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The Greyfriars

Herald



No. 48 (New Series)

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The Staff

Editorial

By Harry Wharton.

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By OWEN CONQUEST

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

CHAPTER I.
Shore Leave!

"DRAKE!"
"Hallo, Poynings!"
"You'd better not come with the cricketers."
Jack Drake gave Poynings of the Fifth an expressive glance.

The tropical morning had dawned upon the hills and valleys of Trinidad; on the white walls of Port of Spain, with their masses of green foliage; on the shining gulf stretching away westward to the mainland of South America. On the Benbow all was activity—that is, so far as the school-boys of the school ship were concerned. While the Benbow lay at anchor in the Trinidad harbour the crew had an easy time. On this especial morning the schoolboys had an easy time, too, for it was a whole holiday for them, on the occasion of the cricket match with the West Indian eleven.

Most of the juniors who were not playing cricket were going with the team, as spectators. Tuckey Toodles, after vainly offering his services as a champion batsman and a demon bowler, was going, all the same, for the refreshments. Lunch and tea were to be stood by the West Indians, and Tuckey knew that both would be ample and good. And, since his own valuable services as a cricketer had been declined, Tuckey Toodles did not worry about the match having been taken out of the hands of the juniors.

All the other fellows in the Fourth resented the fact that Poynings of the Fifth, and his friends, had practically bagged the match away from them. But Rupert de Vere Toodles did not worry. So long as the "grub" was good, and there was plenty of it, Tuckey could bear any troubles with fortitude—especially other fellows' troubles.

Jack Drake, junior captain of St. Winifred's afloat, had had to hand over the leadership to Cecil Poynings. Such was the command of the senior master on board the Benbow. Poynings, as a Fifth-former, was going to look after the juniors, and keep them out of mischief while they were ashore for the day—assisted by the other members of the Fifth.

At least, they thought that they were going to look after the juniors. In point of fact, the juniors intended to look after the Fifth—but that was, as yet, a dead secret.

Two shore boats had been engaged to carry the Benbow crowd ashore, and they lay alongside the ship, the black rowers grinning up at the juniors looking over the side.

The cricketers had their bags ready,



The three Fifth-formers rushed after the buggy, the perspiration streaming down their faces.

and Drake—dropped out of the eleven by the lofty Poyning: was with the rest. And it was then that Poynings of the Fifth made his remark. Having coolly bagged Drake's place as cricket captain, by means of practically hoodwinking the senior master, Poynings felt, perhaps, a little uneasy at Drake being on the scene at all that day. Hence his lofty command.

"Much better not come," chimed in Poole of the Fifth. "You won't be wanted on the cricket ground at all, Drake."

"Nothin' for you to do there, kid, you know," grinned Tomlinson of the Fifth.

Jack Drake breathed hard.

"Won't you even let me score—in my own match?" he asked, with deep sarcasm.

Poynings shook his head.

"I tell you you're not wanted," he answered. "I'd rather you kept clear of the place altogether."

"Of all the thumping cheek——" murmured Dick Rodney.

"Now, then, into the boats, you fellows that are going," called out Cecil Poynings. "Keep back, Drake. You fellows all here—Poole, Tomlinson, Hamersley—where's Hamersley?"

Hamersley of the Fifth was lounging on the other side of the deck, chatting with Tin Tacks, the black carpenter.

"Hamersley!" shouted Poole.

Hamersley looked round lazily.

Of the four Fifth-formers on board the school ship, he was the only good cricketer, and the juniors would not, perhaps, have objected to giving him a place in their team—if requested with due civility. But it was not their team now—it was Poynings'.

"Why the thump aren't you ready, Hammy?" called out Poynings warmly.

"I'm not comin'."

"What?"

"You've bagged a match belongin' to the fags," drawled Hamersley. "I don't call it cricket. Count me out." Poynings frowned wrathfully.

"You silly ass, I'll count you out fast enough!" he exclaimed. "I'll play a Shell kid instead. You can bring your bat, Egan."

"Right-ho!" said Egan of the Shell eagerly.

He gave Jack Drake a triumphant grin as he hurried away. He was in the team now—and his old enemy was out! Daubeny of the Shell called to him, but Egan did not heed.

"Now then, tumble in!" growled Poynings. "I've told you to keep out, Drake. Do you hear?"

"I'm not deaf!" answered Drake cheerily.

"Keep out of the boat, then."

"Rats!"

"What?" roared Poynings.

"Bow-wow!"

"Why, you cheeky young sweep——"

Jack Drake dropped cheerily into the boat. The juniors followed him fast, some with cricket-bags, some without. Poynings stared down at the captain of the Fourth from the side, frowning. Apparently he had expected the junior to obey his lofty order unquestioningly. Poynings was a rather superb youth, and, as a matter of fact, he often expected things that did not happen.

"I—I suppose you'll have to let him go," murmured Poole dubiously. "After all, he won't do any harm."

We'll kick him off the ground if he gives any trouble."

"I've a good mind to speak to Mr. Vavasour, and have him detained on board," growled Poynings.

"His Form-master would speak up for him," remarked Tomlinson. "I don't think that would work, Poy, old top."

Poynings grunted; he felt the truth of that observation. Certainly he had not been treated with the respect due to so superb a youth, but he did not see how it was to be helped. So he gave in, and made no further remark to Jack Drake.

The three Fifth-formers dropped into their boat, and Tin Tacks followed them in. Poynings stared at the Barbadian coloured gentleman.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

"Me go 'shore, sar," answered Tin Tacks, showing all his brilliant teeth in an expansive grin.

"Who the thump told you you could go ashore in this boat?"

"Mass' Jack."

"Do you mean Drake?" snorted Poynings.

"Yes, sar."

"You cheeky lump of ebony, what Drake says doesn't matter. You clear out of this boat!" snapped Poynings, whose temper seemed to be considerably ruffled since his passage of arms with Jack Drake.

"No like ole Tin Tacks in boat?" asked the Barbadian black.

"No, bother you!"

"Come into this boat, Tin Tacks!" called out Drake.

"Yes, Mass' Jack."

"Captain Topcastle has given Tin Tacks shore leave for to-day, you see," Drake explained to the irritated Fifth-former. "We're taking him along with us. If you don't like it, you can lump it. Got that?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tin Tacks grinned, and jumped into the other boat. The black rowers gave way, and the two boats drew out from the ship. The few fellows left on board waved their hands, and the cricketing party waved back, and the boats pulled for the quay, where Arthur Cazalet was waiting for Jack Drake and Co.

Looking After Poynings!

ARTHUR CAZALET greeted the chums of the Benbow warmly.

It had not taken Drake and Rodney long to become very friendly with the good-natured young West Indian, and they felt by this time as if they had known him for years. He had already paid two or three visits to the Benbow, and most of the other juniors knew him, though he was not yet acquainted with the Fifth-formers, excepting by sight. He was, perhaps, a little surprised to see Poynings, Poole and Tomlinson among the cricketers. He did not know yet what had happened the previous day on board the school ship.

"Plenty of us, you see!" Drake remarked, with a smile. "The chaps who aren't going to play are going to spectate. There are also some chaps who think they are in the team, and are making a little mistake on that point."

Arthur opened his eyes.

"I don't quite—" he began.

Drake glanced round. It was necessary to make some explanation to the Trinidad youth, of course, for Drake had no intention whatever of allowing Poynings to have his own way in the cricket match. That matter had been definitely settled, in consultation, in No. 8 Study on the Benbow.

"This is how it is," said Drake in a low voice. "Those three long-legged bounders getting out of the other boat—you see them?"

"Yes."

"They're the Fifth. The chap with the Roman nose is Poynings. Poynings has been pulling the leg of our senior master, and has got Mr. Vavasour to put him in command for the day, making out that we juniors might get into mischief ashore—"

"Us, you know!" grinned Rodney. Arthur laughed.

"Not likely at all, of course," he remarked.

"Well, anyhow, we're not taking any cheek from the Fifth," said Drake.

"Mr. Vavasour don't know anything about cricket, and doesn't care much. He thinks it quite all right to make Poynings captain, and take the match out of the juniors' hands. We can't argue with him—"

"I suppose not."

"So Poynings is running the show—so far. He's done me the honour to drop me out of the eleven—my own eleven!"

"What a nerve! But—"

"So we've come ashore with him like pet lambs, and we're going to keep on the pet lamb stunt so long as we're in sight of the Benbow. But Poynings isn't going to play cricket, as he thinks. We're going to drop him somewhere, and he can spend the rest of the day finding his way to the Savannah cricket ground!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You'll play up, of course?"

"Yes, rather!" chuckled Arthur. "Anything to help."

"We've brought Tin Tacks ashore with us. The idea is this." Drake lowered his voice. "To get the three of them into some go-cart by themselves, with Tin Tacks driving. Instead of driving them to the Savannah outside the town, where the cricket ground is, he is going to head for the Grand Savannah—a mistake, of course—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"That will take them out of the way more miles than they can count. And it will keep them clear of us for the day."

Arthur Cazalet chuckled.

"Leave it to me," he said. "I'll arrange the vehicles. I'll see that your man Tin Tacks has his chance."

"Good man!" said Drake. "I knew I could rely on you."

"Yes, rather!"

"Here comes Poynings!" murmured Rodney.

Poynings of the Fifth came up to the group on the quay, to be introduced to the West Indian cricket captain. His manner was very gracious to Arthur Cazalet. It was lofty. Poynings was older than Arthur, and he was a much more important person-

age, in his own opinion. But he put on a great deal of graciousity.

"I dare say this kid—er—Drake—has told you how matters stand?" he remarked, after a few minutes' chat.

"Yes," smiled Arthur.

"We're going to give you a good match," continued Poynings. "I'm sorry to have as many as eight fags in my team, but that can't be helped. You see, the number of the Fifth on board the Benbow is limited."

"I see."

"But we'll give you a good game. There'll be three first-class players on our side."

"That's good."

"The ground is a good distance from here, I understand?"

"Yes; in the Savannah Park, outside the town," answered Arthur.

"I don't know the way, of course, but you—"

"Come with me," said Cazalet. "I'll make the arrangements for transit."

"Right you are!"

Poynings and Co. walked away with the young West Indian, and Jack Drake followed with the crowd of juniors. Daubeny of the Shell joined Drake, with a rather anxious look.

"Is it all right?" he whispered.

"Right as rain!"

"And Poynings—"

"Cazalet will see to him."

"Good!"

Arthur Cazalet led the way into the town. Two wagonettes were waiting for the Benbow crowd, but though the vehicles were roomy, both of them were likely to be rather crammed. Poynings and Co. seemed a little dismayed. They did not want to crowd into the wagonettes with a mob of juniors; that was not consistent with their lofty dignity. But they were soon relieved on that point.

"Room for you fellows in the buggy," Arthur remarked casually.

"You'd rather drive in the buggy?"

"What-ho!" said Poynings.

Arthur had driven down to the quay in his father's buggy, a very handsome turn-out, with a smart horse. He had intended to take his own friends in the buggy, while the crowd followed in the wagonettes. What Drake had told him had made a slight change in his plans.

Poynings and Poole and Tomlinson mounted into the buggy. Arthur spoke in a low tone to Tin Tacks, and the coloured gentleman mounted into the driver's seat, and took the reins.

"Can that nigger drive?" asked Poole. "The horse looks a bit fresh."

"Me drive fust-class, sar," said Tin Tacks.

"Well, mind you don't turn the dashed thing over on the tram-lines," said Poynings.

"Me bery careful, sar."

"You know the way, Tin Tacks?" called out Arthur.

"Me know bery well, sar," grinned Tin Tacks, showing his teeth.

"Off you go, then!"

Tin Tacks cracked his whip, and the buggy dashed off.

Then Jack Drake and Co., chuckling, piled into the wagonettes, with Arthur Cazalet, and started. They headed for the cricket ground, while

the Fifth-formers were heading in quite a different direction, though they were not yet aware of that important fact.

Nice for the Fifth!

THIS is rather comfy," remarked Poynings. "Tip-top!" said Poole heartily.

"The nigger can drive!" Tomlinson remarked.

The three Fifth-formers sat quite at their ease.

The buggy dashed on at a smart pace through the streets of Port of Spain, past the great stores of the fine, broad streets, and over the tram-lines.

Before long the town was left behind, and the Fifth-formers were bowling along a handsome country road, with giant cabbage-palms nodding against the blue sky.

Poynings and Co. had been ashore several times already, but they had not yet explored outside the capital, excepting for a drive to San Josef. They had spent most of their shore leave sunning themselves in Frederick Street, or visiting the cinemas. They knew that the Savannah was outside the town, and that was about all they knew of it. Not for a moment, as yet, did a suspicion cross their minds that they were not heading for the cricket ground.

