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The Greyfriars

# Herald



No. 47 (New Series)

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**THE FALL OF THE GIANT IDOL!**

(A mysterious incident which occurs in our great tale of the South Sea Islands.)



# Editorial

By Harry Wharton.

## OUR LETTER-BAG THERMOMETER!

My Dear Chums,—Each time I add a new feature, or make any alteration in the make-up of our little journal, shoals of letters invariably reach me shortly afterwards. These letters are to me what a clinical thermometer is to a doctor; they enable me to gauge the temperature of my patient readers, and thus I discover whether a particular innovation leaves you cold or meets with your warm approval.

But I have little fear that our new, attractive covers, our footer and mystery serials, and the laughable adventures of those two film-screams, Clarence and Fred, will meet with anything but general enthusiastic acclamation.

## THE SPICE OF HUMOUR!

There is a big vein of humour in the nature of every British boy and girl, and the pictures on the centre pages, which are being drawn for me by one of the very best comic artists of the day, should touch responsive chords everywhere.

In THE GREYFRIARS HERALD you will find features to suit every taste. Drop me a postcard letting me know what you think of them all, and oblige your cheery pal, HARRY.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

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

### Gosling's Grumbles!

To the Edditer of "The Greyfriars Herald."

Deer Master Wharton,—Which I begs to pint out that the practtiss of tipping the skool porter seems to have fallen into deokay.

There ain't no harder-working man on these here permisses than the undersined. Which I don't say this in no spirrit of conseat, but it's a solium fakt. I starts my day's work erly in the morning, when I rings that blessed rising-bell, and I don't nock off untill I rings the bell the following morning. A twenty-fore hour day, Master Wharton! And instedd of getting all the lavvish tipps that I used to get I am ignored by the yung gents. Only the other day I karried a hevvy portmanter, belonging to Master Skinner, all the way from the raleway-stashun, and when I breethed in Master Skinner's ear the word "Tip!" he said "Certingly, Gossy!" And he promptly pushed me over! What I says is this here—conduce of that sort farely makes a man fume at the mowth, and it's enuff to drive annybody to drink!

Mite I arsk you, Master Wharton, to use your infleence to revive the old habbit of tipping? I allways duzz my dooty in the proper manner, and I kousidder it only rite that I should reseeve dew rekkernishun.

If you will publish this in your paper, Master Wharton, I shall be trewly greatfull, and trusting you are kwite well as it leaves me at present, I begs to remane your umble servant,  
WILLIAM GOSLING.

(As we have pointed out before, the danger of giving Gosling too many tips is that he becomes "tipsy." He declares that a dearth of tips is enough to drive him to drink, but, from what we know of the worthy Gossy, he does-n't need much driving!—Ed.)

### Nothing Doing!

To the Editor of "The Greyfriars Herald."

My dear Wharton,—I shall be pleased to entertain the whole of your editorial staff to tea in my study on Saturday afternoon.

It is rather unusual for a prefect to invite juniors to a function of this sort, but I feel that we shall come to a better understanding of each other if you accept this invitation. There is no earthly reason why we should always be at loggerheads.—With cordial good wishes,

Yours very sincerely,  
GERALD LODER.

(We have tumbled to Loder's little game. He is afraid we are going to publish a few home truths about him in "The Greyfriars Herald," and by going out of his way to entertain us he hopes we will think better of it, and refrain from criticising his cad-dish actions. Sorry, Loder, old fruit, but there's nothing doing!—Ed.)

### Bunter's Brain-Wave!

To the Edditter of "The Greyfriars Herald."

Deer Sir,—As their have bean numerus komplaints resently konserning the kwality of the grubb which is sold in the skool tuck-shopp, I vencher to suggest that a Publick Sampler should be engaged. I should be pleased to undertake these dewties myself, and to sample evvery tart, bunn and cake befour it is sold. In this way I should be able to diskriminate betwene hole-some and unholesome eddybles, and nothing but the finest kwality would be sold to the publikk.

Pleese let me no, throw the meedyum of your egg-sellent paper, what you think of this idear, which emynated from the mity brane of Yours trewly,

W. G. BUNTER.

(I am afraid that if Billy Bunter were engaged in the capacity he mentions, nothing would ever be sold to the publik at all. Our fat friend would scoff the lot!—Ed.)

# THE BENBOW CRICKETERS!

*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.**

**A Very Kind Offer!**

**P**OYNINGS and Poole, of the Fifth Form, came along to No. 8 Study on the Benbow, and the first-named tapped at the door.

There was a buzz of merry voices within Jack Drake's study.

Quite a number of the Benbow juniors seemed to be gathered there, and two or three voices were speaking at the same time, to an accompaniment of clinking tea-cups and saucers.

No doubt that was the reason why Poynings' tap was not heard, and no answer to it came from within.

"Seems to be some sort of a meetin' on," remarked Poole.

"Only a gang of fags havin' their tea," answered Poynings carelessly. "I'm goin' in."

He did not tap again. One tap was quite politeness enough for the Fourth to receive from Poynings of the Fifth—in the opinion of Poynings, at least. The Fifth-form senior threw open the door, and looked into No. 8.

The study was well filled. Drake and Rodney and Toodles, the owners of the study, were there. Daubeny of the Shell was there, with Torrence. Sawyer major and Estcourt and Rawlings and Conway of the Fourth were also there. There really did not seem much room for the Fifth-formers to come in at all!

But Jack Drake glanced up, with a cheery grin, and signed to them to enter—if they could.

"Trot in, old tops!" he said. "Have you come to tea?"

Poynings could not help giving a sniff at that.

He had not come to tea; as senior of the Fifth Form he wasn't likely to come to tea. He might have honoured a Shell study, but the Fourth was quite beyond the limit.

But the fact was that the Fifth were not of very much account on board the school ship. There was a crowd of Fourth and Shell on board the Benbow, but only a few of the senior form had come on the voyage. And although they firmly believed that they made up in importance what they lacked in numbers, they had that belief entirely to themselves. The juniors did not share it in the least.

"Sit down," continued Drake hospitably.

"Blessed if I know what they'll sit on!" remarked Tuckey Toodles.

"What's the matter with the deck?" inquired Sawyer major.

"Good! Move some of your feet, Sawyer, and make room for them to sit down," exclaimed Dick Rodney.

Poynings frowned.

"I'm not goin' to sit down," he



"Leave my cabin, boy!" thundered Mr. Vavasour, glaring through the tangled mosquito net. "How dare you bandy words with me?"

said. "I came here to speak to you, Drake."

"Not to tea?" asked Drake.

"Certainly not."

"Well, I thought you might have, you know—I hear you can't get any further tick from Mr. Capps, in the canteen!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Don't be cheeky!" advised Poole.

"Look here, some of you fags had better clear off. Can't talk with a gang of fags buzzing around."

"That's so," agreed Poynings.

"There's enough mosquitoes, without so many fags!"

There was a buzz of wrath from the tea-party. The Benbow juniors did not like being compared to the mosquitoes which were visiting the Benbow in large numbers as the old ship lay at anchor in the Trinidad harbour.

"Do you want us to go, Drake?" bawled Sawyer major.

"No fear; stay where you are," answered Drake. "You two fellows had better be more civil, or you'll be the fellows to go—and on your necks! If you've got anything to say, Poynings, get it off your chest, and travel. You're interrupting business."

"Business!" grunted Poynings. "Do you call guzzling pineapples business?"

"We're talking cricket," said Drake. "Most of these chaps are in the St. Winifred's eleven. And you're interrupting."

"That's what I've come here to

speaking about," said Poynings, a little more politely. "I hear that you fags have fixed up a cricket match with some fellows ashore, in Port of Spain."

"That's so."

"Only a junior team, I believe?" asked Poole.

"Naturally. We're not playing Queen's Park Cricket Club; they haven't a date open for us," said Drake gravely.

"I hear they play pretty good cricket in this island, though," continued Poynings. "I saw a game yesterday in that park they call the Savannah, and the play was quite good."

"How do you know, Poynings?" asked Drake, in surprise.

"I watched them."

"But you don't know cricket when you see it, old top!"

There was a chortle from the tea-party. Cecil Poynings looked wrathful for a moment, but he calmed himself. He had not come there to quarrel with the captain of the Fourth, if he could help it.

"To come to the point," he said, "I understand—"

"Not cricket!" said Drake, with a shake of the head. "Don't tell us that! We really couldn't swallow that!"

Poynings breathed hard.

"I understand that you're playing this Trinidad junior team to-morrow?"

"Oh! Yes."

"Your master, Packe, has given you leave—"

"Exactly. You seem jolly interested in our proceedings, all at once!" said Drake.

"You've made up some sort of an eleven to play these Colonials, I suppose?"

"We couldn't play them without, could we?" asked Rodney.

"Well, to come to the point—"

said Poynings again. "You're a jolly long time coming to the point," remarked Drake. "But take your time. The night is yet young."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"To come to the point," roared Poynings, "we've come here to tell you that we're taking a hand in the game."

"You!"

"Just so. You see, we'd like to get a little cricket," said Poynings condescendingly. "There's not enough of the Fifth on board the Benbow to make up a team, so it looks to me as if we shall have to play with the fags, or not play at all."

"Rotten!" said Poole. "But there you are!"

"There we are, are we?" smiled Drake. "Not quite, I think. You see, your services are not required in the team."

"Don't be an ass," answered Poynings politely. "I'll take the captaincy myself for the occasion. I shall play Poole, Hamersley and Tomlinson of the Fifth. That's four—"

"But I tell you—"

"That's four. I shall have room for seven juniors. Give me the list you've made for the eleven, and I'll make selections from it."

"But—"

"Nuff said; I've no time to waste," interrupted the senior. "This cabin is a bit too warm for me, crammed with buzzing fags."

"But—"

"Where's your list? I shall be guided, to some extent, by your selections, Drake, as I don't know much about your fag cricket."

"You cheeky ass!" roared Drake. "Here's the list, but you're not going to touch it, you cheeky chump! You're not playing in the match tomorrow! We don't want any Fifth! Understand that?"

"Don't be an ass, Drake," said Poynings patiently. "I should think you'd be glad to play in a good team, with us, instead of leading a scrubby gang of fags to a lickin'!"

"Well, I'm not!" grinned Drake. "Not at all! And I wouldn't be found dead in the same team with you, Poynings! Trot!"

"What?"

"Travel!"

And there was a chorus from the junior tea-party:

"Get out, Poynings!"

#### Declined Without Thanks!

**J**ACK DRAKE had risen to his feet, and most of his guests had followed his example.

The juniors looked wrathful, but Drake was smiling a little.

Since the cricket match had been arranged with Arthur Cazalet, the captain of Savannah Juniors, Drake

had felt a good deal of the responsibility of cricket captain. Every junior on board the Benbow wanted to be included in the team—even Tuckey Toodles. Jack Drake had made his selections according to his own judgment, which seemed like unto the judgment of Solomon to those fellows whom he had chosen to play, and very like sheer imbecility to those fellows whom he hadn't! He had had many an argument with Fourth and Shell, but certainly he hadn't expected the Fifth to "butt in" in this way.

At home at St. Winifred's Poynings would have smiled with lofty scorn at the bare idea of figuring in a junior cricket match. But here it was different. This was the first chance of cricket since the Benbow had shaken out her sails and left old England astern, and, as Poynings had remarked previously to Poole, beggars couldn't be choosers. It was a blow to their dignity as seniors to play in the match, but it was better than not playing at all.

It did not seem to have occurred to Poynings that the juniors might raise objections. The honour he was doing them was immense. Even if he did not look for gratitude, he expected the fags to be pleased.

But they weren't pleased; on that point there was no room for a shadow of doubt.

So far from being either pleased or grateful, the junior cricketers looked as if they were prepared to reward Poyning for his offer by hurling him bodily from the study!

"Get out, Poynings!"

"Travel off!"

"Kick 'em out!" hooted Tuckey Toodles.

"You cheeky young ruffians!" roared Poynings. "What do you mean by this? I tell you I'm taking the match into my hands—"

"Rats!"

"Come off!"

"Do you mean to say you don't want the Fifth in the match at all?" ejaculated Poynings, more in astonishment than in anger.

"Surprising as it may seem, we don't!" answered Jack Drake. "You see, it's our match, and we're playing it. Besides, you're rather a fumbler at cricket, you know."

"What?"

"And Poole rubs his fingers with butter before a match," said Sawyer major. "I judge by the way I've seen him dealing with easy catches."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"So now you can walk," said Drake. "We've made our meaning clear, I hope?"

Poynings did not walk; he knitted his brows.

"You refuse—" he began.

"Yes, ass!"

"Well, in the circumstances, I shall take no notice of that," said the Fifth-former. "I'm going to play the match, as skipper, and in case of any fag cheek on the subject, I shall hand out some lickings. Is that clear?"

"Quite!" grinned Drake. "And in case you don't travel off this minute, we're going to put you in the passage on your neck. Is that clear?"

Poynings did not answer the question.

Doubtless he thought it was time to proceed from words to actions, and nip this insubordinate spirit in the bud.

He made a rush at Jack Drake, knocking aside Tuckey Toodles, and trampling on Rawlings' feet as he rushed. There was a roar of wrath and protest in No. 8.

"Stop him!"

"Collar him!"

Five or six pairs of hands were upon Poynings of the Fifth before he could reach Drake.

He came down on the deck with a bump.

Poole made a movement to help him, and was promptly collared and whirled forth into the passage, and the door slammed after him.

Poynings was struggling on the floor, with three or four juniors kneeling on him, pinning him down.

"Lemme gerrup!" he roared. "I'll pulverise you! You cheeky fags, how dare— Grooooh! Leggo! Oh!"

"Hold him" said Sawyer major.

"I've got a pineapple for him!"

"Ha, ha! Go it, Sawyer!"

There was a bump at the door as Poole strove to regain entrance, but two or three boots were jammed against it. Poynings sprawled on his back, struggling in vain to throw off the grasp of his captors. His head was lifted, and Sawyer major squeezed the pineapple down the back of his neck. Pineapples are cheap in Trinidad, but even had this one been expensive the juniors would not have grudged it to Poynings of the Fifth.

"Go it, Sawyer!"

