

"TEAM TACTICS!" BY FRED MORRIS

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The Greyfriars

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THE GALE TAKES A HAND IN THE GAME!

(A thrilling incident in our great tale of the football field.)



The Staff

Editorial

By Harry Wharton.

TALK OVER YOUR TACTICS!

My Dear Chums,—In this issue there appears the second of our great new series of footer articles by Fred Morris, the famous inside left of West Bromwich Albion. The first three of the series deal with the important subject of "Team Tactics," and you will do well to mark carefully every word that is written. Nothing is more important, as our great footballer-contributor pointed out last week, than a clear understanding between players before they take the field.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENTS!

This subject will be concluded in article No. 3, and then another famous footballer, whose name will be announced next week, will deal with another department of the game. Don't forget to bring these helpful articles before the notice of the sports master at your school, and get all your chums to start reading them.

Next week Major Cherry's great sporting serial, which has been so popular, will be concluded, and then I shall have another announcement to make in my Chat, which will come as a delightful surprise to all of you.

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

CHAPTER I.

Left Behind!

"THERE goes the sun!" remarked Dick Rodney.

The red rim of the sun disappeared with tropical suddenness, and the brief twilight of Trinidad deepened into darkness.

"Better get a move on," said Daubeny of the shell. "We're a long way behind the rest now."

"And Packe will be waxy if we don't turn up at the landing-place with the other fellows," said Jack Drake, with a smile. "Let's trot."

The three juniors broke into a run on the slanting path.

Far ahead of them, the mule-carts bearing the rest of the Benbow party had rumbled down the hillside towards the shore.

Drake and Rodney and Daubeny had preferred to walk down, intending to keep pace with the slow-moving mule-carts; but they had taken it rather too easily, and the carts were far out of sight.

Mr. Packe, who had personally conducted the trip to the Great Pitch Lake, had arranged to have his flock back at the landing-place at La Brea by sunset. Probably the Form-master was not yet aware that three members of the flock had dropped behind to walk.

If they did not turn up in good time there was certain trouble in store for them. For the return steamer to Port of Spain assuredly would not wait for laggards, and if Mr. Packe had to leave any of his flock behind at La Brea when he took the steamer his wrath was certain to equal the "destructive wrath" of Achilles of old.

"We'll catch them up before they get to the shore," said Jack Drake confidently, as the three juniors trotted down the inclined path that ran in a gentle slope from the Pitch Lake on the hill-top to the sea. "Packe won't even know—Hallo, what's the matter, Daub?"

Daubeny of the shell gave a sudden cry and stumbled over.

The two Fourth-formers halted at once.

In the deep gloom they could just make out Vernon Daubeny rising painfully on his knees.

"Oh! Ow!" mumbled Daub. "I—I caught my foot in a gully! I—I've hurt my dashed ankle!"

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Drake, in dismay. "You can walk?"

"I—I don't know! Give me a hand up."

Drake and Rodney took an arm each of the Shell fellow, and helped him to his feet.

Daubeny stood on one leg, and in



In the fury of the hurricane a swamping mass of water smote the little craft and heeled her over.

the gloom his face showed pale. He set his lips hard.

"Let's see it," said Rodney concisely. "Sit down, Daub. Make a knee for him, Drake."

"Right-ho!"

Drake made a knee, and Vernon Daubeny sat down. Dick Rodney knelt on the pitchy path and examined his ankle, Daub wincing painfully as he touched it.

"Nothing out of gear," said Rodney. "You've twisted it a bit, that's all. I suppose it hurts?"

"Ow! Yes!"

"Can you walk on it?" asked Drake.

"I'm afraid not."

"Better not," said Rodney.

There was a pause of dismay.

The juniors, naturally, had not foreseen any accident in descending the hill from the Pitch Lake. The unforeseen had happened, and it was evident that they would not overtake the rest of the party.

"We may catch the steamer yet," said Drake at last hopefully. "We shall have to carry you, Daub."

"Leave me here," answered Daubeny. "You can tell Packe, and he can send back for me. No need for you fellows to get into a row."

"Rot!" answered Drake. "We're certainly not leaving you alone here in the dark."

"I don't mind—"

"Rats!" said Rodney. "We mind! If there's a row, we'll all get it together. Join hands, Drake."

"If you don't catch the steamer—" said Daubeny. "I say, Packe won't stay the night at La Brea. He will simply have to take the steamer back, with all that crowd of fellows

with him. He will be in no end of a bait. You'd better—"

"Bow-wow!"

Drake and Rodney joined hands to make a "carriage" for the Shell fellow. With Daubeny carried between them, they resumed their way.

But progress was very slow now.

Vernon Daubeny was a good weight; and it was, moreover, necessary to pick their steps very carefully, walking with their burden.

From the distant darkness came the sound of a steam whistle.

Drake gave a start.

"Is that the steamer?"

"I fancy so!" said Rodney.

"Then we're done!"

"It's my fault," muttered Daubeny. "I wanted you fellows to go on and leave me—"

"Bosh!"

In the darkness of the distance, where the sea rolled unseen, a dancing light glimmered.

The juniors knew that it was the light of the steamer returning from La Brea to Port of Spain, where the old Benbow lay at anchor.

The Benbow party must certainly be on board, and Drake and Co. were left behind! There was no possibility now of avoiding a terrific row when they should reach the school ship once more.

But it was no use thinking of that now. Their present business was to get down to the shore and see what was to be done there.

They pressed on.

Near the foot of the hill they came upon a negro joggling along slowly in a mule-cart. Drake called to him, and the black man willingly gave them a lift. But the Port of Spain steamer

was far out of sight when they arrived at length at Point La Brea.

They dismounted from the cart, Drake tossing the negro a dollar for his service. The stars were coming out in the velvety sky now, glimmering on the wide waters of the Gulf of Paria. There were several craft anchored outside the surf, and boats drawn up on the pitchy beach. Daubeny sat on an upturned boat to rest.

"Hallo, here's Wellington!" exclaimed Rodney.

Solomon Wellington, the black gentleman who had acted as guide to the Benbow party at the Pitch Lake, loomed up in the starlight, with a grin on his dusky face.

"You late, genelman," he remarked. "I suppose Mr. Packe has gone?" asked Drake.

Solomon waved a black hand towards the sea.

"All gone," he answered. "No can wait. Mass' Packe miss you; him bery angry. Leabe me to wait for you. Me take care of you, and put you on next steamer—to-morrow. Savvy?"

Drake and Rodney exchanged glances.

"Look here, we can get back to the Benbow before to-morrow," said Drake. "If we turn up to-night old Packe won't be quite so awfully waxy. What's the matter with hiring a boat? How far is it to Port of Spain across the gulf, Solomon?"

"Dirty—forty mile."

"Thirty or forty miles," said Drake. "Well, in this breeze a sail-boat wouldn't make much of that. We want to get back soon, and let Dr. Pankey see Daub's ankle."

"Good idea," said Rodney. "It will cost money, though."

"I've got plenty of tin. You like the idea, Daub?"

"Yes, rather!"

Drake turned to Solomon Wellington again.

"Can we get a boat and a boatman here—a sail-boat, of course—to make the run across to Port of Spain?"

Mr. Wellington nodded eagerly.

"Me got good boat," he said. "Fust-class boat; take visitors' bout—sometimes take across to mainland. 'Spose you pay, me take you."

"How much?"

Mr. Wellington reflected.

"Bery long way," he remarked.

"How much?" grunted Drake.

"Me do him cheap for buccra genelman," said Mr. Wellington. "'Spose you pay me hundred dollar, me take you."

"I'm not offering to buy your boat, with yourself thrown in!"

Mr. Wellington grinned.

"Me make small mistake—me mean fifty dollar," he amended.

"I think that's another mistake," said Drake sarcastically. "Try again."

"Forty dollar," said Mr. Wellington, unabashed.

"Keep it up!" grinned Rodney. "At this rate he'll soon be offering to take us for nothing! Try again, Wellington."

"Dirty-five dollar!" said Mr. Wellington.

"Have another try!"

But at thirty-five dollars Mr. Wellington stuck. That, apparently, was the minimum.

"That will do," said Daubeny. "I wouldn't mind standing it, Drake, as it's all my fault."

"Halves!" said Drake cheerily. "We can stand that. You're dead in this act, Rodney; you're going to be a passenger. We'll take the boat, Wellington. Get a move on."

"One minute an' narf!" said Mr. Wellington briskly.

But it was considerably more than a minute and a "narf" before the boat plunged out through the surf. In fact, it was quite half an hour before the little mast was stepped, and the sail spread to the night breeze, and the chums of the Benbow were speeding away across the waters of the Gulf of Paria.

Caught in the Hurricane!

"THIS is topping!" Dick Rodney remarked.

"Ripping!" said Drake heartily. "Blessed if I'm sorry we were left behind, after all. How do you feel now, Daub?"

"Right as rain—or nearly," said Daubeny.

Daubeny of the Shell was reclining in comfort on the boat's cushions. Drake and Rodney sat forward. Solomon Wellington, with one black hand on the tiller, and the other holding the sheet, steered and sailed the boat quite handily.

It was a delightful run on the starlit waters, with the hills of Trinidad black to the right, and on the left, far away, the snow-capped American mountains looming against the stars. The juniors enjoyed it to the full, all the more in comparison with the trip on the crowded steamer.

The boat covered the water quickly, though progress was not so fast as it looked, as Mr. Wellington had to tack a good deal to make way to the north.

"We shall reach Port of Spain long before dawn," Drake remarked.

"I should think so, at this rate. What a lovely night—but it seems to be getting darker," said Rodney, glancing round.

Jack Drake looked at the sky.

The distant snow-clad summits of the South American mainland—the sierras of Venezuela—had disappeared from sight, blotted out by creeping blackness from the west.

Drake noted that Solomon Wellington was glancing at the sky every minute or two, with a shade of anxiety on his black face. It was an hour since they had left La Brea behind, and the hill of the Pitch Lake had long since vanished from sight astern.

The blackness from the west spread over the sky like a dark blanket, covering the stars.

Eastward, over Trinidad, the stars still glittered like points of fire, in deepest blue; westward all was pitchy black. And the black was spreading further and further—a deep, dense cloud that blotted out sky and stars as it advanced from the mainland over the gulf. The wind had fallen a little, and it blew more chill.

"Dash it all, I don't like the look of that!" muttered Daubeny, with an anxious eye on the sky. "We haven't

been through a West Indian hurricane yet, and it looks—"

"Is there going to be a storm, Wellington?" asked Drake.

Solomon looked worried.

"Me tink so," he answered.

His eyes were on the creeping cloud. The boat swerved to the starboard, heading for the dim shore of Trinidad that was visible to the right.

"Hallo, what's the game?" exclaimed Drake. "What are you running shoreward for, Wellington?"

"Beach de boat, quick!" answered Solomon briefly.

"Do you mean to say there's danger?"

"All die if hurricane come!"

"Oh!"

The boat flew on; but the wind was falling still more, and what there was of it blew off shore. Solomon had to make wide tacks to approach the land, and his black face now expressed the liveliest anxiety. He tacked a fathom for every foot gained, and the Trinidad shore hardly seemed to draw nearer. The black cloud was over the boat now, and rolling on towards the island. The whole of the spacious gulf was covered with blackness, though still stars could be seen glimmering to the east. From the sky came a faint rumbling sound, and a few heavy drops of rain fell.

The juniors were silent and anxious now, sharing the deep anxiety that was only too visible in Solomon Wellington's face.

They were new to West Indian waters, but they had heard and read of tropical hurricanes, and they realised their danger. It was a new phase of the tropics for them—the suddenness with which the fairest weather might turn to fierce storm. It had been a soft and balmy night when they left La Brea, an hour before. Now they were on the verge of a terrible outbreak of the fury of the elements.

The last stars were gone now; the black cloud was over Trinidad as well as over the sea, and rolling further towards the outer Atlantic. The Montserrat hills had disappeared from view. Trinidad, swallowed up in blackness, was gone from their sight. They might have been in the middle of a vast ocean for anything their eyes could tell them to the contrary.

The low rumble was increasing in volume, like the growl of some giant beast seeking its prey.

The calm waters had become agitated now; white foam leaped out of the darkness and raced by the boat.

Solomon Wellington's black face could scarcely be seen in the darkness, but the whites of his eyes gleamed out. It was evident that their only hope lay in beaching the boat before the hurricane broke, and it was pretty clear now that there would not be time. The wind off shore had leaped into strength, and the boat was dancing out to sea. Solomon Wellington jumped up, and rapidly struck the sail.