They were enjoying the rapid drive, and the fact that the waggouettes were out of sight did not worry them; they were glad of it. Poynings had to have the fags in his eleven, but he was not proud of being seen with what he described as a mob of kids. He was quite pleased not to see the junior members of his eleven again till they met on the cricket-field.

But as the miles raced under the whirling wheels of the buggy, Cecil Poynings began to wonder why the destination was not in sight. He tapped Tin Tacks on the shoulder.

"Aren't we jolly nearly there?" he inquired.

"Not yet, sar."

"We've come a good many miles."

"Yes, sar."

"The town's quite out of sight," said Poole.

"Yes, sar."

"Well, how long is it from here?"

"You see soon, sar."

"I suppose you know the way, after all?" said Tomlinson, with a touch of suspicion.

"Me know him, sar," said Tin Tacks cheerfully.

"Mind you don't make a mistake."

"All right, sar."

Poynings and Co. had to be satisfied with that, but they were beginning to feel a little uneasy.

They looked round them as the buggy bowled on rapidly, but there was no sign of a cricket ground, or any other sports ground, and they had heard that tennis and golf were played in the Savannah. They grew more and more suspicious and doubtful as the long white road lengthened before them.

"Look here, this can't be right," said Poole at last. "I'm sure it wasn't so far as this. The nigger's taken the wrong road."

"Blessed if I don't think so," said Poynings. "Look here, you black beauty, I don't believe you're heading in the right direction at all!"

"All right, sar."

"But it isn't all right," exclaimed Poynings angrily. "Slow down, and we'll ask somebody."

"Me ask policeman, sar," said Tin Tacks affably.

"Good; do!"

A black policeman had appeared in sight on the road, sauntering along in a leisurely way under the shade of a wide-brimmed hat. Tin Tacks slowed down and called to him.

"Dis right for de Savannah, boss?"

The policeman nodded.

"Right on," he answered.

"Tank you, sar."

Tin Tacks drove on.

Poynings and Co. had to be satisfied, and for some time they made no further remark.

They were not aware that the policeman naturally supposed, from the direction they were taking, and their distance from the town, that they were heading for the Great Savannah—quite a different place from the Savannah Park close by Port of Spain. Tin Tacks had that bit of knowledge to himself.

The coloured gentleman drove on merrily, and mile after mile whisked by under the dusty wheels.

They had crossed the Carouai river by the bridge: it flowed far behind them now. Far ahead of them loomed the Moutserat mountains, against the deep blue of the sky. It was really a most enjoyable drive, if the Fifth-formers had been out only for a drive. But they were out for a cricket-match, and they were getting worried.

The black policeman's reply had quieted them for a time, but as the distant mountains loomed nearer they realised that they could not possibly be going in the right direction—for them. Moreover, Tin Tacks had left the high-road now.

"Look here, that thundering nigger is taking us goodness knows where!" said Poole. "I know this isn't right. We've come a good ten miles, I know."

"Eleven o'clock," said Tomlinson, with a start, looking at his watch. "Stumps were to be pitched at ten!"

"It's getting jolly hot!" said Tomlinson, fanning himself with a broad leaf he had plucked from the roadside in passing.

"Stop, you confounded chunk of grate-polish!" exclaimed Poynings angrily. "Blessed if I don't believe you've been put up to this by those fags!"

Tin Tacks grinned, and rattled on. "Stop, I tell you!" roared Poynings.

"No 'top yet, sar."

"I order you, you black fool!"

"No take orders f'om you, sar."

"What!" yelled Poynings.

"Stop!" shouted Poole.

"Me no 'top!" answered Tin Tacks coolly. And he cracked his whip.

The buggy raced on.

"It's a jape!" groaned Poynings, the truth dawning upon him at last. "Drake's put the nigger up to playing this trick on us. I'll spifficate that cheeky fag when I see him again. Shall we jump out?"

"No jolly fear!" answered Poole promptly.

It was rather too risky to jump out of the racing vehicle.

"We can't go without our bags, either," said Tomlinson.

Poynings set his teeth.

"That dashed nigger's going to stop!" he said. "Collar him, and yank him down. We'll pitch him out and drive ourselves."

"I—I say—there'll be an accident!"

"I don't care!" growled Poynings desperately. "I'm not going to be driven across the dashed island, while those cheeky young cads are playing cricket!"

"We'll try it on," said Poole hesitatingly. "Hold on, though! Let's bash him with our bats if he won't stop."

"Good!"

"Here, you 'top that!" exclaimed Tin Tacks, in alarm. Hard as his woolly head was, he did not want to have its hardness tested with a cricket bat. "No hit poor ole Tin Tacks."

"Stop, then, you black rotter!" snapped Poynings, grasping his bat. "I'll brain you if you don't stop!"

Tin Tacks checked the spirited horse. The buggy slowed down. The buildings of a tobacco plantation were visible a short distance off the road, and Poynings determined to make inquiry there as to exactly where they were. As the buggy came to a halt he jumped down, and Poole followed him.

"You stay in the buggy, Tommy, and see that the nigger doesn't clear," said Poynings.

"Right-ho!" said Tomlinson.

Poynings and Poole followed the path from the road, Tomlinson sitting in the buggy and looking after them. He gave a jump, as a powerful black hand gripped the back of his collar suddenly, and he was lifted bodily out of his seat, and dropped on his feet in the road. He spun round in angry amazement; the buggy was in motion.

"Stop!" howled Tomlinson.

The whip cracked.

"No 'top, sar," answered Tin Tacks cheerily, over his shoulder.

"You black villain! Here, Poynings—Poole!" yelled the Fifth-former.

Poynings and Poole were already running back to the road.

"Stop!" shrieked Poynings.

The three Fifth-formers rushed after the buggy, the perspiration streaming down their faces.

Tin Tacks drove in a leisurely way now, only taking care to keep well ahead of his pursuers.

He looked back over his shoulder with an expansive grin.

"No 'top!" he answered.

"Are you going to leave us here, you olack scoundrel?" roared Poynings.

"Come back in two-t'ee hours," said Tin Tacks.

"Oh, you rascal!"

It was too hot for much running in the tropical sunshine that streamed down on the road. Poynings and Co. halted. Tin Tacks waved his whip in parting salute, and disappeared.

The Fifth-formers gazed after him, with feelings too deep for words. It was only too clear that they would play no cricket that day.

The West Indian Match!

"WE bat!" remarked Jack Drake.

A cheery crowd was gathered on the cricket ground, under the awnings of the pavilion.

While the hapless Fifth were speeding away towards Montserrat, the Benbow juniors had arrived at their destination.

All the fellows knew, by this time, the trick that had been played on the obtrusive seniors, and long and loud was the chuckling over it. Only one fellow was annoyed, and that was Egan of the Shell. It was he who had suggested to Poynings the trick by which the match had been bagged, and he had been rewarded by a place in the eleven. That place, it was soon clear, he was not going to keep.

"Am I playing, Drake?" he asked sourly.

Jack Drake stared at him.

"You!" he ejaculated.

"Poynings told me—"

"Poynings must have been talking out of his hat," smiled Drake. "My dear chap, this is a cricket match, not marbles. When we meet a Trinidad team at marbles I'll play you with pleasure."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Egan scowled fiercely.

"There'll be a row about this!" he said. "Mr. Vavasour placed Poynings in charge, and you've got rid of him—"

"And now we're getting rid of you!" interrupted Drake, with a laugh. "Never mind the row, if there is a row. I dare say we shall survive it. You can go and eat coke!"

And Egan lounged sullenly away.

He was the only dissatisfied junior present. All the others were rejoicing in their triumph over the Fifth. The original team, as selected by Jack Drake, was to play, and certainly there was no room for Egan. Drake had won the toss, and he went in to bat with Daubeny of the Shell, the latter eyed very morosely by his chum Egan—not so chummy with Daub now as of old.

Cazalet led his team into the field.

The Trinidad team was a very mixed one. Half a dozen of the members were West Indians, like Cazalet; two of them were Spanish, two were French, and one was an East Indian—a dark-skinned youth of Bengalee descent. The eleven was very representative of the various races joined in Trinidad under the British flag. In that paradise of the Western seas the great English game is played by all, even Chinese elevens being seen disporting themselves at cricket.

Mixed as the team was, it was soon seen to be in great form, and as their average age was rather older than that of the Benbow crowd, Drake and Co. had all their work cut out. The first innings was a rapid one, the Benbow batsmen being dismissed for a total of thirty runs, and the next innings was played before lunch.

It was hot on the cricket-field. In the Old Country the autumn winds were blowing, but there was not a cloud in the blue sky that blazed over Port of Spain. But the Benbow bowl-

ing was good, and when the last Trinidad wicket fell Arthur Cazalet and his men had only scored forty runs.

Then there was a long interval for rest and refreshment.

Tuckey Toodles hadn't played, but he had a mightier appetite than any of the cricketers, and a few tropical fruits had not made much difference to it. Tuckey fairly spread himself at tiffin, and after that he rolled into a shady corner to sleep. And until the heat had passed the cricketers rested; it was not till the blaze was over that the second Benbow innings began.

The schoolboys did better in their second innings, and there were loud cheers from the schoolboy crowd at each good hit. Besides the Benbow fellows there were a good many other spectators; the game was worth watching. Mr. Cazalet came along in the afternoon to see the finish. Jack Drake was at his best; he was first in in the second innings, and not out when it ended, and, in spite of the good bowling, his own score was thirty. The total for the innings was seventy, a result that made the Benbow crowd cheer lustily.

"A hundred for the two-innings," Dick Rodney remarked, as he sucked an orange. "I don't think they'll beat that."

The sun was sinking towards the distant South American sierras, in a blaze of purple and gold, when the last innings began. A cool breeze came from the sea, very welcome to the cricketers. Dick Rodney had the major part of the bowling, sharing it chiefly with Drake, Daubeny, and Sawyer major. But the Trinidad score rose steadily.

"Fifty for six wickets!" murmured Egan, looking on. "They'll beat Drake—and I'm glad of it!"

But two wickets fell quickly to Vernon Daubeny's bowling, with the score unaltered.

Then the batsmen made the running again. Tuckey Toodles woke up, and came to look at the score.

"Fifty-eight for eight wickets," said Tuckey, with a serious shake of the head. "They want me in the team, Mr. Cazalet. I told Drake he was running too much risk, leaving me out. He can't say I didn't warn him."

And the planter smiled.

"Two to tie, three to win," said Tuckey. "Poor old Drake! I won't rub it in, but I shall just mention to him that I told him so. Hallo, there goes a wicket—fancy that chap Rodney knocking down a wicket!"

"Last man in!"

Daubeny of the Shell was bowling now, to the last batsman in. Daub was doing his best, and his best was good. The fieldsmen were all eyes, watching for a chance. The match was touch-and-go now, with another wicket to fall, and only three runs wanted to win. Two balls were drawn blank, and then the batsman stole a single run, bringing Arthur Cazalet to the batting end.

"Fifty-nine!" murmured Drake. "And Cazalet batting! Pull up your socks, Daub!"

The Benbow fieldsmen looked rather

grim. A breathless crowd looked on as Daubeny of the Shell sent down the ball.

The sweeping willow met the leather, and the ball sped on its journey—and the batsmen were running.

"Drake! Drake!" roared the Benbow crowd.

Drake was after the ball like lightning. He turned, he backed, his eyes upward, his hand outstretched, heedless of the shout from the eager crowd. The batsmen were crossing the pitch as the ball fairly floated down into the ready palm.

"Caught!"

"Oh, well caught!"

"Bravo, Drake!"

Up from the fieldsmen's palm, straight as a die, went the ball, to be caught again with a smack.

"Hurrah!"

"How's that, umpire?"

"Out!"

"Oh, well caught!"

There was a swarm of fellows on the ground, shouting and cheering. Arthur Cazalet came off the pitch, a rather rueful smile on his handsome, sunburnt face.

"A close thing, Drake," he said cheerily. "But a miss is as good as a mile. That was a jolly good catch."

The Benbow had won—by a single run—and for some minutes the Benbow crowd let themselves go, and their cheers rang far across the sunny Savannah.

The stars were coming out, points of fire in a sky of dark velvet, when the Benbow crowd trod once more the deck of the old ship. Tin Tacks came up with a grin as Jack Drake stepped aboard, and Drake clapped him on the shoulder. He suddenly remembered Poynings and Co.

"Where are they, Tin Tacks?" he asked with a smile.