"Yurrrggghh!" spluttered the Fifth-former, as Sawyer major squeezed away industriously at the succulent fruit. "Oh, you cheeky young villain! Ooooooh! Leggo! You young rotter! Ooooooop!"

"Now give him a mango!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Here's an orange for him!"

"Grooooooh!"

"Kick him out now!" exclaimed Jack Drake, laughing.

"Open the door."

Rodney pulled the door open, and Poole, who was bumping on it outside, staggered into the cabin. He was met by Poynings, as the latter was swung towards the doorway. The two Fifth-formers rolled into the passage together.

Bump, bump!

"Oh! Ah! You ass, keep your silly elbow out of my eye!" shrieked Poole.

"Ow! Don't jam your silly knee into my ribs, you dangerous idiot!" raved Poynings.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Golly!" It was the voice of Tin Tacks, the coloured gentleman, as he grinned along the passage. "What do matter, Mass' Jack?"

"Sweep up this rubbish, Tin Tacks," called out Jack Drake.

"Yes, sar."

Tin Tacks had a mop in his hand, which he had just been using, and he proceeded to sweep up the rubbish—otherwise the Fifth-formers.

Poynings and Poole yelled frantically as they were swept up, the juniors roaring with laughter.

The hapless Fifth-formers were considerably dishevelled and dusty when they escaped at last to the deck.

Jack Drake and Co. returned to No. 8 Study, to finish their interrupted tea, and further to discuss the arrangements for the cricket match ashore on the morrow.

"It was awfully kind of Poynings to offer to take the thing out of our hands," said Rodney, with a chuckle. "But he can't have mistaken our answer. I don't think we shall get any more kind offers from the Fifth."

But on that point Dick Rodney was mistaken. The Benbow cricketers were not by any means done with Poynings of the Fifth!

#### Diplomatic!

"CHEEKY little rotters!"

"Ungrateful little cads!"

"What's St. Winifred's comin' to, I wonder?"

"I wonder, by gad!"

Poynings and Poole were communing on deck, after having visited their quarters to refit after action, so to put it. It had taken them quite some time to refit, for they had been very severely handled in the Fourth-form quarters. And Poynings and his chum were by way of being dandies, and they prided themselves upon being natty and speckless. However, now they were newly arrayed in spotless ducks, with nicely pipeclayed shoes, and they felt better.

But they felt wrathful and indignant. A kind, if somewhat lofty offer on their part had been refused with black ingratitude, which only made them the more determined that the Fourth-formers should be over-ruled. The dignity of the Fifth was at stake. Besides, they wanted to play in the cricket match. It was the first chance of real cricket since the voyage of the Benbow had started, and was likely to be the last chance for some time to come. For it was not probable that the Benbow fellows would get any cricket after the Benbow left Trinidad and proceeded on her way up the Orinoco River.

"It's no good thrashin' the little beasts, is it?" Poynings remarked doubtfully to his comrade. "If we had 'em at home at St. Winifred's, well and good. But on board ship—"

"Too many of 'em!" agreed Poole.

"But we're going to play cricket!"

"Yes, rather!"

"You'd think they'd be jolly glad to have a Fifth-form skipper for their rag team," said Poynings. "Naturally, I expected them to jump at the chance."

"Instead of which they jumped at you," said Poole.

Poynings frowned.

"Don't be funny," he said. "This isn't a joke. The question is, what's goin' to be done with the little cads? Hallo, what do you want, you cheeky rag?"

Cecil Poynings addressed that question to Egan of the Shell, who came sidling up as the Fifth-formers stood chatting under the after awnings. Egan had not been on the scene in No. 8; he had not "buried the hatchet," like Daubeny, and was still on war-like terms with Drake and Co.

"I've heard about your jaw with Drake," he said. "I've had it from Daub. They won't let you into the cricket, if they can help it."

"Mind your own business!" snapped Poynings.

"I'm goin' to give you a tip—"

"When I want tips from fags I'll mention the circumstance to them," said Poynings with lofty contempt.

Egan did not heed.

He saw an opportunity of scoring over No. 8 Study and that was enough for him.

"They won't take you into the eleven," he said. "They'll boot you out if you try to bully them. But I can tell you how to work it."

Poynings shrugged his shoulders scornfully, but he paused to listen. As a matter of fact, determined as he was to captain the Benbow cricketers in the Savannah match, he did not see how it was to be worked. Nature, which had blessed Poynings with a remarkably good opinion of himself, had not endowed him with a brilliant intellect. And there was no doubt that Egan of the Shell was keenness itself.

"I know you've got your knife into Drake," said Poynings, with a curl of the lip. "You'd like to do him a bad turn."

"Never mind that. If you want to work it, you'll have to get on the right side of old Packe."

"Mr. Packe—how?"

"Packe's given Drake and Co. leave for to-morrow, to play Cazalet's team outside Port of Spain. Mr. Vavasour was asked, too, as senior master. They think it's just a cricket match, but—"

"Well, so it is, isn't it?"

"There have been plenty of rows between the Fourth and the Shell since the Benbow put to sea," remarked Egan.

"I don't want to hear about your rag rows," said Poynings loftily.

"Talk sense!" snapped Egan. "Suppose you went to Mr. Vavasour, the Shell master—he's senior master, and what he says goes. Make him understand that there's a stunt on for a big rag between Fourth and Shell, when the cricketers are ashore to-morrow. Suggest that, for the sake of order and so on, you're willing to take a place in the team, and play with the juniors. You know old Vavasour—awful stickler for law and order, and he doesn't know or care anything about cricket."

"Oh!" said Poynings slowly.

"Ten to one he'll think it a first-rate idea for some of the Fifth to take part in the match, to look after the juniors," said Egan. "It's just what the old donkey would think. If you can get him to give an order to that effect, you're all right. Drake would have to knuckle under then."

Poole whistled softly.

"By gad!" murmured Poynings. It was quite a good scheme, and, knowing fussy old Mr. Vavasour as they did, neither of the Fifth-formers doubted that it would be successful. Only they had not thought of it!

Egan had thought of it for them, however.

"Well, what do you think?" asked the cad of the Shell, watching Cecil Poynings eagerly.

Poynings curled his lip again. He was glad of the suggestion Egan had made, but he despised the junior for making it.

"I may think about it, Egan," said the Fifth-former negligently. "I may do as you suggest. You can cut off now."

Egan walked away, not at all put out by that curt dismissal. He saw that he had gained his point, and that was all he wanted.

Poynings met his chum's glance.

"Cunning little beast!" he said.

"Of course, it's a corker—just the thing! I'll drop in on Vavasour at once."

"Good luck, old scout!" grinned Poole.

Cecil Poynings dropped in on Mr. Vavasour, the master of the Shell, without delay.

He found that gentleman reading Cicero, under a mosquito-net, in his state-room. Cicero was Mr. Vavasour's favourite author—a circumstance at which most of the Benbow fellows marvelled. From the porthole there was a view of the level city of Port of Spain, with masses of green on the hills beyond, bright in the tropical sunshine. But Mr. Vavasour had no eyes for tropical scenery; he was enjoying what Sawyer major had disrespectfully called "his old pal Tully." However, he laid Tully down when Poynings presented himself.

Poynings cunningly began by a remark concerning Cicero. This put Mr. Vavasour into an excellent humour, and he occupied the next twenty minutes with remarks of his own, "in Verram," to all of which Poynings listened with the keenest interest—outwardly, at least. When Mr. Vavasour tired of Verres, Poynings diplomatically brought the subject round to the day's leave the juniors had for the morrow.

He hinted his fears of a glorious "rag" between Fourth and Shell, out of sight of the masters, on the morrow.

"The fact is, Poynings," said Mr. Vavasour, "I was thinking of asking one of the Fifth to accompany the juniors, as I do not care for the excursion myself, and Mr. Packe will be busy."

Poynings smiled sweetly.

This gave him a good opening, and he took advantage of it. He mentioned that the Fifth-form fellows on board the Benbow would be willing to play in the cricket match, and to undertake that law and order would be duly observed ashore.

"An excellent idea," said Mr. Vavasour.

"Only, if a rag is intended, the juniors may raise some frivolous objection," Poynings remarked.

"The juniors will not be allowed to raise frivolous objections," said Mr. Vavasour drily. "I will give Drake his instructions—I understand that he is the head of the junior cricket club. How many of the Fifth are willing to go?"

"There's only four of us, sir, and we're all willing—for the sake of seeing that nothing unpleasant occurs, of course."

"I am very much obliged to you, Poynings. I realise that this is an act of self-sacrifice on your part."

"Oh, sir!" murmured Poynings deprecatingly. "Of—of course, it's rather infra dig. for us to play cricket

with juniors, but—but for the sake of—of law and order, and—and discipline—

"Quite so; I appreciate your conduct quite rightly. I am obliged to you for your thoughtful suggestion. I will instruct Drake to this effect. The cricketers shall be placed under your charge."

"Very good, sir."

Poynings strolled out of the cabin, and winked at the greenish waters of the bay with a wicked wink. And Mr. Vavasour returned to Cicero, very pleased to think that Poynings was such a thoughtful and self-sacrificing youth. He had never observed it before, which made him all the more pleased to observe it now.

#### Up Against It!

"WHAT rot!"

"Hallo!"  
"What thumping cheek!"

"What—"

"We won't stand it!" roared Jack Drake, in great wrath.

Dick Rodney and Tuckey Toodles regarded him with astonishment. Slaney, the steward's mate, had brought a note to the cabin, and Drake stood with the note in his hand, after Peg Slaney was gone, staring at it. The contents of that note seemed to excite the captain of the Fourth.

"What on earth's the row?" asked Rodney. "Whom's it from?"

"Mr. Vavasour! And he's potty!" "Sunstroke, perhaps," suggested Tuckey Toodles. "Dr. Pankey has been talking no end about the danger of sunstroke. Has old Vavasour got it? I say, that will mean no lessons for the Shell! I wish old Packe had got it, instead!"

"Fathead!"

"What does he say?" asked Rodney.

Drake tossed the note upon the table. "Look at it!" he said.

The note was short, but not sweet—at least, to the heroes of the Fourth. It ran:

"My dear Drake,—I think it will be advisable for some senior boys to accompany the cricket team to-morrow. Poynings, Poole, Tomlinson and Hamersley, of the Fifth Form, will therefore be included, and the matter will be in the hands of Poynings, who will have full authority. Kindly see that these instructions are carried out in every particular.

"H. VAVASOUR."

Dick Rodney gave a howl of wrath. "Poynings has worked this, somehow!" he exclaimed.

"Of course he has! And we're not going to stand it!"

"Go to Packe," said Tuckey Toodles. "Vavasour don't understand anything about games, but Packe does."

"Vavasour's senior master though," said Rodney slowly. "The Head put him in charge, over Packe."

Drake paused.

"Packe would sympathise," he said. "But—but we don't want to cause any dispute between two masters. Vavasour is an obstinate old bird, and Packe would have to give in. I think I'll go and see Vavasour myself, and try to get him to see reason."

"We're not standing it, anyhow," said Rodney.

"No fear!"

Jack Drake left the study, calming his wrath as well as he could.

He tapped at Mr. Vavasour's door, and a rather irritable voice bade him enter. Mr. Vavasour was still sitting under the mosquito-net with Cicero, but an enterprising mosquito had penetrated under the edge of the net, and was buzzing round Mr. Vavasour's bald spot with deadly intent. Using the revered Cicero as a weapon, the Shell-master made frantic swipes round at the mosquito, and only succeeded in knocking a hole in the net. In these circumstances a little irritation was pardonable, but it was rather an unlucky moment for the junior to arrive.

"Well, well, well, what is it?" snapped Mr. Vavasour, pausing in his exertions, and very red in the face.

"This note, sir—"

"There is nothing to discuss in that, Drake. You may go."

"If you please, sir—"

Bash! Mr. Vavasour put in another swipe at the mosquito, and knocked another gash in the net. He breathed hard, and very nearly uttered a word that Form-masters are not supposed to utter.

"Go away, Drake!" he gasped.

"May I—I say just a word, sir?" said Drake hurriedly. "About the cricket match to-morrow, sir. It's a junior match—"

"I know—I know!"

"We don't want seniors in the team, sir—"

"Probably not—probably not! You prefer to be left to your own devices, and to cause a disturbance by some absurd dispute between the two Forms. I understand perfectly."

"B-b-but—"

"I cannot help thinking," said Mr. Vavasour sternly, "that you desire freedom for some absurd 'rag,' as you call it. Understand me, Drake—you will carry out my instructions in this matter, or your leave from the ship to-morrow will be rescinded."

"Oh, sir!" gasped Drake.

"You may go!"

"B-b-but, sir—"

Smash! Mr. Vavasour got the mosquito at last. Cicero came down on him, on Mr. Vavasour's knee, with a crash. The mosquito vanished from the scheme of things with a suddenness that must have startled him. Unfortunately, Mr. Vavasour's knee suffered nearly as much as the mosquito, and his own vigour caused the Form-master to utter a howl of pain. He jumped up, tangling his head in the net.

"Bless my soul! Upon my word! Oh, dear!" ejaculated the master of the Shell.

"If you please, sir—"

"Leave my cabin, boy!" thundered Mr. Vavasour, glaring through the swathes of the mosquito-net tangled round his head. "How dare you bandy words with me? Leave my cabin instantly, or I will cane you!"

"Oh!"

There was no argument possible after that; Mr. Vavasour was already glaring round for a cane.

Drake hurriedly quitted the cabin.

He scudded back to the deck, where he nearly ran into Poynings and Poole of the Fifth.

Those cheery youths grinned at him. "What time were you goin' to start in the mornin', Drake?" asked Cecil Poynings affably.

"Find out!" snapped Drake.

"Well, never mind—I'll fix the time," said Poynings coolly. "Be ready at nine o'clock, will you?"

"Go and eat coke!"

"Any more check, and I shall cut your name out of the list, Drake!" said the Fifth-former warningly.

"Cut it out, anyhow," suggested Poole.

"You silly asses—" began Drake. Poynings held up a commanding hand.

"That's enough! You're scratched, Drake! I sha'n't play you to-morrow. I'm makin' up a list, which will be posted in the common-room. Now cut off."

