysterious singer for



"Proceed!" said Sholmes. He placed himself at the window, and Madame Voceferoce proceeded!

"me, Mr. Sholmes," said Madame Voceferoce imploringly. "I will give her a thousand—ten thousand pounds to leave the country before she is snapped up by some ambitious impresario, and put on the operatic stage. My fame—my fortune—depend upon it! Name your own fee, but find her."

"Expect me this evening!" said Sholmes.

II.

AFTER dinner that evening I walked with my amazing friend to the fashionable flat occupied by Madame Voceferoce.

Blessed with a soprano voice to which a steamer's siren was a mere bagatelle, Madame Voceferoce had achieved fame and fortune; and now all was imperilled by the threatened advent of a successful rival.

We were shown into the signora's

studio at the usual time for her evening practice.

The window was open. A gentleman who, to judge by appearances, was on very distant terms with his barber, was seated at the piano; and all was ready.

"Proceed!" said Sholmes.

He placed himself at the window. Madame Voceferoce proceeded.

Her voice floated forth into the night, rising and culminating upon the celebrated E flat which had so often endangered an operatic roof.

Silence followed. I wiped the perspiration from my brow. Then, from the gloom without, came an answering note.

High and clear, like a repetition of Madame Voceferoce's own voice, rang the note from the shadows.

It was followed by others, rising higher.

I listened in amazement. Madame Voceferoce clasped her hands in anguish.

"Ha!" exclaimed Herlock Sholmes.

He sprang from the window upon the leads of the adjoining building.

"Sholmes!" I exclaimed.

The mysterious soprano ceased.

There was a sound of panting, howling, and spitting; and Sholmes suddenly reappeared in the window.

He did not come alone.

In his grasp was a large, savage-looking tom-cat, struggling and mewling. Sholmes held it up as he stepped into the room, with his inscrutable smile upon his face.

He bowed to Madame Voceferoce.

"Be at ease, signora—the mystery is solved," said Herlock Sholmes. "Behold your rival!"

"Un gatto!" gasped the prima donna.

"Exactly—the rival soprano—whom the most enterprising impresario would never dream of presenting on the operatic stage," said Sholmes reassuringly.

III.

RATHER a curious case, Jotson," Herlock Sholmes remarked, as we strolled home to Shaker Street. "Interesting, though simple."

"My dear Sholmes!" I exclaimed.

"Quite simple, my dear fellow, though Madame Voceferoce was far from suspecting the truth. As she stood at her window, and her top note floated forth, it fell upon the ears of the tom-cat, who naturally mistook it for the call of a lady friend, and made answer. It was the tom-cat's penetrating voice, in answer to the signora's top E flat, that Madame Voceferoce took for the voice of a rival soprano. I am very glad that I have been able to set her mind at rest. I am also rather glad," Sholmes added thoughtfully, "that we do not live next door to Madame Voceferoce. Shaker Street after all, has its advantages."

THE END.