"Come aboard, Mass' Jack!" grinned the coloured gentleman. "No get back to Port of Pain till seven o'clock—too late to go play c'icket. What you tink? Ole Tin Tacks debblish sharp feller. Mass' Poynings very much bad temper—call poor ole Tin Tacks names!"

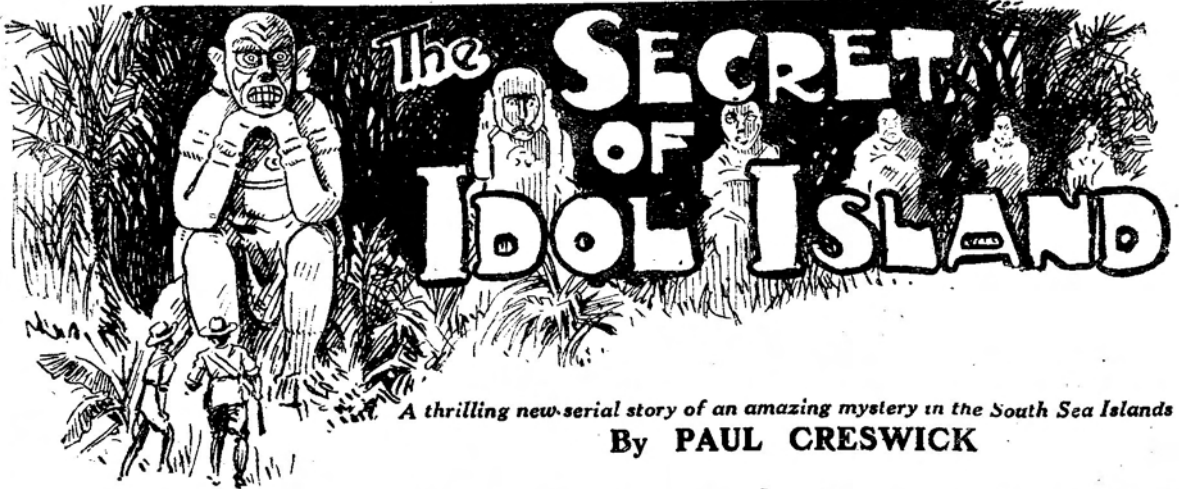
"Ha, ha, ha!"

Poynings of the Fifth loomed up in the shadows, and he watched the juniors come aboard with a morose eye. Drake and Co. wondered whether he would lay his grievances before Mr. Vavasour—which might have led to painful consequences for the junior cricketers. But Poynings, with all his peculiar little ways, was a sportsman, and he held his tongue with regard to that day's happenings.

In the junior quarters that evening there was a great celebration, and Jack Drake was the hero of the hour—not only for having defeated the wiles of the Fifth, but for having won the games with the West Indians, by making the winning catch.

THE END.

Read next week's laughable, long, complete story entitled: "A Black Day for Toodles!"



A thrilling new-serial story of an amazing mystery in the South Sea Islands
By PAUL CRESWICK

The New "Comrades."

JACK ARMSTRONG struggled desperately to free himself from the iron clutch of the other Russian—but quite in vain. He had to witness the diabolical attempt to intimidate Cordelia, who already was in the arms of the giant. He lifted her lightly, and made as if to throw her headlong into the sea.

Far off could be distinguished the strange shore of Easter Island. It seemed as if neither boy nor girl would ever reach it again. The girl was as brave as her companion; she did not utter a cry. The Russian swung her over the edge of the platform, then, with a harsh laugh, put her back on her feet.

"We shall wait a little, yes. Made-moiselle will like to say her prayers?"

Cordelia measured him with a look of scorn, but made no answer to the taunt.

He laughed once more.

"Listen, then! We do not seek to hurt you; but you would betray our plans. You are one of the class that for centuries has oppressed the world. We are for true freedom—freedom to live, and to let others live. So we do not kill you, nor give you to the sharks. Remember it well."

He made a sign to the other to release Armstrong. The boy staggered to Cordelia's side. The two of them stood eyeing the Russians suspiciously.

"You will swear never to reveal what you have seen?" asked the chief.

Cordelia translated the request to her companion, who told her to agree.

"Listen again. I am Dumnoff, of the Intelligentsia. You understand that? It is what you call Secret Service. It is necessary that I have expert help in erecting a great wireless station in this deserted place. Tell it to your friend that he must help me!"

Jack Armstrong's first impulse was to say "Never!" But chivalry caused him to remember that Cordelia's life was also at stake.

"Ask him what help he expects; also why he bribed Mambese to destroy the station Double-O-Seven, since he wants wireless?"

Dumnoff shrugged when he heard the latter part of Armstrong's speech.

"Your little station, Two-O-Seven? It is nothing! This shall be a station

which will speak to the world! To London, New York—to Paris, to Berlin! To your Australia, to India, China and Tokio. A wireless station which will flash a great signal—a world freeing message from the centre, from Moscow, and the great Lenin!"

His eyes rolled savagely in their orbits; all the madness of the man became apparent. He raised his hands to the skies.

"Freedom for all. Yes, it is we who will bring it!"

He stamped upon the steel platform of the submarine, then calming himself.

"Tell your friend that we have the material, the machinery. There are other submarines, many of them. They will bring all that is needed to me, Dumnoff. They bring the best. Already I build, I make the foundations. It is for the good of the whole community that I labour. Now, you have heard. It is for you to say 'Yes'!"

Then, as he waited their reply, he added:

"Otherwise I leave you on this platform, while Meninski and I go into the ship. The hatchway is closed—you are alone. Slowly, very pleasantly for us, the ship submerges. It is not so good for those who remain outside it!"

Jack Armstrong could not but shudder at the cold brutality of the man. He could not doubt but that Dumnoff would do it.

"We must humour him, Cordelia. Tell him I must agree to help!"

READ THIS FIRST.

Jack Armstrong and Curly Walker, two wireless operators stationed on the Easter Islands in the South Pacific, meet Professor Cordwell and his charming daughter, Cordelia, who have journeyed to the island to study the extraordinary stone idols. By an accident, Jack and Cordelia are imprisoned in a large cave, and while seeking a way out come across a huge underground dock wherein a submarine is moored. They are captured by some mysterious strangers and taken on board the vessel. The ringleader suddenly grasps the girl and drags her to the water's edge.

Dumnoff gave vent to his savage laugh.

"And those with you; the old man, and that one with hair as your own?"

"He means Curly," said Armstrong, when Cordelia had puzzled this out. "Les cheveux frises—frizzled hair—what a libel on you and poor old Curly!"

He had to smile, and the Russians took this in good part. Dumnoff became quite amiable.

"Let us return to the Island of the Idols! We shall be as comrades in this great work, is it not?" He led the way down into the heavy atmosphere of the submarine—the hatchway closed upon them, and the sound of the tanks filling with the sea mingled and was lost in the massive reverberations of the huge dynamo which drove the propeller. The four felt their way along the narrow corridor amid the uproar and reek of oil, to Dumnoff's own cabin.

There the cook-mechanic gave them some tea, in two flasks. Meninski gave them some coarse, black bread, which seemed as sweet as cake—so hungry were these two new "comrades."

A Signal from Curly!

ALL the time Cordelia had been in dire suspense as to the fate of her father. She felt more easy in her mind from the fact that Dumnoff had not injured them, or apparently caused them to be injured. He was full of pumping inquiries as to the tramp steamer, which, in bringing Cordelia and the professor to Easter Island, had perplexed those secret workers at the Foreland and in the underground dock.

"Comrades, I must be on guard with you! First, I find that the one with the woman's hair is spying, at the part you call Foreland. When I tell him to wait—he attacks me!"

"We thought you attacked us," retorted Armstrong, who knew enough French to grasp what Dumnoff was saying.

"Dumnoff means no harm to those who do not interfere. First then, we think you spies. Second, next you come into the secret dock where we have our stores. Is it surprising that we protect ourselves, we poor ones of Russia?"

It was not worth while arguing with him. Besides, the noise and closeness of the boat made both Armstrong and Cordelia long for air and the land. They could not get accustomed to the rolling of the boat—it was horrible.

The crew, equally with Dumnoff and Meninski, seemed to enjoy it.

Presently they felt the boat lifting upward. The unseen crew managed her very skilfully. Dumnoff answered the signal made to him by the pilot by pressing a button below the small desk-table at which he was seated. He signed to Armstrong and the girl to prepare to land, then spoke in his peasant dialect to Meninski, who seemed to be second in command.

They went forward to the hatchway as before, Dumnoff leading, Meninski at the rear.

When they were on deck Jack Armstrong found himself in a part of the island hitherto unknown to him.

It was an almost land-locked port. High granite cliffs reared themselves on three sides of it. Behind them was the narrow entrance from the open sea. The pool was deep and situated splendidly for a hiding-place for ships such as this submarine. The Bolsheviks had made great progress already in fashioning this natural harbour to their own special needs.

Cordelia touched Armstrong lightly on the arm.

"Your boat," she whispered.

The wireless boat was moored alongside the shelf of rock which was at the base of the nearest cliff. Jack Armstrong gave no sign that he had seen it.

The fresh, cool air was most welcome. They were alert and ready for escape should a chance show itself. But their captors seemed now inclined to trust them, an attitude which rather bothered Jack Armstrong. He was too English to take advantage of an enemy who trusted him.

The submarine, in her unpleasant bubbling manner, nosed her way to the shelf of rock. Dumnoff spoke, pointing to the shelf.

"Jump, if you please!"

Armstrong leaped to the shelf and put out a hand to help Cordelia. But she was as active as he, and was at his side in an instant. The submarine began to slide away to deeper water.

The two Russians made a curt salute and re-entered the vessel. The hatchway, like a roll-topped desk, shut of itself; the boat promptly submerged. She moved along like a grey shadow in the water—her periscope just projecting above the surface.

"We are under observation," laughed Armstrong. He deliberately sat down on the rocky shelf, and Cordelia seated herself near him. They waited until the submarine had disappeared through the shafted channel to the open sea.

"First, let us find out where we are

Cordelia glanced at her right wrist.

"A point north, north-east of Stone Houses," she answered.

"Have you a compass there? I thought it was a wrist-watch."

She showed him her left wrist, to which a serviceable little watch was clasped by a silver band.

"Both!"

"Good, indeed!" said her companion briskly. "Let us get around this place and see what we may see. It is evidently their base on the Foreland. Curly must have been near to it the other night. Perhaps there is a passage!"

But nothing could be discovered, as a means of exit from the land side.

"Luckily we have your boat!"

"I'm not so sure," questioned Jack Armstrong. "It doesn't seem likely they would leave us an easy means of escape. Of course, I suppose they reckon they've got us, whatever we do, now Station Double-O-Seven is busted."

They proceeded to where the boat was moored. She was chained fast to a staple, driven in between two rocks.

"We might get her off," Armstrong decided, "if we had a day or two to spare!"

Further investigations brought to view the charred case of a Very shell, also the remains of a fire. They toiled all round the harbour, but everywhere the great unscalable cliffs overhung the pool effectually blocking it

"That's the signal," said Armstrong. "Old Curly for ever! I hope he has brought a balloon, or an aeroplane!"

Cordelia smiled.

"Or a rope!" she added.

The Way of Escape;

THEY gazed up hopefully, and again heard the wild duck's call. A third stone came down. Armstrong put his hands cup-wise to his mouth, close together and gave forth the answer, a long, vibrating cry.

Cordelia saw that something was descending to them, a small umbrella-like affair, borne hither and thither by the wind. It hovered above their heads, then was carried by a current of air outward over the pool. It was wafted right and left, and presently settled down near the wireless boat. It was a small parachute made out of a handkerchief.

They ran to it, and found that it had brought down a tiny basket of sweet Californian apples.

"From the dad," said Cordelia, seizing one. "We brought these with us. How clever of him to send me food and message together!"

"Food and drink," was Armstrong's comment. "I'm thirsty as a fish!"

Attached to the parachute was a thin line of tarred twine, connecting it with those who had dropped the basket over the cliff's edge. Armstrong took the twine in his hand, and jerked it, so that those at the other end might understand.

The twine was first drawn taut and then loosened. The two in the rocky prison hauled it downward. It was not long before they perceived that they were hauling down the rope for which Cordelia had been hoping.

Soon they had in their hands a means of escape—if only they could use it before the return of the submarine.

Armstrong tested it. There was a loop at the end of the rope, and another about five feet from the end.

"They mean us to put one foot in the end of the loop, and to hold on by the other," Armstrong guessed. He measured the height of the cliff, with a quick glance. "About three hundred feet, Cordelia. It's something of a risk."

