

HOW TO IMPROVE YOUR FOOTER! A SPLENDID ARTICLE BY AN INTERNATIONAL

The Greyfriars

Herald



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"A BLACK DAY FOR TUCKEY TOODLES!"

(You will be tickled by this tale of Tuckey's troubles in the tropics in this issue.)



Editorial

By Harry Wharton.

A BIG SCORE!

My Dear Chums. - No matter how modest an editor may be when he is away from his editorial sanctum, he must not be "backward in coming forward" when it comes to singing the praises of his own publication. And he is a poor editor who has nothing to sing about once in a while at least.

At the risk of being asked that pertinent question, "Is your trumpeter dead?" I am going to kick off this week with a little song of praise about the editor of THE GREYFRIARS HERALD—me, you know. I fancy I can hear a few of you saying, "Hear, hear, old top!" among the general chorus of "Dry up, Harry, old boy!"

However, you will all see during the next few weeks that I've a jolly good excuse, for it was through my own strenuous efforts that the wonderfully instructive series of football articles—the first of which is given on page 7—was secured for our little paper.

LEARN FROM THE GIANTS OF THE GAME!

The acquisition of this series entitled "How to Improve Your Footer" is a "scoop" for the HERALD, and only by the utmost difficulty was I able to obtain these articles from the pens of the leading footballers of the day—men who are at present making football history in the big league games which are now in full swing.

The first three articles deal chiefly with Team Tactics, and they have been written by the famous West Bromwich Albion player and English International, Fred Morris. Other phases of the game will be dealt with by other first-class footballers, and their combined instruction will prove of immeasurable benefit to any ambitious youngster who carefully follows the series.

BRAIN BETTER THAN BRAWN!

Brawn without brain on the footer field is next to useless, and it is the player who uses his grey matter as well as his feet who scores in this as in most other pursuits.

It is necessary to give careful study to the instructions of our player-contributors, and I suggest that you should show this grand new series to the sports master at your school. He would be grateful to you, and appreciate the interest you take in the good old game, and he might be glad to read aloud the articles each week to the teams under his care.

If you play for a team yourself, get all your team-mates to read our great new series which starts to-day, and the results of the instruction given will gradually make itself apparent in better combination and success in your matches.

Your cheerful pal,

HARRY.

HIS GROWL!



BILLY BULL PUP: "I hear you're looking for fresh diggings, what's the matter with the place you're in now?"

MONTY MONGREL: "Matter! All's the matter! Why, the people here are all blessed vegetarians!"

CAST-IRON FAITH!



MAGGIE MOUSER: "Myes, my good health I attribute to my complete faith."

WILLIE WATCH-DOG: "What, faith in your future nine lives?"

MAGGIE MOUSER: "No, no! My complete faith in your chain!"

A BLACK DAY FOR TOODLES!

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

By OWEN CONQUEST

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

CHAPTER I.

Toodles is Very Kind!

"IT'S one of the wonders of the world!" said Tuckey Toodles impressively.

"Give us a rest!" suggested Jack Drake.

"Everybody who comes to Trinidad sees it—"

Drake yawned.

"Mr. Packe's put up a notice in the common-room," continued Tuckey Toodles, unheeding the yawn. "He says that fellows are to put their names down—"

"Bow-wow!"

"All the fellows who want to go by steamer to-morrow to see the Pitch Lake," said Toodles. "I tell you it's one of the wonders of the world. Everybody's heard of the Great Pitch Lake of Trinidad—"

"We've heard enough, for the present," remarked Dick Rodney. "Go and tell Sawyer major about it."

"But I want you fellows to come," urged Toodles. "You simply can't afford to miss it. Next week, I believe, we're going on to the Orinoco, and the Benbow won't come back to Trinidad any more. This is your only chance of seeing the Great Pitch Lake. Yaw-aw-aw!"

Drake and Rodney yawned together. In spite of the earnestness of their fat study-mate, they seemed quite unimpressed by the wonders of the Great Pitch Lake.

"It's not only the Pitch Lake," continued Toodles, "but every chap who goes on the steamer to-morrow will be let off lessons. Chaps who don't go will be taken by Mr. Vavasour; Mr. Packe's going with the party."

"You'll get on all right with Mr. Vavasour," said Drake encouragingly. "Never mind the Great Pitch Lake. Besides, there's a proverb that you can't touch pitch without being defiled, you know."

"That's where you're wrong," said Toodles. "Mr. Packe's been jawing—I mean he's been giving us some information about it. The pitch in the Great Pitch Lake of Trinidad doesn't stain the hands. Fancy that!"

"Yaw-aw-aw!"

"You yawning asses!" exclaimed Toodles, exasperated. "Here you are within forty miles of one of the wonders of the world, and you don't want to take the trouble to see it! Besides, it's a lovely run across the Gulf from Port of Spain to La Brea, where the Pitch Lake is. You fellows would enjoy it no end. We're going to take lunch-baskets, too. We go up to the Lake in a mule-cart from La Brea. It's no end of a sight. You fellows simply must come!"



Egan jerked the fat junior off his feet, and Tuckey sat down in a black pool with a terrific splash.

There was a chuckle in No. 8 Study on the Benbow.

Tuckey Toodles' earnestness rather tickled his study-mates.

As a rule, Tuckey was not anxiously concerned for the benefit of others, but undoubtedly he was very anxious now that his study-mates should not miss seeing that wonder of the world, the Great Pitch Lake of Trinidad.

Probably the fat junior had his own reasons for being so anxious on account of his comrades.

"I'll tell you what," said Rodney. "You can tell us all about it when you come back, Toodles."

"That's no good," answered Tuckey. "It's a thing you have to see for yourselves. It's an astonishing sight—quite rejeky, in fact. The steamer starts from the quay to-morrow morning, and all fellows who give their names in this evening to Packe are going. Packe says the visit will be educational, and worth missing a day's classes for. I don't usually agree with Packe, but I think he's right there."

"You would!" agreed Drake. "Precious few things you wouldn't miss a day's classes for, Tuckey!"

"You must come!" urged Toodles. "I'm not going to let you off. I shouldn't enjoy it without you. I should think of what you were missing, you know."

"That's awfully kind of you," chuckled Rodney.

"Well, I'm a kind-hearted chap," said Toodles. "That's me all over—kindest friend and noblest foe, you know, like the chap in the poem. You fellows are coming, ain't you? Remember, it's no lessons to-morrow if you come, and that means no prep. this evening. But the names have got

to be taken in to Packe before seven. Now, say you'll come. Will you come along with me to Packe's cabin now?"

"Thanks, no."

"Look here—"

"We won't keep you, old top. You go."

"I—I don't want to go without my best pals," said Tuckey reproachfully.

"You can manage it, for once."

"Well, the—the fact is—"

Toodles hesitated. "Oh, now we're getting to the facts, are we?" grinned Rodney. "Well, the fact is—what?"

"Hem! The—the fact is—ahem!—the fellows who go have to pay their own fare on the steamer—"

"Ah!"

"And—and something towards the mule-cart at La Brea—"

"Oh!"

"And something for the guide and boatmen. It depends on how many go what it comes to. And—and—somehow or other my remittance hasn't arrived at Port of Spain yet. And—and I was thinking that you fellows would like to stand my whack, as you're coming with me."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Drake and Rodney burst into a roar. Tuckey Toodles' anxiety that his companions should not miss seeing the Great Pitch Lake was explained now—not that the chums of the Fourth had been in the dark. They knew their Toodles!

"I don't see what you're chortling at," said Toodles warmly. "I suppose I can't pay my whack when my remittance hasn't arrived, can I? You've got plenty of money, Drake. Of course, I'm not the fellow to ask a favour of anybody. But on this special

occasional I would let you stand my whack, if you wanted to."

"And suppose I didn't want to?" grinned Drake.

"It's no end of a beautiful coast, you know, going across the gulf to La Brea," said Toodles, changing the subject with startling suddenness. "You see the mountain of San Something-or-other, and the bay of Thingummy, and the forest of What-d'ye-call-it—wonderful sights, you know."

"Ha, ha! They must be!"

"Come along with me to Packe's cabin now, and we'll all put our names down together for the trip," said Toodles.

"Bow-wow!"

"Won't you come to Packe?" roared Toodles.

"Nix."

"Yah! You're awfully mean, Drake—I don't think I ever met a meaner chap in my life. I say, Rodney, you're not a mean, stingy boulder like Drake—"

"Worse!" said Rodney at once.

"You wouldn't mind springing a few dollars—"

"I would!"

"Yah! You're a pair!" said Tuckey Toodles, exasperated. "I sha'n't take you with me now, and you can go without seeing the Great Pitch Lake. I'm going to speak to my friend Daubeny."

"Hear, hear!"

"Yah!"

Tuckey Toodles rolled out of No. 8, leaving Drake and Rodney chuckling.

The Trippers!

THE following morning Tuckey Toodles was morose.

Quite a number of the Benbow juniors had put their names down for the excursion to La Brea, to behold the wonders of the Great Pitch Lake of Trinidad.

But, somehow or other, nobody seemed to yearn for Tuckey's company to such an extent as to offer to pay his "whack."

Daubeny of the Shell was going, with Egan and Torrence, and Tuckey had approached the Bucks of the Shell with his most fascinating smile, to speak on the subject; but Daubeny and Co. had only told him to go and eat coke! Sawyer major and Estcourt and Rawlings and some more of the Fourth were going, but when Tuckey told them he would have to stay behind if somebody didn't stand his whack they were unfeeling enough to cheer.

They really didn't seem to mind whether they were deprived of Tuckey's charming company or not. And when Tuckey declared that if they didn't stand by him on this special occasion he would never ask them to Toodles Towers when they returned to England they were quite unmoved. Toodles Towers was an imposing name, but it was not a name to conjure with.

So that morning Rupert de Vere Toodles was morose.

To tell the exact truth, Tuckey was not deeply and scientifically interested in that marvellous phenomenon, the Great Pitch Lake. He was chiefly concerned in getting off classes for the day. And as he had left his prep. un-

done the evening before, on "spec.," as it were, it was very important that he should miss classes.

The morning was bright and sunny, the sun blazing over the hills of Trinidad, and over the fertile valleys, and the rolling waters of the Gulf of Paria. Away to the westward the Cordilleras of South America stood out against the blue sky. But Tuckey was not interested in tropical scenery. He was morose; and, like Rachel of old, he refused to be comforted.

After breakfast the party for La Brea had to get ready to start. They could see the steamer from the Benbow which made the journey from Port of Spain to the southern end of the Gulf several times a week. The steamer was preparing for sea. Mr. Packe, the Fourth-form master, gathered his little flock on the deck of the Benbow before the usual hour for morning classes. A boat with black rowers lay beside the ship, ready to convey the trippers to the steamer.

Mr. Packe consulted a list in his hand, and counted his flock. Drake and Rodney were among them.

Tuckey Toodles eyed his study-mates with deep reproach.

"You're going?" he ejaculated.

Drake nodded cheerily.

"Didn't you say we oughtn't to miss it?" he inquired.

"Yah!"

"Isn't it one of the wonders of the world?" chuckled Rodney.

"Br-r-r-r!" snorted Toodles. "I think you're awfully mean—in fact, I despise you—yah! You made out you weren't going—"

"Not at all," said Drake. "We put down our names at once, when we saw the notice in the common-room, before you turned on your chin-music in the study, old top."

"Why, you rotter—"

"Toodles!"

"Eh? Oh! Yes, sir!" ejaculated Tuckey, as Mr. Packe called his name. "Why are you not ready to start, Toodles?" exclaimed Mr. Packe severely.

"Eh? I'm not going, sir."

"What? Your name is down."

"Eh?"

"What does this mean?" exclaimed Mr. Packe testily. "Drake put your name down with his own yesterday, and paid your charges. What does this mean?"

Tuckey Toodles jumped.

"D-d-d-Drake did!" he stuttered.

"Yes."

"Oh!"

Tuckey Toodles blinked at the chums of No. 8, who chuckled. The fat junior understood now. Drake had put down the name of his fat study-mate, and paid for him, as a matter of course, but he had not mentioned the fact to Tuckey, for the purpose of pulling his pedgy leg.

"Oh! I—I see! You beast, Drake—I mean I'm no end obliged, old top! I'll be ready in a tick—I mean in a minute, sir! I'm coming, of course—yes, rather!"

"Make haste, then, Toodles."

The juniors descended into the boat. Rupert de Vere Toodles was not long behind the others. He did not mean to run the risk of being left. He dropped into the boat, almost invisible

under the huge Spanish sombrero he wore to preserve his valuable complexion from the sun. The other fellows never knew what there was in Toodles' complexions to be worth preserving, but Tuckey had his own ideas on the subject.

The boat pulled to the steamer, and the party clambered on board. Smoke was already pouring from the funnels.

"I knew you fellows wouldn't leave me behind, old tops," said Tuckey affectionately, as the steamer left the quay. "You wouldn't have liked this trip without me. I say, I don't like the smell of these beastly engines, after the Benbow."

"The other day you were grumbling at the Benbow for being a windjammer," said Drake.