He called to the juniors to help him, the sail was tucked in, and the mast unshipped. Even without the canvas it was doubtful if the boat would swim when the hurricane struck her.

"By Jove, we've got into a scrape

this time!" muttered Drake. "But while there's life, there's hope."

A flash of forked lightning shot through the black mass overhead. The roar that followed was deafening.

In an instant, as it seemed, the sea leaped into fury, boiling like a cauldron. The wind struck the boat like a blow from a giant's fist.

"Hold on!" shouted Drake. The boat heeled over under the shock till it was gunwale under, and the water swamping in.

Instinctively the juniors threw themselves on the other side, holding on for their lives.

Half submerged in the swamping water, they clung on, while the boat drove helplessly before the wind, with towering waves soaring round her.

It was impossible to speak, even to see one another, in the roar of the hurricane.

They could only hold on, deafened and dazed by the sudden fury of the storm.

Luckily they were driving out into the wide waters of the open gulf.

Had the boat driven towards the Trinidad shore she would have gone to fragments in the surf that boiled and roared along the beach, and nothing could have saved her occupants.

It was doubtful if anything could save them now. At every moment they expected their frail support to glide from under them and leave them at the mercy of the wild waters.

Solomon Wellington shouted something, but the roar of the wind drowned his voice. But by the light of a flash Drake saw the black boatman holding on with one hand, and working desperately with the other, using his hat to bale.

The juniors followed his example; the boat was almost flooded, and it seemed a miracle that she still floated.

Round the boat raced giant waves, and at every moment the hapless voyagers expected a mass of greenish, glimmering water to strike them fair and square and send them to the bottom.

But the light craft danced on the waves like a cork, shooting down into the valleys of water, and rising again on the crests, while the juniors and the boatman baled desperately.

How long it lasted they never knew, but a lull in the wind warned them that the fury of the hurricane was past. It was then that the catastrophe came. A swamping mass of water smote the little craft, and she heeled over; and in a moment more the boat was floating keel upwards, with four drenched and dazed figures clinging desperately to the wreck.

The Castaways!

"HOLD ON!"

Drake panted out the words, but his voice was unheard.

He was holding on to the capsized boat with the energy of desperation; but where were his comrades?

He could not see them.

The sea still boiled and raved; but the wind had fallen almost as suddenly as it had arisen. From the black sky a single star glimmered out.

It was followed by another and

another, till the sky over the tumbling sea was spangled with points of fire.

Drake stared round him dazedly. Three figures bobbed in the water round him, holding on to the capsized boat, exhausted, almost insensible.

"Rodney, old chap!" he gasped. "I'm here, Drake!"

"It's over, thank Heaven!" breathed Daubeny faintly. "I—I don't think I could hold on much longer. If I hadn't got hold of this rope I should have gone."

"Thank goodness it's no worse!" The juniors said no more; they were utterly exhausted, and had no strength to speak.

They baid on, and waited. Overhead the sky was clear and starry, stretching far and wide in calm beauty. The sea still rolled angrily, but its fury was gone.

They drew themselves higher on the overturned boat, and sprawled over it, holding on. It still floated and supported them.

Long, weary hours followed. Gradually, as the night waned, the

better to get our clothes dry, anyhow. How's your old ankle, Daub?"

"Blessed if I hadn't forgotten my ankle!" said Daubeny. "I think it's nearly all right now. I'm not worrying about that, anyhow. Where are we?"

"Somewhere in the Gulf of Paria, between Trinidad and Venezuela," said Drake. "Can't give our bearings any nearer than that. Let's see if we can handle the boat."

The juniors pulled themselves together, and set to work.

They clambered on the boat on one side, hanging to the keel, and as soon as Solomon Wellington saw their object he lent his aid and his heavy weight to the task.

The boat swung over, but it slipped back several times, and the juniors were growing weary and exasperated before it righted at last.

Then it was a long task to bale it out. Their hats had been torn away in the storm, and there was no baler on board; but Mr. Wellington produced a tobacco-tin, and the juniors took off their boots for the work. With such implements the baling was a long and laborious task, but it was fairly finished at last, and the boat was nearly free of water. Under the climbing sun, already streaming heat upon them, the voyagers sat down to rest in the boat, binding their handkerchiefs over their heads for protection from the sun's rays.

They were high and dry now, and safe, so far as that went; the sea was sunny and smiling around them now. But their plight was still serious enough.

Mast and sail and tiller and oars had been swept away in the hurricane; the boat itself remained, and that was all. And even if there had been a sail there was scarcely a breath of wind.

The boat's crew became conscious of the troublesome fact that they were both hungry and thirsty; but there was neither food nor drink in the boat. They sat and watched the sea hopefully.

On the Benbow, far off at Port of Spain, the fellows would be at lessons, and never before had Jack Drake longed so much to be in class with the rest of the Fourth Form. Mr. Packe, in his most exacting moments, was preferable to drifting in an open boat, hungry, under a blazing tropical sun.

"Hallo, what's that?" exclaimed Rodney suddenly.

A black fin showed above the water beside the slowly drifting boat.

The juniors looked quickly at Solomon.

"Shark!" said the black boatman laconically.

"Oh!"

The shark half turned, close to the boat, and the startled juniors caught a glimpse of the white underside.

They watched it spellbound.

Only the frail boat was between them and the tiger of the deep; a few planks protected them from the shearing teeth.

Solomon Wellington seemed unmoved; he was accustomed to the sight of sharks, but the juniors had never seen one at such close quarters before. They watched it in grim silence for some time. As if expectant of prey,



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sea calmed down, and at last a rosy flush in the east heralded the dawn.

Desolate as the surroundings were, Jack Drake felt himself cheered up by the returning sunshine, which was soon strong and warm, the heat very welcome to the soaking, shipwrecked juniors.

Now that the dreary night was over the juniors could think of the school ship and their comrades there.

"I hope the steamer got in before the storm," mused Drake.

"Oh, the steamer would be all right," said Rodney. "Some of the fellows would be seasick, though—especially Toodles."

"Poor old Tuckey!" said Drake. "How jolly lucky for him he didn't walk with us, after all."

"We've got to get out of this somehow," said Rodney. "Do you think we could manage to right the boat? Wellington doesn't seem much good."

"We'll manage it," said Drake cheerily. "It will be a change for the

the shark haunted the boat, drifting close by it, and never parting company. There was no means of driving it off, and the juniors had to resign themselves to its ghastly company.

The sun climbed higher; a haze of heat blurred the water. The juniors, like the boatman, draped their jackets over their heads. Sunstroke would probably have been fatal. They watched the shining sea with tired eyes. It was the boatman of La Brea who made a sudden movement, rising to his feet, and shading his eyes with his black hand, to stare across the water at last.

"Sail!" he said.

"One Good Turn—"

THANK Heaven!" breathed Drake.

A patchy brown sail glimmered on the sunny waters. It came from the west—from the inlet in the Venezuelan shore. It danced on the waters, drawing nearer and nearer to the drifting boat, slight as the breeze was. The juniors stood up in the boat, ready to shout as soon as the stranger was within hearing.

"An Indian!" exclaimed Rodney suddenly.

A brown-skinned man sat in the skiff—clad in linen trousers and a huge grass hat—nothing more. It was really all he needed in the sweltering tropic heat. His brown skin glistened in the sun; from his large ears and nose coral ornaments dangled. He had seen the castaways, evidently, and was bearing down upon them.

The juniors waved their hands and shouted. No answer came back as the skiff approached; but when it was alongside the brown-skinned man called to them in a tongue of which they did not understand one word.

"Arrowac!" said Solomon Wellington.

"What the thump is that?" asked Drake.

"Arrowac Injun."

"It's a tribe of Indians on the Orinoco," said Daubeny. "I've heard my father speak of them—he was here years ago."

"Can you speak Arrowac, Wellington?"

Mr. Wellington shook his head. "Then we're in a precious pickle, if we can't tell him what we want," said Drake.

"Most likely he speaks Spanish," said Daubeny. "Lots of the Venezuela Indians do."

"I wish I'd given Dr. Pankey's Spanish class a bit more attention," said Drake ruefully. "I can't pitch it to him in Spanish. Still, there's one word that's useful—agua! Agua!" he called out to the Indian.

The Arrowac's eyes glistened with intelligence; evidently he knew the Spanish word for water, at least.

He reached down, and handed a gourd over to the boat alongside; and Drake received it thankfully. He took a deep draught of the lukewarm water it contained, and his comrades followed his example. Then Solomon Wellington finished what remained in the gourd.

"That's better," said Drake, taking

the gourd from Solomon to hand it back to the Indian. "He seems a good-natured chap, at any rate. Fisherman, I suppose—he's got a pile of fish in his boat. Here's your gourd, old top."

The Arrowac did not understand the words, but he comprehended the action, as Drake held out the empty gourd, and he reached out a coppery hand for it. At the same moment the wind suddenly caught his sail, and the skiff lurched, and the Indian, as he leaned over the gunwale, pitched head foremost into the water.

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Drake.

The Arrowac rose at once, and caught his huge grass hat, which was floating by him, and threw it into the skiff. He grinned at the juniors, not at all disconcerted by his accident, and laid hold of the skiff to pull himself aboard again.

There was a rush of a black fin, and a yell from Dick Rodney.

"The shark! Look out!"

The juniors had forgotten the shark that had haunted them for the past hour. The savage brute rushed in between the boats like an arrow as the Indian dragged himself from the water. The coppery face of the Arrowac suddenly blanched to a sickly hue of terror, and he clambered up fiercely. There was a gleam of white as the shark turned to bite.

Whizz!

The heavy gourd was still in Drake's hand, and, hardly knowing what he did, he hurled it at the gleaming teeth that showed as the shark turned over to bite.

Crash!

The jaws closed on the gourd, crushing it to atoms, missing the bare leg of the Arrowac by a few inches.

The next second the Arrowac was in his skiff, gasping.

Drake panted for breath.

But for his prompt action the Indian's leg would have been sheared off by the shark's teeth in sight of the horrified onlookers.

The disappointed brute swam beside the boat, his muzzle showing over the water.

The Arrowac was on his feet in a moment, grasping a long spear that lay in the bottom of the boat.

There was a tinge of red in the blue waters as he thrust over the side at the shark.

With a plunge the great brute disappeared, whether mortally wounded or not the juniors could not guess. There was foam mingled with blood on the water between the boats, and the shark was not seen again.

"Good heavens!" muttered Daubeny, his teeth chattering.

The Arrowac laid down his spear.

He turned his big black eyes towards Jack Drake, with an eloquent expression in them, and began to speak rapidly in the Arrowac dialect. He was fully aware of the service the junior had rendered him, and of what he owed to Drake's presence of mind, and probably he was thanking him in his own language. But Drake had to shake his head; he did not understand.

The Indian ceased at last, and an expression of puzzled reflection came on his coppery face.

"Taro Niom!" he said abruptly,

striking himself on the breast. "Taro Niom."

"What the thump—"

"His name," said Solomon Wellington.

The Indian drew his boat closer, and tapped Drake on the breast. After a moment Drake guessed that the Arrowac was asking his name.

"Jack Drake!" he said with a smile.

"Yak Dak!" repeated the Arrowac.

"That's near enough."

"If we could make him understand I dare say he would give us a tow to Port of Spain," said Rodney. "Very likely he knows the name of the place. Try him. You're in his good graces, Drake—you do the talking."

Drake tried it hopefully.

"Port of Spain!" he said.

Taro Niom nodded; evidently he had heard of the capital of Trinidad.

Drake pointed to the north-east, the nearest he could guess to the direction of Port of Spain.

The Indian nodded again; he understood.

Then Drake tapped himself on the chest, and pointed to the north-east again, striving to make the Indian understand by this pantomime that he wanted to be taken to the harbour.

The Arrowac looked perplexed for some moments, but a gleam of intelligence lighted up his black eyes at last.

He picked up his spear, rather alarming the juniors for a moment. The long spear, stained with the blood of the snark, looked rather unpleasant at close quarters. But his intentions were not hostile. He tapped the juniors' boat with his spear, and then pointed with it in the direction of the distant port, and looked interrogative.

"He understands," exclaimed Rodney. "Yes—yes!"

Drake nodded; the Indian understood the language of signs. His brown face broke into a smile.

He gave an emphatic nod of the head, and laid down the spear.

The juniors watched him anxiously. They thought that he understood, and that he was willing to do them the service they required. It was soon clear that they had read the Arrowac aright. He picked up a thick coil of plaited grass-ropes from the bottom of his skiff, and uncoiled it. Drake caught the end as the red man threw it into the boat.

"He's going to tow us!" he exclaimed. "Hurrah!"