"I'm not afraid," she answered.

It was a problem who should go first. If the rope should break, Jack Armstrong thought he should be the one to test the strength and reliability of the rope; but this meant leaving Cordelia behind.

He had his foot in the loop, trying it as he endeavoured to decide what he should do for the best. And while he was puzzling about it, those above felt his weight at the end of the rope, and began to haul it up!

He could only cling on the best way he could, as he was jerked unceremoniously into the air.

The cliffs did not overhang so much as had been imagined by those engaged on this ingenious ruse, and Jack Armstrong found himself swinging inwards on to the rough and dangerous surface of the cliffs. He was powerless to prevent his body striking against the granite rock. His rescuers



This is Dicky Duck who will appear on the front page of CHICKS' OWN every week.

A NEW Coloured Picture Paper

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Pages and pages of lovely COLOURED pictures, easy-to-read stories, puzzles and riddles. Beautiful Coloured Pictures of "Little Bo-Peep" GIVEN FREE—over 1,500 splendid prizes in a simple competition.

Ask TO-DAY for

CHICKS' OWN

No. 1. Just Out!

and all else from access to the rest of the island.

The two adventurers came back to the place where they had jumped to land from the deck of the submarine. They seated themselves rather disconsolately.

"I wonder what—what dad's doing all this time?" said the girl, with a little break in her voice.

Armstrong was casting about in his mind for the best means to comfort her, when, out of the sky, fell a stone, splash into the deep still waters of the pool.

"Hallo, what's that?"

Another stone came down.

Armstrong jumped to his feet

"It's old Curly, for a thousand! And the professor. They're at the top, somewhere."

A wild duck's cry, long, harsh and very peculiar, sounded high above them. It was repeated four times.

could not see what was happening, and went on hauling away blindly, so that Armstrong was being knocked nearly silly by his body hitting against the projecting parts of the cliff. He shouted in vain—he was being hauled up like a sack of coals—bumping against the granite and being scratched in a hundred places by the scrubby bushes that grew in the crevices of the rock.

Cordelia tried to imitate the call with which Armstrong had answered his chum; but could not do it. She could see what was taking place, and was in terror lest the young wireless operator would be killed before he reached the summit.

She saw him rapidly ascending, one arm put out to thrust himself away from the rocky wall. He reached the top, hung there sickeningly for a moment, then disappeared over the edge.

"I do hope he's all right," breathed the girl to herself.

In a few moments more she saw the rope descending.

"He's safe! Now is my turn!" She turned cold at the mere thought.

But Armstrong had evidently warned them of the trouble; for, when Cordelia had trusted herself to the rope, it was managed somehow, that she should hang upon it just clear of the cliff—except in one place, where all precautions were useless. This part of her journey she had to survive, protecting herself in the way she had seen used by Armstrong.

She was nearly clear of the danger spot when, by bad luck, the rope slipped a little. It was only for a second, but Cordelia felt herself falling, and took away her hand from the rock. She swung against the surface of prickly scrub—screamed, and lost her wits. She was pulled right against the lacerating cliff, and the pain was so instant and extreme that she loosed her hold of the upper loop in the rope. She tumbled inward against the scrub; grasped madly at it; then, as her feet were jerked upward and out of the lower loop, she pitched head-first into the thorn-bush—and held on.

Through the Telescope!

CORDELIA had clutched at the thorn-bush instinctively. It tore her hands and face. But it held her sufficiently to save her from a sheer smash on to the rocks below.

She dug the toes of her stout shoes against the rough face of the chasm, found a small foothold, and kept very still. Her heart was thumping, but she was not the sort who gives up easily. Slowly she improved her hold on the bush, risking its scratching hostility—and, little by little, she pulled herself, with the greatest care, on to the earthy ledge in which the bush had its roots.

The rope came dangling down to her. She had to half-turn herself to be able to get at it. Twice it swung away from the fingers of the hand she ventured to remove from their hold on the bush. A third time she extended herself, and managed to catch the lower loop. She was in terror that her friends might begin to haul up before she was ready.

The rope tightened, then slacked as she tugged it. They understood, and paid out the line gently. Presently she had captured the upper loop. She gripped it; was brave enough to stand on the ledge until they had drawn up sufficient of the line for the lower loop to be opposite her right foot.

She stared straight out in front of her—thrust her foot cleverly into the loop, and next instant she was swinging out into space.

But it was all right now. Quickly, deftly, she was hauled up to the top of the frightful precipice, caught into the arms of her old father—safe and sound!

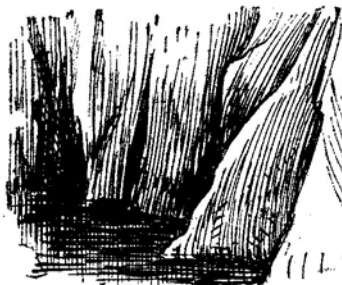
She held him tight, and saw all things swimming around her as in a mist—trees, the view of the sea, Armstrong with anxious face, Curly with his up-ended hair. She gave a little hysterical laugh, shut her blue eyes and opened them wide.

"I'm—a-bit—shaky," she said. And sat down, rather suddenly.

A sip or so from the professor's flask made her gulp and cough, but did her good. She was able to carry on again.

"They saw us from the land, after they had been digging away at the fallen queen idol for about an hour," Jack Armstrong told her. "Your dad spotted the submarine when she came up. His telescope came in very handy."

"I always think it's as well to have everything you may want when you come out on these expeditions," the professor observed in his matter-of-



Cordelia thrust her foot into the loop, and next instant she was swinging into space.

"The professor thought out the parachute stunt!" interrupted Curly.

"It was nothing," said Professor Cordwell. But all could understand that he was as shaky as Cordelia over her narrow escape. "Let us get on with the next business," he went on. "We are taking a grave risk by standing about—now you have found out that we are dealing with madmen!"

"Bolsheviks, daddy!"

"Same thing, my dear!"

Armstrong had been peering over the edge of the chasm. From the point



fact manner. "Of course, Miss Cordy laughs at her old dad and his patent equipment, and, certainly, it isn't quite complete. Still, it's not so bad."

Cordy gave him an affectionate glance.

"So you guessed what was going to happen?"

"Curly guessed, when we had seen the little business on the deck of the submarine!"

"I said, they're trying to frighten you and old Jack!" cried Curly. "What beasts—eh? We saw you were up to their game—and watched you go below. Then we twigged the track of the submarine. She only submerged to the tip of her periscope."

"So we cut off to Stone Houses to get a few likely odds and ends, such as a rope and a few more cartridges, and something to eat," said the professor. "Apples seemed the best idea. We didn't know how we should get them to you!"

chosen by the professor and Curly he could see right into the harbour. The water below him lay like a sheet of glass, and, from his high position, he could see down into it. He saw the weedy bottom, even the solitary shark swimming hungrily round and round. A larger more shadowy form moved stealthily in the indigo depths, then came another.

"They're back," he said, getting up. "And old Dumnoff has brought a few pals. Let's have the telescope, Curly!"

Curly had taken the glass from the professor. He was closely scanning Idols' Parade—plainly visible in the west. Suddenly his hands trembled, and his face paled slightly.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "The idols are all on the move!"

Another long, exciting instalment of this great mystery adventure serial will be given next Tuesday.

THE GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

A vivid account of the latest charges and convictions

THE RAGGER RAGGED! Lively Scenes in Court!

The court proceedings lasted six hours this week. Five hours and three quarters being devoted to reading details of the previous convictions of Harold Skinner, who now appeared in the dock to answer a charge of caddish conduct.

Magistrate (wearily): What's he been up to now?

Mr. Robert Cherry, K.C. (for the prosecution): He played a low-down jape on Alonzo Todd, your worship. As you know, he's a clever forger, and he imitated Quelchy's handwriting, and sent Alonzo the following note:

"My dear Todd,—Will you come and dine with me in my study this evening, at seven o'clock? I desire to discuss several burning topics with you, such as, 'Who killed Cock Robin?' 'Where do the Flies go in the Winter-time?' etc.

"If I am not in my study when you arrive, pray proceed with the dinner. Don't wait for me.

"Your affectionate Form-master,
H. H. QUELCH."
Magistrate: Did Alonzo swallow the bait?

Mr. Cherry: Yes, your worship—likewise the dinner! (Laughter.) Quelchy not being there, Alonzo piled in, and consumed everything on the tray. And just as he was lapping up the last spoonful of custard, in walked Quelchy!

Magistrate: And then—

Mr. Cherry: The weather conditions became thundery, with storms locally! (Laughter.) In other words, poor old Lonzy got it in the neck.

Magistrate: What have the gentlemen of the jury got to say about it?

Foreman of the Jury: We made up our minds long before we came into court that prisoner was guilty, your worship. (Laughter.)

Magistrate: Excellent! You have shown admirable foresight. Prisoner's peculiar sense of humour must be curbed. He will apologise on bended knees to Alonzo Todd, and while still on bended knees, he will receive a dozen strokes with a cricket-stump, and a dozen with the map-pole.

The sentence was carried out with great gusto.

REPORT IN BRIEF.

Looking extremely seasick, a diminutive youth named Hubert Bolsover was charged with pilfering a lemonade bottle, the property of Mr. Frank Nugent.

Mr. Nugent explained to the court that the bottle had contained a quantity of oil for his bicycle-lamps, and prisoner had quaffed it.

Prisoner was sentenced to be deported immediately to the sanatorium, where doubtless, the magistrate observed with a smile, he would be made to "take his gruel!"

CHEERFUL CLARENCE AND FAT FRED, THE FAM

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



1. Tee-hee! What d'you think this week? Why, our two doughty old dough-nuts, Cheerful Clarence and Fat Fred, have been invited to the ancestral home of the noble Lord Percy de Periwinkle, who made umpteen million quidlets by his humane invention for enticing winkles out of their shells without resorting to the painful probing process of the pernicious pin. Here you see 'em entertaining the Periwinkle children and their little pals.



3. And our two cheerful chumps bobbed! Oh, yes, indeed! "Oooch!" gasped Clarence, as the toasting fork punctured the toy balloon, and a gallon of ink descended over his beautiful celluloid collar. "Oo-groogh!" gurgled Fred.



5. But it wasn't. It was the parlour where Lord Percy de Periwinkle kept all the pearls he'd found in mussels, etc., and a gentleman of handsome chivvy, but nasty intentions, was helping himself to the booty. "Kamerade!" he yelled.

HEROES OF THE BLITTERGRAPH FILM COMPANY
 doings of these two screams! Introduce the noble lads to your chums!



2. And the first game they played was "bob apple." But note the game those artful kidlets have been up to! Some of them substituted a pail of water for a scuttleful of coal-dust solution for Fred's benefit, while others fastened a toasting-fork to Clarence's back all unbeknown to the Cheerful One. "Now for some fun!" they gurgled. "Bob away!"



4. Looking very black, our film fun-merchants sallied forth, followed by the laughter of the infants, in search of the useful old cake of Sunlight. "I never did like children till they were grown up," murmured Fred. "But here's the bathroom."



6. And before he could recover himself, P.C. Flybird had slipped in the window. As for Lord Percy, he was so delighted he awarded Clarence and Fred the price of a tripe supper with trimmings. Don't miss next week's laugh.

My Weekly Interview

By the Special Representative of
 "The Greyfriars Herald."

This week:
MR. MIMBLE

OF course, you all know who Mr. Mimble is? He's the officer in charge of cabbages—the director general of spuds—in other words, the gardener.

The editor having detailed me to interview Mimble, I ran him to earth in the back parlour of the tuckshop, where he was chatting with his wife, and quaffing ginger-pop. Whether there was any gin mixed with that ginger-pop, or whether the inflamed state of Mr. Mimble's nasal organ was due solely to indigestion, I'm not in a position to say.

"Hallo, Mr Mimble!" I said genially. "I've come to interview you for 'The Greyfriars Herald.' Tell me all about yourself, so that I can present a true and accurate picture of you to our readers!"

I then elicited the following facts from Mr. Mimble:

- (1.) That he was sixty years of age.
- (2.) That he had been a teetotalier all his life.
- (3.) That he regarded boys as "young varmin'ts wot oughter be drowned at birth!"
- (4.) That his favourite recreation is sleep.
- (5.) That he was badly in need of a holiday.

"Look here, Mr. Mimble," I said. "I'm a generous soul, and I'll tell you what I'll do. If you'd like to take the afternoon off, I'll do your job for you."

"That's werry good of you," was the reply. "My job this artemoon is to trim the 'edge round the 'Ead's garden."