"Well, so she is a windjammer," said Toodles, "and these engines smell beastly, too. Still, I can put up with it, for the sake of you chaps. I'd put up with more than this to oblige my old pals. I'll point out all the places of interest as we go along, and tell you chaps about them. I'm really as good as a guide, you know. See those flats there?"

"Do you mean the Shell fellows?"

"No, you ass—those flats ashore. They're the thingummy swamps—"

"Mangrove swamps," said Rodney.

"That's it," assented Toodles.

"They extend all the way from What's-it's-name to What-d'ye-call-um. That cape ahead is Point Thingummy. You depend on me for information as we go along."

"I think we'd better make notes of what you tell us," remarked Dick Rodney sarcastically. "After a little more of this we could pass an exam. on Trinidad geography."

"Well, I'm fairly well up in geography," said Toodles, who was quite impervious to sarcasm. "You see that line in the sky, to the west, right across the gulf? That's the—the—I forget what it's called, you know, and it's I can't remember exactly how many miles off. T'other side of that there's a tribe of Indians called—I don't recall just this minute. And there's a town of the name of—I'll tell you when I remember it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

With such stores of valuable information Tuckey Toodles beguiled the way, and by the time La Brea was sighted he was quite satisfied that, from an educational point of view, Jack Drake had invested his money well when he paid Tuckey's "whack."

The Terrors of Toodles!

"BLACK as a hat!" remarked Daubeny of the Shell, adjusting his eyeglass to stare at the shore, as the steamer drew in to La Brea.

"Black, but comely," remarked Sawyer major.

The Benbow fellows watched the shore with interest, as the steamer dropped anchor outside the surf. The overflow of pitch from the great lake dimmed the tropical colouring. The pebbles of the beach were black; even the tide-pools in the sand were black. The big policeman on the spit of land, who was shouting something unintelligible to the steamer's crew, was black, too—but that was not due to the pitch.

He was a coloured gentleman, like most of the police force of Trinidad.

"You will prepare to take your places in the boat, my boys," came the voice of Mr. Packe.

A boat came out from the shore to the steamer, manned by black rowers, and stopped under the vessel's side.

Into this the juniors piled, and the boat bumped through the surf, and the juniors landed. The beach was alive with the inhabitants of La Brea, most of them busy on the work of transporting pitch. From the Great Pitch Lake of Trinidad comes much of the asphalt with which streets are paved in American and European cities.

Mr. Packe consulted with the police officer, whose manners were as polished as his ebony complexion.

A coloured gentleman, who had been dozing under a wall, was called into the consultation, and presently departed. Mr. Packe turned to his flock.

"We shall proceed up the hill by mule-cart," he told them. "You will kindly remain with me, and not wander about. Daubeny, remove that glass from your eye; it is causing us to receive undue attention from the natives."

Daubeny blushed, and his eyeglass disappeared, much to the disappointment of a number of piccaninnies who had gathered round to view the unusual sight, which was probably as novel to them as a pitch lake was to Daubeny. Three mule-carts arrived to accommodate the Benbow explorers, in charge of the coloured gentleman, whose name was Solomon Wellington, and whose services had been engaged as guide. Jack Drake and Rodney, Toodles and Sawyer major, Estcourt and Rawlings mounted into the first cart, which rolled off, followed by the others, with the remainder of the party and Mr. Packe.

The Form-master was very particular about keeping his eye on his young charges, but he could only sit in one of the mule-carts. Even a strict sense of duty could not enable Mr. Packe to divide himself into three parts, like ancient Gaul. So Jack Drake and Co. had to bear the loss of their Form-master's company, which they did with great fortitude.

The road to the Pitch Lake was laid with pitch from the lake itself, but the bank by the roadside was thick with pitch in its natural state, placed there by the hand of nature. If the trippers had had the time they could have watched the pitch squeezing out of the soil into the gutter by the road. The whole quarter was redolent of pitch; the scent of it was in the air. It had struck the explorers' noses even out at sea in the steamer. But it was a healthy and not unpleasant smell.

By the road, as the mule-carts jumbled on, rose into view huts tenanted by good-humoured-looking negroes, with negresses in gay-coloured headgear, and innumerable piccaninnies playing among the bushes and blossoms.

Bright tropical flowers glimmered on all sides, but as the explorers pushed on up the hill, and the pitch became thicker and thicker in the soil, the vegetation became less luxuriant and

more sober in hue. Jack Drake and Co. looked about them with keen interest, only Tuckey Toodles devoting his attention to the contents of a lunch-basket, and leaving the scenery to take care of itself.

"Jolly queer place!" commented Drake, as the mule-cart came out on what looked like a huge asphalt pavement, covering the hillside, but which was only the dried pitch from the lake further up. Rusty-looking weeds grew in it in ragged clusters. The pitch was not all dried. Cart-tracks marked it, and here and there were pools of water covered with a brown scum. A wheel splashed in one of the pools, and the cart jolted, and Tuckey Toodles nearly swallowed a mouthful of cake even more quickly than usual.

"Ooooh!" gasped Tuckey. "Whar-rer marrer?"

"Only the cart sinking in the pitch," answered Sawyer major cheerfully.

"What!" yelled Tuckey.

"Didn't you know carts sometimes sunk into this stuff, and disappeared from human knowledge?" asked Sawyer innocently. "My dear chap, you have to run risks to see a sight like this!"

"I—I don't believe it!" gasped Tuckey Toodles. "You're trying to pull my leg, you beast!"

Sawyer shrugged his shoulders.

"Look for yourself!" he said.

Ahead of the cart was a pool of water, a few inches deep, but from its scummy covering it looked just like the solid, pitchy road. Sawyer major had noted the difference, but Toodles hadn't. Toodles watched the mule step on, and saw the animal's leg sink almost to the joint. The driver dragged at it.

"Nearly through that time," said Sawyer. "You see, Toodles, it's a sort of pitchy crust here, with bottomless depths below—"

"Ow!"

"If you go through—"

"Oh, dear!"

"I'm glad I made my will before we left the Benbow," remarked Rawlings, entering into the joke.

"D-d-did you make your will?" stuttered Tuckey Toodles.

"Why, didn't you?" exclaimed Rawlings.

"Nunno!"

"You should have, Tuckey," said Drake seriously. "Suppose you are buried alive in the pitch—"

"Ow!"

"And suffocated—"

"Yow-wow!"

"There may be law-suits over your immense properties at Toodles Towers," said Drake, shaking his head.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There we go again!" said Sawyer, as the mule stepped into another scummy pool. "Nearly through again. What will you fellows bet that we don't get to the top alive? Three to one we don't. Any takers?"

"No fear!" said Drake. "You'd win."

"Yaroooh!"

"Hallo, what's the matter, Toodles?"

Tuckey was scrambling up, forgetful even of what remained in the lunch-basket.

"I—I'm not going to be swallowed up alive!" he howled. "Packe oughtn't to have brought us to such a dangerous place. I'm getting out."

"Pooh! Don't be funky."

"I—I'm not funky, but I'm going back. The—the fact is, I—I dropped my handkerchief on the beach, and—I'm going back to look for it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tuckey Toodles dropped out of the back of the cart in a great hurry. He dropped into a black pool, and sank over his ankles, and gave a fearful yell, under the impression that he was going through the "crust" into unplumbed depths beneath.

"Yoop! Help! I'm sinking! Yar-oooooh!"

"Good-bye, Toodles!" yelled Sawyer major, in great delight. Sawyer major had a sense of humour that often afforded him more pleasure than it afforded others. "Good-bye, old top!"

"Help!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The mule-cart rolled on, leaving Tuckey Toodles ankle-deep in warm, pitchy water, yelling. The second cart, with Mr. Packe in it, rolled up. Mr. Packe blinked down severely at Toodles.

"What are you doing there, Toodles? You foolish boy, why have you got out of your cart?"

"I'm sinking!"

"What!"

"Help!" yelled Toodles. "I'm going through!"

"Through what?" ejaculated the astonished Mr. Packe.

"Through the pitch crust—"

"You utterly ridiculous boy!" exclaimed Mr. Packe. "How can you be so absurd? Do you think the hill is hollow?"

"Eh? Sawyer said—"

"Go back to your cart at once, and do not be so absurd."

"Oh!" ejaculated Toodles.

He shook a fat fist after the first mule-cart, at Sawyer's grinning face in the distance. Mr. Packe smiled slightly as he passed on in his cart. Tuckey Toodles did not feel inclined to chase his own vehicle uphill in the hot sunshine, and he essayed to mount into the third cart. But Daubeny and Co. were there, and they did not want to be crowded out by Toodles, especially in his muddy state.

"No room!" grinned Egan.

"You lemme in!" exclaimed Tuckey indignantly. "Do you think I can walk?"

"Try!" chuckled Daubeny.

"Give me a hand up, you rotters!" roared Toodles, plodding behind the slowly moving mule-cart.

Egan winked at his comrades.

"Well, give me your paw," he said, as if relenting.

"Here you are!" gasped Toodles.

Egan took the fat paw, as if to lift Toodles into the cart; but instead of lifting him in he jerked him off his feet, and Tuckey sat down. He sat in a black pool with a terrific splash.

"Yoooooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bless my soul! Whatever is that?" exclaimed Mr. Packe, looking back from the second cart. "Has anything happened, Daubeny?"

"Only Toodles taking a rest en route, sir," answered Daub.

"Dear me! The ridiculous boy!"

Tuckey Toodles scrambled up, and fielded his big sombrero, which had fallen off. He shook a fat fist furiously at the grinning Shell fellows, and plodded on afoot. Fortunately, the trippers were nearly at the top now, and in a few minutes more the carts topped the last ridge of the long, low hill, and the Great Pitch Lake of Trinidad was spread before the juniors of the Benbow.

The Great Pitch Lake!

"HERE we are!" said Drake, as he jumped from the cart.

"Yes, here we are again!" said Sawyer major. "Hallo, is that you, Toodles? Didn't you fall through, after all?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yah!" was Tuckey's disdainful reply.

"So that's the famous Pitch Lake of Trinidad!" said Dick Rodney thoughtfully.

"Call that a lake?" sniffed Tuckey Toodles.

It was an odd-looking lake. It was quite at the top of the low hill, a gigantic pool of asphalt, in a more or less liquid state. Islands rose in the midst of it; beyond it was a palm forest. The tropical sun blazed down on the black lake, and the pitch glittered and glared in the sunshine.

"You may walk on it, my boys," said Mr. Packe. "But be careful not to fall into the holes."

"Walk on the lake!" ejaculated Rodney.

It was a new idea to the juniors.

But they found that it was quite easy to walk on the surface of the lake. The oil that squeezed up with the pitch from the depths of the earth evaporated rapidly in the hot sunshine, leaving the pitch of a thick consistency, well able to support a heavy weight. In the softer places the feet sank a little, leaving footprints in the pitch, but that was all. The juniors made a rush for the islands, after testing the consistency of the asphalt with cautious feet first.

Mr. Packe proceeded in a more stately manner, walking on planks laid down by the negro drivers over the broken channels that intersected the surface of the pitch. But the juniors preferred to jump over the channels, which were all narrow. Some of them stared down into these queer rifts, which seemed to extend to endless depths downward through the hardened asphalt.

Some of the channels ran with water, and fishes and beetles could be seen in them. Others were dry or oily. Stranger still to see were the sticks and logs that stuck in the pitch, apparently having risen to the surface along with the exuding asphalt, from the depths below. There was no doubt that it was a sight worth seeing, and Jack Drake and Co. were glad that they had come.

Tuckey Toodles was very slow in venturing on the surface of the lake, but he followed the other fellows at last, and reached the islands. Patches of red earth, with sedge and palms growing thick, seemed to be floating

on the pitch, firm enough to the tread.

Jack Drake and Co. pushed further on, and jumped across a rather wider channel than usual; Tuckey halting on the other side.

"Come and help me over!" he shouted.

"Bow-wow!" retorted Drake.

"Jump!"

"Yah!"

The juniors ran on, and Tuckey stood where he was.

He did not care about jumping the channel, which was several feet wide, and full of water. Neither did he want to walk back to the carts by himself, as there were a dozen rifts to cross, and he wanted a helping hand at each. So he stood where he was, and frowned after the explorers as they spread over the lake.

Under the shade of his big Spanish sombrero Tuckey watched them, frowning, till presently he began to move, and, to his terror, found that his feet were fast.

He gave a howl as he dragged at one foot and then at the other, without succeeding in detaching either.

"Yow-ow! Help!" roared Toodles.

He had stopped—unfortunately for himself—in a spot where the pitch was soft and oily. His feet had sunk in it, and the pitch was holding his boots like glue.

The thought of sinking through into the depths made Rupert de Vere Toodles quite frantic.

He howled and yelled, and waved his fat hands. Some of the juniors looked back from the distance, and laughed, not being aware of Tuckey's plight, only supposing that the fat junior wanted somebody to come back and help him across the water channel. Mr. Packe was at a distance, making scientific investigations, and if he heard Tuckey's yells he did not heed; there was plenty of calling and shouting going on. Tuckey yelled for help, and yelled in vain.