The Indian was fastening his end of the long rope in the stern of his skiff. Jack Drake secured the rope to the bow of the boat; and then the Indian, waving his hand as a sign of reassurance, attended to his sail. The skiff drew ahead before the wind, and the rope lengthened out between the boats and became taut.

"All serene now!" said Drake, with great satisfaction. "This chap is a brick, and no mistake!"

And in the wake of the fleet Indian skiff the castaways glided on through the water, heading for Port of Spain and the old Benbow.

THE END.

Next week's ripping story of the school at sea will be entitled: "Daubeny's Temptation!"



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, plots to get even with the youngster. While the Norchester United team are proceeding by char-a-banc to Melton to play the Rovers, a revolver shot rings out and the chauffeur falls senseless over the steering-wheel. Next moment the heavy vehicle is dashing to destruction.

To Save the Team!

JACK DENYER'S heart turned to ice as the leviathan char-a-banc, driverless and out of control, leapt forward like a mad thing and thundered down the steep hill. That a terrible accident, and perhaps loss of life, awaited the helpless players was certain, and in those tragic, fleeting moments, pregnant with impending tragedy, the young player-manager's brain was working with lightning speed.

Something had to be done, and at once, if stark tragedy was to be averted, and the thought had scarcely raced through the youngster's whirling brain than he pushed his way roughly past the panic-stricken players, and, clambering over the front seats, dropped down beside the unconscious driver.

The mechanic, a pitiful sight, was still lying helplessly over the steering-wheel, his arms dangling, his face deathly pale, with a trickle of blood flowing freely from a wound on his temple. A sudden jolt dislodged the unconscious form, and it reeled sideways and sprawled stupidly along the cushioned seat.

But Jack could give no heed to the driver, his one idea was to arrest the car's mad career before it reached the wicked "hairpin" bend at the foot of the hill.

The char-a-banc was swaying drunkenly from one side of the road to the other, and it was Providence that prevented it from crashing into one of the banks and overturning.

Roaring and thundering, enveloped in a cloud of blinding dust, and tearing along at an incredible speed, it flashed past hedges, and it became certain that a matter of seconds would find it a mangled heap of wood and twisted iron at the foot of the hill, a blazing mass of wreckage, a thing of flames and choking fumes, from which some of the players might contrive to extricate themselves.

As to the less fortunate fellows who might be pinned under the blazing vehicle—well, it would be a terrible death, a holocaust!

Jack repressed a shudder at the bare thought, and his strong, sinuous hands gripped the steering-wheel, and by a superhuman effort kept the runaway to a straight course. The next thing to do was to apply the brakes, but this must be done with meticulous care if the runaway was to be checked without an appalling mishap.

The "hairpin" bend appeared to be racing towards the flying char-a-banc, and the players closed their eyes and waited for the sickening smash which appeared to be inevitable.

But the disaster did not occur, for little by little, and almost imperceptibly, the grim-faced youngster at the wheel brought the panting monster to a standstill, its bonnet just touching the stone wall at the beginning of the bend.

The char-a-banc stopped dead with a jerk, throbbing and trembling, as though conscious of its recent peril.

Jack Denyer, looking pale and shaken, remained perfectly motionless for a few seconds. The whole drama had happened in little more than a flash, and yet it seemed to him that he had been at the wheel for an eternity, so great had been the strain.

His brain was numbed for the moment; he seemed satisfied to sit still, to enjoy the glorious sense of safety.

How long he would have remained so cannot be said, for a groan from the injured chauffeur brought the youngster back to reality. He turned his eyes to the pallid, blood-smearred features, and saw that the driver was regarding him in a dazed, vacant fashion.

Jack tried to smile reassuringly.

"It's all over now, old man," he said cheerily. "There might have been a nasty smash, but there wasn't."

He gave the man a helping hand as he tried to struggle to an upright position.

The players had clambered out of the car by this time, and they clustered round the bonnet, their eyes upon the youngster who had saved them by his pluck and presence of mind. They all looked shaken, and it was obvious that they wished to allude to the affair—to express their gratitude.

Jack sensed this as he saw Mallison groping awkwardly for adequate words.

"You can cut all that out, old son!" grinned the youngster. "It was just a bit of luck that I managed to get to the wheel and pull the beggar up. Forget it!"

"But, hang it all, we're not goin' to forget it!" burst out Mallison excitedly, looking round at the others, who nodded vigorously. "Why, if it hadn't been for you there would have been the very dickens of a smash! Why, it was great, the way you did the thing, when we were all standing there like a pack of frightened school-girls! You deserve a V.C. for that!"

"And you deserve a thick ear, my lad!" grinned Jack Denyer. "And that's what you'll get if I hear any more of this nonsense! You've only got to breathe the word 'char-a-banc' and you'll be in the geometrical centre of the finest little 'mill' that ever happened! Now, stop rotting, and let's have a squirt at this poor chap, who looks pretty used up!"

The driver had been making an effort to get a grip of himself, and the dazed expression had now faded from his eyes.

"What happened, mate?" he asked in a husky voice, addressing Jack Denyer.

The youngster grinned.

"To tell you the truth, old man," he said, "I hardly know myself. All I do know is that we were at the top of that beastly hill when you suddenly sprawled over the wheel, and this jolly

old 'bus took the bit between its teeth and bolted."

The driver nodded, and put a shaking hand to the wound on his forehead.

"But—but how did this happen?" he asked bewilderedly. Jack looked at the wound, which was little more than a graze, and an understanding light crept into his eyes.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed excitedly. "Don't you chaps remember hearing a report just before the driver fell forward?"

"Yes," answered Hobber; "just after we left the village."

"Seemed to me to be the report of a rifle," said Mallison. "There's a bit of rough shooting to be had in this part of the country. It's quite likely that someone was out with a gun, and let fly at something."

"Whoever did it must have been a prize ass," said Jack slowly—"especially so near the road."

There was silence for a few moments, and then a half suspicious, half doubtful expression crossed the clean-cut features. The others saw that he was troubled about something, and waited for him to speak.

"What's the matter, old man?" asked Mallison, speaking for the others.

"Doesn't it seem rather curious that this one stray shot should have struck our driver?" Jack asked slowly. "We know that the johnny with the gun, whoever he was, must have been jolly near the road. But what would he find to shoot there? The whole thing looks very suspicious, to say the least of it."

He glanced round at the intent faces of the players, and saw that slowly but surely they were getting the drift of his words.

"You—you mean that somebody wanted to get us smashed up?" asked Brown, in his usual direct manner.

Jack Denyer nodded.

"It seems very much like it, doesn't it?" he asked grimly.

"Yes, but who would play such a low-down, murderous trick—" began Bailey, in incredulous tones.

"Why, who other than a low-down, murderous scoundrel?" Jack Denyer broke in quickly. "Who other than a man who wants to ruin the club, and me especially?"

"You mean Martin Denyer?" asked Brown.

"Martin Denyer and Mills would not stop at anything," returned the youngster, "and I happen to know that they've been together a good deal of late. This business looks uncommonly like attempted wholesale murder," continued Jack, in a hard, stern voice; and the fighting look had crept into his face. "We've no actual proof at the moment, but the day will come when these scoundrels will make a slip, and when the day does dawn I shall have no mercy upon them!"

The players, looking at the grim, set features, knew that Jack Denyer meant what he said. But they little knew how soon that day of reckoning would dawn!

The Match—And an Accident!

"AND now," said Jack Denyer briskly, "we'd better get along to Melton. We're late as it is." He turned to the driver. "Do you feel well enough to carry on, old man?" he asked.

The mechanic nodded and smiled. "I'm as fit as a tick now," he answered readily. "It was only a graze that knocked me out."

"Then up you get, lads," said Jack. And the players scrambled back into the body of the big char-a-banc.

The rest of the journey to Melton was accomplished without mishap, and the home team's officials heaved a sigh of relief when they saw the char-a-banc pull up outside the ground.

Jack jumped down from beside the driver, and shook the Melton manager by the hand.

"I'm sorry we're a bit late, Mr. Bell," he said, with his happy, engaging smile. "The fact of the matter is that we had a bit of trouble on the hill. The driver came over queer."

The youngster did not see the necessity of recounting the story of the murderous attack.

"I hope it was nothing serious," said the manager, leading the way towards the dressing-rooms. "Did he come over faint, or something?"

"No," answered the youngster, with a quiet smile which Bell could not understand. "He had shooting pains in the head."

The manager nodded, and cast a weather-eye up to the sky.

The clouds were scudding along at a great pace, and even as he looked up a gust of wind swept round the stand and whipped his hat from his head, and sent it careering wildly along the ground.

"Bless it!" exclaimed Mr. Bell, swinging round on his heel, with the intention of going in pursuit of his headgear. He was saved the trouble, however, for Jackson, the reserve goalkeeper, made a dive and grasped the hat with sure fingers.

"Saved, sir!" grinned Mallison, as Jackson handed Mr. Bell his property.

"This wind's come up all of a sudden," said the home manager, falling into step with Jack Denyer. "There was hardly a breeze blowing this morning, but it looks as though we're in for a miniature cyclone very shortly."

The young player-manager nodded, and bent his head against a heavy gust of wind which whistled round the corner of the club-house.

"You're right," he answered. "It'll mean keeping the ball low to-day if we are to make a decent game of it."

He nodded to Bell, and then led the way into the dressing-room.

The Norchester eleven lost no time in changing into their football things, and they were all ready for the fray when the referee looked in and informed them that it wanted a minute to the kick-off.

"Come on, my warriors!" grinned Jack, a few seconds later. "Do what you like to-day, but don't sky the leather!"

He walked from the dressing-room, followed by his men, and when he ambled on to the field and booted the ball towards an open goal he realised the full fury of the wind.

It was shrieking through and round the stands like a soul in torment, and the ball which he had kicked with all his force did not travel more than half a dozen yards.

"We've got a nice day for it!" grinned the youngster, turning to Mallison. "I don't think we shall be sorry when this match is over, especially if this gale doesn't slacken off a bit."

"I shouldn't think it could get any worse," returned Mallison, turning his back upon the miniature cyclone which was tearing round the ground and hissing past his ears.

But Mallison was wrong, for each minute that passed seemed to add fury to the wind, and the game became almost farcical. Try as they would, the players could not keep the leather on the ground, and once it was in the air it was at the mercy of the squall. The leather would be whipped away like a piece of paper, and hurtled into the stands or high up on the crowded terraces.

Still, the teams struggled manfully, doing their best to give the spectators some sort of exhibition.

But still the wind howled and shrieked, and the stand, an old structure which was sadly in need of repair, seemed to sway from side to side. Jack Denyer noticed it, but he decided that his eyes were playing a trick.

The game—a straggling, untidy affair, which was little more than a continuous throw-in, for it was with the utmost difficulty that the players could keep the leather on the playing-pitch—continued for twenty minutes without a goal being scored, and it was then that Jack Denyer decided to break through if it were humanly possible.

He knew perfectly well that the passing game was quite out of the question, and that if a goal was to be scored it would have to be done by an individual effort.

He spoke to Mallison, his inside-right.

"I'm going to get a goal—or bust, old man," he said, as they stood shoulder to shoulder during a throw-in. "I'll work my way as far up the field as I can, and I want you to give me a ground pass as soon as you can."

Mallison nodded, and then darted for the ball, which had been deflected by Hobber's head. He trapped it cleverly, and then, after a swift glance over his shoulder, he sent the leather cutting along the grass, and Jack Denyer took it on the run and set off towards the Melton goal.

The howling wind seemed to bear down upon him from all sides, as though wishing to retard his progress; but the youngster set his teeth, shouldered off the centre-half who tackled him, and battled forward.

The leather appeared to be glued to the toe of his foot, for Jack knew to get rid of it would be fatal to his plan. Slowly but surely, displaying a skill at dribbling which marked him as a future International, he beat one man after another, and when he at last managed to struggle into the penalty area he found himself confronted by a phalanx of home defenders.

His position looked hopeless. It seemed that his great personal effort

was to prove fruitless. And it was then that the youngster showed his genius with the ball.

Taking advantage of a temporary lull—the shrieking wind appeared to die down for a second, as though by magic—he lifted the leather clean over the heads of the Merton defence, and the next second he had darted through their ranks and had gained possession once again.

And after that he wasted not a second.

He tore straight for the net, there came a boomp! and his toe sent the sphere crashing towards the right-hand corner of the goal.

The home goalkeeper made a valiant attempt to get at the flying ball, but he was a fraction of a second too late. He just touched the leather with the tips of his fingers before it curled under the bar and finally came to a rest at the back of the net.