Five minutes later, armed with a gruesome-looking scythe, I started operations on the hedge. It was my first experience of hedge-trimming, and I'm afraid I was a little too thorough. That is to say, I hacked off too much at a time. You see, I don't believe in doing things by halves.

Having lopped off all the green stuff until what had once been a hedge was now nearly a mass of stubble, I surveyed my handiwork with a feeling of pride. My labours had occupied me about a couple of hours, and I was exhausted.

And then, while I regarded the scene of destruction, up rushed old Mimble, snorting like a fiery dragon, and wielding a stout stick.

"Young rip!" he raved. "Wot yer been a-doin' of?"

"Trimming the hedge, of course!" I replied.

"Trimmin' it? Why, you've destroyed it!" roared the infuriated gardener.

And then he did his best to destroy me, and I was obliged to sprint to a place of safety like a champion of the cinder-path!



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, with the result that the team make a glorious drawn game with Clapton Orient. All seems bright to Jack, but dark clouds are gathering again.

The Summons!

WHAT a roar of cheering went up from every side of the big Clapton Orient ground when Jack Denyer led his men from the playing-pitch! The youngster's face was alight with pleasure, his eyes bright with happiness. At that moment it seemed that the clouds were slowly lifting; he was basking in sunshine after shadow.

And then, even as the plaudits of the vast crowd dinned in his burning ears, he became aware of a big figure in blue who was making straight for him.

The youngster pulled up sharply, and looked into the policeman's rotund features.

"Are you Jack Denyer?" came the stern question; and Jack's heart thumped wildly.

"I am," he answered, in a curiously husky voice which he hardly recognised as his own.

"Then," said the constable, putting a hand upon his shoulder, "you are the man I want!"

Jack Denyer stood stock-still, stunned, for fully ten seconds, and then the meaning of the grim-faced constable's words came to him in a flash of understanding.

He was to be arrested!

The vast crowd that had been yelling itself hoarse but a moment before had been quick to realise that something was amiss, and the hoarse shouts of wild admiration had died down as though by magic, and now an almost uncanny silence reigned over the packed football ground.

Jack Denyer gazed round helplessly, and then turned to the constable.

"But—but I don't understand," he said hoarsely. "What do you want me for? What have I done, anyway?"

The big constable removed his hand from the youngster's shoulder, and then held a folded sheet of paper out to him. The young player-manager took the proffered document mechanically.

"What the dickens is this?" he asked puzzledly.

"That, young man," replied the myrmidon of the law pompously, "is what we call a summons."

"A summons!" stammered Jack; and then he broke into a grin. "Is this a joke, constable?" he asked.

The constable, conscious of the hundreds of eyes fixed upon him, felt the weight of his position. He grunted importantly, and fixed a stern eye upon the youngster before him.

"A joke!" he said gruffly. "You'll do well not to treat it as a joke. That there document is a summons for assault, and—"

"An assault!" interjected Jack bewilderedly. "Sure you're not making a mistake, constable? You don't think I make a hobby of going about assaulting people in my spare time, do you?"

The constable vouchsafed no reply to the question, but continued imperturbably:

"My duty is to deliver this 'ere summons upon your person, an' I done it. The Norchester police got through to us this morning."

At the mention of Norchester a slow grin began to spread over the youngster's healthy features; he was beginning to understand the true state of affairs.

"I presume my victim's name is Denyer?" he asked quietly.

The constable nodded.

"Mister Martin Garside Denyer," he intoned impressively, greatly perturbed at the quiet manner in which the youngster was taking the portentous matter. Most other youngsters would have been white-faced and quaking, but this boy—

"Assault's a serious matter," he

went on cheerfully. "Might get two or three years—easy."

"Good!" Jack returned smilingly. "I don't mind so long as it isn't a hanging job. Hanging's a nasty, painful business, and I've got a sore throat."

The big constable, sensing the fact that he was having his leg pulled, flushed with righteous indignation, and he was about to make a suitable retort when the youngster turned towards the crowd. He cast a happy, reassuring glance at the hundreds of faces, all of which showed acute curiosity.

"It's all right, boys," he cried. "Don't you worry about me. And now," continued the youngster, turning to the players and officials who had crowded on to the pitch, "let us get inside and have a tub. Standing about here won't do us much good."

Still smiling, with many encouraging cheers ringing from the departing crowd, Jack made his way to the dressing-room.

Once there, he ran his eyes over the summons, and smiled.

It started that he, Jack Denyer, was to appear at Norchester Police-court at ten a.m. on Monday morning, to answer the charge of assault upon the person of Martin Garside Denyer. The dire penalties for failing to do so were also enumerated, but they appeared to make no visible impression upon Jack.

He still appeared to regard the whole thing as farcical.

Mills, the goalkeeper, who had recovered somewhat from the knock-out blow, sat huddled up in the corner of the dressing-room, an ugly scowl upon his heavy features.

"That's right, my beauty—grin!" he muttered viciously, hate smouldering in his close-set eyes. "You find that it ain't so screamingly funny when you get before the beaks on Monday morning! Me and the boys'll fix you up, and if we can't get you a month in the 'jug,' well, my name ain't Mills!"

Despite his emphatic statement to the contrary, the rascally goalkeeper's name was Mills and remained Mills.

Monday morning found the Northchester Police-court filled to capacity, for news of the sensational charge that was being brought against the new manager of the United travelled round the town with incredible speed.

Many people were vague as to the exact nature of the offence, although many exciting rumours went the rounds, all to find credulous hearers. One report said that Jack had meddled with the club funds; another said that he had struck Martin Denyer with a poker, and that the manager was not expected to live.

The town was on the tiptoe of excitement and anticipation, and hundreds of people were refused admittance to the court. The disappointed ones consoled themselves by waiting outside to get first news of the trial.

The humid air of the court seemed to be charged with electricity when Jack Denyer's name was called, and the youngster stepped briskly into the dock.

He appeared to be quite cool and self-possessed, and a suspicion of a smile played about his clear-cut mouth.

The charge was read over formally, and he was asked whether he pleaded guilty or not guilty.

"Not guilty," he answered, in a steady voice.

Martin Denyer was called.

There was a smug, self-satisfied expression upon his fleshy features as he took his place in the witness-box. He was asked to describe the scene which led up to his applying for a summons.

He shot a venomous, exultant glance at Jack Denyer, and then told his story.

He said that Jack had arrived at the club-house a few mornings ago, and had at once become abusive. He—Martin Denyer—had done everything in his power to calm the youngster, who, however, appeared to be bent upon picking a quarrel.

Martin's tone was that of an injured martyr, and he gave one the impression that he brought the present proceedings more in sorrow than in anger.

Indeed, he said that it was necessary that his nephew's mad and uncontrollable passions should be checked, and remarked, in passing, that he thought a month or so in gaol would do the youngster a world of good.

"That is for me to decide," remarked the magistrate, with some acerbity. "Please keep to your story, as the time of the court is precious."

Martin Denyer flushed at the rebuke, and continued:

"Well, sir, I put a restraining hand upon my nephew's shoulder, in an endeavour to pacify him, when he suddenly appeared to take leave of his senses. He sprang at me like a wild beast, using his fists and feet like a young savage. I did all in my power to stem the shower of powerful blows which he aimed at me, but I could do nothing against his brute force. A month or so in gaol—"

"Yes, yes—you've said that before," interrupted the magistrate, fixing a stern eye upon Martin; and from Martin he turned his head and regarded Jack Denyer.

"So," he said, speaking to Martin,

"this—er—boy assaulted you like a young savage?"

"He did, sir," answered Martin, without a moment's hesitation.

"And this despite the fact that you are stones heavier than he is, as well as being a taller and stronger man?"

"Yes, sir," came the glib reply.

"You see, he was mad—just like a savage. I thought he was going to kill me!"

The magistrate nodded.

"And were you alone when the assault took place?" he asked. This was the question that Martin Denyer had been waiting for, and now it had come his eyes lit up gleefully, and rested for a brief second upon the youngster in the dock.

"No, sir," he replied, satisfaction in his tone. "The whole of the first eleven was present."

"And why didn't they interfere?" asked the magistrate quickly.

They also declared that Jack was a double-dyed young villain.

Mallison came next.

"Do you bear out all that the previous witnesses have said?" asked the magistrate; and the crowded court almost gasped when Mallison, in a clear, strong voice replied:

"No, sir; the whole thing is a put-up job and a pack of lies!"

Even the officials seemed staggered for the moment, for the player's words were emphatic and forceful. Moreover, they carried a ring of truth and fearlessness which was not lost upon the magistrate.

"You are making a very grave statement," said the magistrate—"one that will get you into serious trouble if you cannot prove your words."

"But there are others to back me up, sir," Mallison went on earnestly.

"Hebber, Bickley, Bailey and Brown



The Tottenham right-winger snapped up the pass, but he did not get far before he was brought down by a deliberate foul on the part of Gore.

Martin Denyer flushed.

"I—er—well, I expect they were afraid to interfere, in case the—"

"In case," interrupted the magistrate, with a ghost of a smile—"in case this schoolboy turned upon them. He must be a veritable terror, if he can intimidate eleven grown men!"

A titter of amusement went round the court, and was quickly suppressed.

"Are your witnesses here?" he asked; and Martin answered in the affirmative.

Mills was the first witness, and he bore out everything Martin Denyer had recounted. Indeed, being possessed of a vivid imagination, and remembering the knock-out blow which he had received at the youngster's hands on the previous Saturday, he gave the magistrate to understand that Jack was a fiend in human guise.

The magistrate nodded his head and dismissed Mills. The two backs, Bob Fender and John Fender, followed Mills, and substantiated all that he had said. Then came Gore and Paton.

—they'll all swear that this is a put-up job. Don't believe a word about

The magistrate restrained the passionate outburst, and put a question.

"But why should this be a put-up job, as you term it?"

"Because," answered Mallison at once, "Martin Denyer and his particular cronies didn't like this schoolboy running the club. None of us did, but on Saturday he proved his worth, and we realised what fools we'd been."

The magistrate nodded slowly, and then called the other witnesses, all of whom were staunch in supporting Mallison. And by the time their examination came to an end there was a grim, almost harsh expression upon the magistrate's clean-shaven face.

"I have heard all the witnesses," he said at last, "and I am convinced that you, Denyer"—he was speaking to Jack—"have been the victim of a cunning conspiracy. I discharge you at once, and you leave this court without a stain on your character."

"You"—he turned his eyes upon Martin Denyer, who seemed to shrink under the piercing gaze—"have not only wasted the court's time, but have brought a grave charge against your nephew, who is, I am fully convinced, innocent. You have proved yourself to be a despicable cad, without a grain of decency in you. It is within my power to arraign you for perjury, but I shall be lenient with you on this occasion.

"However, should you ever come before me again, I shall punish you to the limit of my power.

"And you"—he glanced at the players who had backed up the charges brought by Martin Denyer—"are as much to blame as this man, despite the fact that he is the ringleader. All that I have said to him applies equally to you, so do not let me see you in this court again."

He intimated that they could go; and it was a very sheepish-looking procession that filed from the court and pushed its way through the crowd outside.

The assembly had to take only one glance at Martin and his followers to see which way the case had gone, and if they needed further proof they saw it in Jack Denyer's smiling face. He came out of the court in the company of his loyal supporters, and no sooner did the crowd single him out as the young player-manager who had saved the game at Homerton—for the sporting scribes had been very generous to Jack—than somebody started a cheer.

"Bravo, the youngster!"

"Well done, the kid!"

"Who made the Orient sit up?"

"Denyer!"

"Set 'em alight on Saturday, lad!"

Jack, flushed and happy, pushed his way through the dense crowd, and a little lump rose in his throat when one big hand after another was thrust out and gripped his own palm.

Rather than harming his position as manager of the United, the police-court affair had brought him right into the limelight of popular favour, and it was with a light heart that he at last managed to get clear of the crowd and make his way towards the football ground.

He turned a smiling face to Mallison and the other players who had rallied round him.

"I say, you fellows," he said, a trifle awkwardly, "I'm no end obliged to you for playing up as you did to-day. After Saturday, when you played such a topping game, I somehow thought that you wouldn't let me down to-day, and that's why I haven't been worrying about this business. Will you shake hands?"

The others were looking flushed and embarrassed, and they growled an assent, and the grips that were exchanged were strong and hearty.

"Then you fellows are on my side now?" Jack asked, a trifle wistfully.

And Mallison, speaking for himself and the others, answered:

"Sure, Jack—to the death!"

The Scene at Norchester.