Drake, choking with wrath, tramped away to No. 8 Study, leaving Poynings and Poole chortling.

Dick Rodney looked at him rather anxiously as he came in, red and wrathful.

"What luck?" he asked.

Drake gave a snort.

"Rotten! Vavasour is as obstinate as a mule. We've got to hand the match over to the Fifth, or not play it at all."

"But if you explained—"

"If I'd said another word I'd have got licked, and all leave stopped for to-morrow, into the bargain!"

"Oh, my hat!"

Jack Drake tramped up and down the study, with knitted brows.

"Old Vavasour don't catch on, of course," he growled. "We've got to toe the line or scratch the game. And we can't disappoint Cazalet, when he's fixed up a date for us. Besides, we're going to play the match."

"Yes, rather!"

"But we're not going to play as the tail-end of a Fifth-form team," said Drake. "We've got to deal with those cheeky bouncers somehow. We shall have to let them come ashore in the party, I suppose; but—"

"But—" said Rodney, his face breaking into a grin. "There are ways and means—"

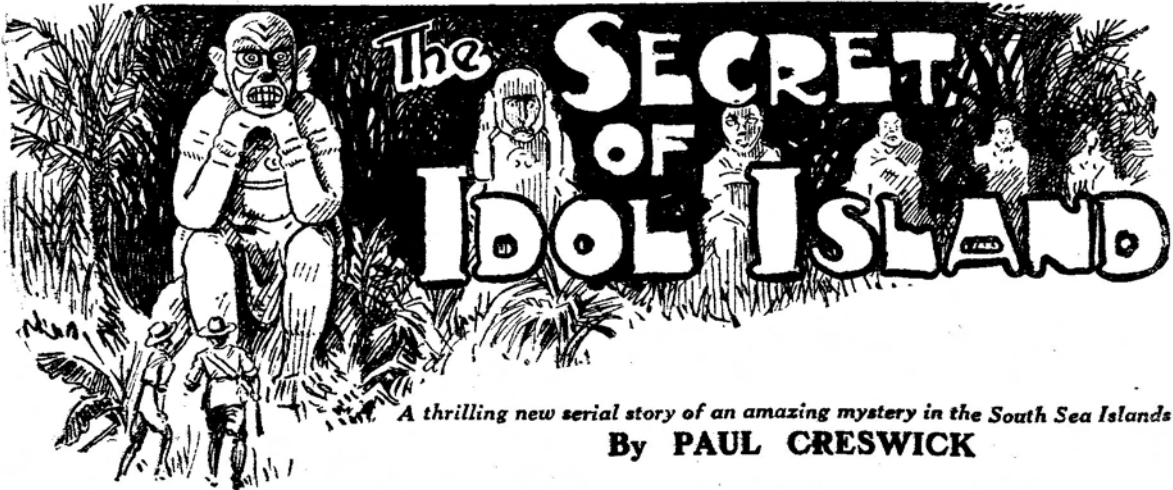
"And we've got to think of 'em!" said Drake.

That evening Poynings of the Fifth was in high feather.

But in Study No. 8 there was a deep and secret discussion, in which Drake and Rodney and Daubeny and Sawyer major took part. And when that discussion was over there was satisfaction in the faces of the juniors, which seemed to hint that they had devised a way out of the difficulty. And Poynings of the Fifth, who was looking forward very keenly to swinging a bat on the Savannah cricket-ground, was very likely to be disappointed. In No. 8 Study a plot had been plotted, but how it would turn out the morrow was to decide.

THE END.

Next week's long complete story of the boys of the Benbow will be entitled: "The Winning Catch!"



### The Mysterious Boat!

**T**HE giant idol settled down with a little rushing of loose rock and shale and the daylight disappeared into night.

Cordelia heard her father's quick call as she and Armstrong sprang forward. Then came another rush of rock and earth from above, an increasing rattle and roar. A tremendous crash, which shook the solid floor of the cave, shut out all sound of these on the platform, while a thick and stifling dust rose about the two prisoners.

"Don't be scared," said Armstrong, putting out his hand to the trembling girl, "it's only a landslip—they'll soon get us out!"

He struck a match and saw Cordelia's face was pale in the flickering light. As the flare spluttered itself out he struck a second match, and they perceived that their cave had greatly decreased in size. Near by the treacherous stone, which had seemed to start the trouble, was a hole which the stone had covered like a lid. Armstrong moved towards it.

He handed the matchbox to Cordelia.

"Let's have a survey," he said, trying to make the best of the mishap. "You strike the matches while I investigate this little coal-cellar. We may have something to show them when they have dug us out!"

"I hope they'll be quick," said the girl. "It's rather close in here now." Armstrong felt downward into the cellar.

"I fancy it leads into another cave."

"We have only three more matches," Cordelia warned him.

Her companion stepped carefully into the hole and lowered himself downward. The depth was only about a yard. He asked for the matches, and struck one of their remaining store. The light burned steadily in the cellar.

"There's plenty of air, anyway," Armstrong told her. "And there are steps downward, just clear of where I'm standing. Do you mind trying them?"

Cordelia had been listening all this time for sounds of their rescue. But only a heavy silence followed Armstrong's words.

"It's like being buried alive, isn't it?" whispered the girl.

Jack Armstrong tried the steps. It

was risky going down into that absolute blackness. Still, something had to be done. He understood that their position would be very awkward if any further subsidence should occur. He remembered how the idols had mostly fallen, proving that the red rock was not so reliable a substance as the age of the idols had seemed to warrant.

"Cheerio!" he called to Cordelia, and down the steps he went, inch by inch, feeling his way.

The girl followed him at once. "We may as well get killed together," said she, with a short laugh.

They came to the floor of the lower cave, and struck one more match.

"Wish we had a torch," said Armstrong.

On their left was an arched passage-way. Far off, at the end of it, gleamed a point of light. They moved along quickly towards the light, and, to their relief, saw that it increased. The passage was dead straight.

Suddenly the light vanished just as if it had been a lamp switched off. They halted, side by side, their hearts beating a little unevenly. There was a strange noise ahead of them—a murmur almost of voices.

The light reappeared, and they moved forward instantly—fearing to lose sight of it again.

The murmuring sounds grew louder.

"Perhaps it's the surf washing the pebbles on the shore?"

But Armstrong felt that his ex-

planation wasn't a good one, even as he gave it to his companion.

The light went out with the same disconcerting suddenness. Then shone once more, then changed to yellow-green. The murmurings grew audible. There was a sound of method in them as though men moved and worked rapidly under orders. The boy and girl heard, too, the wash and swirl of waters and the rhythmic beat of a boat's propeller. A big boat evidently.

Armstrong had seized Cordelia's hand. He held it tightly, painfully.

"Silence on your life!"

She heard his tense whisper, and the two stole forward on tiptoe. There was a crevice in the rocky passage, about as high as their faces. As they neared it, a blinding yellow glare struck through this crevice—causing their eyes to shut of themselves.

When Armstrong dared to open his eyes he saw an astounding—an almost miraculous vision.

### Through the Iron Door!

**T**HROUGH the crevice, which was little more than a slit in the rock—a break-away caused by some volcanic upheaval—they could see what appeared to be a huge underground circular dock. It was brilliantly lighted by arc lamps, which flared unevenly into red-white and green-white tones.

In the pool of the dock lay the submarine—the stir of its propeller still causing one of the many noises which had reached Cordelia and John Armstrong whilst they were progressing through the passage-way. About the sides of the dock were some strange-looking fellows and natives busily erecting machinery under the instructions of the man who stood upon the raft-like deck of the submarine.

In an instant Armstrong had recognised him for the man who had attacked Curly on the Foreland.

Cordelia was anxious to see for herself, and sought to push Jack Armstrong gently aside.

"Be careful—don't speak," he warned her in low tones.

He stood back that she might perceive something of all that he was beginning to understand. He crept along the gallery to where they had seen the light, and found that their

### READ THIS FIRST.

Jack Armstrong and Curly Walker are two wireless operators stationed on the Easter Islands in the South Pacific. They are attacked by a mysterious man in black, but after a fight he makes off. Jack and Curly meet Professor Cordwell and his charming daughter, Cordelia, who have journeyed to the island to study the extraordinary stone idols. Jack and Curly take the Cordwells into the mysterious grove to examine the idols. Jack and Cordelia enter a curious cave together, when suddenly the massive Queen of the Idols cracks at the base and topples over.

position was one of the gravest danger.

The gallery ended abruptly, sheerly, high above the unfathomed blackness of the cold waters of this secret subterranean lake.

Even while he tried to guess the distance downward from where he crouched some loose shale was disturbed by his foot and fell splashingly into the water.

The man on the submarine shouted sharply in some foreign language.

Darkness shut out everything at this instant.

Dead silence reigned.

Armstrong held his breath and prayed that Cordelia would not move. The rock was so brittle here that it flaked away with the up-draughts of air from the water, caused by the changing of the tide.

Presently the propeller was heard, very faintly—beating under a bubbling sound. A searchlight flashed upward, seeking every cranny and hole about the rocky roof.

Armstrong hung himself flat, but Cordelia chose that very moment in which to come to him. The searchlight caught her fully, frightening her into a choking cry.

Her companion immediately sprang to her side and thrust her back into the passage; but his quick ears were open for the command which he knew would proceed from the hidden enemy.

It came in fierce tones almost as the two of them began their retreat.

The only chance was to reach the cave choked by the landslide and to replace the stone which covered the entrance to the gallery. By this time the professor and Curly might have dug through the loose earth.

Pursuit might be delayed until some kind of ladder was put up to the lake end of the gallery.

The two raced along for their lives, but it was one thing to move in the shaft with a light at the end to guide you. In the dead blackness of their return they found the way was not so straight as they had thought. The tendency which everyone has to swerve to the left, when one's eyes are shut, betrayed them into turning into a passage not noticed by either of them on their forward journey.

The path beneath their stumbling feet began to shelve downward. Armstrong realised that something was amiss, he caught at his companion with one word:

"Wait!"

They stopped, still as the idols of the island. They heard again the murmuring sounds of the work they had briefly disturbed. There were no signs of pursuit.

But both guessed that their presence was known to these strange workers—known and strongly resented.

They felt their way forward. The ground was firm beneath their feet—sandless and smooth. Slowly and patiently they descended lower and still lower. They understood that they were no longer in the passage leading to the cave behind the Queen of the Idols, but it seemed better to go on, rather than go back.

They came to a forced halt before an

unseen black end to the passage. They felt the icy cold surface with anxious hands.

"Shall we go back?" murmured Cordelia, under her breath.

Armstrong hesitated for an instant, then struck their last match. By its flickering flame was revealed the extent of their misfortune. Before them was an iron door completely blocking the passage. As they gazed at it with apprehension, it opened, with a terrifying groan of its age-long hinges.

The hateful stranger stood revealed by the glare of the arc-lamps, silhouetted into a monstrous shape. He was peering inward, and did not see the two who had discovered one of his evil secrets as they flattened themselves against the side of the passage. He called to one of his men, again speaking in a tongue unknown to Armstrong.

Next moment a torch was handed to their enemy. With it held high above his head, he marched straight into the passage. The greasy, crackling flame of the torch lit up his pale and frantic face and ragged, black beard. He had his pistol ready in his right hand, pointing at Cordelia's breast.

#### Captured!

THEIR one chance was to surprise him, and Jack Armstrong dared all on a blow. He sprang upon the stranger and wrenched the pistol from his grasp. With a shout of fury the man grappled with the boy, dashing the flaming torch to the ground.

Armstrong was no match for such a giant. He called to Cordelia:

"Shut the door!"

She leaped forward and banged the door to, then tried to fasten it. The bolt was rusty; impossible to be moved, but the lock clicked, and for a while, the door was held. The enraged man and the brave boy wrestled silently to gain possession of the pistol.

Cordelia seized it, and thrust the muzzle against the giant's neck.

"Release him, or I fire!"

His cruel fingers were already about Armstrong's throat, squeezing out his life. As soon as he realised that he had another to deal with, the wretch pretended to be vanquished.

"Kamerad!"

Cordelia made him get up; then, forgot to keep him covered in her anxiety to turn to her friend. Instantly the pistol was dashed from her hand, and the struggle began anew.

It was short, now. The monster seized the weapon and fired-point at Armstrong. Cordelia screamed as her companion fell headlong to the ground.

But Armstrong had been too quick for the other—quick as he had been! The boy was unscathed, and his hands were on the thick ankles of his foe. He pulled the giant off his balance and the fellow crashed to the ground—his head striking against the side of the passage with a dull thud. He lay still.

Armstrong got to his feet and picked up the spluttering torch. He found the pistol and thrust it into his pocket—exactly as the iron door was forced open. A crowd of natives pushed their way in and dragged Cordelia out backwards. Armstrong strode after them, shouting furiously.

"Him English—savvy?"

The natives knew what this meant, if they knew little else. They released Cordelia, but muttered amongst themselves in their Polynesian lingo. Armstrong looked eagerly for the submarine, but it had gone, together with the foreign workmen who had been at the dockside.

As he guessed, the passage had brought them back to the underground lake. He turned toward the open iron door, and saw the giant was on his feet again, smiling malignantly at them both through his black beard, as he strode towards them.

He barked out a few sharp words in native dialect, and these were enough to turn the scale definitely against Armstrong and Cordelia. The Polynesians rushed upon them, and, despite their struggles, held them fast. The unknown spoke again, and the natives tied the hands of their prisoners with grass-ropes tightly behind their backs.

At a further command, one of the Polynesians was sent back to the passage to find the pistol.

Jack Armstrong waited grimly for his return. He guessed that he and Cordelia would be searched for the weapon within the next few minutes. But if this was in the mind of their captor he certainly omitted taking the precaution. A hissing, bubbling sound in the black waters of the underground lake drew his attention.

All eyes were turned towards the seething, troubled waters, flickering strangely in the yellow-green light from the unsteady arc lamps hanging from the dripping, rocky roof.

The waters were suddenly pierced by a straight, glistening steel rod; then amid the swirl and rush, the flat platform of the submarine appeared. A quick grating noise followed as the shuttered hatchway rolled open. The head and shoulders of a man clad in oilskins appeared from below the platform.