It had been a great and glorious effort, and the home supporters were not slow to show their appreciation. After the ding-dong, uninteresting play they had witnessed they were only too eager to applaud and encourage the youngster who had provided the one thrill of the game up to the present.

The air was filled with frenzied cheers, which seemed to increase and abate as the fitful gusts of wind snatched them up and shrieked round the ground with them.

The air was still alive with wild cheering when the home skipper, answering the whistle, tapped the ball to his inside-right.

The Melton attack looked very grim indeed, for the club had not as yet sustained a defeat on its own ground. Therefore, despite the inclement weather, despite the hests arrayed against them, despite everything, the Melton players meant to get a goal at all costs, and they fell back upon the low passing game which had stood Norchester in such good stead.

The inside-right, a little Welshman, who was ubiquity itself, struggled forward against the wind, and managed to get the leather to his outside man. This worthy, who also hailed from the Land of Leeks, pounced upon the pass in a twinkling, and by sheer pertinacity and sound play, forced his way along the touchline, and, slipping the leather between the bow legs of Brown, slithered round the Norchester left-half and regained the ball.

The visiting back was bearing down upon him by this time, but the little man from Wales was in no wise perturbed. He waited until the hefty, lumbering figure was almost on top of him, and then darted away at a tangent, his superior speed standing him in good stead.

The back thundered after him, but missed his quarry by a matter of inches.

The Melton outside-right—who had the not uncommon name of Smith—was in the penalty area by this time, and had only the goalkeeper to beat.

He saw the visitor's right back charging straight down upon him, and he wasted not a second.

Boomp!
His sturdy foot took the leather on the bounce, and the ball sped straight

for the goalmouth. Up, up it soared, and it seemed all Lombard Street to a China orange that it would find the net.

Yet just as it was about to curl under the bar—a matter of half an inch from the custodian's groping fingers—a boisterous gust of wind tore along the pitch, lifted the ball, and whirled it thirty feet into the air, twisting and turning like a thing possessed.

The crowd watched it as though fascinated, and a groan of disappointment went up from the home supporters when it suddenly dived straight down and came to rest at the back of the sloping terrace behind the goal.

The wind seemed to be imbued with the spirit of sheer mischief.

The ball was soon in position for the goal-kick, and Fender placed his boot on it whilst Jackson took his run from the goalmouth prior to punting the leather up-field.

The goalie ran from the back of the net, knowing he would need every

grim and tight-lipped as he touched the ball to Mallison, who, in turn, back-heeled to Bickley, and then darted up the field. The stocky, little centre-half, who had just missed his International cap the previous season, took the pass on the run, and by a deft feint contrived to slip the twisting leather between the two Melton forwards who were bearing down upon him with a purposeful look upon their moist features.

Jack Denyer, thanks to an almost uncanny intuition with which he was blessed, was waiting for the pass, which he snapped up in a twinkling. He turned on his heel with the speed of light, darted off, and had made a dozen yards before the home centre-half quite understood what had happened.

And then it was too late, for Jack was already making fair headway, despite the mob of home defenders who were swarming round him. They confronted him in a phalanx, determined that he should not bring off another solo effort.



The goalkeeper just touched the leather with the tips of his fingers before it curled under the bar.

ounce of strength if he was to send the ball a dozen yards. He cantered forward, marshalled every ounce of kicking-power, and then swung his boot.

There came a thud as boot met ball—and once again the wind took a hand in the game!

The sphere had scarcely left Jackson's foot than it changed its mind, and, instead of careering towards the centre-line, it suddenly swirled round and shot straight back towards the gaping goalmouth!

Jackson gave a shout and threw himself bodily sideways, but he could not get his fingers to the ball.

It evaded him by a full six inches, shot over the goal-line, and bounced up the rigging! And when it ultimately ran down the net it twirled and twisted in with a smug, self-satisfied ecstasy which brought a growl of disgust from the discomfited goalie.

A roar of laughter rang out above the howling of the wind, and the ground was still in an uproar when Jack Denyer kicked off.

The young player-manager looked

And he did not!

Black, threatening clouds had commenced to gather by this time, and the wind had died down to an ominous, sulky calm.

But it was only for a matter of seconds.

Then, with an added, insensate fury, shrieking and whistling, a veritable cyclone enveloped the ground, and a blinding, stinging torrent of rain—a deluge of hissing water—descended with tropical suddenness.

Nature seemed to have taken leave of her senses; the uproar was uncanny and deafening.

And then, to add to the pandemonium, there came a sharp report, a strange tearing sound, a shower of debris, and half of the corrugated iron roof of the stand, ripped bodily away, sailed into the pulsing air and swept towards the playing pitch, threatening to crush the white-faced players, who, with loud cries of alarm, started to run in all directions.

Another long thrilling instalment of our magnificent footer tale will appear next week.

THE GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

A vivid account of the latest charges and convictions

THE TRIAL OF WILLIAM GOSLING Prisoner Breaks Down Under Cross-Examination!

William Gosling, described on the charge-sheet as a crossing sweeper, but described by himself as a "puffick gentleman," was charged with ringing the rising-bell at Greyfriars twenty minutes before the scheduled time.

Mr. Robert Cherry, K.C., for the prosecution, said that it was no joke to be roused twenty minutes earlier than necessary, on a cold and frosty morning.

"Prisoner had no right to summon us from our downy couches in the middle of the night, as it were," said Mr. Cherry. "I suggest that he be deprived of his gin ration for the next six months!"

Magistrate: My learned friend is exceeding his duty. It is not for him to make suggestions of that nature. I'm the head cook and bottle-washer in this court. Is there any defence?

Prisoner: I'm conductin' my own, your washup. Which I begs to say as 'ow the counsel for the persecution 'ave made a mistake. I rang that there risin'-bell at the proper time.

Detective-inspector Penfold: He's telling fibs, your worship. I was in the Close at the time disguised as a fag-end. (Laughter.) And I saw Gosling commit the offence complained of.

Prisoner: Wot I says is this 'ere. I'm a sober an' respectable man, an'

Mr. Cherry (sternly): You never have recourse to the gin-bottle?

Prisoner: Never!

Mr. Cherry: You're a staunch tee-totaller?

Prisoner: I signs the pledge reg'lar every week!

Mr. Cherry (producing a suspicious-looking bottle): Then what was this doing in your lodge at the time?

At this stage, prisoner broke down completely. Sobbing in spasms, he told the court that he had only "jest a thimbleful, to keep me pecker up!"

His worship discharged the prisoner, on the express understanding that he rang the rising-bell twenty minutes late the next morning, to level things up!

REPORT IN BRIEF.

A cheeky-looking youth, named Richard Nugent, was charged with making faces at his worship during the court proceedings.

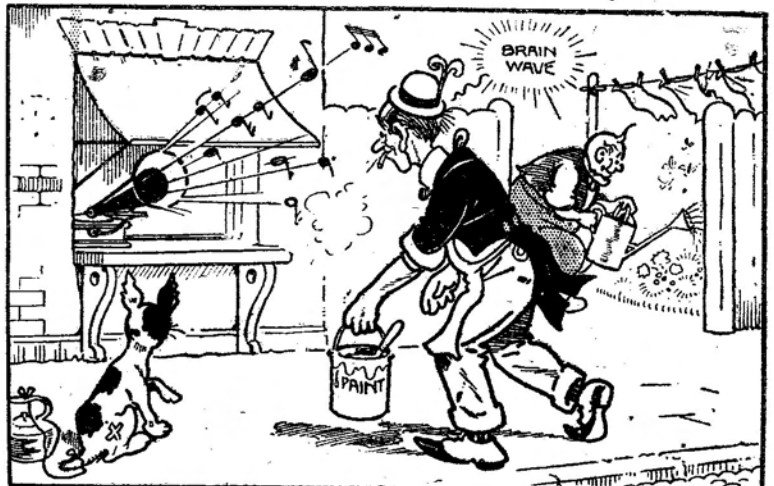
Prisoner, in explanation, said, "Every time I look at you I'm reminded of my visit to the monkey-house at the Zoo!" (Laughter.)

Magistrate: And every time I look at you I'm reminded of the last donkey-ride I had at the seaside! (Renewed laughter.) You will receive one lusty swipe with the court poker!

P.-c. Johnny Bull acted as public executioner.

CHEERFUL CLARENCE AND FAT FRED, THE FAMO

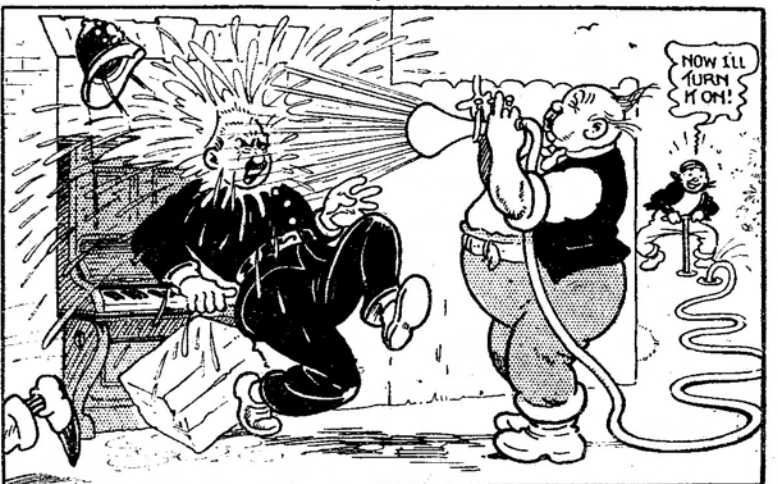
Special permission has been granted to "The Greyfriars Herald" to repr



1. Did you know, cheery chums all, that Clarence and Fred reside in a first floor flat at No. Umpteen, Wapping Garden Suburb? Well, they do, indeed, and the merry old merchant who lives on the ground floor keeps 'em lively with selections of high-class tinned music from "early morn till dewy eye," as Spoke-shave poetically put it.



3. Then in his fine basso-baritone he accompanied the phonygraph in that pathetic little ballad, "Where do whelks go in the wintry weather?" "Tee-hee! I'll give Clarence a little assistance," chirped Fred.



5. But full of fun and frolic, our breezy old bean proceeded to give a life-like imitation of a dying nightingale. Then the naughty lad in the background switched on the refreshing H₂O, and—swish! "Howling hurricanes and tearing tornadoes!" howled the cop. "I've been struck by a cloud-burst!"

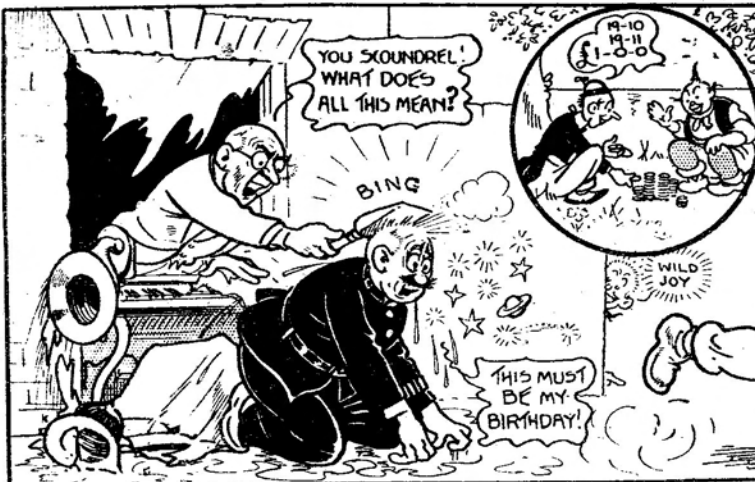
HEROES OF THE BLITTERGRAPH FILM COMPANY
See the doings of these two screams! Share your smiles with your chums!



2. Well, the other after-lunch Clarence was sauntering home with a pot of paint to do a useful bit of slapdash on the old garden fence, when he was smitten with a ninety-thousand candle-power brain-wave. With painstaking effort he converted the blind and window-sill into a life-size replica of a three-speed Holstein upright grand.



4. But when our fat and frabjous old frisker appeared with his home-made cornet that zealous officer, P.C. Barges, intervened. "You can't play here," he said. "Mossoo Paddabreakski got this pitch first." But note the nipper!



6. And while Clarence departed with the collection, and Fred started in pursuit, P.C. Barges found more trouble. "I'll teach you to play pranks outside my window!" cried the ground-floor tenant, popping his napper through the blind. "Take that!" And next week—oh, dear!

My Weekly Interview

By the Special Representative of "The Greyfriars Herald."

This week: **TROTTER.**

"DOG, you shall die. I will show you no mercy!"

I halted in some alarm outside the door of the little cupboard-like room where Trotter, the page, has his headquarters.