DESPITE the police-court affair, which proved beyond all doubt that there were traitors in the camp, Jack Denyer determined to

make friends with Giles and the rest if it were humanly possible for him to do so.

Mallison and the others had been won over, and if only he could get the whole-team to rally round him he felt that Norchester United would become a match-winning team, and would have at least a sporting chance of getting within touching distance of the Cup.

On Tuesday morning, therefore, he turned up at the ground with a staunch resolve in his mind.

He entered the dressing-room in his usual brisk fashion, and gave the players a cheery "Good-morning!"

Some of the fellows returned his greeting; others did not.

It was to the latter faction—the two Fenders, Giles and Hobber—that he now addressed his remarks.

"Look here, you chaps," he said, trying to infuse a friendly tone into his voice, "you know as well as I do that you played a pretty low-down game yesterday morning, but I'm willing to forgive and forget the past. All I want you to do is to stick to your training, and do the best you can for the old club. You all play a good game when you want to, and, after all, it's up to us all to give the paying public a run for its money."

He looked at the four delinquents, and Giles, catching his eye, scowled in anything but a friendly manner.

"Oh, cut all that stuff out, Denyer!" he growled. "We get our wages to play for the club, and we'll play Is that good enough for you?"

Jack flushed with pleasure.

"Of course it is, Giles," he answered heartily. "If you'll only play up I shall be more than satisfied."

Yet he would have been anything but that could he have seen into the player's evil brain.

"And what about me?" asked Mills, in surly tones. This was the first time he had spoken.

"You will not play until your case has been settled by the F.A.," answered the youngster. "As a matter of fact, I quite expect that you will be suspended for some months."

An ugly, vicious light leapt into Mill's eyes.

"Oh, you do, do you?" he snarled, clenching his big fists involuntarily. "Well, it'll be you darned fault, and you can take my word that I shall get even with you! By heck, I'll get even with you one day!"

Trembling with rage, his face set and evil, he glared at Jack Denyer for a few seconds; and then, turning on his heel, he strode from the dressing-room.

Jack gazed after him, an amused, contemptuous smile upon his lips.

"What a pleasant little fellow!" he murmured; but inwardly he knew that Mills had uttered no idle threat.

As a matter of fact, he hadn't, for the goalkeeper spent the whole of that day in nursing his grievance. He was consumed with hate and rage against Jack Denyer; he was obsessed with a desire to do the youngster an irreparable injury. He did not mind to what lengths he went, for murder was in his heart.

For hour after hour he sat and brooded, and when he eventually stood

up there was a resolute light in his small eyes.

He would go and see Martin Denyer! Martin, who hated Jack, would be able to think of a plan whereby the youngster and the club might be ruined.

And Mills was not disappointed.

Martin had a plan—an ingenious, unscrupulous plan after Mills's own heart—and when Giles, the two Fenders and Gore met him in the saloon bar of a public-house that night he spoke to them long and earnestly in a low voice.

"This young toad thinks the world of the club," said Martin Denyer, looking round at his intent listeners, "and if we can only get the crowd against the United we shall be striking him in his most vulnerable spot."

"All you've got to do is to madden the crowd, and once they get out of hand there's no knowing what might happen. It's ten to one that they'll smash the whole place up, and if they do that it'll mean ruin for the United and this whipper-snapper who's trying to ride the high horse over us!"

This, and much more, he said, working upon the players' vindictive passions with masterly skill. It did not occur to them that in rousing the crowd and causing a riot they themselves might get hurt.

Nothing mattered so long as they struck a blow at the youngster who had beaten them at every turn.

"Will you do it, boys?" asked Martin, excitement in his tone. "Will you do it?"

"Of course we'll do it!" growled Giles; and the others nodded assent.

"Good!" breathed Martin Denyer. "Drink up! They're on me!"

Saturday brought ideal football weather, and when Tottenham Hotspur trotted across the smooth turf towards a vacant goal they were greeted by a roar of welcome that could be heard all over Norchester.

Every football enthusiast in the town seemed to have squeezed through the turnstiles, and when the game started there were fifty thousand spectators present.

Phoop!

It was to a complete calm that Jack Denyer tapped the ball to Mallison, and the sound of his toe meeting the leather came plainly to every ear.

Mallison returned the ball to his skipper, who essayed to get through on his own. But he was pulled up by the visiting centre-half before he had covered six yards. The Tottenham player did not waste any time, but slung the leather out to his right winger, who snapped up the pass and set off down the wing. But he did not get far before he was brought down by a deliberate foul on the part of Gore. "Play the game, Gore!" The cry went up from all sides.

The free kick sent the ball hurtling into the Norchester territory, with a Tottenham player waiting for it. He trapped it neatly, and then swung on his heel, and even as he did so John Fender knocked his legs from under him, and he crashed to the turf.

Another long, exciting instalment of this great serial of the football field will appear next Tuesday.



The Luck of the Estors

Our magnificent racing serial specially written by

MAJOR CHERRY

The Mahogany Cabinet!

"So—so you've found out that that demon, Garston, is behind the gang?" muttered Ginger Hales. "Well, I'm glad!"

A thrill of triumph shot through the two boys as they realised that they had at last some tangible evidence with which to connect the rival Newmarket owner with the plots against the Estor stable.

"Well, I suppose you are glad considering the way he appears to have been treating you lately," murmured Tony. "Now what do you know about him?"

"Leggo my arms an' I'll tell you," said the tout. "I'll teach Mister Garston to have me chucked out jest because I wanted the loan o' a few quids to see me out o' this rotten country. It was Garston what paid 'Strawberry' for dopin' Sunfire at Epsom, 'cause I heerd Jerry Groat tell Andy Finch so, and it was Garston what put Shorty Dunn up to that stunt with the blow-pipe on the train between Newmarket and Doncaster."

"And who's 'Strawberry'?" put in Dick eagerly

"So you don't know that, eh?" murmured the spy craftily. "Well, I ain't going to split on 'im; 'e's always treated me like a gent!"

Tony looked daggers drawn at his chum for making the remark which had proved so tactless.

"Never mind 'Strawberry' for the moment, Ginger," he said soothingly. "Are you willing to prove that Garston was the man who supplied the money that induced Groat and his gang to do his rotten work for him?"

"I only know where you can get proof that Garston supplied Shorty Dunn with that there blow-pipe," answered the tout.

"Where, then?" demanded Tony, controlling his eagerness with an effort.

"In the top drawer o' the mahogany cabinet in Garston's library!"

"In the top drawer of the mahogany cabinet in Garston's library?" repeated Tony, in a puzzled tone. "Well, what's in it?"

"Go and find out," said Ginger shortly. And with that he turned on his heel and started to stride away.

"No, you don't!"

With a swift spring the boys leapt after the spy, and bore him to the

ground. Ginger poured out the vials of his wrath on the heads of his captors. He struggled, bit and kicked; but the boys quickly frog-marched him to the two-seater car.

"Leggo, drat you!" howled the spy; "I'm goin' home now!"

"No you're not, my beauty," panted Tony; "you're coming with us to the Grange Hall there to confront Lord Estor!"

Between them the boys pushed Ginger Hales into the car, and Tony took his seat at the wheel beside the captive. Behind the car was a folding-seat, and into this Dick clambered.

It was useless to ask the spy any more questions just then, for he was almost incoherent with rage, and so the youngsters wisely decided to wait until his anger had simmered down somewhat.

Tony set the car in motion and they glided swiftly down the narrow lane beneath the overhanging branches of the trees towards the roadway.

Suddenly an astounding thing happened. Ginger Hales, who had been sitting growing execrations under his breath, leaped to his feet. His hands clutched a branch as the two-seater passed beneath it, and he swung himself clear of the car, one of his boots catching Dick a severe blow on the head. The spy had seen the opportu-

nity of escaping, and, literally had seized it with both hands.

Tony drew the car up with a jerk; but before the boys were able to clamber out, Ginger Hales had dropped from the overhanging bough into the lane beneath and was making off among the trees of the wood as fast as his legs would carry him.

For a time the boys searched high and low for the elusive tout, but they lost the trail among the trees, and ruefully returned to the car.

"Hang the luck!" muttered Tony; "I believe if we'd have taken the spy before the Owner we should have wormed some more information out of him. Still it's no good crying over spilt milk!"

"At least, we shall be able to warn the Owner against Garston," said Dick, "but it's a pity we can't take some tangible proof against the fellow along with us"

A sudden light overspread Tony's face.

"But why not?" he demanded eagerly. "Hales said that the proof that Garston put that young rotter, Shorty Dunn, up to using the blow-pipe during the rail-journey from Newmarket to Doncaster, was to be found in the top drawer of the mahogany cabinet in Garston's library. Of course, the fellow might have been lying about the whole business; but I'm inclined to think he was speaking the truth!"

"Even if the tout was speaking the truth," said Dick, "I don't see that it helps us much as far as obtaining the proof is concerned. It might just as well be in a safe in the Bank of England as stowed away in Garston's library. We'd better be getting along home; it's getting dusk."

But Tony made no move towards taking his seat in the car again. He seemed lost in thought.

"Look here, Dick," he said at last, "you pile into the car, pull the rugs over you and have a quiet little nap. I'm going after that proof in Garston's library."

"You babbling chump!" said Dick feebly. "You're going to do nothing of the kind. D you want to get arrested for house-breaking?"

"It's all in a good cause," said Tony cheerfully. "Now make yourself comfy and go to sleep. I sha'n't be long."

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. Tony and Dick capture a racecourse spy called Ginger Hales, and learn that the person known as "Head-quarters" behind a gang of Turf rogues who have been plotting against the Estor stable, is none other than a prominent owner called Sir Digby Garston.

He set off at a brisk pace down the narrow lane but before he had gone five yards Dick went bounding after him.

"You're not going out of my sight, you beastly little burglar," he cried, "I'm coming along to keep cave!"

Tony smiled happily.

"Good old Dick!" he murmured, "I knew you'd stick by me. I know in which part of the house the library's situated, and for the Owner's sake we ought to try and gather in that proof, whatever it is, that Garston was the arch-villain behind that attempt on Sunfire on the eve of the St. Leger. The car will be safe enough in that lane."

Together the two boys crept along the hedge leading to the house of the rival Newmarket owner, and then Tony led the way round to the large bay windows of the library which was situated on the ground floor.

Hardly had they reached them when they heard the whirr of a large touring-car as it swung up the drive, and, retracing their steps, they saw Sir Digby descend from the porch of his home. The car drew up smartly, and Garston stepped in. As he did so the boys heard his curt order to the chauffeur:

"To the Grange Hall, Henri!"

Feeling considerably safer now that the racehorse owner was out of the way, the boys returned to the windows of the library, and Tony gently tried each in turn to see whether they were fastened or not. To his satisfaction one was unlocked.

"Now, Dick," he whispered, "you keep cave outside here, and if danger threatens and you want me to get out of the place quickly, give one sharp whistle; if you want me to lie low, give two whistles."

This arrangement having been made, Tony quietly opened the window and entered the darkened library. The winter twilight was drawing to a close and it was too murky outside for the room to benefit much from the large bay windows which afforded the only illumination. So the boy waited a few seconds until his eyes became more accustomed to the darkness, for he dare not switch on the electric light.

Then cautiously he groped his way round the room examining each piece of furniture. At last he found the cabinet, a genuine old piece of Sheraton of fragile build, upon which rested a number of queer little images evidently of Indian workmanship. In the centre three little drawers were ranged one above the other, and Tony firmly grasped the two little handles of the top one and attempted to draw it open.

"I might have known it would have been locked," he muttered to himself, as the drawer refused to budge.

In a final effort he gave a violent tug. Immediately there was a sharp crack and the splintering of wood, and the drawer pulled clean out with such suddenness that the stable-lad shot over backwards to the floor, the contents of the drawer descending on him in a shower of miscellaneous articles.

Tony sprang swiftly to his feet, and, scarcely daring to breathe, listened for any sign of movement in the house. But apparently the noise had not been heard by the servants, and, after

waiting a few moments, he stooped down and examined the articles lying about the floor near the little drawer.

Suddenly a low cry of triumph escaped his lips, for among them was exposed to view a sinister, reed blow-pipe of exactly similar design as the one which had been in the possession of Shorty Dunn, and also a little bamboo box containing a number of deadly thorn-darts for use with it.

Like lightning Tony whipped up these two evidences of Garston's complicity in the plot against the Estor stable and stowed them into his breast pocket. Then, with swift fingers, he collected the other assortment of oddments and curios, and replaced them in the drawer, the lock of which had been wrenched out. Having replaced the drawer carefully in the vacant slot in the cabinet, he climbed out of the room, closed the window after him, and rejoined Dick, who had been waiting a little way along the wall of the house.