His feet were sinking deeper, and every effort to drag them loose seemed to make them further embedded. Tuckey shrieked as the clinging pitch closed over his fat ankles.

"Yaroooh! Help! Help! Yooop! Beasts! Rotters! Help! I'm sinking!"

Jack Drake glanced back across the lake.

"What a thumping row he's kicking up!" he remarked. "Why can't he jump, like the others, the lazy-bones?"

Rodney fixed his eyes on Toodles. A rather startled expression came over his face.

"There's something wrong with him," he said. "Let's go back."

"Oh, all right," said Drake good-naturedly.

They turned back, and as they drew nearer they distinguished Tuckey's wail of horror.

"I'm sinking! Help!"

"Rot!" called back Drake.

"Yaroooh! I shall be killed! Help! I'm drowning in pitch! Yow-ow!"

Tuckey was very far from drowning, so far; the pitch was barely up to his knees. But certainly it was quite impossible for him to extricate himself, and doubtless, given a sufficient time, he would have sunk completely out of

sight, which would have been a dreadful termination to the fat career of Rupert de Vere Toodles!

"My only hat! He's really stuck!" exclaimed Drake, as he came nearer.

"Yow! Help! Beasts! Help!" roared Toodles.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Drake and Rodney jumped over the channel, and rejoined Tuckey. His fat knees were on a level with their feet.

The juniors grasped an arm each of Tuckey Toodles, and pulled.

But the fat junior was so well planted by this time that it was no light task to get him out. It was a good deal like drawing a very obstinate cork from a bottle.

Drake and Rodney tugged and panted, and perspired and tugged, but Tuckey did not come out.

The other juniors had perceived by this time that something was amiss, and they gathered round the spot. To Tuckey's intense indignation, they did not realise the tragedy of the position at all. There was only a chorus of chortles in reply to his frantic howls.

"Better get a rope from the cart," chuckled Sawyer. "We'll tie it round his neck, and get one of the mules to pull him out."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Drake cut off to the carts for a rope, and when it was brought it was tied round Tuckey's waist—not his neck, as Sawyer had playfully suggested. All the juniors laid hold of it, and with a dead-lift effort Tuckey was extracted like a cork.

He came out of the pitch, and sat down, gasping.

"Ow! Ow! Wow-wow-wow!" he spluttered. "Nice way to treat a pal! Ow-wow! I—I say, I shall have to be carried back to the cart. I'm too exhausted to walk."

"We'll roll you," said Sawyer. "Lend a hand, you fellows!"

Before Tuckey Toodles had made one complete roll he found that he was able to walk—indeed, to run. He bounced to his feet and fled, followed by a howl of laughter.

Tuckey did not venture on the pitch again; he had had enough of that wonder of the world. He gave his whole attention to what remained in the lunch-baskets until it was time to depart.

The sun was sinking over the Gulf of Paria when the juniors crowded into the mule-carts again to descend the hill. As the path now lay downward, Jack Drake and Rodney preferred to walk, and Daubeney—who seemed to have tired of Egan's society—dropped out to walk with them. The mule-carts rolled on ahead, and disappeared down the road, and the three juniors tramped on behind.

"Lots of time for the steamer," Drake remarked. "We shall be at the landing-place before Packe misses us."

And the three juniors tramped cheerily down the pitchy track—little dreaming, just then, of what was to happen before they saw their comrades of the Benbow again!

THE END.

Don't miss next week's rattling long complete story of the boys of the Benbow!

HOW TO IMPROVE YOUR FOOTER!

By FRED. MORRIS

The famous Inside Left of West Bromwich Albion and English International, who was the leading goalscorer last season

No. 1.—Team Tactics.

I AM afraid the mere fact that I happen to be a member of the team which won the First Division Championship last season does not mean that I shall be able to tell you boys everything which you must do in order to achieve a similar distinction. Championships are not easily won, for it may be recalled that never previously in the whole history of their First League career had West Bromwich finished on top.

But although it is impossible to lay down any golden rules which, if followed, would lead you straight to the top of the ladder of fame, it is none the less true that there are some general principles which can be laid down, and which, if followed, will help you to improve your footer.

Everybody is anxious for our young players to improve, for there is a very big demand by the various clubs for promising talent.

In the first place, I should say that the first big step on the road to success is to learn how to control the ball. Everything else springs from



Instead of keeping the ball low the half back passed it through the air with the consequence that the centre-forward was unable to reach it.

that, and very often the only difference between the moderate and the tip-top player is to be found in the way they keep the ball under control.

Too many players individually, and too many clubs collectively, seem to think that football is a kick-and-rush affair in which you just "boot" the ball as hard as you can, and run after it at top speed. Strictly speaking, it is nothing of the kind; it is a game of skill, which should be played by people who have mastered the none too easy science of ball control, and this can only be achieved by constant practice.

You have all heard of the wonderful "Billy" Meredith, the man who has played in over fifty International matches for Wales. Well, in his early days it was the common thing for



Meredith to go out on the football field quite alone, and to spend many hours just running hither and thither with the ball at his toe. And thus he learnt those wonderful tricks, and that complete mastery over the ball which lifted him right out of the common rut.

Unless the players of your team can control the ball they will not be able to keep it down on the floor, and that is where the ball ought to be, if the real game is to be played.

Not so long ago I watched a match in which some junior players were engaged, and I was struck with the great possibilities of the centre-forward of one of the teams. Whenever he got a real chance he showed that he had football in him, but he got precious few chances, because the half-backs behind him did not feed him in the proper way.

About five times out of six the ball was sent to this centre-forward through the air, and as he happened to be about four inches less in height than the opposing centre-half, the best he could do was to make a sort of hopeless jump into the air after a ball which was easily cleared without him getting his head anywhere near to it.

Obviously this was a sheer waste of a good man, but it didn't seem to occur to the half-backs of his team that they ought to strive might and main to put the ball through to their centre-forward along the carpet. Or perhaps they couldn't do so, because they had not properly learnt the art of ball control.

Tactics, too, play an important part in the winning of matches when teams of somewhere near equal merit meet on the field; and tactics, I may add, are the things to talk over in the dressing-room before the match.

Not to know what methods you propose to adopt is fatal. Just to give an illustration of what I mean, let me tell

you of an actual incident in an International match played a short time ago.

The right half-back and the right full-back came from different teams, and they forgot the importance of a talk as to their methods before the game. No sooner had the game started than these two players had a rude shock. The opposing outside-left got the ball, and the half and the full-back dashed in to tackle him both at once. The result was that the two of them bumped right into each other instead of into their opponent, with the result that the outside-left was able to continue his run with the ball, and put across a centre from which a goal was scored.



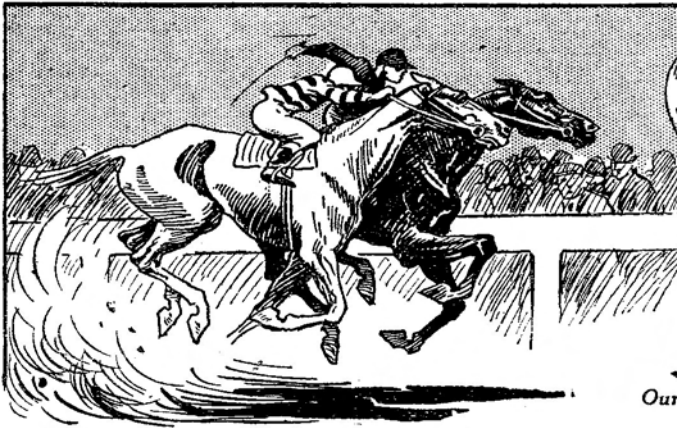
Not having an understanding between themselves, the half and the full-back both tackle an opposing forward with disastrous result.

Now, if those two players had talked over their methods beforehand, they would have come to some definite conclusion as to which of them would tackle the outside man and which the inside man. As they did not talk things over, the consequences were tragic.

This necessity for understanding applies to every department of the field. For instance, the full-backs can very often be saved quite a lot of trouble in a dangerous rush by the opposing forwards if they pass the ball back to the goalkeeper, but obviously the goalkeeper must be in readiness for that backward pass.

F. Morris

The second article of this instructive series will be given next Tuesday. Be sure to order your "Greyfriars Herald" in advance and tell all your chums about this magnificent new feature.—Editor.



The Luck of the Estors

Our magnificent racing serial specially written by

MAJOR CHERRY

Dick's Momentous Discovery!

DURING the few days that followed his exposure, Sir Digby Garston never showed his face near the Grange Hall, and Lord Estor and Dorothy were quite content to see nothing of him. Rumour reached them, however, that the rival owner was making arrangements to attend Auteuil for the big French Steeplechase, although he had no horse running in the event, and that he intended returning to England in time for the Grand National in which his crack jumper had been entered.

Barney Bulfin, the trainer, made the passage to France via the Folkestone-Boulogne route on the same cross-Channel steamer that conveyed Perkins, Tony, Dick and two or three other stable-hands who were in charge of the crack Estor jumper, Buckshot, and the other runners that had been entered for various events at Auteuil. Danny Wade announced his intention of making the journey to Paris on the following day.

The voyage and the railway journey were safely accomplished, and the horses snugly stabled in their quarters at a place on the outskirts of Paris not far from the famous French racecourse.

The most careful guard was kept over the Estor horses, Barney even going to the extent of engaging two private detectives to make doubly sure that no harm should come to the chaser, Buckshot, and the other thoroughbreds before the Auteuil meeting. When the horses went out to exercise "over the sticks," the detectives were never far away, and it seemed impossible for anyone, even if so inclined, to tamper with the racers.

On the eve of the Grande Premiere, Perkins, the head groom, who had not left the vicinity of the stables all day, requested Dick Selby to stroll along to a little estaminet known as the Estaminet de Cheval Noir—Coffee-house of the Black Horse—about half a mile away, and bring him some dinner.

When Dick returned from his errand bearing an enamel canteen containing the viands, his face was flushed and his eyes gleaming with suppressed excitement. To Tony, who met him at the entrance to the establishment wherein the Estor horses were stabled, it was clear that something unusual had occurred.

In that he was right. No sooner had Dick delivered the dinner to Perkins than he sought out his chum again and eagerly drew him outside.

"Tony," he whispered excitedly; "I've seen 'em!"

"Seen what, you chump? Pink mice?"

"No, those rogues who are members of Jerry Groat's gang—Andy Finch, Bill Simes, and Jim Furby!"

Tony gave a low whistle.

"Yes," went on Dick, "the three of 'em stepped out of the estaminet just as I was going in, an' I heard one of 'em mention the 'boss.' So I guess the bookie himself is also in Paris!"

"My hat! Did you follow them?"

"No, they got into a fiacre and drove away before I had time to collect myself."

"Oh, well, it can't be helped," said Tony. "If Jerry Groat and his gang are in Paris we can be sure they're here for some special reason—probably they've been sent over by Sir Digby Garston. One thing is certain, we must look out for squalls!"

The Big Race at Auteuil!

THERE was no sleep for Tony Draycott and Dick Selby that night.

Having informed the trainer of the presence of members of Jerry Groat's gang in Paris, they volunteered to remain on watch all night in addition to the duty stable-hand.

But nothing whatever occurred to

READ THIS FIRST.

Lord Estor, a grand old British sportsman, is attending Epsom with his daughter, the Hon. Dorothy Cavanagh, a charming girl of sixteen. The bad luck which has dogged the Estors reaches a climax, for Sunfire, the Derby favourite, with Danny Wade up, loses the great race. Afterwards a vet. gives the startling verdict, "The mare has been doped!" Arriving back at Newmarket, Tony Draycott and Dick Selby, two stable-boys, set out to solve the mystery. They prove that a prominent owner called Sir Digby Garston is behind a gang that has been plotting against the Estor stable, and dramatically expose the scoundrel.

arouse their suspicions, and when Buckshot, the Estor runner for the Grande Premiere, trotted daintily into the Auteuil paddock, Barney pronounced the horse fit to "race for his life."

In the grandstand and other enclosures were congregated thousands of spectators who had been undeterred by the steadily falling rain. Lord Estor, who, with Dorothy, occupied positions of vantage opposite the winning-post, welcomed the deluge, for he knew that heavy going would well suit the redoubtable Buckshot, the horse in which his hopes were centred.

Sitting well aloof from the Estors, but ever and anon turning his gaze in their direction, was the Newmarket owner, Sir Digby Garston. The expression on his face was of malignant hatred, but a smug, self-satisfied smile might have been detected lurking in the corners of his mouth by a careful observer. However, no one, least of all Lord Estor and his daughter, had eyes for the unscrupulous racehorse owner, for all were eagerly awaiting the advent of the Grande Premiere runners.

Danny Wade, the leading jockey, was the last of the riders to put in an appearance in the paddock, but he did so a few minutes before the horses were due to take the field, with a rain-proof slung carelessly over his gay siken violet-and-white hooped jacket. Both Barney Bulfin who stood by, and Dick Selby, who had been leading the horse round the paddock, noticed that the jockey looked pale and hollow-eyed, and had nothing of that jaunty air that usually characterised him.