"Dost hear me, dog? Prepare for your doom!"

My first impulse was to turn and flee; but I had been ordered by the editor to interview Trotter at once, and to say that I was afraid of Trotter would mean that I would be dubbed a funk by the whole Form.

So, pulling myself together, I pushed open the door of Trotter's apartment, and stepped boldly in.

The page-boy was standing in the centre of the room. In his hand he brandished a rolling-pin. And his eyes were gleaming in a strange, ferocious sort of way.

I took a quick stride towards Trotter, and wrenched the rolling-pin out of his hand. And then I seized him and shook him like a rat.

"What's all this silly rot you're spouting?" I demanded.

Trotter suddenly came to himself. The wild look faded from his eyes, and he was normal again. He blinked at me in a rather shamefaced manner.

"It's them books, sir," he explained. "I keeps on imaginin' as 'ow I'm the 'ero."

"What books, and what hero?" I asked in surprise.

Trotter pointed to a stack of periodicals on the window-sill. They were called the "Woolley West Library," and the first story which caught my eye was entitled, "The Daring Deeds of Deadshot Dave!"

And then I understood what had happened. Trotter, like the silly young idiot he is, had been filling his head with that awful trash, and he had become so saturated with it that he had forgotten, for the time being, that he was a page-boy at Greyfriars, and had visualised himself as Deadshot Dave, the Man who never Missed.

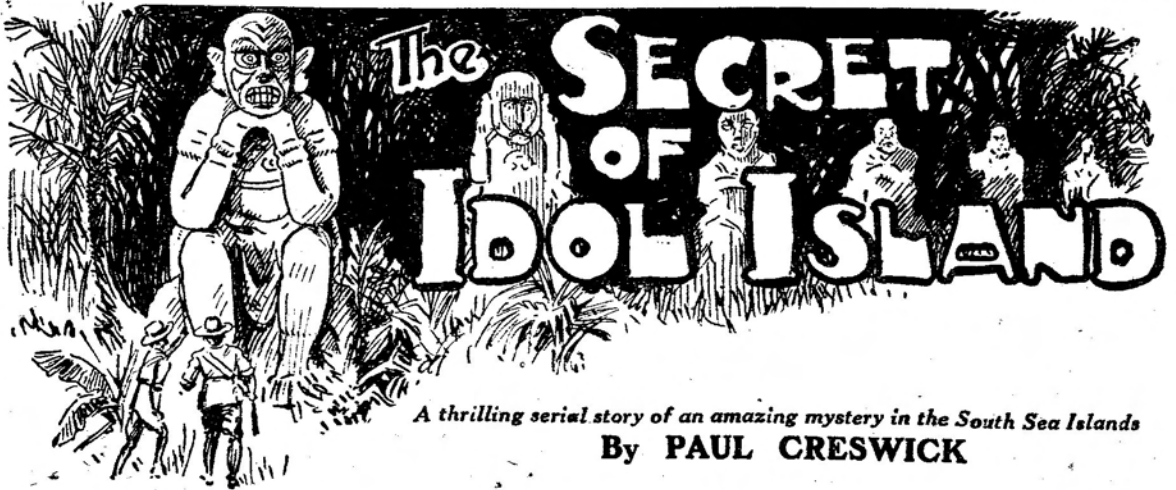
"You burbling chump!" I exclaimed. "You might have brained somebody with that rolling-pin! Why do you read this beastly trash?"

"It's rippin', sir!" said Trotter, with enthusiasm. "'Ere wot are you up to?"

For I had seized the precious pile of periodicals, and jammed them into the fire.

Trotter wept bitterly as he witnessed the conflagration. But I consoled him by promising him a free copy of "The Greyfriars Herald" every week, on condition that he gave up reading the Deadshot Dave piffle.

And when I hand this article in to the editor, I shall demand an extra twopence for converting Trotter, the page, and turning him into a decent and respectable member of society!



An Invitation From Dumnoff!

THE sea-mist was lifting, and the rain blew across the island southwards. The professor, his daughter and the two boys came down to the beach, each one thinking how pleasant a dip would be in the blue waters. But not one cared to mention the subject directly. They had all contrived to have a wash—of sorts—at the spring behind Stone Houses. Cordelia pointed to the Foreland near where a small object was dancing on the waves.

"Our wireless boat!" called Curly. "What cheek!"

They watched and waited. The boat was being paddled by two persons. The professor got his telescope.

"Your native gentlemen, I think!"

"Mambese eh?" Armstrong said, with warmth. "He'll get some welcome!"

The wireless boat bobbed nearer and nearer. Mambese was standing up, gesticulating, while the other native worked the paddles. The professor was searching the sea for signs of the submersibles. He closed the telescope.

"Nothing," he said, as if disappointed. "Not even your sea-serpent, Cordy."

Even as he spoke, there came the faint far-off scent of musk. The native ceased his paddling. Mambese was as if struck to stone. The sickly perfume hung in the air, as a monstrous yellow-grey head appeared out of the sea near by the fated boat, and very deliberately seized it.

Professor Cordwell hastily caught his daughter by the shoulders and turned away from the horrible sight. Cordelia was obliged to hear the dreadful shrieks of the hapless Polynesian; but was spared the rest.

Armstrong could not repress a shudder, while Curly turned pale as a ghost.

Mambese had paid full penalty for his treachery.

"Let's get out of this," said Armstrong, his voice scarcely under control. "Nothing can be done by us. Thank goodness the poor chap's sufferings were soon over!"

Cordelia had to ask:

"Are both of them taken?"

Curly answered shakily:

"Both—it's too awful. What an appalling brute; and yet it somehow

fascinates you. Can you explain it, sir?"

The professor was not able to dwell on the matter.

"Let us get out of it," he said, echoing Armstrong. "Try to forget it—try to tell ourselves the natives have no imagination, and therefore spared the worst. It must be a warning to us not to disbelieve. Come, Cordy, my girl, take my arm. We had better see what our Palm Tree Hill is doing!"

They were anxious to be away from the shore, with its perils and terrors. A short, hard pull up the broken cliffs behind Stone Houses brought them to the higher ground wherefrom the smoking hill could be seen. A thin, vapoury spiral of white smoke was steadily rising from its summit. There was a distant smell of burning peat—fragrant indeed, after that other nauseously sweet odour.

"We must get a clear notion of what is likely, and possible," the professor decided. "I do not think there is much danger from Palm Tree Hill. It seems to be acting as a safety-valve. I will make a survey of it!"

"We must all keep together," Jack Armstrong interrupted. "Forgive me, sir; but I guess that's the correct ticket!"

Professor Cordwell nodded his agreement, and the four proceeded in silence towards the hill. The way was uneven, and already altered from the previous day. There were chasms

and newly opened rifts in the rocky soil. The pasturage was scorched in places and the trees were wilting in the sun, showing how mightily their roots had been disturbed.

They found, as they had expected, a small lava stream descending from the summit of Palm Tree Hill. It moved sluggishly, and hardened as it moved; so that layer after layer overtopped the strata beneath. It was like grey sealing-wax. Nearer the hill-top they could see it overflowing freely—and quite liquid. It had an acrid smell, and burned its way downward, making its own channels.

Flames could be seen dancing amid the smoke, when the party got very near; but the heat did not seem to increase.

"I didn't know there was any crater here," Armstrong told the professor. "It seemed just a desolate hill with only one tree on it. Curly and I have been across it dozens of times!"

The tree was untouched, and flourishing unconcernedly within a score of yards from the crater. This was just a flat burned out shallow basin, about sixteen yards round. The lava oozed up continually from the earth at the bottom of this basin, and quietly boiled over the crumbling edges.

"It's widening at every instant," said Cordelia. "Do you think we ought to stay so close to it?"

The professor shrugged his shoulders.

"I keep to my original opinion. This is our safety-valve. Woe betide Easter Island and all on it if once this place gets choked up!"

"What about our Bolshevik friends?" queried Curly.

"They must look after themselves," the professor replied dourly. "This kind of thing is what they enjoy!"

"They're looking after us, I rather fancy," said Jack Armstrong. "Here comes one of them, anyway!"

Ascending the hill from the Foreland side of it appeared Comrade Dumnoff. He was alone and apparently not in the least afraid as to his reception. He waved his hand to them affably as he drew nearer. He saluted the professor, and began to shout his French at him almost before he was within speaking distance.

"He demands; 'Have we met Com-

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. They are attacked by a great prehistoric sea-beast, which is thrown up from the bed of the sea by a volcanic disturbance, but the creature returns to the water.

rade Mambese, and, if so, what is our reply?" translated Cordelia, who was now accustomed to Dumnoff's accent. The gigantic Russian came up to them, and smiled ferociously.

"Bon jour, Monsieur Bras-fort! Bon jour, Mademoiselle. You think to depart from me yesterday, is it not?"

"We had to come along to get a few things—something to eat, you know. You rather forgot the commissariat," said Armstrong.

It was better to be amiable with these other visitors to Easter Island. Dumnoff made an expressive gesture with his great hands.

"But now, we have the food excellent—quite good! Also the drink, Monsieur Bras-fort. Also the material for your great masterpiece—the telegraph wireless. It will be the most supreme in the whole world, even as we shall be supreme." He chuckled hoarsely.

"I wish he wouldn't call me Bras-fort," whispered Jack.

Cordelia smiled.

"Well, it's near enough. It means Arm-strong!"

"Yes, I know. But how the dickens did he find out my name?"

"Mambese, of course. You had better tell him about Mambese!"

Curly tried to air his French, explaining the fate of the Polynesian envoys and the wireless boats; but couldn't make the Russian understand. Dumnoff cut him short.

"You return with me, if you please immediately. I wish that you direct my comrades. They are clever—yes, but you are more clever. Follow me all. No injury shall happen to you. We are comrades. It is ordained!"

It seemed wisest to go with him. But the professor stipulated that they should return for Fussy and Fidget.

"We may as well go with all our belongings," he said, in his placid manner. "We are probably invited for a long stay. That is, if our young crater doesn't send up a little drink even more 'excellent, quite good,' than our friend seems to have got hold of!"

The Bombardment!

THERE was no sign of the sea-beast when they returned to Stone Houses. Dumnoff was very impatient for them to get to the Foreland, and had no use for any stories about the horror which the earthquake had dislodged. He had scarcely glanced at the erupting crater on Palm Tree Hill.

The professor filled up the pouches of his belt with various gadgets, then brought his long-barrelled pistol. The dog came readily with them, but Fidget had to be carried bodily to the Foreland, scratching and wriggling the whole way.

Armstrong was rather curious to see how they were all to descend to the inland pool; but, when Dumnoff was within a few hundred yards of the high ground surrounding it, he made a detour which brought them down to the beach whereon they had first made his undesired acquaintance. He led them across the scrub and rocky approach to the little beach until they

came to the caves on the northern side of the bay. Just here, close to the cave wherein Jack and Curly had sheltered from the rain, Dumnoff took them into a high narrow cleft in the cliffs—not easily seen from either land or sea, unless one was practically outside it.

This cleft narrowed still more as they passed through it. It was entangled with bushes and creepers, until presently it seemed to end. The Russian brushed aside a great curtain of hanging wild vine, and revealed an arched opening—dark and damp.

He made a sign for them to enter the evil place.

"It was not this way that you escaped, hein?" He grinned and shrugged his huge rounded shoulders. "Yet not so difficult as climbing the walls of your prison. See, we enter the port already!"

It was true. The unsavoury tunnel was short, if not sweet! It brought them below the platform around which they had wandered on the previous day. It opened flush into the sea; but there was no depth in the water, for a yard or so. Great, dank seaweed overhung the top of the tunnel—no wonder they had not found it.

A strange scene met them. The submersibles were "parked" like motor-lorries, side by side from the landing place, eight of them being unloaded, one across the other by gangs of men who seemed to obey orders sullenly enough.

Yet they worked quickly, and not without skill.



The aerial bomb dropped into the black waters of the pool and exploded with terrific force.

All sorts of stores had been brought hither by these boats. An extraordinary assortment of stuff had been already unloaded, while much more was still forthcoming. Armstrong's regard was all for a tremendous wireless mast, in sections like the joints of a fishing-rod, ready to be erected. Stays, jibs and cross-pieces were ranged out near it, in due order, every part numbered and ready.

"Where are you going to put that?" he asked Dumnoff; but his French was not good enough. Cordelia asked the question.

"Where you please. It is for you to make the orders. It should be where it will command the seas, yet not to be target for shot or shell. We

have enemies, many who would destroy the true sons of freedom."

Dumnoff scowled darkly as he spoke. As if in answer came the throbbing beat of an aeroplane, twin-engined, high above them. Curly glanced at his chum.