Dick's delight at the success of the raid was second only to that of Tony himself, and the two youngsters returned to the two-seater car in safety, feeling that they had the man they had so long suspected in their power at last.

Tony switched on the headlights of the car, and a few moments later the two amateur detectives were bowling through the countryside, bound for the Grange Hall, there to place in the hands of the Owner, the evidence they had secured against the scoundrel who posed so hypocritically as the friend of the Estors.

As Tony swung the car up the wide drive to the main entrance of the Hall, he saw the big touring-car of Sir Digby Garston drawn up outside, and knew that the rival Newmarket owner must be in the house with Lord Estor. So much the better, he thought.

Leaving Dick to look after the two-seater, he darted up the long flight of steps and knocked boldly at the massive door, which was opened by a solemn-looking footman.

"I wish to see Lord Estor, please," said Tony, "on very urgent business!"

The Mask Torn Off.

AS he spoke Lady Dorothy crossed the hall and heard the words. "Why, hallo, Tony," she cried, advancing towards the boy, "what brings you here this evening?"

"I'm very anxious to see his lordship, Lady Dorothy," answered the stable-lad. "I've some important news to convey to him!"

"What, have you and Dick been finding more clues?" said the girl, with a merry twinkle in her blue eyes. "Well, come in. You will have to wait a little while, as daddy is engaged with Sir Digby Garston in the library."

She lead the boy to the drawing-room; but paused on the threshold, as the sound of an angry voice rang forth from behind the closed door of the library. Tony glanced at his companion and saw a worried look manifest itself on the girl's face.

"I—I'm beginning to dread the visits of Sir Digby," murmured Dorothy in confidential tones. "Since

the morning you knocked him down he's been here several times. I always keep out of his way; but he seems to have the power of worrying poor daddy a good deal. Listen!"

A fresh outburst in the ooulying tone of the rival racehorse owner reached their ears, and with sudden determination, Dorothy strode to the library door and knocked. Apparently her knock was unheeded, for there was no response, so she gently opened the door and entered the room.

In an armchair Lord Estor was seated and standing facing him, his brow black with anger, was Sir Digby Garston.

"I tell you I can't wait till the end of March for the money," Garston was saying testily. "It was only out of pure friendship I ever let you have the ten thousand pounds, and —"

At that moment there was a startling interruption. Tony, who had heard the words, entered the room after Dorothy, and, stepping towards Garston, he said in quiet tones:

"Perhaps, Sir Digby, it was only out of pure friendship that you supplied your dupe, Shorty Dunn, with the blow-pipe to be used against Lord Estor's horses?"

Lord Estor jumped up from his chair in surprise; but the effect of the quietly spoken words on Sir Digby Garston was electrical. He swung round on his heel like a tee-to-tum, his eyes nearly bulging from his head, his face stamped with fear and ashen grey in hue.

He choked convulsively, and then he regained the power of speech.

"You—you insolent young pup!" he panted. "How dare you intrude upon the privacy of your betters. Get back to the stables where you were bred!" Turning to the Owner he said: "This brat of yours has insulted me before; I must request you to order one of the servants to kick him out of this house immediately."

Lord Estor regarded the stable-lad with a frown on his stern, aristocratic face. Then he turned to his daughter for an explanation.

"Why have you brought Tony here, Dorothy?" he asked.

"He wants to see you on important business, daddy, that's why!"

"Very well, Tony," said the Owner, facing the boy. "But first you must give an explanation and an apology to my guest for your slanderous assertion of a few moments ago. How dare you offer such an insult to a gentleman in my house?"

Tony faced the stern, grey eyes of the grand old sportsman unflinchingly.

"I dare to do so for your sake, your lordship," he said quietly. He drew from his breast pocket, the blow-pipe and the bamboo box of thorn-darts, and held them out to Garston. "Allow me to return your property to you, Sir Digby," he remarked, in clear-cut tones.

Like a man in a dream, the rival racehorse owner extended one of his slim hands and took the two objects, while Lord Estor and Lady Dorothy watched him in amazement.

Suddenly the man straightened himself with a violent effort, and flung the

two little relics of savagery on to a near-by table, with a short, unnatural laugh.

"The blow-pipe and darts taken from that young rascal apprentice of mine!" he said.

"Oh, no, Sir Digby," said Tony quietly, but with emphasis, "the blow-pipe and darts taken from the top drawer of the mahogany cabinet in your own library!"

It was as though the racehorse owner had been dealt a smashing blow between the eyes, for he reeled backwards and clutched the table for support. Then the expression on his face changed from deadly fear to livid rage. So blind was his fury that the chance of saving the situation by some cunning duplicity was absolutely lost to him. He was like a wild beast at bay, consumed only with vengeful hatred of the enemy who had driven him in so tight a corner.

With a bound like a tiger he leapt at the stable-boy, his deep-set eyes gleaming savagely, his long white fingers hooked like talons. Tony stepped backward half a pace as the man came forward, avoiding the fingers that clutched at his throat by a fraction of an inch. Then with all his force, he hooked a left to Garston's chin, and the aristocrat crumpled in a heap on the yielding Turkey carpet that covered the library floor.

Dorothy gave a little cry of alarm, while Lord Estor caught Tony's arm and swung the lad aside.

"Have you gone mad, boy?" he demanded. "What is the meaning of it all?"

Garston sat up in an undignified position on the floor, rubbing his chin with his hand.

"The—the m-meaning, Estor," he spluttered, hardly knowing what he was saying, "is that this murderous young beast has been robbing my library. I—I'll have him arrested, and you, too, sir, for I can see clearly that you put him up to the stunt for your own ends."

The Owner looked down on the fellow with mingled anger and contempt. Then he turned to Tony and demanded curtly:

"Explain what this is all about, boy?"

In a few words Tony narrated what he and Dick had learned from Ginger Hales, the racecourse tout, and how he had secured an identical blow-pipe and box of thorn-darts to that found in the possession of Shorty Dunn from the residence of Sir Digby Garston.

When he had finished, Lord Estor wore a very serious expression.

"You committed a felony in breaking into the house in that manner, Tony," he said, "and if Sir Digby wishes to take the matter up, serious consequences for you may result. But I don't think he will inform the police, somehow," he added meaningly.

He shot a withering glance at the cowering form of his Turf rival on the floor at his feet.

"Come, get up, you cad!" he commanded sternly. "Get up and get out of this house at once or I will have you pitched neck and crop out of the place!"

Garston staggered to his feet, a sneer curling his lips.

"So you tell me to get out, eh, Estor?" he hissed; "a nice request to a friend who loaned you ten thousand pounds. Well, pay up your debt and I'll go!"

"On the thirty-first of March you shall have every penny of your tainted money, you scoundrel," thundered the Owner. "If I have to sell the Grange Hall and the whole of my stable, you shall have it. Now go!"

Garston looked straight into the steel-grey eyes of Lord Estor and read in them a warning that caused him to slink hurriedly to the door. On the threshold of the library he paused.

"I'll—I'll ruin you for this," he snarled, glaring at the Owner savagely. "I'll never rest until I see you and that pretty daughter of yours paupers in the gutter. As for that

"Since his release from gaol Shorty seems to have disappeared altogether."

"I have no doubt that Dunn did very well out of that business," said her father. "As a matter of fact I was aware all along that Garston had travelled extensively in the West Indies and other parts of the globe, and therefore had had the opportunity of acquiring such deadly little curios as blow-pipes and poisoned darts. But I never believed Sir Digby capable of stooping to such a low-down trick as setting a stable-hand the task of destroying a rival owner's chance in a big race. However, the scoundrel is in the open now, and we must afford him no more chances for doing harm. After to-night's affair he will stop at nothing to obtain his revenge, and if he can prevent my horses from a plac-



Ginger Hales clutched a branch as the two-seater passed beneath it and swung himself clear of the car.

stable-brat, I'll—"

He got no further, for Tony took a flying leap for him, and, with a howl of alarm, Sir Digby Garston dashed through the hall, grabbed his hat and gloves, and made an undignified exit from the ancestral home of the Estors.

When he had gone Tony turned to the Owner, and, indicating the blow-pipe and darts, he said:

"With that evidence, sir, you could secure a warrant for Sir Digby Garston's arrest!"

"Maybe, my boy," said Lord Estor, "and Sir Digby would reciprocate by having a warrant issued for you for house-breaking. Although I cannot approve of your method of obtaining the evidence, you have rendered me a real service in revealing Garston in his true colours. He has always posed as my friend, but now I can see his hand in many of my misfortunes."

"He must have paid Shorty Dunn jolly well for keeping his name out of that court case," put in Dorothy.

ing in the Grande Premiere Steeplechase in France or in the Grand National at Aintree, he will do so no matter how foul the means to which he has to resort."

A few minutes later Tony took leave of the sportsman peer. Dorothy accompanied him to the front door to see him off.

"Well, good-bye, Tony," she said softly, extending a slim, white hand; "it is probable we shall not see each other again until we meet in Paris. I heard daddy say that you, Dick, Barney and the others are to leave a couple of days before we go to France ourselves." She gave Tony's hand an extra squeeze as she added: "You don't know how grateful I am to you for showing up that cad Garston. But I wonder what his next move will be?"

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 it is announced that a party of a hundred men are to leave the fort and pass through the Redskin host. Led by Buffalo Bill they sally forth.

The Trail Through the Mountains.

WHEN the party emerged from the narrow crevasse in the earth they were almost hidden by the growth of the tall corn.

Buffalo Bill headed out across the prairie at a walking pace.

Far behind them they could see the glare of the Apache and Navajo campfires. The braves of the force beleaguering Fort Madison were dancing the War Dance, and down wind came the sounds of their howlings and whoopings.

Soon the scout put Buckskin to a gallop, and away the whole party went, travelling across the star-lit prairie at a pace which soon stretched the miles behind them.

The boys were very glad to be out of the underground labyrinth by which they had passed under the Redskin army, and to find themselves once more out on the open prairie, with the fresh night wind blowing on their faces.

The thought that they were going to save their father from the hands of the ruthless enemy who had held him in bondage so long, robbed them of all sense of fatigue. For weeks past now they had been riding hard and living hard, with but little sleep and many fatigues. But now they felt fit to ride all night and to fight all day, if needs be.

The spirit of their masters seemed to be transferred to the horses, for they made fine progress at a steady canter which covered the ground in wonderful style. By dawn they were forty miles from Fort Madison, crossing a part of the prairie which was far away from all the trails.

And they saw that Buffalo Bill was leading them towards a ragged line of blue sierras, whose foothills rolled far out on the green prairie.

At seven o'clock they stopped for breakfast by the side of a small brook which came tumbling down from the mountains, and Prairie Wolf, lying by the side of a mountain pool, bared his arm and caught trout with his hands, tickling them in the fashion of the Devonshire boys, and throwing them out on the banks with the swiftness of a cat.

Soon Prairie Wolf had caught

enough small trout for the boys' breakfast. Prairie Wolf would not eat any fish himself. Like most of the plains Redskins, he disdained fish eating and fish eaters, for it is only the weaker tribes, who have been driven from the plains and the buffalo haunts by the stronger tribes, and forced to find refuge and food in the mountains, who will eat fish.

But the boys were not troubled by this prejudice. The mountain trout, broiled over the hot ashes, were splendid, and they told Prairie Wolf that his disdain of fish was all swank, and that if the plains Indians only knew the taste of fish-and-chips they would no longer eat the stringy buffalo.

After breakfast was over away they went again, the long file of horses and men following up numberless winding valleys, always travelling up hill.

Then they climbed above these forests, to find themselves well amongst the mountains, great, savage precipices of towering rocks, and huge rock-slides surrounding them in all directions.

It was not till three o'clock in the afternoon that Buffalo Bill stopped and gathered the party round him on a little rock plateau.

Then he pointed to a huge saw-like ridge of crags and mountains that cut the blue sky high up above.

"That's where we are bound, boys," said he, "then we drop on the Redskins' heads from the clouds."

The cowboys gazed up at the enormous barrier which was yet ten miles away.

"Gee whizz!" exclaimed Laramie Jack, "we'll want hosses that fly!"

But Buffalo Bill shook his head. "There is a path over that wall," said he, "but you'll be the first horsemen that will have crossed it in the history of America, and in later years you'll be famous as the first mounted men that ever crossed the Devil's Ridge. And we have got to cross it in the daylight, for no man or horse living could do it in the dark!"