"You're not looking any too well, Danny," remarked the trainer in a tone of concern.

"Ain't feelin' too well, neither," growled Wade; "didn't sleep much last night."

"Why, what was wrong with you?"

"Dunno," said the jockey, "just felt out o' sorts, that's all." And he swung himself into the saddle, flicked his heels against the flanks of Buckshot, setting the horse following the other runners that were filing from the paddock on to the saturated racecourse.

In the teeming rain that was falling there was little of that gaiety and colour visible that usually distinguishes the French meetings. The

spring fashions of the fair sex were hidden beneath drab waterproof capes and macintoshes, while a forest of umbrellas bordered the course on either side. Nevertheless, the down-pour did not effectually dampen the spirits of the crowd, which was mainly composed of the excitable sons and daughters of France, and great enthusiasm greeted the appearance of the lithe-limbed thoroughbreds.

Wet through and with their colours looking limp and bedraggled, the jockeys trotted their mounts away to the starting-gate where they began the process of lining up in rear of the tapes.

Through his field-glasses Lord Estor watched the horses shuffling into position, particularly interested in the movements of his crack jumper, Buckshot, which had been drawn near the centre of the field. His hands were steady, and in no way did he betray the excitement which burned like a fire within his breast.

He had two chances of retrieving his fortune before the thirty-first of March, when the repayment of Garston's ten thousand-pound loan would have to be made. This steeplechase furnished one of them; the Grand National, due to be run a few days later, the other. But the big English race "over the sticks" was a less certain proposition than the Grande Premiere, which, to all intents and purposes, looked almost like a gift to the Estor horse. If for any reason Buckshot failed to pull off the French steeplechase, the Owner's position would be desperate indeed. However, he did not let his thoughts dwell on such a contingency.

Quick to spot a likely candidate, many thousands of the race-goers who thronged the course, had recognised in Buckshot an exceptionally "dark horse," and had backed their opinion to such purpose that the English runner was quoted as joint favourite with the French crack, a smart colt called Verdun.

At last the period of suspense was over. The tapes swung up and the thoroughbreds leapt forward in as pretty a start as had ever been witnessed at Auteuil.

It was soon apparent that neither Danny Wade nor the French jockey up on Verdun was going to allow anyone else to make the running, and, after taking the first two jumps, they drew away from the rest of the field with but one other French candidate hanging gamely on to the heels of the favourites.

For another half a mile the two cracks raced almost neck and neck, and then Verdun missed his stride after taking a water-jump, and Buckshot established a lead of ten yards before his lion-hearted rival could recover himself.

Nothing else appeared to have a dog's chance of overtaking the sturdy Estor colt, which pounded over the sodden turf as though thoroughly enjoying the chance of warming himself by the gallop.

The last bend of the course was rounded, and it seemed as though nothing—not even a stumble—could prevent the English horse from passing the post first. A loud roar of encouragement reached the ears of the

Estor jockey as he rounded the turn, though some of the veterans among the spectators noticed with apprehension that Wade was as white as a sheet and sitting his saddle like a man in a dream.

Lord Estor, in the grand enclosure, however, rested his glasses with a sigh of satisfaction, but he might have felt a trifle less easy had he seen the face of Sir Digby Garston at that moment. The rival racehorse owner was watching the leading horse with an expression of keen expectancy. It was as though he had foreknowledge of something which was to afford him the greatest satisfaction.

And hardly had the Owner taken the field-glasses from his eyes when a sharp cry left his lips and his fingers closed on Dorothy's arm with a grip

disqualified for not carrying his correct weight over the distance.

When picked up, Danny Wade was pale and drawn but uninjured and conscious. He said not a word, however, about the cause of his astounding fall as he was carried across to an ambulance tent beyond where the amazed spectators congregated about the rails, excitedly discussing the incident.

But in the tent he told a brisk little French doctor that he "came all over faint-like" during the race. Having received a somewhat vague account of the jockey's symptoms the doctor made an examination of his patient. When he had finished he drew Wade aside from the two ambulance workers who were hovering round.



Eased from the jockey's weight, the riderless horse lengthened his stride and dashed down the straight towards the winning-post.

that caused the girl to wince with pain.

Buckshot had taken a hurdle with a water-jump beyond, like a bird, and was ploughing his way through a particularly soft and muddy patch of ground when Danny Wade, swayed outward from the saddle and rolled from the horse's back. He fell on all fours in the mud with a dull thud, and eased from the jockey's weight the riderless horse lengthened his stride and dashed down the straight towards the winning post.

A gasp of amazement went up from the crowd as horse after horse thundered past the prostrate form in the mud until the last runner had passed, and then the spectators burst through the barriers and dashed to the side of the fallen jockey. Meanwhile, Buckshot flashed by the judges' box and grandstand twenty lengths ahead of Verdun, his nearest rival—first past the post, but unplaced in the big steeplechase, for, of course, he was

"Eet ees very strange, m'sieur," said the doctor, regarding the jockey's face narrowly. "You do not take—what you call heem in English?—ah, peek-me-ups before your races, eh?"

"Pick-me-ups? What in the thunder do you mean?" growled Wade suspiciously.

"I mean," said the doctor pointedly, "zat in my opeenion you are suffering from ze effects of an overdose of cocaine."

"What?" panted the jockey thrusting his face threateningly into that of the little Frenchman. "Are you insinywating that I'm a dope fiend?"

"N-n-not at all, m'sieur," the doctor hastily assured him, backing away a pace. "Eet only occurred to me zat not feeling very well before ze race you might have taken a drug—a leetle peek-me-up—to steady the nerves. Compris?"

Another exciting instalment of this great sporting serial will appear next Tuesday!

THE GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

A vivid account of the latest charges and convictions

EMINENT BARRISTER IN THE DOCK Amazing Story of a Postal Order!

There was quite a sensation in court when Mr. Robert Cherry, K.C., the well-known barrister, was dragged into the dock.

Magistrate: Do my aged eyes deceive me, or is that my old pal Bob?

Mr. Mark Linley, K.C. (sadly): It is, your worship. He has borne a high reputation for many moons, but now, like Coker's motor-bike, he's in dock.

Magistrate: On what charge?

Mr. Linley: He was discovered lying in the Close—

Magistrate: Telling fibs, d'you mean?

Mr. Linley: No, no, your worship. He was in a recumbent position—in a state of utter and complete collapse! He was unable to explain how he came to be in that condition, and the assumption is that he had not taken enough water with his lime-juice cordial.

Magistrate (to prisoner): Now, Bob what caused you to collapse in the Close?

Prisoner: I was overcome, your worship. Billy Bunter's postal-order has arrived at last!

Magistrate: What!

Prisoner: Complete with beard and side-whiskers! It's actually arrived! I haven't got over the shock yet!

Magistrate: What was the value of the postal-order?

Prisoner: Sixpence, your worship. Bunter told me his uncle had sent it.

Magistrate: The uncle who keeps the Pig and Porpoise?

Prisoner: No, the one who controls a fried-fish shop. (Laughter.)

Magistrate: Where's Bunter? Oh, there you are! Come hither, my fat tulip, and hand over that postal-order!

What's that? You refuse? Constable Bull! Kindly obtain the postal-order by force, and hand it to me. I shall be able to get a couple of jam-tarts and a bottle of ginger-pop at the tuck-shop.

P.-c. Johnny Bull promptly gained possession of the postal-order, which was handed to his lordship, who suddenly rose and left the Bench. When he got to the door, however, a voice from the gallery exclaimed:

"That's a faked postal-order, your worship! It's merely a scrap of useless paper. I sent it to Bunter myself!" (Loud and prolonged laughter, during which his worship, looking very sheepish, resumed his seat.)

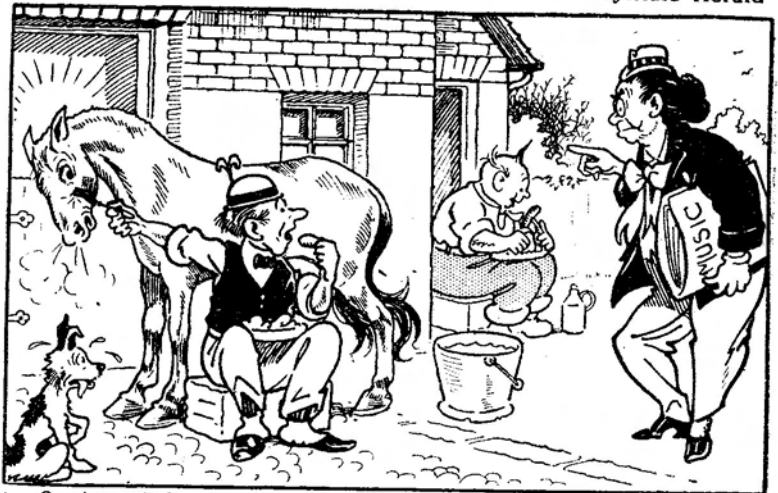
Prisoner was acquitted without a stain on his shirt-front.

REPORT IN BRIEF.

George Bulstrode was charged with playing football in the Sixth Form passage, contrary to regulations.

Prisoner was sentenced to two months in the Second Division, the Southern League being now extinct.

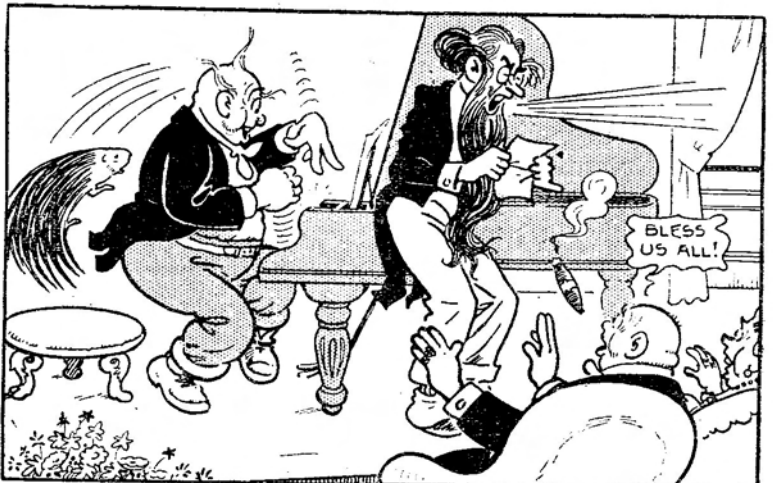
CHEERFUL CLARENCE AND FAT FRED, THE FA Special permission has been granted to "The Greyfriars Herald" to



1. Our two priceless old beans, Cheerful Clarence and Fat Fred, captured jobs on a war-profitteer's estate, and, while they were taking their usual three hours' luncheon interval, along blew a weird-looking creature, who asked Clarence the way up to the house.



3. But what is this our hearty old heroes are doing? You see, Fred happened to know that the Signor Sardineo had been engaged to play for Mr. Profiteer and spouse at per quid a quaver. "My dear old parsnip," he said to Clarence, "I can tickle the ivories a bit, so let's make the money for ourselves."



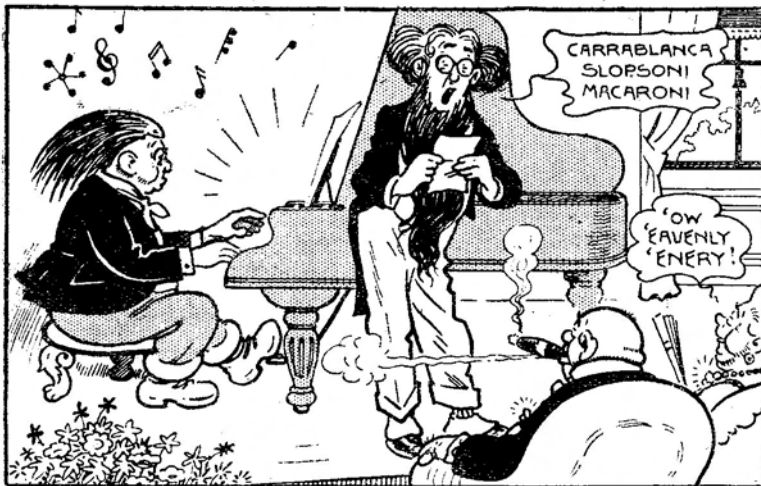
5. But during the rending—er—rendering of that masterpiece "Arizona Ikeo," Fatty became so excited he jumped up to bag another handful of crochets he had previously missed, than Herbert the hedgehog fell downstairs.