"Pretty plucky, what?" Ere a reply could be made, the daring observer had released a bomb.

It dropped sheerly into the black waters of the pool and exploded with terrific force. The busy workers scuttled away right and left; but Dumnoff and his party were too dazed with

the suddenness of the attack to do more than stare blankly upward.

The cat sprang out of his master's arms with a squeal and splutter, and tried to hide himself behind a rock. Fussy rushed after him, barking valiantly.

The aeroplane passed over them and was gone, ere any of the guns on the submersibles could be trained upon it.

"Many enemies, yes," muttered the big Russian, as if to himself. "But we shall triumph all the same!"

The plane circled and came back into view. One of the guns was ready for it now. A shell shrieked upward, falling short by hundreds of feet. Another bomb came hurtling down.

"This is a bit thick," said Curly,

as the roar of the explosion passed. "I vote we take cover!"

They retreated to the base of the cliffs, as the workers had done already. Here they were safe from their aerial friend's energetic efforts—except for the flying splinters of his shells.

A tremendous, but harmless fusillade commenced from the submarines. Nothing much could be done in so confined a space. The plane just flew backwards and forwards overhead, observing them, and dropping bombs gaily.

Its supply was limited; but it got home, fair and square on the submarine furthest from the shore. The seemingly massive boat crumpled up like a smashed egg; then rolled over and over, winding the torn cables around itself and dragging the other craft loose from their moorings. Dumnoff growled and swore and shook his fist at the buzzing torment in the sky.

The workers were savagely ordered back to the boats, and, because one of them hesitated, Meninski shot him dead where he stood. As he fell, the others rushed out like terrified sheep.

The remaining submarines were speedily made secure, but the men glared, ever and again at Meninski and Dumnoff, in a way that showed little good feeling towards them.

When the plane had gone Dumnoff and his party were served with a rough meal, which all ate picnic fashion. The body of the dead Bolshevik was flung into the pool.

Jack Armstrong was requested to take over the gang working the wireless plant.

"It's no use erecting it in this hole," he told the Russian.

"Figure to yourself that it must not be a target for all the world," Dumnoff snarled. "It must be a secret—the secret of this small island. When our enemies search for us—who are delivering the messages of true peace—they shall not find. This must be a station invisible; it is for you to make it so. Otherwise, there is the end miserable of Monsieur Bras-fort!"

He strode away, leaving the party with rather blank faces.

"It simply can't be done," Armstrong argued. "Down here one has no chance to send out a decent radio!"

The professor filled his pipe and began to smoke.

"Half a minute," said he. But it was more like half an hour before he brought out his plan.

It was perfect—when it came. The professor settled the matter briefly, but insufficiently.

"We must make it submersible," he said, and knocked out the ashes of his pipe with emphasis. "This—the

whole of the machinery—the batteries, the coils, the listening-in apparatus shall be within this shut-off place. Near to the mouth of the pool, properly protected under buildings, leaning against the overhanging cliffs. These buildings will be roofed over with rock and soil, and camouflaged, so as they won't be noticeable from overhead."

"But you said submersible," objected Armstrong.

"The mast only. That will be just under the water, at low tide. At night we raise it, and—transmit."

"How can we raise it, daddy? It will be some weight!"

"A windlass on the top of the cliff, Cordy."

"We really sha'n't get any kind of wave-length, sir," said Jack Armstrong.

The professor smiled. "Do we want to?" he whispered gently.

The Disappearance of Cordy!

THE scheme was outlined to Dumnoff, who thought well of it.

As a matter of fact, he hadn't an elementary idea of wireless telegraphy, and Meninski's arguments against the plan were simply waved aside. The crews of the submarines were forthwith put to work—the whole of a huge installation had been brought there in pieces, all numbered and ready to be assembled. Armstrong and Curly laboured with the gang until sundown, and became fairly interested in the job. The professor gave advice and opinions, and much impressed the Russians.

There was a call to supper at dusk. A rough sort of camp had been made for them, and food had been cooked in the open. The Bolsheviks had no sense of prudence, and were heedless as to any return of the plane. They lit open fires, and sat round them, eating and drinking in a sullen kind of enjoyment.

"Where's Cordelia?" asked her father, as he and his two young companions were settling their "camp."

They called her, gazing at each other rather guiltily. She had been in sight until the last half-hour. Her father had noticed her busy in the region of the camp.

"I saw her talking to Dumnoff," said Curly, suddenly remembering the fact.

"Then she has gone into the submarine with him, the one the Bolsheviks were getting ready, just as we finished working," said Jack Armstrong.

The professor sprang up in a panic. He hastily counted the boats—six!

"There were eight—one was smashed by the plane, and one has put to sea!"

He rushed down to the landing-place, followed by Armstrong and Curly. The first person they saw was Dumnoff.

He turned sharply at their approach, and Meninski, who had been speaking with him, stopped short.

"You want me—yes?"

"My girl—where is she?" gasped the professor, his face white as chalk. The Russians were puzzled—so much was clear. Meninski muttered and eyed the knots of men sitting about their fires.

"One of the boats has just put out," Curly began, but Dumnoff cut him short by pointing across the pool. The seventh submersible was being moved to the far side.

"It is my boat. I have him there for reasons sufficient."

Dumnoff turned back to his lieutenant and resumed his conversation.

Professor Cordwell raced back to the camp. The three of them searched high and low.

"Cordy was talking to Dumnoff," persisted Curly. "I'm certain that brute knows something about this. He has hidden her so as to have a firm hold upon us!"

Jack Armstrong didn't altogether agree.

"He's a bad lot that Dumnoff; but he's not in this business. I fancy I saw Cordelia go down to the water, just by the arched entrance."

"She wouldn't desert us, Cordy's not that sort," said her father. "Besides, where could she go?" But he went down to the arched exit all the same.

It was getting dark. The three found themselves able to move about without attracting much notice. Dumnoff and Meninski had gone round to their submarine. The professor passed through the seaweed hidden archway with Curly and the dog close behind him. Jack Armstrong elected to stay at the camp, in case Cordelia was still in the submarine's lair.

He felt for his pistol, or rather the pistol he had taken from the giant Russian. It was safe, and loaded if three chambers. He waited alone in the fast gathering night, sorely troubled over this new anxiety. Cordelia was such a sport—quite apart from being one of the little party in the hands of the Bolsheviks. Indeed, she was the chief of them all, being a girl.

He moved cautiously along the side of the pool towards the narrow entrance. It had seemed to him that the rocky ledge projected round the point. There might be a means of escape that way.

Another long exciting instalment of this great story of adventure in the South Seas will appear next Tuesday.

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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. 2.—Team Tactics

(Continued.)

LAST week, by quoting an incident which actually occurred in an International football match, I tried to prove to my readers the necessity for a proper understanding as to tactics.

As to the question of whether the full-back should, in the ordinary course of the game, pay more attention to the inside or the outside forward, while the half-back watches the other winger, there is considerable difference of opinion as to which is the better method. There is something to be said for both, as a matter of fact.

If the wing-halves tackle the inside forwards they force the ball outwards—that is, away from the centre of the field where most danger lies. On the other hand, it is contended by those who adopt the other method, that the proper position of the full-backs is covering their goal, and that they are unable to do this satisfactorily if they go out to tackle the outside wing-man. However, as there is so much to be said for both methods, my own opinion is that it doesn't really matter a great deal; but certainly there should be some method understood between the players themselves before the commencement of the game.

In regard to methods of attack, I have often been asked whether it pays better to adopt what we call the open game or the close game. The names given explain themselves, really.

The open game means progress by means of long, swinging passes, while the close form of attack means that short-passing is indulged in by the forwards in the hope of getting through the defence. At West Bromwich we go in for the open game, and it carried us through to success last season in fine fashion.

Roughly speaking, the idea of the open game is this: When the half-back gets the ball he swings it out to one of the extreme wingers, who in his turn makes headway as rapidly as possible, and then swings the ball



back into the middle for one of the inside forwards to pick up and beat the goalkeeper. It follows that the first essential for this type of attack is a couple of extreme wing-men who can go ahead at a great speed, and in this connection we were fortunate last season.

By this form of attack the ball can be transferred from one end of the field to the other by the absolute minimum number of kicks, and personally I like it because, if it is properly done, the attacks develop before the defenders have time to arrange their defensive forces.

But it is no use playing the open game unless your side has outside wing-men who are quick on their feet—that is faster with the ball at their toes than the average defender with whom they come in contact. Given those fast wingers, though, I think it is the best form of attack for winning matches.

The trouble with the close passing game is that there is always a tendency to overdo it. I know that it is very pretty to watch three or four forwards passing and re-passing the ball; but football which does not produce goals is never satisfactory, and there seems to be a temptation to pass and re-pass until a hefty full-back nips in and clears with a huge kick.

But whichever form of attack you decide to adopt in the hope of winning your matches, you will find that all the efforts of the forwards are useless unless these men are adequately backed up by the half-backs.

After all, the half-backs are really the most important part of the team, and if they are to perform all the duties which fall to their lot, they will be hard at it from the beginning to the end of the match.

Far too many half-backs are defenders only. They can tackle, but having got the ball, they just make a hurried pass to one of the forwards. That is not enough. They must back up those forwards continually, and be in such a position that if a member of the forward line is in a tight corner, and there is no other forward to whom he can pass with advantage, there is always the half-back just behind to whom the ball may be turned.

Look for the secret of success in any football team which is doing well, and you will find it at half-back. With a strong half-back line your side may win matches even though the rest of the team is only moderate, but even with a great line of forwards, and some fine full-backs, a side cannot hope to pull through if it is weak at half-back.

To play consistent match-winning games teams must take into consideration the particular conditions and the particular opponents they encounter, and must suit their tactics accordingly. But I will deal with this subject more fully next week.

F. Morris

Another splendid instructive article will appear in next Tuesday's "Greyfriars Herald." Please introduce this grand series to your chums.



The close passing game is pretty to watch, but it has its disadvantages as Fred Morris points out.



Our magnificent racing serial specially written by

MAJOR CHERRY

Beneath the Silken Jacket!

"I COMPREE all right," snorted Wade indignantly, "and if you spout your crazy opinions to anyone else, I'll sue you for slander—besides dotting you one on the kisser. D'you savvy?"

As Danny Wade made a few passes with his fists, reminiscent of Jimmy Wilde in action, the doctor seemed to grasp quite a clear idea of the way matters stood.

Leaving the doctor and the ambulance men shaking their heads doubtfully, the jockey made for the exit of the tent when Barney Bulfin, the Estor trainer, dashed in followed closely by Tony Draycott. The two had witnessed the fall on the racecourse, and, leaving Perkins and Dick Selby to deal with the spirited Buckshot, they had made all possible haste to the jockey's side.

Hardly had they entered the tent than Lord Estor and Dorothy, who had left the enclosure almost immediately after seeing the jockey unseated, followed them in.

"You're—you're all right, then, Danny?" panted Barney with a note of relief in his tone. "How came you to take the tumble?"

"I came over all faint-like, Barney—" began the jockey. Then he stopped and a curious light came into his eyes. His next remark was as astounding to his hearers as it was unexpected. "The doctor says I've been drugged and—"

"Drugged!"

The exclamation came from Lord Estor, Dorothy, Barney and Tony in an amazed chorus.

"I said m'sieurs," began the doctor, "zat ze jockey—"

"Now it all comes back to me," interrupted Wade. "Last night while on my way back to my apartments in the Rue de la Republique, I met our young friend here." He indicated to Tony. "The kid told me he was on his way to the Estaminet du Cheval Noir to get some dinner for Perkins, so I gave him a five-franc note and asked him to get a bottle of vin ordinaire at the same time, and bring it along to my rooms on his way back. Later he brought the wine to my diggings and I drank some of it last night and some of it this morning. Once before at Epsom I had my suspicions of this kid Draycott—now they're confirmed. He's a traitor to

the stable, and so that the Owner shouldn't register a win at Auteuil to-day he took his opportunity and tampered with my drink!"

Lord Estor and Barney looked at the jockey incredulously while a hot flush of anger coloured the cheeks of Dorothy.

Instead of an expression of fierce anger, or even contempt, an amused smile wreathed Tony's face.

"What a lovely liar you are, Danny," he said admiringly; "but it's a pity your memory's so rotten. It happened that it was Dick Selby who was sent to the Estaminet du Cheval Noir last night by Perkins."

The jockey's jaw dropped and he looked surprised and not a little confounded.

"But Andy Finch distinctly said—"

He stopped short and bit his lip with anger at having given his tongue rein.