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He emerged and stood erect by the steel rod—the periscope “eye” of the vessel. The bearded giant on the dockside asked something of the newcomer, who replied in guttural tones.

Cordelia shot a swift glance towards her companion, showing him that she understood the language.

The natives started to drag their prisoners towards the still bubbling waters. A gangway was flung across from the dockside to the platform of the submarine, which, like some uncanny sea-beast, edged nearer to the rocky shore.

Without a word more, Armstrong and Cordelia were pushed to the gangway. Their hands being tied behind their backs made it not too easy to retain a balance on the uneven rocks, but they found themselves on the platform of the undersea boat without further mishap. At a command from their captor, who had followed them, they were thrust towards the hatchway, and unceremoniously pushed down it to the hot, stifling interior.

The corridor to which they came was narrow and very low. The two natives, who had dragged and forced them so far were now dismissed, and returned to the platform. The hatchway was immediately closed, and, without any attempt to see if the Polynesians had crossed the gangway to the dockside, the submarine began to submerge.

The air was so oppressive that Armstrong thought he must choke. He was hurried along the short corridor to a curved door, which was controlled by a lever. Their captors pulled this lever downwards. The curve door slid open noiselessly. Jack Armstrong and Cordelia were flung like two sacks of coals into a tiny cupboard of a cabin. The lever was raised and the door slipped back into position.

They were imprisoned in a dark, steel cage, of about four feet by three, and scarcely five feet high.

**In Dire Peril!**

**F**ORTUNATELY, they could speak to each other, and, amid the many unusual sounds caused by the boat, it was easy to talk without being overheard.

Indeed it was difficult to make speech articulate in all the vibration and clanking of levers, and beating of the tremendously high-powered engines which were now running at full-speed.

Cordelia managed to make herself understood.

“They’re Russians. They are from the south—peasants from the Steppes.”

“Peasants?” echoed Armstrong, with a smile.

“Peasant-soldiers—Bolsheviks. The big one is their chief. Have you got the revolver?”

Without waiting his reply, the girl turned her back to his, and he felt her finger-tips picking at the knots of the corded rope.

“Good scheme,” said he. “Once this grass rope gets wet it swells like the dickens! Then we should be done for. It’s cutting into my wrists badly enough already.”

Cordelia didn’t trouble to shout any answer. Her quick, clever little fingers had found a loose strand of the grass-

rope. She worked away like a true daughter of the indomitable old professor.

Armstrong couldn’t resist a cry of relief, as he felt his bonds loosen.

They had been carelessly tied, and Cordelia soon had her companion free. He found his pocket-knife, and in the darkness, cautiously cut the rope away from her slender, but strong wrists.

“That’s a bit better,” he announced.

“Keep the ropes and pretend you are tied—if anyone comes in. I say, how heavy the air is—I can’t breathe!”

Cordelia felt her heart beating heavily in the stifling atmosphere. Her temples began to throb with pain.

Armstrong looked at his radiolite wrist-watch.

“By Jove, it’s three o’clock! Guess we’re going to miss our grub, unless these beggar think of it. I wonder what they want with us?”

They decided to sit down in their prison. The air seemed best lower down. Cordelia began to get frightfully dizzy and sick.

“You’ll have to—get on—without

surface, and that her hatchway was open. The door of their prison slid away into its groove.

The eyes of the prisoners were dazzled by the glare of the light, and all happened so quickly that neither was quite prepared.

They stumbled to their feet, keeping their hands instinctively behind them.

“Parlez-vous Francaise?”

Cordelia answered promptly in fluent French.

“Yes, but we are English. Why do you dare to molest us?”

The man at the door shrugged his shoulders.

“It is the order of my chief that you leave this vessel. Follow me, if you please.”

He made no comment on the fact that their hands were free. He motioned them to precede him along the corridor. They came to the steel



Dashing the flaming torch to the ground, the man grappled with Jack Armstrong as the boy sprang upon him.

me,” she managed to say. “I’m a duffer—I’m going to faint—”

Armstrong helped her to lie flat on the floor of their prison. After a while the horrible sickness passed. The noise of the engines ceased, and, in the comparative quiet of the boat, the girl felt easier.

They waited in silence for their captors to appear. A faint hope was in Jack Armstrong’s mind. Evidently, they were not to be killed, although they had discovered the secret lair of the submarine. Presently with swift remembrance, he said:

“I say, Cordelia, did you spot Mam-bese in that crowd? You know, the brown chap who waited on you at breakfast?”

“I didn’t notice. They’re all rather alike to me, these natives.”

“I saw him,” said Armstrong, fingering the revolver in his pocket.

A rush of fresh, sweet air under the bottom of the curved door told them that the submarine had come to the

ladder and were sharply bidden to ascend.

On the small deck stood their bearded enemy alone.

But the man who had released them from the cabin had followed. He gripped Armstrong by the arm and held the boy with fingers like a vice. The bearded man made a gesture, and spoke in French.

“Look around you,” he commanded. “On all sides you see the ocean. It is deep, yes. It has dangers other than that of drowning!”

He laughed sardonically. “We are not afraid,” answered Cordelia, also in French.

Their enemy caught at her hand and dragged her brutally to the edge of the platform.

“You can swim, perhaps?” he sneered.

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

## THE PENALTY OF LAZINESS! Heavy Fines Inflicted on Born-Tired Slacker!

Lord Herbert Plantagenet Maul-everer, who was described by the prosecuting counsel as being "too lazy to live," was carried triumphantly into court on his study sofa, with cushions piled beneath his head, and a hot-water bottle at his feet. Like the gentlemen of the jury, he was slumbering placidly.

Magistrate (sternly): What is the charge against this somnolent individual?

Mr. R. Cherry, K.C.: He is charged with stealing, your worship.

Magistrate: Stealing? Great Scott! What did he steal?

Mr. Cherry: He took forty winks when nobody was looking, your worship. (Loud laughter.)

Magistrate: What sort of winks—riddleywinks?

Mr. Cherry: No, your worship; he took a nap.

Magistrate: I knew it was some sort of game! (Laughter.)

Mr. Cherry: He was found lying fast asleep in front of the common-room fire, without visible means of subsistence, and he hasn't woke up since.

Magistrate: Then he shall have a liquid awakening! Constable Bull! There is a bottle of blue-black ink at your elbow. Kindly uncork it, and hurl the contents over prisoner's face!

P.-c. Johnny Bull promptly complied with the order, and prisoner awoke with a fiendish yell, and a face like a Christy Minstrel's.

Magistrate: Ah, I thought that would do the trick!

Prisoner: Ooooooch! Gug-gug-gug! (Laughter.)

Magistrate: My learned friend informed the court that you were without visible means of subsistence. But I happen to know that you are rolling in quids. You will therefore be heavily fined, without the option of imprisonment. You will hand over the sum of five bob to the Remove Football, Marbles and Shove-ha'penny Club, five bob to the Society for the Relief of the Bald and the Fresh Hair Fund, and five bob to the Home for Worn and Wary Magistrates. (Laughter.)

The fines were duly paid up, and his worship was heard to mumble to the foreman of the jury:

"What-you-going-to-have?"

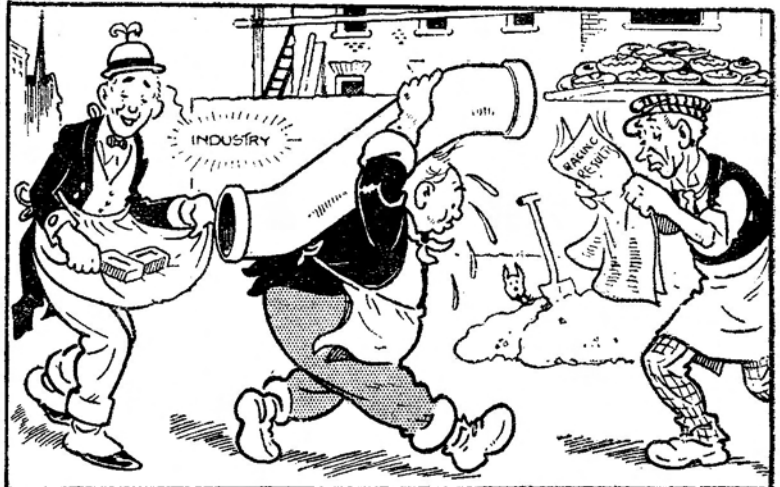
### REPORT IN BRIEF.

A scurvy-looking knave named George Tubb was charged with purloining a piece of coal, for the purpose of washing his neck.

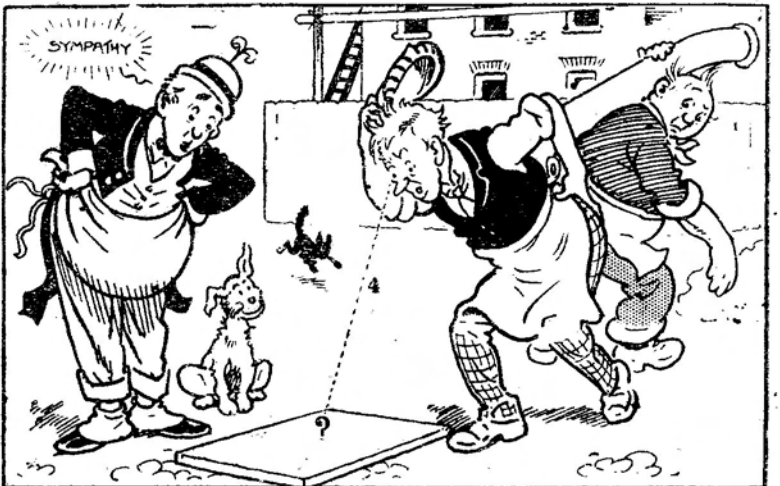
After the usual silly asses had given the usual silly evidence, prisoner was bound over to keep the piece.

## CHEERFUL CLARENCE AND FAT FRED, THE FAM

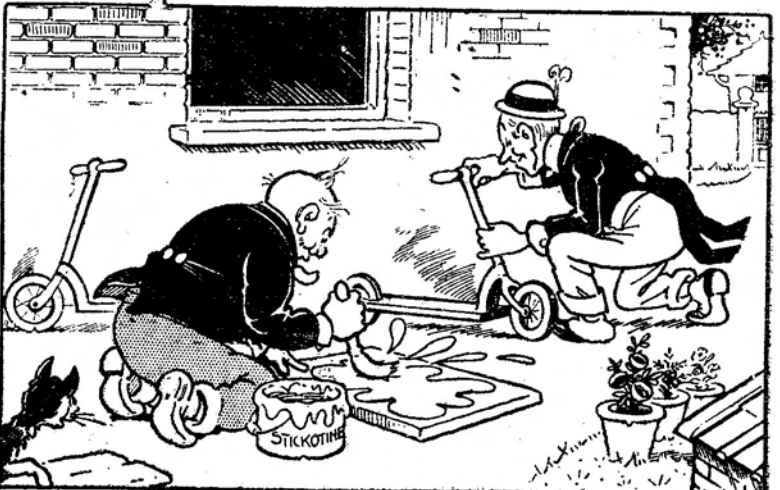
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1. Cheerful Clarence and Fat Fred have got a job at last. Yes, indeed and indeed! —road repairing. "I had a barrow this morning," chortled Clarence, "and they filled it with bricks. I take two at a time now in my apron; it's safer for the bricks and my health." But watch the sporting baker and Fred. Tee-hee!

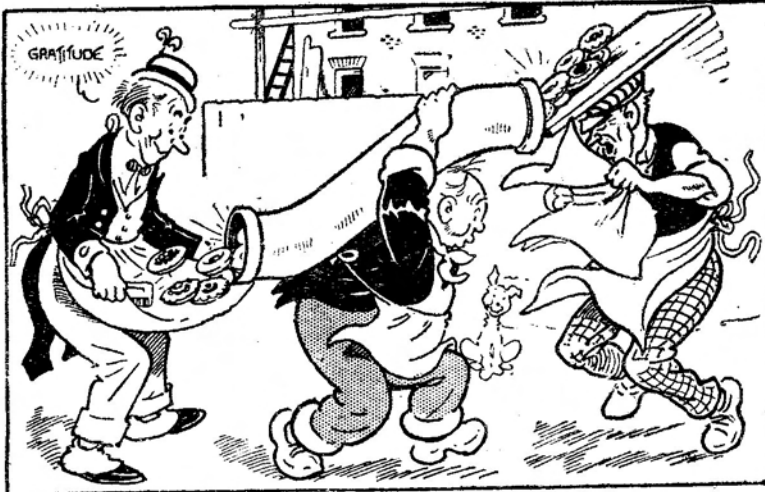


3. "Well, if that ain't a double-width miracle may I back Lord Estor's doped mare for a fiver!" gasped the baker. "All me tartletses have evaporated into nowhere!" And as Clarence gathered up his apron he murmured, "Mate, you seem in trouble, I've a bit of sympathy doing nothing, can I lend it to you?"

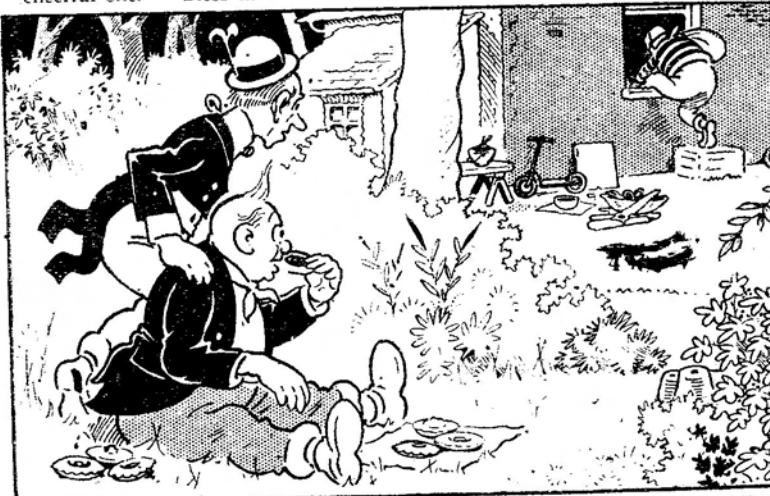


5. Up our two cheery chumps crawled to where the children had been repairing their playthings, and while Clarence placed the scooters in posish, Fat Fred, Esq., plastered a board with stickotine of the stickiest. "Wait till he jumps out," they wuffed.