HEROES OF THE BLITTERGRAPH FILM COMPANY

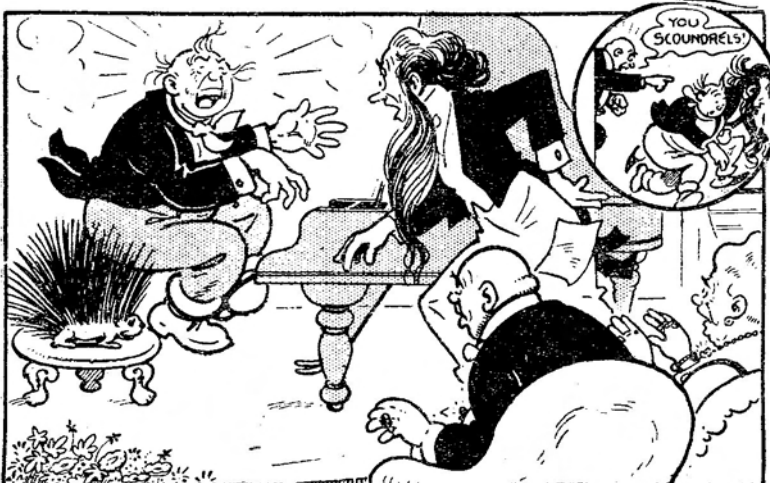
See the doings of these two screams! Share your smiles with your chums!



2. Unfortunately our cheerful chump pointed out the direction with his fork, incidentally giving the handsome old gee a jab in the chivvy. "Sacramenta sapolio!" howled the musician. "Skinna da flamingo!" From which you can gather that the gentleman from Soho was very much upset.



4. So Freddie tied the tootsies of a friendly hedgehog and made himself a wig while Clarence arrayed himself in a yard of useful old horsehair. Then they introduced themselves as Signor Sardineo and Maestro da Muttonbrotho, who had put the half-nelson on more operas than any other music murderers.



6. "Dancing demisemiquavers!" howled Fred, as he sat down again. "I resign!" "Diddled, by hokey!" cried the gent who'd made his money supplying buttonholes for soliders' tunics. "Get hout o' ere!" And Fred and Clarence got!

My Weekly Interview

By the Special Representative of "The Greyfriars Herald."

This week:

JOHNNY BULL.

WHEN I called on Johnny Bull, the burly and outspoken member of the Famous Five, I found him sitting in No. 12 Study with his feet (size nine) resting on the table. On his knees was a concertina, which, when squeezed, emitted weird and wonderful sounds.

Johnny looked up on my approach. "What do you want, you chop-headed chump?" he asked in his blunt way.

"I've come to interview you for 'The Greyfriars Herald,'" I replied, groping for my notebook.

"Well, I can tell you all about myself in a few words," said Johnny. "Age, fifteen. Weight, ten stone. Possessor of a Joe Beckett punch. Favourite recreation, knocking people into the middle of next week!"

Johnny emphasised his remarks with a glare, as much as to say, "If you're not out of this study in two ticks, I'll jolly well put you out!"

"Pax!" I said, dropping into the armchair. "Don't be so beastly aggressive." Then, pointing to the concertina, I added: "Carry on with the good work!"

Johnny continued to squeeze the concertina, which gave vent to wild wails of anguish.

For five minutes I sat and endured the horrible row, and then, hoping to pacify Johnny, I remarked:

"That was ripping! I've never heard 'Rule Britannia' played so well!"

"Ass! Chump! Imbecile! That wasn't 'Rule Britannia!' It was 'Way Down upon de Swanee River!'"

"Sorry I couldn't twig the difference," I said blandly.

"You—you—"

"But there's no doubt that you're a top-hole player," I murmured.

This mollified Johnny.

"Wish there was another concertina here," he said. "Then we could have a duet. But I'll tell you what. You see that topper on the window-sill? Just put it on the floor and stamp on it, and it'll look just like a concertina. Then you can play at make-believe—pretending to accompany me, you know."

"Right you are!" I said delightedly.

And I put the shining silk topper on the floor, and jumped on it. After which I resumed my seat in the armchair, and used the battered article of headgear as a concertina.

Johnny continued to play, and suddenly the door opened, and Squiff came in. He emitted a sort of bellow.

"My topper! My best Sunday topper! Smashed—ruined—spoilt—done for!"

Any communications for the special representative of 'The Greyfriars Herald' should be addressed to the Cottage Hospital!



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 dismisses his uncle and appoints himself manager and centre-forward to the team. Martin Denyer, Jack's uncle, meets some of the players and suggests that they should embark on a campaign of fouling in the next match. While playing against Tottenham Hotspur, one of the Norchester players called Fender kicks the legs from beneath an opponent and sends him crashing to the turf.

The End of the Game!

FENDER'S action was another deliberate foul, and the crowd voiced the fact in no uncertain manner. The Norchester football enthusiast is a sportsman to the backbone, and anything in the nature of foul play rouses him to a white heat of disgust and indignation.

Jack Denyer knew this, and as the game proceeded, and the two Fenders, Giles and Gore deliberately and scientifically pursued their fouling tactics he knew that the passions of the crowd were rising, slowly but surely, to fever-heat.

And then, startling, sudden, came the moment for which Giles and the others had been working.

Bob Fender brought a man down with a foul charge, and even as his victim writhed at his feet, with every ounce of breath knocked out of his body, he raised his boot and aimed a brutal kick at his ribs.

The crowd waited for no more.

A wild howl rent the air, and a moment later the playing-pitch was black with people, a yelling, angry mob, consumed with fury and indignation.

Jack Denyer's face paled as he watched the infuriated mob bearing down upon Fender, who, white-faced and trembling, seemed suddenly to realise his perilous position.

The big back gazed wild-eyed at the threatening horde, and began to edge nearer to his youthful captain, as though for protection.

Jack, for his part, now that the first

check was over, was regarding the yelling mob coolly, and a sigh of relief escaped him when he saw that the invasion of the playing-pitch was not general. In fact, the spectators who filled the stands appeared to be as surprised as the players themselves at the unexpected turn of events. They just watched in tongue-tied amazement.

The advancing mob seemed to have left the further end of the ground in a solid body, and the fact that most of them carried ugly-looking sticks rather pointed to the fact that the disturbance had been organised.

At least, so Jack Denyer thought, as he ran his eyes over the hooligans.

And no sooner did the youngster suspect the true state of affairs than he swung round fiercely upon Fender, who had caused all the trouble.

"Do you know anything about this, you cad?" he demanded, taking a step towards the back; and he had only to look into the shifty eyes to read the truth. The youngster had no time to say more, for the mob was almost upon the players by this time.

"Rush 'em, boys!" cried a hulking brute of a fellow, brandishing an cudgel aloft. "We'll learn the United to foul, the dirty perishers!"

He was obviously the leader, and as he spoke he fixed his bloodshot eyes upon Jack Denyer.

"'Ere 'e is!" he cried hoarsely. "'Ere's the one wot's to blame! Out 'im, lads!"

Hardly had the words passed his thick lips than he made a threatening rush at the youngster; but the vicious blow he aimed never reached its destination. Instead, Jack side-stepped like a streak of light, and, taking the clumsy hooligan off his balance, he placed a powerful and scientific right to the fellow's ear, and sent him sprawling to the turf. He remained there, dazed for the moment, wondering vaguely what exactly had hit him.

Jack's blow seemed to be the signal for a combined attack, for with a roar of anger the crowd rushed forward, their sticks waving.

And what looked like being an ugly scene was suddenly nipped in the bud.

There came a thunder of hoofs, and a dozen mounted policemen came gallop-

ing across the crisp turf, their swords gleaming in the September sunshine.

The horses, fine, spirited animals, knew what was required of them, and the mob was soon in mad flight before their wildly pawing hoofs.

The vast crowd round the pitch now found its voice, and roars of laughter and ironic cheering greeted the rout of the hooligans. Yard by yard the mob was forced to retreat, and they literally fought each other in their hurry to clamber over the pallings, and so gain the comparative safety of the asphalt embankment.

The whole affair had not occupied more than ten minutes, and at the end of that time the playing-pitch was deserted but for the mounted men and the players.

The policemen pranced about for a few moments, to see if there was any sign of a further disturbance, but when everything appeared to be quiet and orderly they trotted across the grass and made for the wicket-gate through which they had entered.

The referee, meanwhile, was telling Fender one or two home truths.

"This business looks very suspicious," he said sternly, fixing his shrewd eyes upon the back's sallow features. "The fouls were obviously deliberate, and they might have led to bloodshed and something very like murder. It is now common knowledge that some of the United don't see eye to eye with Denyer, but if you're going to descend to this sort of thing you're asking for trouble—and you'll get it!"

"This matter will have to go before the F.A., so I order you off the field!"

He pointed a tense finger towards the stand, and as the crowd understood what had transpired it broke into a roar of approval.

"Good for you, ref!" came from all sides of the vast enclosure.

"That's the way to deal with him!"

"Booh!"

His sallow features working, and trembling in every limb, either with fright or anger, Fender commenced to walk slowly towards the dressing-room, yells of execration dining in his ears from every side.

He shot a malignant glance at the

shouting crowd, and his lips twisted into a snarl.

"That's right—shout, you madmen!" he muttered. "It'll be my turn next!"

He broke into a shambling run as he neared the stand, fearing a personal as well as a verbal attack.

Once the player was lost to sight the spectators turned their attention to the knot of players surrounding the referee. The official was swinging his whistle to and fro, and dispensing a few words of caution.

"There was too much dirty play right from the kick-off," he said, shooting a meaning glance at Giles and Gore, "and if I see any more of it I shall not hesitate to deal firmly with the offender."

He gave a glance at his watch, and then picked up the ball.

Phoop! went the whistle, the referee bounced the leather, and the interrupted match was in progress.

Mallison was the first player to get his foot to the ball, and he screwed round on his heel and touched it to Jack, who had darted forward and was waiting for the pass.

And once he felt the leather at his toe he wasted no time, but was away up the field before the opposing centre-half quite realised what was happening.

"Set 'em alight, the ten men!" came a raucous voice from the terrace; and "set 'em alight" Jack did.

The Spurs' right-half dashed across to intercept the flying figure, but he was just a second too late, and the two backs, bearing down upon Jack, cannot to this day understand how the youngster managed to slip between them.

But the fact remains that he did so, and he was just inside the penalty area when he took a shot on the run. The ball, not more than an inch or so from the ground, shot forward with the speed of a torpedo, and made straight for the right-hand upright.

The goalkeeper, who had been dancing about like a cat on hot bricks, saw the leather flash from Jack's feet, and hardly had the thud of contact died away than he hurled himself bodily across the goal-mouth.

It was a skilful and plucky dive, but it was fraught with disaster, for not only did the ball elude his outstretched fingers, but his head came in contact with the goalpost with a sharp sound which could be heard all over the ground.

The excited yell of "Goal!" which rose to the lips of the spectators gave place to a cry of dismay, for the goalkeeper lay still where he had fallen, a trickle of blood staining the grass.

The referee gave a shrill blast upon his whistle, and a second later the trainer, carrying his inevitable towel, and a bag containing first-aid materials, was running across the pitch.

He was soon kneeling beside the goalkeeper, who began to show signs of life. A quick, expert examination proved that the cut upon the head was not serious, and that the player had been little more than stunned.

The trainer applied a piece of stick-plaster to the wound.

"How do you feel, old man?" he

asked; and the goalie grinned cheerfully.

"I feel a bit dazed," he answered, scrambling to his feet. "But I shall be all right in a minute or so."

"Do you think you can carry on?"

"Sure! And if that kid gets another one past me this afternoon I'll give football a miss, and keep white mice instead!"

There was a good-natured laugh at this, and a moment later the players were trotting towards the centre.

This was first blood to Norchester, and the local supporters gave voice in no uncertain manner. It was perfectly clear that Jack Denyer was fast becoming their idol, for his name was on every lip.

He was "Good old Jack!" to everybody now, and he smiled happily to himself as he heard his name shouted from all sides.

However, the vocal efforts gave way to a round of cheers when the players in red-and-white striped jerseys made their appearance once again.

The United was followed by the Spurs, and less than a minute found a keen and desperate struggle in progress.

The visitors were certainly out for blood, and meant to make a draw of the game, at the very least, whilst the United, having gained the lead, determined to keep it.

The Spurs worked like niggers to get through the United defence, and, though they succeeded in doing so on more than one occasion, luck seemed to be dead against them.

At one time the inside-right had only the goalkeeper to beat, but he mis-kicked, and the leather went sailing towards the corner-flag, much to the disgust of the Tottenham sup-



The mounted policemen galloped across the crisp turf and the mob was soon in mad flight.

The Spurs looked grim and determined as they lined up for the resumption of hostilities, and it was plain that they meant to equalise or die in the attempt.

The whistle had scarcely shrilled than the leather was out to the left winger, who darted along the line like a phantom, finishing a glorious effort by skimming the crossbar.

The visitors played like men inspired, but, try as they would, they could not notch a goal, and half-time found the home team one goal up.

Seldom had such spirited play been seen on the ground, and the crowd yelled itself hoarse as the players trooped off the field for a well-earned rest and a slice of lemon.

Scarcely had the players disappeared than the local band—a miscellaneous collection of humanity, wearing ill-fitting peaked caps—marched solemnly to the centre of the pitch and proceeded to make music.

The crowd, thoroughly happy, entered into the holiday spirit, and warbled lustily of the amours of one Alfonso, the torador.

porters who had travelled north to see their idols do battle.

The game had been fast right from the kick-off, and twenty minutes from time play slackened down somewhat, for the men were obviously tired. It had been a hard, gruelling game, and it now settled down to a ding-dong struggle.