"So it was a mistake on the part of Andy Finch?" said Tony. "I suppose he saw Dick and thought it was I, and afterwards made a few inquiries from the proprietor of the estaminet. You've scored a goal against your own side, old top, and you know it!"

And not only did Danny Wade know that, but he also knew that in the presence of all in the ambulance tent he stood convicted as an idiotic blunderer, if not an out-an-out liar and scoundrel.

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 owing to foul play. Tony Draycott and Dick Selby, two stable-boys, prove that a prominent owner called Sir Digby Garston is behind a gang that has been plotting against the Estor stable. During a steeplechase near Paris, Wade falls from the Estor horse, Buckshot. In an ambulance tent the doctor suggests he has been taking drugs "just to steady ze nerves—compris?"

Then all the hatred the jockey had been nurturing in his bosom against the stable-boy ever since that momentous Derby day in last June, burst into flame. His face from deathly pale assumed an almost purple tinge and little bubbles of foam flecked his mouth. With a maniacal cry he leapt straight for Tony.

But even as he made the swift movement the jockey's legs seemed to crumble beneath him, and, with a strange, choking sound, he spun round and sprawled headlong to the floor of the tent.

Before even the doctor had time to reach the fallen man, Tony had dropped on his knee by Wade's side, and with deft fingers was undoing the buttons of his silken jacket. In that moment came a flash of remembrance to the boy, how that at the charity donkey polo match on the day of the Newmarket fete, he had performed a similar office for the jockey and how Wade had exhibited such fear of his throat being uncovered.

The incident had mystified the boy at the time, but now his only concern was to render what assistance he could, so that the man might be permitted to breathe the more freely. His nimble fingers quickly opened the jockeys jacket and vest. Then his eyes became fixed and staring, riveted upon something which was revealed near the hollow at the base of Wade's neck. A sharp cry escaped the lad's lips.

"What is it, Tony?" demanded Barney, in an alarmed tone, as he dropped down beside the boy.

Without a word Tony pointed to the thing that held his gaze—a mottled red birth-mark. And the appearance of the birth-mark was that of a large strawberry!

The Confession!

"YOU—you understand the significance of that, don't you, guv'nor?"

Tony's voice was quivering with suppressed excitement.

But before Barney had time to reply, the brisk little French doctor had pushed both the trainer and the stable-boy aside and was examining the jockey.

Tony drew his foster parent apart from the others.

"You can take it from me, guv'nor," he said quickly, "that it was

Danny Wade and none other who administered the dope to Sunfire before the Derby, and who has been the chief instrument in spoiling the chances of the Owner's horses on other occasions. As far as the Epsom incident is concerned, Dick Selby and I overheard one of Jerry Groat's underlings refer to a mysterious individual called 'Strawberry' as having jabbed the mare with a hypodermic needle before the big race. Apparently Wade was known to the gang as 'Strawberry' on account of that extraordinary birth-mark on the lower part of his neck. I've noticed how careful he's always been to keep his throat covered."

Barney said not a word; he was like a man in a dream in the face of this damning evidence against the jockey he had always considered to be above reproach.

Meanwhile, Lord Estor and Dorothy were interested in the efforts of the doctor to revive Danny Wade.

"Eet ees nothing much, m'sieur," said the Frenchman in response to the Owner's anxious inquiry, "ze fellow will be as right as ze rain in two shakes of ze lamb's tail!"

With that assurance Lord Estor and the girl moved across to the far side of the tent where Barney and Tony were standing, and, coming to himself with a start, the trainer advised the boy to inform the Owner of his fresh, astounding discovery. In a few words as possible Tony explained the situation, and when he had finished, the sportsman peer and the girl were as amazed as Barney had been.

As the doctor had said, Danny Wade soon pulled round. The excitement in his weak state had merely proved too much for him; but in a few minutes, though still a trifle pale and shaky, he was able to return unassisted to the jockeys' quarters for the purpose of changing his attire.

Lord Estor let him go without a word, but he afterwards sent a brief note requesting the jockey to call upon him at the Hotel du Nord, where he and Dorothy were staying in Paris.

With a plausible explanation of his failure in the Grande Premiere formulated in his mind, Danny Wade sauntered into the hotel, after the conclusion of the day's racing, quite oblivious of the mine that was to be exploded beneath his feet. His jaw dropped somewhat, though, when shown into the Estor suite of apartments, to discover Barney Bulfin, Tony Draycott and Dick Selby present in addition to the Owner and Lady Dorothy.

Lord Estor indicated a chair with frigid politeness, and, no sooner was the jockey seated, than he went straight to the crux of his subject.

"I have invited you here, Wade," said the Owner, weighing each word carefully, "to let you know that the game is up!"

The jockey, who had been expecting a curt demand for an explanation of the incident on the Auteuil racecourse, was thunderstruck with amazement.

"Wh-what on earth d'you mean, sir?" he managed to stammer out.

"Exactly what I said," replied the sportsman peer looking straight into the eyes of the cringing jockey. "The

game is up, Wade,—alias 'Strawberry!'"

The effect of the last word was magical. Like a man suddenly smitten with ague, the jockey leaned forward trembling in his chair, his mouth half open and his eyes bulging almost from their sockets. Never, moreover, was guilt written so plainly on the features of anyone.

"It is my painful duty to inform you," went on the Owner relentlessly, "that by chance to-day, evidence was revealed which points only too plainly to the fact that you have been in league with the notorious bookmaker, Jerry Groat, and the rest of the dastardly gang, who were in the pay of that villain, Sir Digby Garston, for the purpose of destroying the chances of my horses!"

The peer's voice took on a note of unusual sternness as he continued:

"For months, as I can see now, you have been a participator in a foul conspiracy against me. You are a traitor

aroused by the scene of the man's distress, Dorothy gently raised him from the floor, and, assisted by her father and the good-natured old trainer, led him back to the chair he had occupied.

No sooner was he seated than exerting a mighty effort, Danny Wade secured control of his emotions.

"I—I want you all to sit down and hear what I have to say," he said, in a dry, unnatural voice. "I want to unburden my mind o' the weight that's been on it for the last few months. Then, your lordship, you'll have all the facts to bring before the Stewards!"

The jockey winced involuntarily as he foresaw the cancellation of his licence and the disgrace which would shadow his retirement from the Turf.

Without comment Lord Estor and the others seated themselves and waited for Wade to begin his confession.

"So that you can understand the



With a strange choking sound, Danny Wade spun round and fell to the floor of the ambulance tent.

to your colours, sir; a disgrace to the Turf, and I shall take steps immediately on my return to England to bring the case before the Stewards of the Jockey Club!"

The words lashed like a whip, and, with a low cry, Danny Wade staggered to his feet, his hands outstretched towards the Owner appealingly. No longer was he the debonaire, self-confident little jockey, whose lithe, swaggering form had been familiar on all the famous racecourses of the world; he was a self-convicted broken man.

He strove to speak, but the words refused to leave his parched lips. Then, overcome by the emotions that surged like a flood within his breast, he fell on his knees, covered his face with his hands, and sobbed as though his heart would break.

Never before had Tony and Dick seen a strong man reduced to uncontrollable tears, and they stood by pale-faced and uneasy at the sight of the pathetic breakdown of this jockey, whose riding, a few seasons before, had evoked the admiration of sportsmen the world over.

With all her womanly sympathy

position I've been in the better, your lordship," said the jockey, addressing his remarks to the Owner, "I want to intrude on your patience to the extent o' narratin' a bit o' my family history, which will soon enough be public property, worse luck. No need to ask you if you knew my father, James Wade, the trainer—'Jimmy' everybody used to call him—'cause I know you met him scores 'o times at Newmarket and other places."

"I remember him quite well, of course," said Lord Estor, nodding his head. "He had charge of Colonel Glenheather's string of racers, but resigned rather suddenly three years ago to go to America."

"That's so," said Wade, "and it's about that I want to speak. My father always held a good reputation on the Turf, but he eventually made the mistake of betting heavily, and got into difficulties, although no one ever suspected it. Then one day he had the task of negotiating for the sale of several horses in the Glenheather string, and a way out of his troubles suggested itself. It isn't my intention to gloss over his offence, 'cause by this time his own confession

will be in the hands o' Colonel Glenheather, neither do I want to go into all the details o' how he conducted the transaction. Sufficient is it to say that by playing the game for a rival owner, who made an offer for the horses, and misrepresentin' the facts to the Colonel, the old man was able to put nearly a couple o' thousand quids into his own pocket.

"But like most money gained dishonestly," went on the jockey, "it did him no good. In less than three weeks he lost the lot over the failure o' one o' his own trained horses to place at the Sandown meeting. Just as the old man was at his wit's end again, he received a visit from Sir Digby Garston. It appeared that the owner who had conspired with my father over the horse deal had blurted out the facts o' the affair to that cad, Garston, while the two of 'em were drinkin' together at Garston's place one night.

"On penalty o' making the facts public, Sir Digby tried to induce my father to give up training for the colonel, as he was anxious to secure the old man's services himself. But my father was under contract with Colonel Glenheather, and therefore unable to accede to this arrangement. Then it was, that harried by the thought of exposure that seemed likely to occur at any time, the old man suddenly lit out for the United States."

"So that was the explanation," murmured Barney Bulfin musingly. "Jimmy's sudden departure caused quite a stir at the time, as I remember. But Sir Digby Garston never made these facts public."

"Ah, that's the second part o' the story I'm comin' to now," said Wade, bracing himself up to the task of continuing. "Shortly after the old man had left the country, Garston sent for me and told me how he held my father in his power, and that he intended laying the full facts of the nefarious deal before Colonel Glenheather. Almost stunned by the revelation, I begged Sir Digby to give the old man a chance to make good on the other side o' the pond, and finally he agreed that if I would do one small favour for him he would lie low about the whole wretched business."

Danny Wade paused and wiped his brow furtively with his handkerchief. "Well," he continued, "in an off-hand kind o' way Garston said that if the next mount I had failed to place, he would keep his knowledge o' the old man's fraud to himself. For ten minutes I told Sir Digby just what I thought o' him and then I left the house in a violent rage, but afterwards I relented, and went back and agreed to his suggestion. The result was that for the first time in my career, I pulled a horse during a race and got him unplaced, whereas I could ha' won in a canter.

"After that I decided never again to ride crooked; but instead o' keepin' to his promise Garston ordered me to lose another race. The second time he paid me well, and soon I went from bad to worse, getting mixed up with Groat and other outsiders who were also in Garston's employ!"

"And you doped Sunfire before the Derby at Epsom?" demanded the Owner.

"I did, sir," confessed Wade hanging his head. "Garston told me that my riding was under suspicion in some quarters, and advised me not to risk pulling the horse in the race in case it was noticed. Instead, he gave me a hypodermic needle which I could easily conceal in my hand. In the paddock, before the horses took the field for the Derby parade, under the pretence of patting the mare, I managed to administer the dope. Sunfire jibbed as she felt the needle enter her leg; but there was nothing unusual in a spirited thoroughbred doing that, and nobody noticed anything amiss. Garston must ha' made a pot o' money over the Derby; anyway, he passed over a thousand quids to me!"

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Lord Estor, "that scoundrel Garston must have made a fortune, though if all that he told me a few weeks ago was true, he lost it all again at the card-table." Then, addressing Wade, he said: "But what is your explanation of this afternoon's affair? The doctor at Auteuil informed us after you had left the ambulance tent that you were suffering from the effects of an overdose of cocaine."

"He was quite right, sir," admitted the jockey without hesitation. "You see, a few days ago I had a cipher letter from Jerry Groat, the bookie, ordering me to take a tumble at one o' the water-jumps during the progress o' the Grande Premiere Steeplechase so's to make certain that Buckshot shouldn't arrive at the winning post among the first three, and—"

"But," interrupted the Owner, "do you mean to say you were also in the pay of Groat?"

"No, but Sir Digby naturally didn't like to deal with me in too direct a manner in case people remarked about his interest in a jockey retained by a rival owner. So he used to convey his wishes to Groat, and the bookie would then communicate them to me either verbally or by means o' one o' several ciphers we had in our possession."

"So then it was Sir Digby Garston from whom you really took your orders with regard to the race today?" commented Lord Estor. "And you took the tumble at that last hurdle deliberately?"

"No, sir, I fell off accidentally!" A look of surprise appeared on the faces of all the listeners.

"But you wanted to lose?" insisted Lord Estor.

"On the contrary, sir," replied Danny Wade, "I wanted to win!"

"You wanted to win?" repeated the Owner in amazement. "Why man you implied that—"

"Let me explain, sir," put in the jockey, who now seemed desperately anxious to unburden himself of the whole sordid story of his recent past. "Up till last night I contemplated riding a losing race in the Grande Premiere, but this morning I altered my mind!"