The cowboys looked grim. It seemed to them utterly impossible that men and horses could cross that awful sky-scraping barrier, ten thousand feet in height.

"Where hosses can go men can go!" said Laramie Jack, after a pause, "and if their hosses can't go we'll crawl over th' top on our hands and knees!"

Then away they went following along precipitous paths which wound along the face of the precipice, crossing snow slopes and rock slides which threatened to hurl the whole party to destruction.

But Buffalo Bill and Buck Dixie had both spied out the trail before and knew their bearings.

Even the hardened cowboys turned grim and pale as they led their horses along some of these narrow mountain paths, which were more suited to a grizzly bear or a mountain lion than

to a horse bred and trained on the plains.

But slowly and surely they made their way along the face of the huge mountain, always climbing higher and higher till they looked down five thousand feet into the deep shadowy gorges where the blue shadows of the afternoon were already creeping.

It was at the edge of a huge half-mile rockslide that Buffalo Bill reined in Buckskin and called to the file behind him.

"This is Devil's Slide, boys," said he. "Once across this and the rest of the path is safe. But during the next half-mile no man will speak. Even an echo is enough to start the slide. And if she starts up when we are on it, it's good-bye to us and to Fort Madison, too!"

The cowboys looked up with awed faces at the loose slide of fallen rocks and rubble. This rose at a sharp angle to two thousand feet above them, where it seemed as though the whole face of a huge mountain had broken away.

It descended below in one unbroken slope for two miles falling five thousand feet as steep as the roof of a house.

The rock of which it was composed was a broken-down mica-schist full of small garnets and as slippery as soap.

The slightest sound would be sufficient to set the face of this vast slide in motion, and it was plain that the towering face of rock, from which it had fallen, was as rotten as it could hold together.

The cowboys and troopers no longer sat their horses with their usual swagger and easy seat. The horses themselves stepped out gingerly on the lightly marked trail which Buffalo Bill had staked out with sticks and bits of fluttering rag when he had spied out the path.

Buckskin stepped daintily out on the trail, and Starlight followed close at his heels. The other horses, though they knew the path was dangerous, seemed to trust in these two gallant leaders.

Moonlight, with his nostrils dilated and his crest erect, stepped close after them, and Kit and Joe sat stiff in their saddles as the head of the column pushed over this dangerous ground.

Now and then, a stone would start sliding and would roll down the face of the great slope rattling away and doing its best to start up a rockslide.

The men sat in their saddles grim, uneasy and silent, looking up at the pile of broken rubble above them.

But, greatly to their relief, not a horse stumbled as they crossed the danger zone. They were nearly across and Buck Dixie, looking back, had given a sigh of relief, when suddenly, high up above under that terrible crag, there showed a puff of dust-like smoke as though a huge cannon had been fired.

Then there was a deep rumbling roar, and the top of the slide, half a mile above them was wrapped in a cloud of dust.

"Ride for your lives, boys!" roared Buffalo Bill, "the slide is on the move!"

The conclusion of this great Redskin tale will be given next Tuesday.

THE PURLOINED PORK!

Our Great New Series dealing with the amazing adventures of

HERLOCK SHOLMES
DETECTIVE

Written by

PETER TODD

I.
"YOU have had a visitor, Sholmes?" I remarked, as I came in after visiting my patients one morning.

Sholmes smiled.
"How did you deduce that, my dear Jotson?" he asked.

"I have studied your methods, Sholmes," I answered. "As I came in a taxi drove away from the door. As I came upstairs Mrs. Spudson mentioned the fact that a gentleman had called upon you."

"And from that—"
"From those two facts, taken in conjunction, Sholmes, I deduce that you have had a visitor," I said modestly.

"Bravo, Jotson!" exclaimed Herlock Sholmes heartily. "I see that you have not, after all, studied my methods in vain. You are right; I had a visitor—a new case, Jotson. It was the Pork Controller who called upon me. I have agreed to help him. The police are, as usual, helpless in the matter."

"What has happened, Sholmes?"
"A cargo of pork has been surreptitiously removed from the docks at a certain port," explained Sholmes. "It will be necessary to proceed to the port to investigate the mystery. According to the Pork Controller, it is a theft upon an unusually large scale, a whole cargo having been taken, and a motor-lorry, at least, must have been used to convey it away. How the lorry passed out of the docks without detection is a mystery."

"An interesting case," I remarked.
"It was a newly-landed cargo, I presume?"

"Not at all. The history of the pork is interesting in itself," said Sholmes. "It was landed from an American ship some years ago. It was then, naturally, forgotten. Like the southern sun in Coleridge's celebrated poem, it grew higher and higher every day. A cargo of fertiliser was landed next to it the other day, and the dock authorities decided that unless one or the other was removed it would be necessary to close the port. An official was therefore sent to the Pork Controller's office, to wake him up. Having wakened, the Controller gave orders for the pork to be removed at once. It was too late, Jotson! By the time the order reached the port the pork was gone!"

"Extraordinary!" I exclaimed.

"Quite so, Jotson—a case worthy of my powers," said Herlock Sholmes. "If you are ready, my dear fellow, we will proceed to the port at once. The pork must be found: goodness knows what may happen if it gets loose in the country. A cargo of American

pork is no joke at the best of times, and after a couple of years in the open air, Jotson, it is probably in a very truculent state. The Pork Controller is very concerned about it. He fears that this incident may lead to public criticism of the Department—even to its abolition. Seventy thousand officials will be thrown out of employment if that should happen."

"Good heavens, Sholmes!"
"Think of the distress that would be caused, Jotson!" said Sholmes, wiping away a tear. "Moreover, it is time—high time, in fact—that the pork was placed on the market. If it is left much longer it will be unfit for even the British public to eat. At least, the Pork Controller fears so. Let us go."

We went.

II.

WE arrived at the port early in the afternoon, and proceeded at once to the docks.

We were conducted to the spot where the pork once had been, but where it



"It's the newly-landed cargo of fertiliser," explained the official.

was no longer. A scent very unlike that of attar of roses greeted us, and Sholmes turned to the official who was guiding our steps.

"It is certain that the pork is gone?" he asked.

"Undoubtedly."

"Then what is this aroma?"

"Merely the newly landed cargo of fertiliser," explained the official, with a smile. "It should have been removed yesterday, but the contractor has not yet sent for it."

"It was yesterday that the pork was purloined?"

"Yes."

"Ah!" said Sholmes mysteriously. I looked quickly at my amazing friend.

His tone was sufficient to tell me that he had a clue.

He met my glance, and smiled in his inscrutable way. Then he turned to the dock official.

"Kindly give me the name and

address of the contractor who should have removed the fertiliser," he said. The official looked astounded.

"But it is the pork you are concerned about, not the fertiliser, Mr. Sholmes."

"I have my own methods, sir," said Herlock Sholmes sternly. "The name and address of the contractor, sharp!"

The astounded official gave the name and address. Sholmes signed to me, and we walked away, leaving the official staring.

"My dear Sholmes—" I murmured.

"You may wait for me at the hotel, Jotson," drawled Sholmes. "I have to make a call. I am going—"

"To track down the pork?"

"The pork purloiner, at least," said Sholmes. "Au reservoir!" he added, dropping into French, as he often did. "Allong! Bunkez-vous! Scat!"

And we parted.

III.

I WAITED with considerable curiosity for the arrival of my amazing friend at our hotel.

Herlock Sholmes arrived at last.

From the graceful and airy way in which he jazzed into the room, and from the gratified smile lurking round his extensive mouth, I saw at once that he had triumphed once more.

"Sholmes!" I exclaimed. "You have solved the mystery?"

"The mystery is a mystery no longer, Jotson," said Sholmes.

"It is, as I divined as soon as I was on the spot, a case of mistaken identity."

"Mistaken identity?" I repeated.

"Exactly. You are aware that the contractor was to have removed the fertiliser yesterday?"

"True."
"It was not removed, but the pork disappeared."

"No doubt. But—"

"The truth flashed into my mind at once," said Herlock Sholmes calmly.

"The contractor arrived yesterday, according to arrangement, to remove the fertiliser. He made a natural mistake. The pork was stacked next to the fertiliser, and the wrong cargo was loaded upon the lorry and taken away!"

"Sholmes!"

"You must remember, Jotson, that it was American pork, under Government control. There was nothing, therefore, to distinguish it from the fertiliser, and the mistake was a natural one. The contractor is not to blame; he had not even yet suspected the truth, although he certainly thought that the chemical components of the fertiliser were of unusual pungency. The pork is now on its way back to the docks." Sholmes looked thoughtful for a moment. "By the way, Jotson, on our return to Shaker Street I think we may as well mention to Mrs. Spudson that pork chops had better be excluded from our menu for some time to come."

THE END.

NOTE: Be sure and read next week's screamingly funny adventure!



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 reader. Remember your joke should be written plainly on a postcard, and addressed to "Greyfriars Herald," The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., E.C.4.—Editor.

Sheer Waste!

One day a wealthy lord decided to take a day's shooting over his estate, so, equipped with a gun, he called to his new gamekeeper, Pat, and set off for the coverts.

After a time his lordship espied a partridge, and with a good shot brought the bird to earth with a thump. On turning round he was much annoyed to see Pat doubled up with laughter, and he angrily inquired the meaning of such conduct.

With an effort Pat straightened his face.

"Whoi, sorr," he said, "ye've wasted a good shot. The fall would have killed it!"—Sent in by A. Evans, 61, Billhay Street, West Bromwich, Staffs.

A Change of Feeling.

Film Producer: Register indignation.

Star Actor (sulkily): Don't feel like it.

Film Producer: Your salary is reduced two hundred pounds a week! Ah, that's right—keep that expression! Mr. Photographer, get busy, please!—Sent in by Thos. Jillagee, 29, Ophir Gardens, Belfast.

Sew it Seemed!

Wife: I've just been reading an article on electricity, John, and it appears that before long we shall be able to get everything we want by just touching a button.

Hubby: You'd never be able to get anything that way.

Wife: Why not, John?

OUR TUCK-HAMPER PRIZE STORYETTE

BOXED HIM UP.

Fast and furious wagged the sergeant's tongue as he drilled the latest batch of recruits, and one particularly awkward fellow received upon his devoted head the bulk of the instructor's wrath.

At last the sergeant brought the awkward squad to a halt, and thrusting his nose into the face of his victim, he barked:

"And what were you before you joined the Army, me lad?"

"I packed tin soldiers in boxes, sergeant," replied the private meekly; "but I got sacked."

"Oh, you did, did you?" jeered the N.C.O. "And why were you sacked?"

And swiftly came the reply:

"For packing too many blessed sergeants in each box!"—Sent in by I. King, 1, Alma Terrace, Grimsbury, Banbury, Oxon, to whom a hamper crammed full of delicious tuck has been dispatched.

Hubby: Because nothing on earth would ever induce you to touch a button—look at my vest!—Sent in by Miss G. Bourne, 14, Kingston Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.

A Swift Change!

It was in the first month of the footer season, and the class was thinking a good deal more of the good old winter pastime than of the spelling lesson.

"As I've told you before, Johnny," said the teacher, "you should spell 'little' 'l-i-double t-l-e,' not 'l-i-t-t-l-e.'" Now, remember in future not to repeat the same sound twice, but to say 'double.'"

In the following lesson it came about that Johnny was set the task of reading some poetry, in which occurred the line: "Up, up, my love, the sun is shining!"

Imagine the surprise and delight of the class when Johnny translated it:

"Double up, my love, the sun is shining!"—Sent in by C. E. Davies, 108, Station Road, Llanelly, Carmarthen.

His Thirst for Knowledge!

Little Tommy looked worried. He stood on the library chair, and one by one his grubby paws seized the well-bound volumes and turned them over. It was evident that he was looking for something important. Then Johnny's pa entered, and at his sharp cry one of the choicest books fell with a crash to the floor.

"It—it's all right!" said Johnny. "I'm only looking for the 'History of England.'"

"The 'History of England'! What-ever for?"

"Why, you see," came the reply.

"Sammy Spooner at our school says that Albert Jones played for Bolton Wanderers two years ago, and I say he didn't!"—Sent in by Miss V. Burton, 4, Amies Street, Battersea, S.W.11.

A Bunterism!

Mr. Quelch: Who urged Christopher Columbus to go to sea?

-The Smart Bunter: Mrs. Christopher Columbus!—Sent in by A. Woodward, Whites Cottage, Reading Street, near Broadstairs, Kent.

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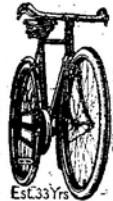
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When answering advertisements will our readers kindly mention this paper.