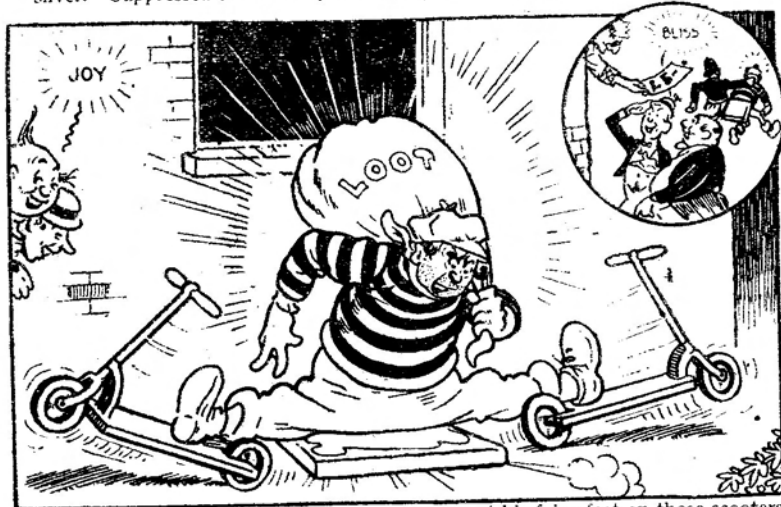
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 eams! Introduce 'em to your chums and earn their life-long gratitude!



2. Biff! Just as the tart-purveyor was spotting the winner, too! Bang went his tray against Frederick's drain-pipe, and down shot the tarts into Clarence's apron. "Hallo, hallo! Somebody's remembered me in his will!" gurgled the cheerful one. "Bless him! bless him! It's a noble world!"



4. Later in the day, while our two handsome heroes were doing those tarts a bit of no good, in the quiescent seclusion—oh, swish!—of a gent's private garden, who should they spy but a burglar overflowing with nasty intentions on the household silver. Suppressed excitement, followed by the click of a master-brain in action!



6. And when the burglar climbed out, wallop went his fairy feet on those scooters, and one started for China and the other for the U.S.A. Then down came the burglar on the merry old stickfast board, and in two two's our noble boys were on him! Well won was their reward! But next week—OH!

## My Weekly Interview

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

**S**URPRISING that I haven't interviewed the genial Frank before now, isn't it? He's one of the most important personages in the Greyfriars Remove—almost as important as myself—but, of course, I believe in keeping some of the good wine till last.

Trickling in at the door of No. 1 Study one afternoon, I discovered Frank Nugent alone.

Instead of booting me out into the passage, as some fellows do, he threw me a genial nod, and beckoned me to a seat on the coal-scuttle.

"I've come to interview you for 'The Greyfriars Herald,' Franky," I said. "It's rather a superfluous proceeding, really, because I can tell the readers all about you in a few words. You've seen fifteen summers and fourteen winters; you're a member of the Famous Five; your chief hobby is sketching; you've a soft, girlish face

"Stow it!" growled Nugent. "There's nothing soft about me." "What are you doing?" I inquired, with interest.

"Sketching." "You're a perfect genius at that game!" I said admiringly. "I'd like to see you do a lightning sketch on that board."

Standing on the mantelpiece was a miniature blackboard. Nugent moved towards it, and picked up a piece of chalk.

"What subject would you like me to portray?" he asked.

"Do a cartoon of Quelchy."

"Right you are."

With a few deft passes of his hand, Nugent executed one of the funniest cartoons I've ever seen. He drew old Quelchy, our respected Form-master, in gown and mortar-board, and he emphasised all the salient features, such as Quelchy's frown, and Quelchy's nose, and the cold-blooded way in which he gripped his pointer.

"Ripping!" I said, clapping my hands. "You deserve to be hung for that!"

"Eh?" "In the Academy, I mean!" Just then Bob Cherry's voice boomed along the Remove passage.

"Franky! Where are you, Franky?" "Scuse me!" said Nugent. And he darted out of the study.

Shortly after he had popped out somebody else popped in. It was Quelchy! And he caught me in the very act of putting some finishing touches to the cartoon!

Of course, Quelchy thought that I had been responsible for the whole thing. Without a word he seized me by the scruff of the neck and marched me away to his study. And there was weeping and gnashing of teeth!

THE END.



# FOR CLUB AND THE CUP!

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

By **WALTER EDWARDS**

## READ THIS FIRST.

*Jack Denyer is left the chief interest in a professional football team called Norchester United, which is being managed by an uncle. Jack obtains proof of a great slackness among the players, and he wires to his uncle, stating that a new manager is coming to the club to take charge. On the following day he arrives on the scene while the Norchester players are slacking by the pavilion, dismisses his uncle, and takes over the reins of the club. Jack appoints himself centre-forward, but when the team journey to Horwerton to play Clapton Orient they refuse to leave the dressing-room.*

### Jack's Desperate Decision!

"S O," said Jack Denyer, in steady tones, "you mean to carry out your little scheme, after all—eh? Well, what's the trouble? Who's your spokesman now that Paton isn't here?"

The players shot a nervous glance at a figure in the corner, and Jack, following the direction of their eyes, found himself looking at the flushed face of Mills, the goalkeeper.

"Well?" he queried. "Get it off your chest, Mills. Time's getting on, and we must be on the field in less than a quarter of an hour."

"Well, it's like this," growled Mills, a surly, hulking brute of a man. "We're fed-up with your discipline and all that sort of thing, and unless you promise to run the club on the old lines we ain't goin' to turn out, and the match, and the crowd, and the club and you can go to Halifax—and that's straight!"

Jack Denyer nodded his head, and glanced at his wrist-watch.

"So that's it, is it?" he said grimly. "Well"—he shot a glance round the room—"you've got exactly ten minutes in which to change and get on to the field. Are you going to turn out, or aren't you?"

And Mills, without a moment's hesitation, growled:

"No, we ain't, and that's flat!"

Even as he spoke a roar went up from the thousands of spectators who had passed through the turnstiles—thousands of artisans, clerks, and youngsters, all lovers of the game, who had paid to see their favourites

matched against Norchester. The North-country club was always an attraction, and the Orient ground had been packed to capacity half an hour after the gates had been opened.

Jack knew this, and his brain was working at lightning speed. He had to make a choice—and quickly. If he gave in to the men before him, he lost all authority and standing as a manager, and if he did not, and the match was called off, he shuddered to think what would be the outcome.

He gave the matter a moment's thought, and then squared his shoulders.

"I am going to tell the Orient management that the game is off," he said firmly.

### Norchester v. the Orient!

**A** MID a tense silence Jack Denyer strode across the floor of the dressing-room, and came to a halt with his hand upon the handle of the door.

He looked round at the row of sullen, scowling faces, and then said:

"I hope you fellows understand what this affair means," he said, in level tones. "Refusing to turn out is nothing more nor less than mutiny, and when the matter comes before the F.A. it is a dead certainty that most of you will be suspended for one season at least."

"Pleasant prospect, isn't it, especially for the married men! However, I suppose you know your business best."

He turned upon his heel, but he had scarcely taken a couple of steps than Bailey's gruff voice came to his ears.

The centre-half had risen from his chair, and he looked pale, but determined.

"I'll turn out, for one, Denyer," he said in a low voice. "I've got to study my wife and kiddies." And, avoiding the eyes of his fellow-players, he commenced to undress.

Unintelligible growls came from Hobber and Gere, who were also married, and they followed Bailey's example without a word. And so, in turn, the whole team commenced to

get ready for the game, Mills being the last to capitulate.

Jack regarded the players for a few seconds, and then, with a quiet smile upon his lips, he stepped into the dressing-room and started to unlace his boots.

It had been touch-and-go, but he had triumphed at the eleventh hour. The victory was his.

Scarcely had they finished dressing than the referee looked into the room. "You chaps ready?" he asked briskly. "It wants a couple of minutes to time."

Jack Denyer looked round the room. "Ready?" he asked, with a smile.

Growls of assent came from the players, who followed him with a sullen air of discontent and chagrin. They had been beaten by a schoolboy; they had been forced to knuckle under to a slip of a lad, and the very thought brought an angry, indignant flush to their faces.

Mills spoke to them in a low tone as they trooped on to the field amid a thunderous roar of welcome.

"He beat us that time, boys," he snarled, shooting a venomous glance at the slim figure of the youngster, who had just booted the leather towards a vacant goal, "but we can get our own back during the game. Boycott him, starve him, and if you get half a chance of putting a spoke in his wheel, do so."

"Sure!" assented Giles, the outside-right. "He got pretty fresh just now, so our turn's to come!"

The players ranged themselves round the goal, and the few shots with which they tested Mills were spiritless and feeble.

Jack Denyer noted this at once, and his lips set in a straight line, and his jaw hardened.

So they meant to let him down, after all!

He had no time to give further thought to the matter, for at that moment the referee's whistle shrilled, calling the opposing captains to the centre.

Jack Denyer trotted up the field, his brain whirling with a medley of hopes and fears.

Gaining the centre, he shook hands

with the referee and the Orient skipper. The coin was spun, and Jack won the toss. But there was not much in it, for it was a dull afternoon, and there was hardly any breeze blowing. However, the youngster took advantage of what there was, and a few seconds later, with his team ranged on either side of him, he was facing the Orient eleven.

Pheep!  
The Orient centre touched the ball to his inside-right, and this player, with a deft turn of his boot, flicked the leather out to his outside partner, who promptly pounced on the ball and was away down the wing almost before the spectators realised that the game was in progress.

Beating Gore and then Brown with ease, the winger swerved towards John Fender, Norchester's giant back. Fender ambled towards the fleet-footed little forward, but before he could use his weight the leather was centred clean into the goal-mouth.

Mills saw it coming, and he made a half-hearted effort to get his hands to it. But even as he did so the Orient centre-half barged straight into him, and Mills and the leather were hurtled into the net.

Orient, 1; Norchester, 0! And in the first minute of the game!

Needless to say, the crowd was almost delirious with excitement, and the deafening roar that went up must have been heard for miles round.

Mills smiled inwardly as he heard the din, although there was a scowl upon his heavy features as he fished the ball out of the net.

"That's one for Mr. Jack Denyer!" he muttered; and he booted the ball towards the centre.

Jack, for his part, could have groaned aloud. When he had set out from Norchester he had hoped against hope that the players meant to stand by him, but now, after the scene in the dressing-room, it was only too plain that they did not mean to stir themselves.

One glance round was enough to prove that they meant to slack, for they were slouching towards the centre in a listless, sluggish manner which made Jack flush with impotent rage.

"The cads!" he muttered again and again; but he knew that he could do nothing. Had he appealed to them to play up they would merely have grinned at him, and the youngster felt within himself that if they did so he would not be able to control himself.

The young player-manager was back at the centre-line again, with the ball at his feet.

The whistle shrilled for the resumption of hostilities, and Jack slung the ball straight out to Giles, the outside-right. But the forward, who appeared to be dreaming, did not make a movement; instead, he watched the Orient winger snap up the pass and punt it forward to his inside man.

This player took the pass on the run, and beat Bickley, the Norchester right-half, with comparative ease. He merely feinted, drew his man, and then tapped the ball through his open legs. Then, before Bickley quite understood what had happened, the Orient man had gained possession once more, and was off towards the Norchester goal.

But he did not get more than ten yards before a figure was running level with him, and a moment later it had filched the ball from his very toe.

The Orient player pulled himself up, and looked round in amazement, and his eyes alighted upon the back of a sturdy, youthful figure that was making straight for the home side's citadel. Man after man he beat, and never once did he appear to falter in his stride.

And at last Jack Denyer found himself opposed to the Orient backs, two mountains of men who were bearing down upon him with grim expressions upon their faces.

They vowed to stop the Norchester centre at any cost.

Jack Denyer, on his part, meant to beat them, and the goalkeeper as well.

He knew that his chances of getting past the backs were pretty remote, and, even had he managed to do so,

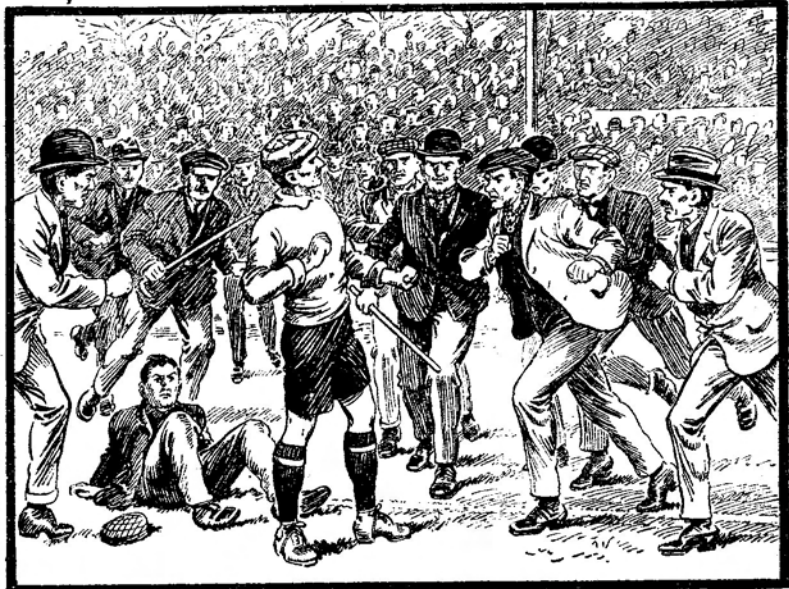
"Well done, the United!"

A slight flush warming his face, Jack Denyer, having seen the leather find its billet, turned on his heel and trotted quietly towards the centre line. And the enthusiasts round the pitch, who were yelling themselves hoarse at his wonderful performance, were quick to notice that not one of the United players congratulated their skipper upon his success.

Indeed, they looked surly and disappointed, and one or two of them shot a scowling glance at the youngster.

Jack noticed this, but he merely smiled grimly and waited for the kick-off.