The ball travelled from end to end, but the custodians had little to do.

So matters went on until five minutes to the end, when Jack Denyer and Mallison gave the crowd a final thrill, for, with short, accurate passing, they went the whole length of the field after a corner-kick had been taken against the United.

Their play was superb, incomparable, a revelation, and when Mallison finished the joint run-through with a shot which threatened to break the rigging, the spectators appeared to lose all control of themselves.

Hats and sticks were flung frenziedly into the air, and the roar which went up from fifty thousand throats made the stands rock upon their foundations.

And the cheering did not die away until the ball had been set in motion once more.

"Let's have another one, United!" shrieked an old gentleman from the stand, forgetting his asthma in the excitement of the moment.

"Give us another, Jack!" roared a bulbous-nosed navy from the embankment. "I've drawn the United in a sweepstake!"

But the gentleman who had "drawn" the United was doomed to disappointment, for there was no further scoring that afternoon, the whistle for full time heralding the home team victors by two goals to nil.

The Dash to Death!

THERE was at least one man in Norchester who was not jubilant when he heard of the United's sensational defeat of the Spurs, and that man was Martin Denyer.

He had schemed to cause a riot—the hooligans had been in his pay—but his plan had misfired, and now Jack, the youngster for whom he had conceived a murderous hatred, and the club, which he wanted to ruin, were more popular than they had ever been.

Jack, by his brilliant play and fearless management of the club, had found his way into the hearts of the football enthusiasts, and the fact brought a black scowl to Martin's fleshy face, and made him vow again and again that he would "get even" with the "whipper-snapper" who had expelled him so ignominiously from the club.

He worked himself into a blind, uncontrollable rage every time he thought of his nephew, and all his waking hours were given to thinking out plans of revenge.

There were two other persons in Norchester who shared Martin Denyer's amiable feeling towards Jack.

They were Mills and Fender. Their respective cases had come before the Football Association, and the former had been suspended for the rest of the season, whilst Fender would not be allowed to play for two months.

By their own process of distorted reasoning both men considered that Jack Denyer was at the bottom of their troubles, and as a consequence they were both ripe for any villainy that would harm the youngster and the club.

It will be understood, therefore, that whenever the trio of scoundrels met the talk invariably turned to their common enemy.

One night, a week after the game with Tottenham, they met in the saloon bar of the White Swan, a disreputable public-house in the lowest quarter of the town. They made this place their rendezvous because Martin Denyer did not think it would be prudent for him to be seen in their company. It might lead to complications later on, especially if anything really serious happened to Jack Denyer or the United.

Denyer was already seated on a stool by the counter when Mills and Fender lounged into the bar.

"Seen the paper?" asked the goalkeeper, a scowl upon his heavy features.

An angry flush mounted to Martin's brow, for he guessed what was coming.

"No," he answered. "Have they won again?"

"Yes; four to nil—and away at that, hang 'em! They've had the luck of Old Nick himself since that blessed kid turned up! By heck, I hate that brat!"

Mills's small, close-set eyes were smouldering with black hate, and his big fists clenched convulsively as he spoke.

Martin Denyer looked into the repulsive face, and nodded his head.

"You've certainly no cause to love him, Mills," he said meaningly, "any more than I have—or Fender here, for that matter."

He ordered drinks for the footballers, but said no more for a few minutes. Fender and Mills guessed what was passing through his mind; they knew that he was cudgelling his sinister brain for a means of harming Jack Denyer.

Martin looked up at last, and there was a hint of excitement in his eyes.

He nodded to them to come a little closer, and then spoke in a low, suppressed voice.

"When do they play away again?" he asked.

Mills knew that he referred to the United.

"On Wednesday," answered the goalkeeper. "A mid-week fixture against Melton Rovers."

Martin nodded, and a satisfied smile crept round his mouth.

"Splendid!" he said, rubbing his big hands together. "And seeing that Melton's only a matter of twenty miles away, it's more than likely that they'll go by char-a-banc, as usual?"

His listeners nodded, wondering what Martin was leading up to.

"Well, out with it!" growled Mills, scowling. "Why be so blessed mysterious about it? What's the idea, anyway?"

Martin held up a soothing hand, and his smile broadened.

"Have a little patience," he said, still speaking in low tones, and casting a furtive glance at the people in the bar. "You know the Melton road pretty well, don't you? Well, you'll remember that just outside Little Turton, which is about ten miles out, there's a perfect pig of a hill—"

"With a nasty bend at the bottom," Fender put in. "Motors just crawl down that hill."

"You're quite right—they do," continued Martin, a cunning note creeping into his voice. "Now, what do you think would happen if a char-a-banc got out of control on that hill? Do you think the passengers would get hurt?"

There was no mistaking his meaning now, and his listeners looked at him with frank admiration in their eyes.

"By heck," cried Mills, his face lighting up, "what an idea! What a brain-wave! And what a sticky end for—"

"It doesn't matter about that," interrupted Martin Denyer cautiously. "You think it's a good idea?"

The others nodded emphatically. "Great!" said Mills; and Fender agreed.

"But how do you know that the thing'll get out of hand?" demanded Mills, somewhat dubiously.

Martin Denyer put a plump finger to the side of his nose, and tapped that rubicund organ meaningly.

"Leave that to me," he answered, with a cunning leer.

Jack Denyer looked round at the assembled players, and smiled.

"Are we all here?" he asked; and on being assured that they were he led the way towards the char-a-banc which was standing outside the players' entrance to the football ground.

The vehicle was one of the best of its kind, roomy, comfortable, and with a fine turn of speed. The players clambered into it, and sank into the comfortable seats, dumping their hand-bags on the floor.

Jack Denyer was the last to take his seat, and he had scarcely done so than the char-a-banc moved off and headed for the Melton road.

It was a beautiful day, and once the vehicle had passed through the town and gained the country road, with smiling fields on either side, the players settled down to enjoy the ride.

Mile after mile was covered, and very soon the picturesque village of Little Turton came into view, its red-roofed cottages giving it the appearance of a poppy-bed in an emerald setting. It was perched jauntily on the top of a hill, but the char-a-banc took the incline with ease.

"There's a nasty dip when you get over the crest, old man," Mallison said, turning to the driver. "It's as steep as the side of a house!"

"That's all right, sir," answered the mechanic, glancing over his shoulder. "I shall only crawl down, don't worry!"

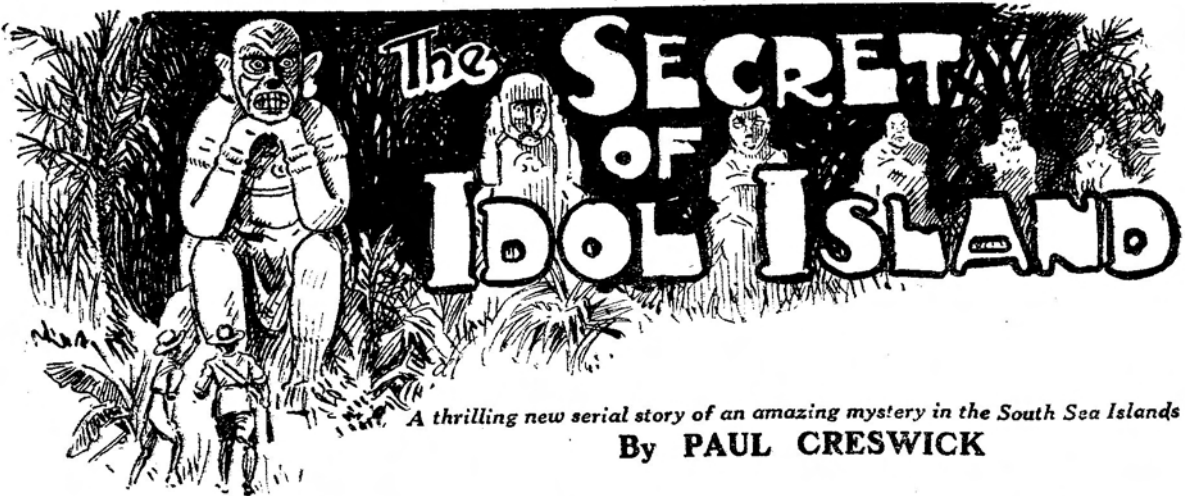
The big car passed through the little village, and Jack saw that Mallison was right when he said that the hill was like the side of a house. The road, which ran between two thick hedges, seemed to dip straight down, and the youngster could not help wondering what would happen if anything went wrong with the steering, or if the cumbersome vehicle got out of hand.

And scarcely had the thought passed through his mind than the staccato crack of a revolver rang out. A fraction of a second later the driver of the char-a-banc gave a grunting cough, and fell forward across the steering-wheel, limp and lifeless.

The youngster gave a startled cry, but the sound froze on his lips as the heavy vehicle shot forward, and commenced to tear down the hill with ever-increasing speed.

It was dashing to destruction!

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



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

By PAUL CRESWICK

The Moving Idols!

"THE idols moving? cried Armstrong, incredulously.

Curly handed him the telescope. Jack Armstrong adjusted it to his range of vision and stared through it. He saw the landslip where the Queen of the Idols was still lying—her feet projecting massively. The other images seemed afflicted with an ague—those which still remained upright. They literally vibrated, quivered.

"It's an optical illusion," Armstrong declared, unwilling to believe what seemed to him quite impossible. "The heat rising from the platform after the day's scorching sun!"

Even as he spoke one of the ancient idols crashed to the ground, they could hear the impact as the monstrous figure tumbled over and over.

"Look at the bluff," called Cordelia. "Oh, daddy—just look!"

The whole cliff was in a state of agitation. A faint rumbling—as of distant, but tremendous thunder, sounded in their ears. The submarines and the Bolsheviks were forgotten entirely. The very earth beneath their feet was shaking. Heavy boulders on the slope below them shook free their century-old grip of the soil, and rolled and zig-zagged and rumbled their way to the valley.

The bluff itself seemed to totter, to right itself, then suddenly to fall outwards to the sea, in a leisurely but terrifying manner. The patient work of many, many months went with it. The whole fell sideways into the sunlit and sparkling sea. The deep blue of the waters swallowed up without effort Station Double-O-Seven and washed placidly over it.

"Mambese and Co. need not have worried themselves," said Jack Armstrong with bitter emphasis, as he shut the telescope.

A tremor ran through the island—a queer, rippling sensation. The four onlookers sat down suddenly, shaken off their feet. Out towards the interior of the island, near the part which Curly had styled Palm Tree Hill, they saw the sheep and goats rushing wildly about. From the extreme summit of Palm Tree Hill rose a thin column of smoke.

The ground quivered again; then became rigidly still. A silence passed over the land, curious and tense.

The professor regained his usual presence of mind.

"Just a trifling seismic disturbance, a mild form of earthquake," he remarked, as though addressing a class of students. "Very interesting, of course. I count it fortunate that we are able to observe the phenomenon so closely. I wish I had brought my earthquake-testing apparatus which I patented at Chile. We should have had some striking results."

"We shall get 'em, sir," said Curly. "We shall have plenty to strike us before we're through!" He picked up the telescope. "The idols are still at their War Dance—those who are not flat on the ground."

Professor Cordwell nodded as who would say, "I told you so!" He laid his ear to the ground, listening intently. Then, he rose to his feet.

"The centre of this little display of volcanic energy is in the region of your Idols' Parade," he said, "I don't pretend to explain why it should be there, more than below the hill where one sees the column of smoke. These affairs are mysterious."

"Perhaps the Bolshies have disturbed a hitherto extinct crater with their underground work," suggested Armstrong. "Anyway, we had better see how they are getting along."

He returned cautiously to the edge of the chasm behind them.

He could count four submarines now. Two had come to the surface, the others were stationary at the bottom of the locked-in waters. A little

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. To their astonishment they discover that a gang of Bolsheviks have installed themselves on Idol Island, and Jack and Cordy fall into their hands, but manage to escape. Later, while they are standing on an eminence, Curly points to the grove of idols and exclaims: "Great Scott, the idols are on the move!"

knot of men had landed on the rocks. In the strange quietness of the island their harsh voices could be easily heard. They were gesticulating and speaking altogether—evidently explaining the earthquake to each other.

Jack Armstrong signalled to his companions not to speak too loudly.

But Dumnoff had his suspicions.

The little parachute basket had been discovered. Also the twine by which the rope had been hauled down. A long, slender, wicked-looking gun appeared, like a conjuring trick, at the back of the platform on the furthest submersible. Its muzzle was raised until it almost pointed to the sky. A puff of white smoke was followed by a sharp stinging report. A shell howled and whistled over the heads of the four, crouching at the top of the cliff.

It whined like a dog as it cut the air; then, as it fell sheerly on the sloping land below them, it burst in a stunning roar. An evil smell of sulphur arose.

"I think we will return to Stone Houses," said the professor. "They are not much safer than where we are; but I shall feel more at home!"

The Apparition in the Sky.

THE four spread out towards the interior, where there were trees and undulating ground. Two more shells were fired, but these fell so wide of them that it was plain the Bolsheviks were firing at random.