He had given up all hope of his men putting up a fight; he just resigned himself to the inevitable. He knew perfectly well that from now onwards he would be a marked man, and that his chances of notching another goal were slender, indeed.



It was only a matter of seconds before a dozen of the workman's pals were on the touch-line and swarming round Mills.

he would still have had the goalie to contend with.

So, taking a swift glance ahead, he swerved round to the right, steadied himself for the fraction of a second, and then let drive.

The leather whistled through the air like a thing possessed, and so swift was its flight, and so unexpected the shot, that it took the goalkeeper completely by surprise. He put up his gloved hands instinctively, but he could not save himself.

The twirling ball thudded into his face with the force of a cannon-ball, and sent him staggering back, to trip and fall flat on his back, stunned and dazed. The breathless silence that had reigned over the vast crowd a moment or so before was now shattered by a mad yell from every person standing round the packed ground.

"Bravo, the kid!" went up a hoarse yell from the grand-stand, and the cry was taken up.

"Well done, the kid!"

"Oh, you boy! Let's have another!"

"How did you like that one, Orient?"

And he was right, for no sooner had the whistle sounded than he found the Orient centre-half following him like a shadow. He could hardly turn round without he found the player upon his heels; and, anyway, he could not have done very much, for he quickly found out that it was of small avail to feed his forwards.

They just made for the ball in a leisurely manner, and it was ten to one that a home player was there first.

Thus it came about that ten minutes from half-time Norchester were three goals down. Why the score was so small Jack could not understand, for apart from himself—and he worked like a Trojan—no other player in the team exerted himself.

The crowd was quick to notice this, and whilst they at once took Jack to their heart—for they divined that he was the only player who was giving of his best—they soon began to hurl personal remarks at the rest of the Norchester team.

"Play up, Norchester! Have you all gone to sleep?"

"Give the kid a hand!"

"Call yourselves sportsmen? What's the kid done?"

An anxious look came into Jack Denyer's face as he heard a threatening note in the shouts, and he decided to tell his men that if they did not put up a better showing in the second half there was likely to be trouble—and serious trouble, at that.

A football crowd is good-natured up to a point, but once it gets out of hand it can be very ugly.

Jack knew this, and he wanted to avoid serious trouble if he could possibly do so. He had enough worry, as it was.

But the ugly cries and shouts of derision continued, and a roar of discontent, a sound very like a snarl, greeted the Norchester players as they made for the dressing-rooms.

"Play the game next half, Norchester!"

"Booh! Slackers!"

Yells and cat-calls came from all sides, and then a burly workman, standing near the entrance to the dressing-rooms, let a personal note creep into his observations.

"Give Mills a cheer all to himself, lads! Mills, the world's worst goalkeeper! Hip, hip, hooray!"

The crowd was quick to fall in with the joke, and three hearty cheers went up for the United custodian.

"Well done, Mills!" jeered the workman, well pleased with his success. "I should give up keeping goal, old man, and take to keeping rabbits!"

Another roar of laughter went up at this sparkling witticism, and Mills, who was passing the humorist at the moment, stopped dead in his stride and glared at the grinning faces.

A black scowl of rage settled upon his heavy features, and he glared savagely at the laughing spectators.

"Another cheer for Mills, lads!" cried the humorist, at which the big goalkeeper trembled with rage, and every drop of blood left his face.

And even as a roar of ironical cheering went up he lost every vestige of self-control, and, with a curse upon his lips, he leapt forward and aimed a savage blow at the grinning face of his tormentor.

The assault was so unexpected that the workman staggered back, but no sooner had he done so than a roar of rage, and hoarse cries for vengeance, rang out. It was only a matter of seconds before a dozen of the workman's pals were on the touch-line, and swarming round Mills in a threatening manner.

Matters looked ugly indeed for the white-faced goalkeeper, and it was only the timely arrival of a number of policemen that saved him from a severe man-handling.

But Mills was in no wise grateful for the interference.

"Come on, all of you!" he yelled in a frenzy. "I'll fight the lot of you!"

There was an almost maniacal light in his close-set eyes as he threw out the challenge, and it was only when the other players dragged him towards the dressing-room that the police persuaded the enraged spectators to leave the playing-pitch. This they did with bad grace, at the same time declaring what would happen to Mills if he

dared put in an appearance in the second half.

"We'll kill the skunk!" they vowed, with lurid emphasis; and the words, coming to Jack Denyer's ears, convinced the youngster that the men meant what they said.

#### A Drawn Game!

**D**EATHLY pale, and looking a trifle dazed, Mills almost staggered into the dressing-room. The past few moments had convinced him of his peril, and the howl of the mob outside, and the blood-curdling threats, came to his ears and sounded like a death-knell.

On entering the room the first person he set eyes upon was Jack Denyer, and at the sight of the youngster his mad rage burst forth again.

"It's all through you, you darned white-livered little cur!" he mouthed, advancing upon Jack. "If it hadn't been for your poking your nose into the affairs of the club everything would have been all right. But since you have been here that's all changed, and we've had nothing else but trouble! Hang you, you meddling brat!"

Mills's voice rose to a shriek; he seemed to have lost every trace of sanity. Jack saw this, and broke in upon the tirade in a quiet manner which sent Mills upon the verge of apoplexy.

"Control yourself, my dear congenital idiot!" he said soothingly. "You know as well as I do that it's you who're in the wrong, and if you hadn't all played a low-down, un-sportsmanlike game this afternoon the crowd would not have got out of hand. You, Mills, being a bigger idiot than the others, thought fit to strike one of the crowd, and I warn you that if you go out in the second half they'll have your blood! Take my tip, and don't risk it. After all, you are only a passenger, and we can do without you."

Mills stood positively open-mouthed as he listened to the youngster's calm, contemptuous remarks. He knew perfectly well that he was in the wrong and that Jack was in the right, but such was his petty nature that the very fact sent him into a blind, towering rage. He had hated the new manager from the very moment he had set eyes upon him, and the present struck him as being a fitting time to give vent to his hatred in physical violence.

So, mouthing curses, he advanced threateningly.

"Well, what are you going to do now, Mills?" asked Jack. "Whatever it is, you had better look sharp about it, for we must be on the field again in a minute or so."

The quiet, nonchalant tone again proved as a red rag to a bull.

"What am I goin' to do, you little whippersnapper?" snarled the burly goalkeeper, thrusting his unpleasant face forward. "Why, I'm goin' to give you the finest bashing you've ever had in your life, and if those howling madmen outside see their pretty boy score another goal this afternoon they'll be blessed lucky!"

Jack nodded, and smiled sweetly.

"And when is this interesting event going to take place, Mills?" he inquired, with polite interest.

By way of reply the big fellow gave a roar of anger, and hurled himself at the slim youngster.

Two blows were struck, and two only.

There came a cry of pain and rage, a thud, and Mills was lying in a huddled heap on the dusty floor, his thick lips split, and his face ashen. The blows had every ounce of Jack Denyer's strength behind them, and he had hit with a grim purpose.

One punch had caught Mills full in the mouth; the other had struck him in the solar plexus. He now remained where he had fallen, his evil features distorted with pain, and he was unconscious.

Jack cast one contemptuous look at him, and then turned to the other players.

"We shall have to play ten men this half," he announced. "It will mean a one-back game, and you, Fender, had better take Mills's place."

The players nodded in their usual surly manner, but said no word.

A matter of seconds later Jack was leading his men out again.

Yells of laughter and derision whistled the air when it was seen that Mills was not amongst the players.

Jack explained matters to the referee, and the official agreed that it was better that Mills should not play.

"But there'll be an inquiry, of course," he said; and Jack nodded. He would see to it that there was an inquiry.

Pheep!

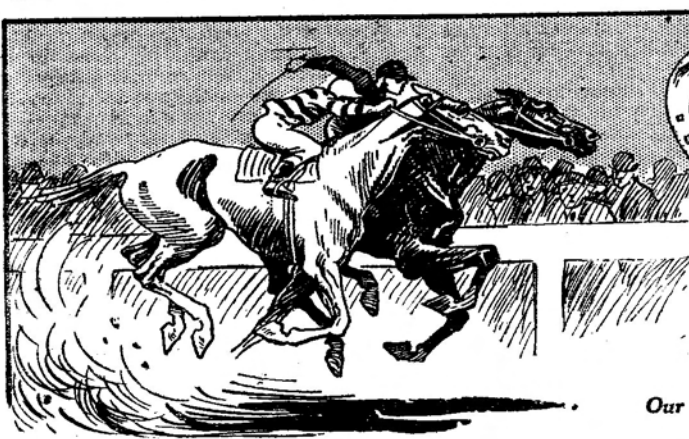
Jack passed the ball to Mallison, his inside-right, and to his utter astonishment the player snapped up the pass briskly, and with a clever touch, wriggled round two Orient men who pounced upon him, and set off up the field. Jack, after the lethargic display of the first half, could scarcely believe the evidence of his eyes.

Here was Mallison, who had slacked as much as any of the others, cutting through the opposition like a knife through cheese! But, despite his surprise, the youngster was running level with him, and it was when the inside-right found himself face to face with the Orient left back that he tipped the leather to his skipper. Jack was on the ball at once, and, outwitting the other back, who was bearing down upon him like a miniature tank, he darted straight into the penalty area, and for the second time that afternoon he sent in a stinging shot which the goalie failed to see, and certainly failed to save.

And a further surprise awaited Jack Denyer, for before the final whistle shrilled he found that not only Mallison, but Gore, Brown, Bailey and Bickley were playing up to him, and as a result the game against the redoubtable Orient ended in a glorious draw—3—3.

But even as it seemed that he was basking in sunshine at last, the dark clouds were gathering about him again in another ominous form.

Another long, exciting instalment of this fine footer yarn next week.



# The Luck of the Estors

Our magnificent racing serial specially written by

**MAJOR CHERRY**

**Barney Has a Presentiment!**

**"BRAVO!"** Tony clapped Barney a hearty blow on the back, and for the next half-minute the genial trainer was spluttering and coughing in a vain endeavour to dislodge a piece of toast which had "gone down the wrong way."

"D-d-don't you do that again, you young rascal!" cried the trainer, as his face began to assume a hue a trifle less reminiscent of a boiled lobster; "as it is I'm a good mind not to tell you the rest of the news."

"My hat! Is there some more?"

"There is," said Barney, a smile stealing over his rotund countenance again. "Buckshot has been entered for the Grande Premiere race which takes place on the Auteuil course near Paris. The big French steeplechase is run a few days before the Grand National, and three or four of our other racers are also to take part in the meeting. You and Dick Selby are to go to France to help with the horses."

"I say, that's topping!" cried the youngster, his eyes dancing.

"And has The Rocking Horse been entered for the Grande Premiere as well?"

"No," replied the trainer, "for although, in spite of your tumble this morning in the trial spin, the dappled grey did very well, neither the Owner nor myself fancy the chances of the colt sufficiently to warrant the expense of taking him across the Channel."

Barney's tone became serious for the first time

"Just between us two, Tony," he went on, "a very great deal depends on the outcome of the races at Auteuil and Aintree in March. Unless Lord Estor makes a very big win he may have to give up racing altogether—indeed, he practically told me as much. I fear he is heavily in debt."

"I fear so, too," remarked Tony, shaking his head, "and I wouldn't mind betting my best riding-boots against a clockwork engine that his chief creditor is none other than Sir Digby Garston."

Barney scrutinised the boy's face keenly.

"By jingo, you've hit the right nail on the head, sonny," he said. "It's a fact that Lord Estor owes Garston over ten thousand pounds, for he told me so. He hasn't said a word to Lady Doro-

thy about the matter, for he doesn't want to worry the girl; besides there is still a chance left to right matters. The Owner is going all out to win the big steeplechases, and the result of the March races will decide his fortunes. In Buckshot, I believe we've got a jumper that will beat the world 'over the sticks,' and he should do great things for the stable, unless—"

Barney paused and his brow furrowed.

"You mean unless there's foul play?" Barney nodded his head.

"You know as well as I do, Tony," he said, "that a gang has been at work trying to prevent the success of the horses of our stable. You and Dick discovered that Jerry Groat, the bookie, and the tout, Ginger Hales, were mixed up with 'em, but we haven't yet spotted the biggest of the scoundrels. We can keep an eye on those we know, but we shall have to take special precautions lest we are caught napping by the others. I feel it in my bones, lad, that some dastardly plot will be hatched to prevent the Owner gaining the successes he deserves in the steeplechases, and it's up to us to frustrate it."

**Tony and Dick Lay Their Plans!**

**W**HEN it became known generally among the hands employed in the Estor stable that Buckshot was being entered for the Grande Premiere Steeplechase at Auteuil in France as well as for the Grand National, opinion was divided as to the wisdom of the Owner.

It was argued by Perkins, the head groom, and one or two of the others, that subjecting the racehorse to the journeys across the Channel, and the gruelling race over the French course would spoil the chances of the stable for the big English race was to be run so soon afterwards.

Others, however, had implicit faith in Barney Bulfin, and felt confident that so experienced a trainer would have done all in his power to prevent the arrangement had he believed that Buckshot's chances of winning the Blue Riband of the British events "over the sticks" were going to be seriously jeopardised.

But the announcement that young Tony Draycott had been awarded the licence of a riding jockey, and that The Rocking Horse had been entered for the big Aintree race, was received with general satisfaction. It was not that anyone considered that the dappled grey colt had the slightest chance of winning the chase; but all recognised the splendid work the boy had put in in an effort to develop the horse into a crack jumper, and they were whole-hearted in their approval of the plan of giving him a chance to make good.

Although he shared the general opinion that The Rocking Horse would not have an earthly against Buckshot, the Garston selected, or several of the other entries from rival stables, Dick Selby was the most delighted of all that his chum was receiving some recognition for his painstaking work of the past few months.

"Oh, good egg, Tony!" he cried, when he learnt the news from the younger boy's own lips. "Now you're in possession of a jockey's licence I can see some jolly times ahead, for we're both bound to get mounts at some of the race meetings, and we can go together. This coming trip to France ought to be stunning fun, too!"

"You bet—if everything goes smoothly."