Cordelia and Armstrong told the others all about the secret underground dock, and Dumnoff's scheme for installing a huge wireless station as soon as they had gained the shelter of the forest land.

The professor was very interested.

"I now follow your remarks concerning the likelihood of our friends having disturbed a dormant crater," he told Jack Armstrong. "And may I observe that you said a 'hitherto extinct crater.' Now if a thing be extinct—"

"Oh, daddy, don't be so learned!"

"It's not a question of learning, my dear, merely of being exact. Now if a thing be extinct—well it's done for utterly, completely, and for ever. Dormant is the right word."

"Sorry, professor," said Armstrong smilingly.

He saw what the old fellow was at—

that he was trying to keep them thinking of other and trifling things amid all the awful dangers round about them.

No part of Easter Island was safe—and Stone Houses might prove a poor refuge. But Professor Cordwell wasn't going to be downhearted, nor let his friends get into the dumps!

They arrived at No. 1, Stone Houses. As they had expected the Polynesian girls were not to be found. The dog and the cat were at home, and extremely pleased to welcome their master.

"We will make ourselves some coffee and enjoy a square meal," the professor decided. "Lie down, Fussy and Fidget, go to sleep again, both of you!"

"What about the smoke of our fire?" inquired Curly.

"We have a supply of so-called solid methylated spirit," answered Cordelia. "I say so-called—"

"You are quite right, Cordy," interrupted her father. "Solid methylated spirit is—frankly—piffle. But these manufacturers are most inexact chaps. The point is, we have means of boiling the water with which to make some stimulating coffee, and the 'means' won't cause any smoke! Fall in, please—for coffee fatigue."

It was impossible to be depressed in such circumstances, and with so capital an old fellow for host. Curly and the professor, as the two who had not had quite such a nerve-wracking time as the others, got to work and prepared a very necessary supper—for the day, with all its excitements, was nearly through. The first shadows of tropic night were already upon them.

The island still seemed unpleasantly quiet. Tremors passed along the earth every now and again; but the idols had ceased their War Dance.

"All the same," said Curly Walker, "I don't trust them!"

"I fancy that they are the outward and visible signs of the inward meaning of this island," the professor stated. "In some way they are to do with fire worship—and there was probably an ever-erupting volcano quite close to them; or, they were put quite close to the volcano. It may be under the sea by now. Your bluff was probably part of it. What is the matter, Cordy? You shouldn't interrupt me!"

"Very sorry, daddy, but what is that extraordinary light in the sky?"

All eyes were turned toward the always open door of No. 1, Stone Houses. Far up in the darkening heavens, a single twinkling light was moving rapidly. A whirring sound was audible, increasing every moment.

"An aeroplane," Jack Armstrong decided. "Great Scott! These Bolshies are well provided!"

The four of them came into the open. The drone of a big-engined plane was very evident.

"Sounds rather like a Gotha," said Cordelia. "Hateful things!"

"Or a Handley-Page," put in Curly. "One of our newest. They're twin-engines and absolute whackers."

"We're not at Hendon, my dear old duffer," Armstrong told his chum.

The professor had to settle it, of course.

"It is certainly a very large plane, and quite positively on Handley-Page lines of construction. It is probably wireless. Cordy, get out my pocket-receiver—the one we used this morning. Let us see if we can get into tune with our friend above—if he is transmitting."

The little installation was soon fixed up. The boys were full of expert admiration for its many ingenious devices. Jack Armstrong slipped on the listening-in caps. They waited round him eagerly in the warm darkness, all watching the twinkling star above them. For a long minute there was nothing. Then their patience had reward.

Jack Armstrong held up a warning hand, enjoining complete silence.

"It's not a Bolshie, nor a German. It's a British flyer!"

The Problem!

A LITTLE later Armstrong could tell them more.

"She is trying to pick up Station Double-O-Seven," he said.

"The signals are awfully faint, I wish we could answer her."

"Show a light, and risk it," said Curly.

The professor shook his head doubtfully.

"Can you guess where she's from?" he inquired.

"From a warship—a cruiser, I guess. Something is suspected. Hallo, out goes her light!"

The star had disappeared. Immediately the droning changed its key, as speed was increased.

"She has spotted Dumhoff, perhaps?" asked Cordelia.

"The other way about, most likely," answered the professor.

A puff of flame out to sea was followed by a dull report, and the long drawn whine of a shell. They saw it burst in the sky. A second and third shell flew upward; but the watchers could still hear the aeroplane.



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"Bravo, our side!" shouted Curly. "Dry up, you idiot!" Armstrong warned him.

He took off the ear-caps and put the receiver down. The beat of the engines of the 'plane continued regularly, but grew more and more faint. A few shells were still savagely fired into the sky, then a streaming search-light pointed upwards.

"My hat, we'll get inside!"

Curly led the way in a rush for the black interior of No. 1, Stone Houses, and they were only just in time. The searchlight came sweeping along the shore, thrust a white, blinding finger of cold light in at the entrance, and swept on to the idols. Cordelia crept out of her hiding-place. It was strange to see those huge images, pell-mell on their platform, taking the beam of the search-light.

"I reckon they'll shell them next," Armstrong told her, as he followed.

"Dumhoff is bound to have the wind up, now. I wonder if he picked up that message?"

"What was it?" Cordelia asked him.

"I fancy they wanted us to flash a code to Valparaiso—their wireless not being strong enough."

"Surely a cruiser which can carry aeroplanes of that size can get through to Valparaiso," said the professor, who had also emerged from No. 1, Stone Houses. "No, I believe they wanted you. They were perhaps asking if you had encountered Dumhoff and Co.—relying on those gentlemen not knowing the code. That would be so like a Britisher!"

"We must try and rig up some kind of transmitter," Curly decided, as he joined the rest.

"Yes, quite; but how?"

It was a problem indeed that Armstrong had put to them. They had lost all their plant with the loss of Bluff Point.

The searchlight—or those behind it—seemed rather worried about the disappearance of Bluff Point. It kept a steady, angry glare on the place where Bluff Point should have been. Then it suddenly became tired and went out.

"A hint for us," said Cordelia. "We had better get our beauty sleep, and wake up in the morning full of ideas how to transmit without any transmitter!"

"Right-o!" agreed Curly.

"I shall possibly have evolved something before daybreak," the professor informed them. "Good-night, Cordy, my dear. Your apartment is at the back as you know. Curly and Jack will share our best room with me, including Fussy and Fidget, to whom I am now about to hand over some puppy biscuits and a basin of cold water. Simple fare, but all we have."

"It's lucky you have pure water, sir," Armstrong said, as he smothered a yawn. "That's the fly in the ointment on this island. There's only one little river, and that's a brook. And the natives have got their wigwams all about it."

"There is a spring at the back, coming through the cliffs. It's a tonic sort of water—plenty of iron. Well, well, good-night all—I'll call you in the morning."

And the professor rolled himself up in his blankets, while Armstrong and Curly made the best of the dry moss and litter from the packing cases. Cordelia called out "Good-night" from her quarters, glad to know that she had her father and friends within call. She was asleep in a few minutes.

The Prehistoric Sea Beast!

A STEALTHY sound on the beach awakened the professor. He was a wonderful easy sleeper; he could awake and understand a noise and get to sleep again in a few minutes. Directly his reason was satisfied, he seemed able to shut down on consciousness. At the outset he thought the sounds on the beach were caused by Fussy, the cat, and he was just going to call to her when he discovered the animal curled up against his feet. He put out his hand for Fidget, the dog, who was bound to be near.

His faithful little canine friend was standing within touch. All his hair was erect as the professor stroked him, while a faint quivering of his body told his master that Fidget was on the alert. The dog licked his hand, and again came to attention. A tiny growl escaped him.

Professor Cordwell very quietly got up. A bright moon was lighting the heavens in the west. The beach and sea looked most beautiful. The stealthy creeping sounds had ceased. The black rocks were being washed by the sea as by liquid silver, as the running surf took the moon beams.

All appeared safe as could be reasonably expected. The professor breathed in the fresh, sweet night air, and turned to go back into No. 1, Stone Houses. He glanced right and left, and had got to the entrance, when he suddenly stopped very still.

Fidget had come with him. The dog was uneasy, and had run a short way along the beach towards the rocks. Great masses of them were still being washed with the flashing, sparkling sea; but the professor had been startled by something of a change in the air. In the place of the salt freshness there was now a horrible musky scent; a smell of ancient decay and vileness impossible to describe—fascinating and overpowering.

Professor Cordwell wheeled about and again regarded the sea. The rocks were surely much more considerable, more heaped and more out of the sea? At one part they seemed to raise themselves very slowly and ponderously, almost as if they had life.

The ancient murky pestilence blew again across the beach. The professor understood that the rocks were no rocks at all—at least, not at that part which held his horror-stricken gaze. Some frightful sea-beast—some denizen of the sea-bottom had been heaved up from his lair by the volcanic disturbances of the afternoon. The thing perhaps had "winded" them as they slept, and was now endeavouring to get at them.

His brain registered this idea, then a curious heaviness fell upon him. His instant intention to warn the others died suddenly. A numbness hung about him. He stood almost stupidly staring at the nameless horror, as it clumsily drew free of the rocks

and the surf. It moved in just the stealthy manner which the professor expected. It was unused to the laud, uncertain.

Like the idols it was not able to use its cramped legs and feet.

The professor was fascinated and powerless!

This thing had a means of drugging its prey so as to compensate for its slowness of action. It was blind, too—it did not see the dog, nor did it trouble about him, as it writhed painfully up the beach.

But Fidget saved the situation. A sudden series of shrill furious barks awoke the echoes and these within No. 1, Stone Houses.

Jack Armstrong and Curly sprang

roughly back before them. The dog came tearing in at their heels with his tail between his legs.

They heard the abomination slowly moving about. It had lost touch with those it had intended to devour. It was making queer gasping noises, as it lifted its scaly head and breathed forth its poison. It passed the entrance and seemed almost in difficulties; its movements grew still more uncertain—less formidable. The four of them dared to come out, as they understood the creature's tremendous limitations.

It rolled over and over suddenly, and got back to the sea. It became as part of the rocks again; black, weed-covered, yet gleaming under the moonlit surf. Then it passed from their ken as though they had dreamed it.



The huge prehistoric sea-beast drew nearer, while the professor and the others stood as though petrified.

up, and rushed out, just as the professor began to speak.

He spoke as one in a dream. "It is blind; it is deaf. Neither crocodile nor serpent, but both. It is as old as creation, a living reminder of the age of slime and protoplasm."

"Good heavens, sir, what is the matter?"

Then Armstrong caught the scent which could cast so fatal a spell. He became as helplessly fascinated as the professor.

The dog was below the scent and barked even more furiously.

The huge beast drew nearer, crushing the beach beneath its weight.

Cordelia came upon them, and they stood together—as though petrified. Suddenly the spell was lifted.

They pulled Curly into the refuge of No. 1, Stone Houses, pushing Cordelia

as a skeleton—in the Natural History Museum. Of course, I only dreamed it?"

He waited to find out what the others thought.

Armstrong answered at once.

"It was no dream, sir!"

"We all saw it, daddy. It was the sea-serpent!"

"A myth, Cordelia. There is no such thing. I cannot believe—but, by jove, it was very horrible! At rest for scores and hundreds of years at the deep sea-bottom then suddenly—presto!—shot out its filth and ooze to the surface. The centre of volcanic energy is manifestly close to the Island."

Another long thrilling instalment of this great adventure tale will be given in next Tuesday's "Greyfriars Herald."

THE CRIMSON ARROW

A Thrilling Serial Story of Buffalo Bill and the Redskins

By Mr. PAUL PONTIFEX PROUT

(Master of the Fifth Form.)

The Release of John Desmond!

THE men heard the voice of Buffalo Bill above the thunder of the slide. They knew what had happened. Another huge mass of that rotten overhanging crag had given way, and the whole of the top of the slide was on the move, roaring down on them like an avalanche.

They forgot all their fears about falling. Troopers and cowboys clapped their spurs to their scared steeds and raced across the slide, making for the firm rock ground that held this rotten patch of mountain as the banks of a river hold the stream.

Luckily for them, they had only a few hundred yards to go, and as the last horsemen dashed into safety on the firm ground the wave of millions of tons of broken rock and rubble poured down over the slope where they had crossed, filling the air with a cloud of dust as dense as a fog, whilst the gorges of the mountains thundered and thundered again with the echoes of the slide.

"That's the worst of it over!" cried Buffalo Bill. "Forward, boys!"

Then, about nine o'clock at night, Buffalo Bill brought them to a stop on the side of a huge hill and pointed to a light or two which twinkled in the deep valley below.

"Yonder is the Apache stronghold, boys!" said he. "It is a small walled city, built by an older tribe than any Apache. It is called The City of the Golden Valley, and there in the Big Medicine House is kept the Crimson Arrow and there your father is held a prisoner."

The boys thrilled as they looked down on those sparkling lights. The place was not a mile away.

"There is only a small guard," said Buffalo Bill, "and they will be watching the front door of their fortress, for they won't dream that anyone can approach the back door by the road we have come. Make for the Medicine House where the crimson light burns. No quarter to the Redskins, but be careful not to harm a woman or a child!"

The white-walled city seemed asleep as they came to the gate which faced the mountains above. There was only one Redskin on guard, and he stood

irresolute a moment as he saw a body of Apaches, who had apparently dropped from the clouds, riding in through the archway of the gate.

Then he tried to give the alarm. But the whoop was strangled in his throat by Laramie Jack's lasso, which, flying through the darkness, jerked him to the ground.

There was a buzz amongst the houses as the horsemen clattered into the streets of this long-forgotten city of a ruined civilisation. The houses were of adobe, built by the ancient Mexicans, and, with their flat tops and white walls, gave the place the aspect of an Eastern city.

But the boys had little time to take in the town as Buffalo Bill raced forward to a great house or temple, at the door of which burned an oil-lamp, in a lantern of red jewelled panes, which cast a blood-red light on the crowd of Redskins who had rushed to this, the door of the great Medicine House, at the sound of the clattering hoofs.

For a moment this Redskin garrison was taken aback. They thought that this body of riders was a crowd of fugitives from their army before Fort Madison, and they raised a cry of "Disaster!"

But swiftly they suspected a trick. An arrow flew over Buffalo Bill's head, a shot rang out, and instantly the boys found themselves in the midst of a fierce fight, the Redskins buzzing round the door of their great medicine house like a swarm of angry wasps.

But the deadly revolvers of the troopers wrought havoc amongst the surprised garrison, and in five minutes they were overpowered, whilst Buffalo Bill forced open the doors of the Redskin sanctuary.

The boys, who had followed him closely, stood for a moment bewildered. They found themselves in a large temple, the paintings on the walls of which showed that it had been at one time devoted to the Aztec worship of the sun. But the walls were piled high with ingots of gold, and on the altar there lay, glittering in the light of a crimson lamp, a wonderful arrow, the shaft of which was set with diamonds, and the head of which was a single blood-red ruby, shaped into a rounded barb.

And chained to the altar was a man who rose at the sight of the boys, calling aloud to them:

"My boys! My boys!"

It was John Desmond, the miner, a prisoner amongst his riches, which had been stolen from him by the Chinese instigator of the great Red rising, for the purpose of overthrowing the Palefaces, and making himself ruler of Western America.

"Dad!" called the boys; and they ran towards the prisoner, who gathered them into his arms.

Then a figure slunk round from the back of the altar, the red light falling on his sinister face. It was the Chinese leader of the rebellion, the spy who, masquerading under the name of Vasquez, had found his way even into Fort Madison.

In his hand he held a powerful Apache war bow, and at the sight of the boys and his prisoner he snatched up the jewelled arrow from the altar, and, fitting it to the string, drew the bow, directing it at John Desmond's heart.

But the Crimson Arrow never sped. Another bow twanged in the shadows of the red-lit hall, and an arrow whistled through the air, taking the miscreant in the throat, so that he spun round and fell in a heap to the pavement.

Prairie Wolf stepped forward, and leaned over his fallen foe. Then, picking up the jewelled arrow, he handed it silently to Buffalo Bill.

On the following night, when the Redskin host was ready to make its great attack on Fort Madison, there fell on it from the rear a party of warriors whom they believed to be of their own people—warriors who fought like fiends, and who were led by two who bore the semblance of their own war chiefs. The cry of treachery was raised.

Panic seized the Redskin host, and this was increased by a sudden sortie from Fort Madison, which ended by sweeping the Redskins back from their position, firing their camp, and scattering them like dust over the prairie.

And those who returned to their stronghold in the Golden Valley found that their women and children were prisoners in the hands of the Palefaces, hostages for their future peace, that their store of ill-gotten treasure was rifled, and that the Crimson Arrow had passed into the keeping of the Palefaces, who were masters of their lands for ever.

THE END.

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When answering advertisements will our readers kindly mention this paper.

THE CASE OF THE BOLSHEVIK!

Our Great New Series dealing with the amazing adventures of

HERLOCK SHOLMES
DETECTIVE

Written by

PETER TODD

I HAD noticed that Herlock Sholmes was preoccupied at breakfast. He was unusually absent-minded. At a time when his mighty intellect was concentrated upon some knotty problem he was generally a little absent-minded; it had sometimes happened that he had eaten my kipper as well as his own, unconscious of the rather serious inconvenience to myself. On this occasion he made a clean sweep of the margarine as well, and finished the shrimps to the last one. I did not venture to interrupt him. It was not for his humble friend, Dr. Jotson, to give a jolt to that powerful intellectual mechanism, when it was going full speed ahead on its highest gear.

He broke the silence at last. "You know what happens to-day, Jotson?" he asked. "I have some death certificates to sign," I replied. "My practice keeps me rather busy."

"The Peace Conference meets again," said Sholmes, unheeding. "It is the seven-hundred-and-eighty-ninth meeting of the Peace Conference, Jotson—and unless I intervene there may never be a seven-hundred-and-ninetieth meeting."

"Good heavens, Sholmes!" I was interested at once. Evidently it was an affair of international importance that was occupying my amazing friend's faculties.

"You may have heard of Smellowiski, the Russian Bolshevik," continued Sholmes gloomily. "I have had an eye on him for some time. I am perfectly well aware that he has nefarious designs upon the eminent statesmen who meet in conference to-day. If the conference should be blown up—"

"Sholmes!" "You can guess what an irreparable disaster that would be, Jotson. At present all the eminent statesmen of Europe are occupied with the meetings of the Conference. Their attention is centred on it. Now that it has become a permanent institution, likely to endure as long as human life lasts on this planet, it fills the minds and the time of all these eminent statesmen, and keeps them out of mischief. The Peace Conference office abolished, they would seek some other outlet for their activities, and goodness knows what might happen! You are well aware, Jotson, of what an eminent statesman is like when he takes the bit between his teeth."

I turned pale. Sholmes's gloomy words conjured up a terrible vision before my startled mind.

"The Peace Conference must be

saved!" I exclaimed hastily. "For the sake of humanity at large, Sholmes—"

He nodded. "You must help me save it, Jotson."

"Anything, my dear fellow, that I can do—"

"As it happens, Jotson, you are the very man."

"Command me!" I said. "It is very fortunate that you are a medical man, Jotson. Otherwise, with the best will in the world, you would not be able to help me. But I know your reputation—I know your skill—"

"Far be it from me to boast," I said modestly; "but it is fairly well known that when I gave up my last practice the Undertakers' Society presented me with a testimonial."

"You deserved it, Jotson."

"And if you are ever ill, Sholmes," I exclaimed, "place yourself in my hands, and rely upon me."

"I think my courage is well known,



Sholmes neatly tripped the Bolshevik in passing.

Jotson," said Sholmes. "but I should never carry it to the extent of daredevil recklessness. But come, my dear fellow; it is time we were off."

He took me by the back hair, in his playful way, and propelled me from the room.

II.

WE arrived at ———, where the seven-hundred-and-eighty-ninth meeting of the Peace Conference was being held. We had followed on the track of Smellowiski, the Bolshevik. The town was crowded. There were thirty important Ministers at the Conference, and each had brought with him three hundred officials and thirty thousand typists. Herlock Sholmes and I mingled in the vast swarms of humanity, never losing sight of the grim, Tartaric visage of Smellowiski, the Bolshevik.

But I confess that I did not understand how I was to assist my amazing friend in my capacity as a medical man.

Sholmes suddenly left my side.

He rushed past the Bolshevik, and neatly tripped him up in passing. Smellowiski fell heavily to the ground.

Herlock Sholmes waved back the crowd.

"Stand back! A man has fainted!" he exclaimed. "Is there a doctor here? Jotson!"

I pushed forward. In a moment I was kneeling at the Bolshevik's side.

My professional instincts were aroused at once. I forgot that the man was a Bolshevik; I banished his felonious designs from my mind, and remembered only that he needed medical aid.

The crowd stood back to give us room.

Smellowiski showed signs of recovering. I soothed him in my well-known bedside manner.

"Calm yourself!" I said. "You have sustained a contorted confusion of the spinal column of the seventh-enth rib, and collywobbleitis may supervene. An operation will be necessary. Bring a stretcher."

The Bolshevik would have objected. He would even have refused the aid of modern medical science. But he was placed on the stretcher. I followed, opening my case of instruments.

III.

THE operation was a complete success.

I am no boaster, but I cannot think of that operation, conducted according to the latest scientific principles, without a flush of pride.

Had Smellowiski survived I am certain that he would have overwhelmed me with gratitude, Bolshevik as he was.

When it was over I rejoined Sholmes. I was feeling a little elated, as was natural in the circumstances, and my amazing friend smiled as he met my glance.

"A success?" he asked. "Complete!" I answered.

"I congratulate you, Jotson. And the patient? He succumbed to the operation?"

I gave Sholmes a severe glance. "Really, Sholmes, he was not likely to succumb to an operation performed by me. It was, as I have told you, a complete success. The patient merely succumbed afterwards."

"Quite so," said Sholmes; and his inscrutable smile appeared upon his face. "My dear Jotson, you deserve another testimonial. Adieu!"

There are some details in this strange case still mysterious to me. I give the facts as I know them. The decease of the Bolshevik averted the threatened danger from the seven-hundred-and-eighty-ninth meeting of the Peace Conference. That, of course, even Herlock Sholmes could not have foreseen. But whenever I have mentioned this circumstance to Sholmes he has only smiled his inscrutable smile.

THE END.

Look out for next week's side-splitting adventure of Herlock Sholmes



For the best storyette printed on this page a hamper crammed full of delicious tuck will be awarded. Money prizes will be given for all other contributions used. When more than one reader sends in the same acceptable storyette, the prize is awarded to the first read. Remember your joke should be written plainly on a postcard, and addressed to: "Greyfriars Herald," The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., E.C.4.—Editor

He Knew!

Pa (sternly): Who's the laziest individual in your class, Jack?

Jack (sulkily): I dunno.

Pa: I should think you ought to know. When all the others are industriously writing or studying, who is it that sits idly in his seat and watches the rest?

Jack (promptly): Teacher!—Sent in by R. Wooster, 12, William Street, City Road, Bristol.

Simple!

Oliver Kipps: Oh, I saw a splendid trick done last night at Courtfield. A man turned a handkerchief into an egg.

Billy Bunter (with a fat sniff): Pooh! That's nothing! Why, a few weeks ago I saw a man turn a cow into a field!—Sent in by L. Macey, 586, Commercial Road, Mile End, Portsmouth.

OUR TUCK-HAMPER PRIZE STORYETTE

GOT THE "BIRD!"

Miggs was inordinately proud of his homing pigeon.

"You could take this bird twenty miles away," he said to his neighbour Moggs, "and he'd find his way back again."

"I'll bet you ten shillings that if I took that pigeon with me to Birmingham to-morrow and released it, he wouldn't get home."

"Done!" cried Moggs.

On the way to Birmingham Moggs plucked the pigeon, and when he arrived in that city threw him into the air as agreed.

Next day Moggs went round to his neighbour, Miggs, and demanded the money.

"Nothing doing old sport," smiled Miggs. "The bird's come home. The poor little beggar's got corns on his feet two inches long—he walked back!"—Sent in by B. L. Hainsworth, 4, Lansdowne Place, Warwick Road, Coventry, to whom a hamper crammed full of delicious tuck has been despatched.

Soft-soaped Him!
Ma: I wish you would go on an errand for me, Willie.

Willie: Huh! My legs ache something awful.

Ma: Too bad! I wanted you to go to old Mrs. Stickney's sweetstuff-shop, and—

Willie (brightly): Oh, that isn't far. I can walk there, easy!

Ma: Very well, dear. Go there, and just beside it you will see a grocer's shop. Go in and get me a bar of soap.

Sent in by S. Waxman, 94, Downs Park Road, Clapton, E.5.

The Miss-tery Solved!

I understand you shot a burglar in the Remove passage last night?" said the great detective.

"I did!" replied Mr. Pront proudly.

"What became of him?"

"The other burglar carried him away."

"Which other burglar?" asked the detective, in surprise.

"Why, the one I shot," replied Mr. Pront.—Sent in by O. Baskill, 12, St. Mary's Gate, Clapham.

Well Played, Ma!

The Farm-room was rather cold, and Lord Mauleverer felt too bored to do justice to the task before him—writing an essay on a football match.

Too late he realised that but five minutes remained before his effort would be collected. But Mauleverer was an ingenious youth in the face of dire necessity, and he quickly wrote across the unsullied whiteness of the paper: "Heavy rain" match cancelled!

Sent in by Elizabeth Pike, 16, Adelaide Street, Kingstown, Co. Dublin, Ireland.

Soft, Too!

Adolphus Smythe (of the Shell at Rockwood): Do you know—aw—I always wear kid gloves in bed to keep my hands nice and soft.

Cyril Peele (sarcastically): I suppose you must wear your hat, as well!—Sent in by Daniel Webb, 31, Pratt Street, Camden Town, London, N.W.1.



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