Dick looked at his chum quizzically. "I suppose you mean if Buckshot

**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. Barney Bulfin, Lord Estor's trainer, develops a great steeplechaser in a horse called Buckshot, and a trial race is arranged between that colt and Tony's favourite mount, known as The Rocking Horse. Later, Barney tells the boy that he is to receive the licence of a riding jockey, and also that Buckshot and The Rocking Horse are to be entered for the Grand National Steeplechase.*

and one or two of the other goes do well," he said. "I heard it rumoured up at the stables that the Owner is mightily anxious for financial reasons that he should pull off one of the big races at least."

"So the hands are gossiping, are they?" murmured Tony. "Well, between you and me, Dick, they're not far wrong. From what Barney told me I should judge that a really big win like the Grande Premiere or the National will mean all the difference between penury and a fortune for the Owner."

"My aunt! Is that so?"

"I'm only too sure about it, Dick," said Tony, shaking his head. "Apparently the Owner has been getting into deep water and his chief creditor is none other than Sir Digby Garston."

"That cad!"

"Yes, unfortunately. However, that wasn't exactly what I meant by my remark about everything going smoothly. You know as well as I do, Dick, that the Owner has some of the finest racers in the kingdom. Buckshot for instance ought to beat any of the French horses 'over the sticks,' and he will, too, unless he's the victim of crooked riding or any other kind of foul play."

Dick's face assumed a troubled look.

"I wish to goodness Danny Wade wasn't going to ride the colt," he remarked. "Although we've never had any definite proof that he doesn't ride straight, we know enough about the nature of the fellow not to trust him. It wouldn't be a bad wheeze if you took him for another trip in Barney's little two-seater. Ha, ha, ha! I'll never forget Danny's face when he arrived at Ascot and found I'd won the St. Leger on Sunfire in his absence."

"I don't trust the chap any more'n you do, Dick," said Tony, "but I'm afraid Danny won't give me the chance of playing any more tricks on him. I should have liked, though, to have had the mount on The Rocking Horse in the Grande Premiere as well as in the National; maybe then I could have gingered him up a bit by setting the pace for the first mile or so. But I'm not so worried about Danny at present as I am about Jerry Groat, the bookie, and his gang."

"H'm, they've been quiet for weeks now. For all we know the whole bunch of 'em may be over in the States or Ireland or some other wild and woolly part of the world."

"Of course, they may be," agreed Tony, "yet it's because they've been so jolly quiet that I'm uneasy. When Jerry was living at The Poplars and his ruffians were always knocking about the Newmarket district we were able to keep track of their movements more or less. Now we're absolutely in the dark as to what they're up to. We know for a fact that Groat and his gang were mixed up in that shady doping business at Epsom, and we can be jolly sure that if there's a chance offered 'em for making a bit of money out of it, they'd spoil the chances of Buckshot for the Steeplechases just as they did Sunfire's for the Derby."

"No doubt, but—"

"Besides," went on, Tony taking no notice of the interruption, "don't forget that one of the gang was on the

Heath only this morning—Ginger Hales, the tout, who was, and for all we know, still is, employed by our old enemy the bookie."

"Egad! I'd clean forgotten," cried Dick. "Of course you told me just after the trial race that it was Hales who caused you to take a tumble at the big hurdle. You can bet your boots that if there's any more fishy business being hatched, that fellow's up to the neck in it!"

"I'm not so certain," said Tony thoughtfully; "Groat discovered he had tried to double-cross the gang once, so he wouldn't be likely to trust the spy with much knowledge again. However, Hales undoubtedly knows the secret of the doping affair and probably the identity of the two mysterious individuals, 'Headquarters' and 'Strawberry' referred to in that cipher message we took from him. Now what about trying to get on the tout's track and forcing him to disgorge his knowledge? We can threaten him with a jolly good licking if he doesn't speak the truth, and—"

Dick's mouth wreathed itself into a smile.

"There's a saying," he remarked, "that you must catch your chicken before you cook it. Can you suggest how we're going to pick up the trail of this chap, who's about as slippery as an eel, and as cunning as a fox?"

"Well, I've an idea that might be worth trying at any rate," replied Tony. "It's obvious that Hales, Andy Finch and the other members of Groat's gang, used to hang out either in Framham or in one of the other villages not far removed from the bookie's old residence. More likely than not the whole bunch put up in one or another of the inns in the district. Now I suggest we make a few inquiries at The Coach and Horses and other hostleries, and as likely as not we shall learn of the tout's whereabouts."

"It's worth trying, anyway," said Dick. "We shall have to-morrow afternoon off duty, so what about trying then, unless you think it would be advisable to go at night?"

"I don't think it matters," said Tony. "Let's go in the afternoon. Then, I dare say, Barney will lend me the motor-car, and we can drive over."

"All right; it's a go," cried Dick. "For the good of the cause I'll risk my bright useful young life in your new plaything."

#### Tracked Down!

TONY had no difficulty in getting Barney to allow him the use of the two-seater motor-car, and on the following afternoon he and Dick set off for Framham.

Dick's fears for his "useful young life," were not without foundation, for when Tony took his seat at the wheel it meant that the little car was going to get a move on. At a speed that would have made a policeman stagger, had there been one about, the two boys bowled along the hard country roads, the cold wintry air beating against the wind-screen with the fury of a gale.

Arriving at Framham, Tony agreed to stay in the car while Dick sauntered along to The Coach and Horses

Inn, there to try and pick up some trace of the racecourse spy.

Tony had warned his chum to be very careful; but in Dick's detective methods, the subtlety of the practised hand was conspicuous by its entire absence. True, when he entered the inn he ordered a large bottle of stone ginger-beer to consume on the premises, but no sooner was this served him than he leaned across the bar and asked Mrs. Busby, the buxom proprietress of the hostelry whether a gentleman of the name of Hales was staying there.

"Hales?" repeated the lady. "There ain't nobody o' that name here."

"H'm, that's funny," murmured Dick. "I'd have sworn my old acquaintance, Ginger Hales, was staying at your inn."

"Is your friend a kind o' ginger-headed customer?" asked the proprietress, who, not being busy, rather welcomed the chance of a gossip.

"The fellow I want to find has got red hair," said Dick, "although I won't say that he is exactly a friend of mine."

"Owes you money, maybe?" murmured Mrs. Busby sympathetically.

"Maybe," said Dick. "Is there a ginger-headed chap staying here?"

"There is, as it happens. He came in yesterday. Wait a minute and I'll tell you his name."

The buxom proprietress of the inn bustled out of a side door that led from the bar, and Dick, feeling success already within his grasp, drank deeply from his glass of ginger-beer. Beside himself, there were only two other customers in The Coach and Horses that afternoon, both country bumpkins, who sat at a small table before a log fire holding tankards of foaming brown ale in their gnarled hands.

In less than a couple of minutes Mrs. Busby returned bearing a large visitors' book, and this she extended open towards the stable-boy.

"That's the red-haired fellow who registered here yesterday," she remarked, pointing with a fat finger to a name scrawled on an open page.

Dick scrutinised the handwriting and read:

"George Ranes—Liverpool."

"I should think you've got the name wrong, young fellow," said Mrs. Busby, as the boy looked up, "there ain't such a whole heap o' difference between 'Hales' and 'Ranes.'"

"But it makes a big difference to we on the farms whether it hails or rains, Mrs. Busby!" put in the elder of the two rustics from his seat by the fireplace. "He, he, he!"

"What's he laughing at?" said Dick, screwing up his face.

"Who! Garge made a joke, 'e did!" laughed the other rustic. "'E's as quick-witted as 'e can be, is Garge!"

"Yes, I bet he knows where flies go in the wintertime, all right," retorted Dick. Then turning to Mrs. Busby he said: "Is this fellow Ranes in at present?"

"No, he's gone over to Cottlesham, the next village, for I heard him say he had some business with someone who lives near there."

Dick thanked the woman, and having received a more minute description of the man from her, he left the inn and returned to Tony who was sitting



huddled up among the rugs in the two-seater.

"Well, what luck?"  
 "Trust me for picking up a clue," replied Dick. "There's a ginger-headed chap who calls himself 'Ranes' staying at The Coach and Horses, and I believe he's the man we are after. He's gone over to the village of Cottle-sham, and I vote we follow him there."

"Good man!" said Tony. "We'll bowl along there. Jump in!"

Almost before Dick had taken his seat, Tony had set the car leaping forward, and within a very few minutes they reached the outskirts of the next village. There they stopped to make inquiries from a stolid country policeman who was posted near a fork in the road. From him they learnt that a man answering to the description of Ginger Hales had taken the turning to the left less than half an hour before.

Feeling themselves hot on the trail of their quarry, the boys drove along the lane, keeping a sharp look-out for any sign of another lane or pathway down which the man might have turned. But for nearly three miles the thick privet hedges that bordered the road were unbroken until at last they came to an ordinary five-barred gate leading into one of the fields of an adjacent farm.

Just inside the field they saw a farm labourer at work, and Tony drew the car to a standstill. Then Dick alighted and questioned the fellow as to whether he had seen anybody pass that way. Again the two amateur detectives were in luck, for the labourer informed them that a man with red hair had stopped at the gate only a few minutes previously and asked him for the loan of a match for the purpose of lighting a cigarette.

"Which way did the fellow take when he left you?" demanded Dick eagerly.

The labourer came to the gate and pointed to the corner of a small wood a little higher up the lane.

"I lost sight o' him there," he said. "Mebbe he went into the wood after the game. He looked like a poacher, he did."

"So that wood's part of an estate, is it?" called out Tony from his seat in the motor-car.

"Ay, it be."

"Whose estate is it?"

The labourer removed a discoloured clay pipe from his mouth and indicated a vast area of fields and woods along the opposite side of the lane.

"All that land you see there, young master," he said, "belongs to one o' the wealthiest land-owners in these parts—Sir Digby Garston."

"G-G-G-Garston!"

Dick's eyes opened to their widest extent, and he turned round to Tony to witness the effect of the labourer's words on his chum.

"I thought there was something familiar about this part of the country to me, Dick," said the younger boy. "I've been over to Sir Digby's residence several times with messages, only I've always taken another route to the place. Climb in and we'll go up to Garston's home!"

The boys thanked the farm labourer and as soon as Dick had resumed his seat they drove off.

"By Jove, things are beginning to get interesting," said Dick. "I believe we're on the eve of important revelations."

Tony now knew the part of the countryside they were in like a book, and he ran the two-seater into a narrow lane cut for the passage of farm waggons through some trees on the opposite side of the road from the Garston estate. Then feeling the motor-car to be safe from harm, they both made their way up towards Sir Digby's residence in the hope of catching sight of the man they had been following.

Before the large house of the Newmarket racehorse owner, which was built in the colonial style, swept a semi-circular gravel pathway, bordered by neatly trimmed hedges. Behind one

"Yow-wow! Lemme go!" shrieked Ginger, his tone changing to one of fear, as he was pushed to the head of a long flight of stone steps. "I ain't done nothink, I ain't—oooh!"

Helped by three boots, the red-headed spy went hurtling down the steps to land heavily in a sitting position on the gravel pathway below. Immediately the massive door of the Garston residence was banged to behind him.

Mouthing blood-curdling threats, Ginger painfully picked himself up, shook his fist at the door through which he had been hustled a few moments before, and then slunk off to one of the gates that lead from Sir Digby's estate. Hugging themselves at the success which had been attending their afternoon's investigations, the



Helped by three boots, the red-headed spy went hurtling down the steps.

of these the boys crept until they had attained a point of vantage within a few yards of the main entrance to the mansion, and there they waited, hoping thus to catch sight of their old enemy, the spy.

Ten minutes passed without their seeing a soul, and Dick began to get impatient. Then, with startling suddenness, a series of wild yells broke out behind the closed doors of the house. A moment later the portals were flung wide open, and two stalwart men-servants in livery appeared, and between them, grasped firmly, was the struggling form of Ginger Hales. Behind them appeared the lean, grinning face of Sir Digby Garston.

"That's right, throw him out on his neck!"

The tout twisted his head round towards Garston.

"I'll—I'll get even wiv you for this, mark my words!" he spluttered. "I'll blow the gaff on you—you—"

"Throw him down, I say!" Garston ordered the servants.

two boys crept stealthily along the hedge in the wake of the tout.

Leaving the Garston estate they followed him cautiously down the lane until they reached a deserted spot not far from where they had left the motor-car. Then running swiftly on their toes they caught up with Hales and firmly grasped the man's arms.

So surprised was the spy by the sudden onslaught that he could only stand and gasp.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Hales," murmured Tony politely, "we've been hoping to have the pleasure of meeting you for sometime now. It's funny we should come across you just as you were leaving 'Headquarters.'"

This chance shot of Tony's had an extraordinary effect on the spy. He started back in amazement, and then a slow smile spread itself over his crafty features.

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.)

## READ THIS FIRST.

Into Fort Madison, the headquarters of the 5th United States Cavalry—the famous “Dandy Fifth”—rides a little group of horsemen, bringing news of an uprising of the Redskins. The leader of the party is Buffalo Bill, and other members are Buck Dixie, Deadwood Dick, 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 attacks the fort. It is announced that a party of a hundred men are to leave the fort and pass through the Redskin host.

## The Midnight March!

**B**UFFALO BILL stepped down from the great mass of crystal-line rock that stood like a throne in the centre of the great underground cavern.

He smiled at the boys' astonishment at his make-up as an Apache chief.

It was simply perfect. The great scout had not only taken on the dress of their enemies, but he had taken their walk and shape.

“Gee-whizz, Bill Cody,” said Uncle Baldy, who was as much astonished as the boys, “but I’d have shot you for an Apache as quick as look at you!”

Buffalo Bill laughed at this.

“You’ve had one or two shots at me in to-day’s fighting, Uncle,” he replied. “I have been leading the Apaches in the attack, and you bet I led them where they would get the worst raking. I have been passing as Chief Thunder-in-the-Mountains!”

“Huh!” exclaimed Uncle Baldy. “And what has happened to Chief Thunder-in-the-Mountains?”

“Why,” replied Buffalo Bill, “Buck Dixie and I fell in with him and his friend, Chief Angry Bear, way out on the prairie. It was a very pretty little fight, but we got them both. We wanted their clothes, you see. And when the fight was over we buried them decently, and took their kit and horses, and strayed into the Apache camp. There we learned all we wanted to learn, which was mostly the strength of the force they have left in the Golden Valley, which is their stronghold. And this doesn’t amount to much. So I sent Buck in with an attack, and he was told to drop you the note in his knife-handle, and tell you all about it. But when he came

back he said that you put up such a fight that he had no chance of telling you. But he guessed that you’d get his message all right.”

Uncle Baldy grinned at this.

“Buck’s disguise was too good,” said he. “When the varmint came climbing over the palisades, an’ dropped on my back, I was plumb sure that I’d got to do with a Redskin buck that was more toothy than th’ rest of ‘em. But when he didn’t scalp me, and hopped over he fence agin, I called to the boys not to shoot, for I had a sort o’ hunch that th’ buck was a real brave man, and ought to be spared. Maybe it was just Paleface blood calling to Paleface,” added Uncle Baldy, nodding sagely.

“Good job you didn’t shoot him,” replied Buffalo Bill. “We both had a fair number of narrow escapes to-day in the fighting. But we had to go in with the rest, or they would have suspected us. Then there would have been nothing but the torture for us. But come; Buck is waiting for us in the open air above, and I have got Buckskin in the cave, ready for the ride.”

He marched away into a recess of the cavern, and led out Buckskin, stroking his faithful horse’s neck tenderly.

“The horse I took from the Apache was shot under me to-day,” said he. “It was a good thing that Buckskin was safely stowed up here in the cave, out of harm’s way.”

Buffalo Bill swung himself into the saddle, and, letting the reins fall upon Buckskin’s neck, left it to his steed to guide the file of horses and riders out of this underground labyrinth.

It was plain that Buckskin knew the way. He stepped out daintily across the great cave, followed by the long line of dancing lanterns.

Then, twisting and turning amongst these huge columns and passages as though he were pacing out a musical ride, Buckskin led the party from one tunnel into another till the boys were quite bewildered.

They seemed to travel fully a mile through these passages, out of which a hundred other passages and blind alleys opened.

But Buckskin made no mistake. He followed the labyrinth of the white-walled passage till he came to a full stop at a door of stout wooden timbers faced with plates of iron, and secured

by great bolts which shot into the walls of the living rock.

On this door Buffalo Bill struck three blows with the butt of his rifle. The blows were answered from without by three similar signals.

“There’s Buck waiting for us,” said the scout. “Now, boys, this gate takes a bit of opening. Tell the column to give us room.”

The riders who were closing up backed their horses, and the scout, fastening his lariat to the great bolts, drew them from their wards, and Buckskin, tugging back as though his master had roped a bull, slowly pulled back the massive door on its well-oiled hinges.

It was, indeed, a door of great strength, for it was made of five layers of timber and iron plates over two feet thick, and weighing several tons.

But that grand old buffalo-hunter Buckskin knew how to put a pull on a rawhide lariat as well as any horse on the plains. Slowly the door opened, revealing Buck Dixie waiting on the other side, dressed in the full war-paint of an Apache chief.

He laughed when he saw Uncle Baldy and the boys.

“The seal of the night to you, Uncle Baldy!” said he. “Next time I scalp you, I’ll have that one hair that grows on the top of your head!”

Uncle Baldy grinned as he recognised the brave who had climbed over the palisades of Fort Madison.

“Good for you, Buck, that the boys didn’t shoot you by mistake!” said he; and he gripped the scout’s hand heartily as he leaned from his saddle. “But I found the message in th’ handle of the scalpin’-knife,” he added, “and here are the hundred boys—a hundred of the best.”

Buck Dixie nodded his approval as the light of the lanterns fell on the grim faces of the band which Major Lincoln had selected for the enterprise, and he was well pleased when he recognised in the men who rode past him the most dashing cowboys and the most experienced troopers of the Dandy Fifth.

The horses, too, were the pick of mounts in the garrison, and well it was, for there was hard riding and difficult travel before them.

When the whole party had filed through into the passage or cavern beyond the doorway Buffalo Bill took the lead, and led them by a narrow path which wound gradually upwards between its walls of white rock, till at last, above them, they could see a narrow gash of star-lit sky.

Then, one by one, the party rode up silently on to the open prairie.

Another exciting instalment of our Redskin tale will appear next week.

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# THE CASE OF THE MISSING PATIENT!

Our Great New Series dealing with the amazing adventures of

**HERLOCK SHOLMES**  
DETECTIVE

Written by

**PETER TODD**

I.

"**S** HOLMES!" I exclaimed. Herlock Sholmes lifted his nose from the tankard of cocaine, and looked at me inquiringly.

"Well, Jotson?"

"Sholmes! I need your help—"

"My dear fellow, I am always at your service," replied Herlock Sholmes genially. "Do you, who have chronicled my astounding successes so long and so faithfully, require my aid in an affair of your own?"

"Exactly," I replied.

"Command me, Jotson! In this case there shall be no mention of fees," said Herlock Sholmes. "My dear doctor, what has happened? Have you lost your last 'bus'?"

"No, no!"

"The contents of your brain-box are missing?"

"No!"

"I had supposed so," said Sholmes musingly. "However, come to the point, and tell me what is the matter. You may speak quite freely before my friend Dr. Jotson—I mean fire away!"

"One of my patients is missing, Sholmes!"

"Ah!" said Sholmes, with his inscrutable smile. "Give me a few details, Jotson. His name?"

"Mr. Goldbag."

"He had called you in?"

"Not at all; it was his nephew who called me in," I explained. "Mr. Goldbag suffers from dyspepsia—"

"A complaint of the wealthy," said Sholmes. "How thankful we should be, Jotson, that we have no likelihood of contracting any of the diseases caused by an over-indulgence in the pleasures of the table! But continue."

"Mr. Goldbag's nephew was very anxious to secure my services," I said, with perhaps a little pardonable pride. "My reputation, he was good enough to say, was well known to him. As he is his uncle's heir, and stands to inherit a million pounds at Mr. Goldbag's demise, he is naturally anxious to do everything in his power for the old gentleman. Determined to leave no stone unturned, he sought out the very best medical aid—"

"Yours, Jotson?"

"Mine," I assented modestly. "He was kind enough to say that he knew he could rely upon me to do exactly what he wished done. I was somewhat flattered, naturally. I found old Mr. Goldbag extremely dyspeptic, and very cross. He was not at all pleased at his nephew having called in medical aid. He even declared that when his time came he could make his transit to the next world without assistance. How-

ever, as I was there, I examined him. I found that an operation was necessary."

"Ah!"

"To reassure him, I told him of my successful operation on Sir Snoozer Snooker—a very successful operation, Sholmes, which made some noise in the medical world at the time. But Mr. Goldbag seemed rather disconcerted by the circumstance that Sir Snoozer had not survived. He could not even understand that the operation was a complete success in itself, and that the death of the patient afterwards was a matter of small moment—a trifle light as air to a medical man. He looked at the matter from the point of view of an ignorant layman."

"Such prejudices exist, even in this enlightened age, Jotson," said Sholmes sympathetically. "There are even persons who object to vaccination, on the totally irrelevant ground that it does not protect from disease. How did you deal with this foolish and obstinate old man?"



The ruffian struck Jotson upon the nose in the most brutal manner.

"Kindly, but with firmness," I replied. "The operation was arranged for; the nephew was heartily in favour of it. As the foolish old fellow was staying in his nephew's house, and was too ill to move—as we supposed—there seemed no difficulty in the way. All was settled, and I returned home for my anaesthetics, and a saw and an axe—"

"And then?"

"When I arrived with my weapons he was gone. His nephew had foolishly left him alone for a few minutes, having been called down to see a member of the firm of Shylock, Shentpershent and Co., who came to see him on business. He accompanied me to his uncle's room. The window was open; Mr. Goldbag had disappeared! The nephew was in great distress. How the sick man had found the strength to escape—I mean to depart—we could not guess."

"The approach of danger had bucked him, no doubt," remarked Sholmes.

"Danger? I do not understand you, Sholmes!"

"You never do, my dear Jotson. But you wish me to find the missing patient?"

"Undoubtedly."

"So that you may operate on him?"

"Exactly."

Sholmes paused a moment.

"Friendship before everything!" he exclaimed. "For your sake, Jotson, I will become an accessory before the fact. Let us mizzle!"

Puzzled as I was by my amazing friend's expressions, I was ready to mizzle, and we mizzled accordingly.

II.

**H**ERLOCK SHOLMES strode rapidly along Shaker Street, and to my astonishment proceeded direct to Mr. Goldbag's mansion.

Sholmes's summons at the door was answered by a remarkable personage. Instead of a footman, as he expected, a bulldog-looking man, with a broken nose and a spotted neckerchief, opened the door. The man looked like a retired prize-fighter, and such, we afterwards discovered, he actually was.

He glared at us suspiciously.

"Is Mr. Goldbag at home?" asked Herlock Sholmes genially.

"He are!"

"I told you so, Jotson," smiled Sholmes. "My good man, here is Dr. Jotson to see Mr. Goldbag—"

To our surprise and alarm, the broken-nosed man pushed back his shirt-cuffs and spat on his hands.

"Which Mr. Goldbag's told me to keep a heye open for you!" said the broken-nosed man, addressing me. "Where will you have it?"

I started back.

"My good man—" I ejaculated.

I had no time to say more.

The ruffian rushed at me, and struck me upon the nose in the most brutal manner. He followed this up with his left, on my chin. I rolled down the steps.

The door slammed.

I sat up. From an upper window the face of Mr. Goldbag himself grinned down at us. Evidently the millionaire was a party to this extraordinary assault and battery.

Herlock Sholmes grasped my ear, and gently helped me to my feet.

"Come, Jotson," he said kindly.

"You have found your missing patient—but I fear that an operation is out of the question. Evidently Mr. Goldbag has hired this prize-fighter to protect him from the best medical aid called in by his devoted nephew—"

"The man must be mad!" I gasped.

"Or sane!" said Sholmes. "Come!"

And we departed.

Naturally, I threw up the case at once. After such an occurrence, I would not have operated upon Mr. Goldbag if he sent me the most pressing entreaties to do so. But, as a matter of fact, he never did.

THE END.

Next week's screamingly funny adventure will be entitled: "The Purloined Pork!"



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.

#### Keeping it Dark!

Porter (at junction where all change for Glasgow, Perth, and Paisley): Are any o' you here for Perth, Paisley, or Glasgow?

Old Lady (five minutes later, after the train had left the junction): Ah, I was for Glasgow meself, but I wasna goin' to tell you pryin' busybody!—Sent in by W. Reece, 8, Broxton Street, Wavertree, Liverpool.

#### A Happy Reply!

Mr. Quelch had been instructing the Remove in the definitions of words.

"Now, Bunter," he said, "can you explain how the word 'appetite' has been derived?"

"Yes, sir," replied the smart Bunter, promptly. "It means that when you're eating you're 'appy, and when you're finished you're tight!"—Sent in by S. Longbottom, Chapel House, Haycliffe Hill, Bradford, Yorks.

#### Eggs-actly!

Tourist: Ah, I'm glad to see you have not boiled the eggs in the coffee this morning, Betty.

Betty: No, sir; I biled 'em in the water afore I made the coffee!—Sent in by Miss Olivia Snowsell, 83, Altenbury Gardens, Battersea, S.W.11.

#### Twice Forty!

A teacher of music wished to impress his pupils with the meaning of the signs "f" and "ff."

After explaining that "f" meant "forte," he said:

"Now, children, if 'f' means 'forte,' what does 'ff' mean?"

Silence reigned supreme for a few moments, and then the teacher was

## OUR TUCK-HAMPER PRIZE STORYETTE

### HE GOT THE BIRD!

It was in the local Sunday-school, and the teacher was propounding questions.

"Now, little boys," she said, "can any of you tell me the name of the bird that Noah released from the Ark?"

"Please, teacher," cried Willie promptly, "a dove."

"Quite right," said teacher approvingly. Then turning to the rest of her class she demanded: "How is it that the smallest boy present was able to answer my question before all the rest of you?"

The eldest lad immediately shuffled to his feet.

"Please, miss," he said, "is father keeps a birdshop in Ratcliffe 'ighway!"—Sent in by E. Darlington, 54, Eleanor Road, Hackney, E.8, to whom a hamper crammed full of delicious tuck has been despatched.

astonished to hear one bright little fellow shout:

"Eighty!"—Sent in by J. Smith, 42, Oban Street, Leicester.

#### What's in a Name?

Two juniors had so managed to annoy the teacher in school one day that he ordered them to remain after the other boys had been dismissed and write out their names one thousand times.

With ill grace they plunged into the task. As the minutes passed one of the lads kept glancing at the other, growing more and more uneasy the while. At last he burst into tears.

"Boo-hoo! 'Tain't fair, teacher!" he howled. "His name's Lee—mine's O'Shaughnessy!"—Sent in by Leo Walton, 45, Murray Place, Stirling, N.B.

#### A Bad Break!

Quelch (during Scripture exam.): Can you tell me how many commandments there are, Bunter?

The Porpoise: Er—er, I dunno, sir! Quelch: Come, my boy; surely you know that?

The Porpoise (overhearing a whisper): Ten, sir.

Quelch: Correct! And what would happen if you broke one of them, Bunter?

The Porpoise: Then there'd be nine, sir!—Sent in by W. J. Fenner, 191, Cromwell Street, Nechells, Birmingham.

#### The Reward of the Righteous!

Little Johnny came rushing into the house with flaming eyes and flushed face.

"Yow-wow!" he howled "I'm goin' to stop bein' kind to people!"

"Why, Johnny, that's a very unmanly resolve," remonstrated his mother. "I'm sure you don't mean it. What's the matter?"

"Yes, I do mean it!" screamed Johnny. "To-day at school I saw Tommy Jacobs put a bent pin on the master's chair, so just as the master was about to sit down I pulled the chair away, and he sat down on the floor." When he got up he licked me for pullin' the chair away, and after school Tommy Jacobs gave me another lickin' for interferin'! So—yow-wow! I'm never goin' to help anyo'ne any more!"—Sent in by C. Mumford, 123, Avenue Road, Gateshead-on-Tyne.

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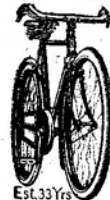
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