"Why?"

"I—I received this."

The jockey's voice faltered, and he fumbled in his breast pocket and brought to light a thin piece of paper bearing a typewritten message. It was a Western Union cablegram which had been handed in at New

York. Lord Estor took the message and, at Wade's request, read it aloud.

"James Wade died Brooklyn Infirmary twentieth March."

For a few moments Lord Estor retained the cablegram in his hand with a sad and thoughtful expression on his face. He was thinking of that spruce little character of the Turf, "Jimmy," whom he had known in the old days, and of the man's pathetic death in a foreign land.

He handed the brief message back to Wade, who replaced it in his breast pocket.

"I received the news of my father's death this morning," said the jockey, his voice trembling slightly. "It kind o' knocked me flat at first. Yesterday, too, I received a letter written a week ago by the old man in which he stated that, as he had failed to pay back the money he had swindled Glenheather out of, he had relieved his mind by sending the Colonel a written confession o' the way he had conducted the horse deal. The consequence o' it all was that I spent a nearly sleepless night thinking o' things."

"This morning I felt absolutely played out, and then I remembered I had a little box o' cocaine with me. I was going to send a note telling you I wasn't feeling fit enough to ride today, but the drug bucked me up temporarily, and instead, I determined to go all out to win!"

"So you spoke the truth inasmuch that you attributed your fall in the steeplechase to the effects of the drug?" said Lord Estor.

"I've been an out and out blackguard, I admit, sir," replied the jockey, "and I'm not asking you to have any mercy on me. But every word I've told you this evening has been the truth. When I got that cablegram announcing the death of the old man, a bitter revulsion o' feeling made me determine never to act as one tool of Garston again, no matter what were the consequences. It was late in the day I admit," added the jockey bitterly, "but the resolve was genuine enough. Gad! To think I could have fallen so low!"

In the mental agony and remorse of his months of wrong-doing the wretched man gave a deep groan and buried his face in his hands.

For a few moments there was silence in the room, and then Lord Estor rose to his feet.

"I will not mince my words, Wade," he said, looking down at the jockey. "You have been and acted like an unutterable scoundrel, nevertheless I have a sneaking sympathy for you for falling into the toils of that arch-villain, Garston. On him I shall have no mercy nor on the other members of his rascally gang. Are you willing to put what you have told us this evening into writing?"

"Yes; anything, sir," replied Wade in a listless voice.

"It is my intention to place the facts concerning the conspiracy against my stable into the hands of the police," said the Owner determinedly. "By that means we shall cleanse the Turf of at least half a dozen of its rogues."

The conclusion of Major Cherry's great sporting serial will be given next Tuesday.

THE CASE OF THE ORATOR!

Our Great New Series dealing with the amazing adventures of

HERLOCK SHOLMES
DETECTIVE

Written by

PETER TODD

I.

INSPECTOR PINKEYE was puzzled. It was for that reason of course, that he dropped into our room at Shaker Street to consult my amazing friend, Mr. Herlock Sholmes.

Sholmes smiled as the Scotland Yard man was shown in by Mrs. Spudson. "Floored again, Pinkeye," he said genially.

"Not exactly, Mr. Sholmes," answered the inspector, with some slight stiffness of manner. "We should however, be glad of your assistance once more."

"My dear fellow, I am quite at your service. Pile in! You may, of course, speak quite freely before my friend, Dr. Jotson."

The inspector sat down.

"No doubt you have read in the papers of the bomb outrage in Hyde Park, Mr. Sholmes?" he began.

Sholmes nodded.

"A well-known anarchist orator was blown to pieces," continued the inspector. "In anarchist circles, this Mr. Nonstop Chinn was quite a celebrated character. His sudden and tragic fate has caused great excitement. His revolutionary comrades, of course, extremely indignant at the idea of bombs being used by anyone outside their own ranks—"

"Quite so. But is it certain that a bomb was used?" drawled Herlock Sholmes.

Inspector Pinkeye stared.

"There appears to be no doubt on that point," he answered. "We have the evidence of eye-witnesses. Mr. Chinn was mounted upon a platform in the Park, addressing a large meeting. He had been talking for three hours when the outrage occurred. His secretary was near him on the platform. This gentleman, Mr. Sponge, testifies that he was standing only a few feet from the deceased, and was in the act of lighting a cigarette, when there was a sudden and terrific explosion. Afterwards he was collected up in a semi-detached state. Only a bomb, suddenly hurled, could have caused the explosion."

Herlock Sholmes smiled his inscrutable smile.

"Only that?" he asked.

"Really, Mr. Sholmes, I do not see what else could have caused the explosion," said the inspector, in a nettled tone. "We cannot, however, find a trace of the man who hurled the bomb. He must have been in the crowd; but his action seems to have passed unnoticed."

"You have been searching for him?" asked Sholmes.

"High and low; but without suc-

cess, so far. It is necessary that the bomb-thrower should be discovered. Justice must be done, and the excitement in anarchist circles must be allayed. Mr. Chinn was very popular with the extremist party. He was booked for six hundred speaking engagements during the coming winter. These engagements have now, of course, had to be cancelled. But even Scotland Yard, Mr. Sholmes, cannot work without a clue—"

"There is no clue of the cigarette," suggested Sholmes.

"Eh?"

"Did you not mention that Mr. Sponge was lighting a cigarette within a few feet of the unfortunate man when the explosion occurred?"

"That is true; but I see no clue in this very ordinary circumstance," said Mr. Pinkeye.

Herlock Sholmes shrugged his shoulders.

"Yet it is fairly obvious!" he remarked.

"I fail to see—"

"My dear Sholmes," I murmured, "what necessary connection is there



Sholmes escorted the inspector from the room.

between Mr. Sponge having lighted a cigarette, and the explosion that blew up Mr. Chinn?"

"Yet you have studied my methods, Jotson."

"True; but—"

Sholmes yawned.

"I will look into the case, inspector," he said. "It is a very simple one, and I shall finish in time for lunch."

"Mr. Sholmes!"

"I will come with you now, inspector, and question your witnesses," said Herlock Sholmes, rising. "Jotson, see that Mr. Spudson has the kippers ready at twelve-thirty precisely. I shall not be late for lunch, and this afternoon I have to go down to Bisley to investigate the case of the missing marksman. Come, Pinkeye!"

And my amazing friend took the inspector gently by the whiskers and escorted him from the room.

II.

THE kippers were on the table when Sholmes returned.

He came promptly to time.

Punctuality was part of Sholmes' system, especially at meal-times. I have seldom, or never, known him to be late for a meal; though on some occasions meals have been late for him, at times when our finances were at a low ebb.

He smiled as he came in.

Nothing, however, would induce Sholmes to satisfy my curiosity until the kippers had been carved and disposed of, and he had drawn his usual pint of cocaine from the flask, and lighted his three-halfpenny cigar.

"And now, Sholmes—" I hinted.

"There is little to explain," yawned Sholmes. "The case was perfectly simple. There was, of course, no bomb in the affair at all."

"No bomb?" I ejaculated.

"None."

"But there was an explosion, Sholmes?"

"No doubt."

"The Anarchist orator was blown to pieces?"

"True."

"Then how—"

"As I remarked to the inspector, Jotson, the clue was in the cigarette."

I gazed blankly at my amazing friend.

"I confess I do not see," I murmured.

"To be more precise, the clue was in Mr. Sponge's act of lighting the cigarette, just when Mr. Chinn was in full blast of anarchist oratory," explained Sholmes. "You do not see the connection?"

"I do not!"

"My poor Jotson, you really ought to be at Scotland Yard," said Sholmes, with a smile. "Your intellect is eminently suitable for such a quarter."

"Really, Sholmes—"

"Have you never listened to an anarchist orator in the Park?" asked Sholmes.

"Often."

"You have often heard their discourses?"

"I have!"

"Of what were they composed, Jotson?"

"Chiefly gas," I replied.

I reflected.

"Exactly! Mr. Chinn was an anarchist orator of the first water. He was accustomed to pouring out undiluted gas for hours together. He had been gassing for three hours when his misguided secretary, who ought really to have known better, struck a match within a few feet of him. The result was inevitable; the explosion followed, and Mr. Chinn was blown to pieces by the explosion of his own gas. A perfectly simple case!" Sholmes rose. "And now for Bisley, and the case of the missing marksman!"

THE END.

Next week's screamingly funny case will be "The Trunk Mystery!"



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, Farrington St., E.C.4.—Editor.

Strange!

"Was the deceased in the habit of talking to himself when alone?" demanded the eminent K.C.

"I don't know," replied the witness.

"Come now! You say you were his most intimate friend. Do you honestly mean to say you don't know that?"

"Quite right," murmured the witness. "I was never with him when he was alone!"—Sent in by Jack Brown, 38, Princess Road, Moss Side, Manchester.

A Bunterism!

"Now, Bunter," thundered Mr. Quelch, "were you with anybody else when you broke into the school pantry and purloined everything eatable therefrom?"

"N-nunno!" stammered Billy. "Er—that is to say, yes—I mean to say, I always work a lone hand, sir, because I can never rely on a mate being honest. He always waits half, sir!"—Sent in by F. Dooren, 11, Caputsteentoren, Street, Mechelin, Prov. Antwerpen, Belgium.

Versé and Worse!

A governess by the name of Miss Podgett gave her class a verse to write, and while passing round the class saw on Billy Buster's slate:

"A little mouse ran up the stairs,
And heard Miss Podgett say her prayers."

She made him go out in front of the class, and with cane in hand told him she would give him five minutes to complete the verse.

Billy Buster stood in deep thought, and when the five minutes were up he had written as follows:

"Here I stand before Miss Podgett:
She's going to swi-pe, and I'm going to dodge it!"—Sent in by L. G. Scoulding, 72, Lawrence Hill, Bri-tol.

False Testimony!

"What did you see of the assault, my boy?" asked the magistrate of the juvenile witness.

"Ma's false teeth come rolling downstairs!" came the unexpected reply.—Sent in by D. McKenzie, 145, St. Leonard's Street, Edinburgh.

Quite So!

The small girl entered the chemist's shop and asked for a box of pills.

"Antibilious?" inquired the chemist.

"No, uncle is," was the solemn reply.—Sent in by A. Dunn, 15, Brooklyn Terrace, Camel's Head, Devonport.

OUR TUCK-HAMPER-PRIZE STORYETTE

A SERIOUS MATTER!

Very much out of breath the youngster rushed into the police-station.

"You're wanted," he gasped out to an officer, "down in our street—quick! An' bring an ambulance!"

"Why, what's the trouble?" demanded the constable.

"Because," explained the lad when he had recovered his breath somewhat, "mother's found the lady what stole our doormat!"

Sent in by James Paton, 2A, St. Vincent Street, Edinburgh, Scotland, to whom a hamper crammed full of delicious tuck has been despatched.

Very Useful!

Mrs. Jones had got a new maid, and for a start told her to wash down the kitchen. Before the maid began, however, a man called from the grocer's with half a dozen siphons of soda-water.

Presently the maid came into Mrs. Jones, and said:

"Please, mum, them things with squirts on 'em is the real stuff! I only used four of 'em and there's two left to do the pantry!"—Sent in by W. Lee, 157, Brockley Rise, Honor Oak Park, London, S.E.23.

Or Call a Cab!

A doctor, well-known for his efforts to protect all animals from cruelty, was annoyed one day by a large blue-bottle which buzzed incessantly on the window pane. The physician called his manservant.

"Do me the kindness, John," he said, "of opening the window and carefully putting that fly outside."

"But, sir," replied the servant, thinking of the drenching the room would receive through an open casement, "it is raining hard outside."

"Oh, is it?" replied his master. "Then please put the little creature in the waiting-room and let him stay there until the weather clears!"—Sent in by G. Keeping, 3, Fenton's Buildings, Bartholomew Close, Smithfield, E.C.1.

A Striking Answer!

"Now, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch, "we have read of the principal reigning monarchs of the world. Can you inform me which ruler inspires the most respect and fear?"

"Yes, sir," replied Bunter, thinking of his sore knuckles, "the one on your desk!"—Sent in by W. Hall, 1, Robinson Terrace, Hobson, Burnopfield, Co. Durham.

Bunter's Thoughts!

A few days ago Dr. Short visited Greyfriars to inspect the boys. When he came to the Remoye he asked them in turn what illnesses they had had.

All went well until it came to Billy Bunter's turn.

Dr. Short: Now, my boy, tell me what illnesses you have been subjected to.

Billy Bunter (warming up to the subject): Illnesses? Why, starvation diet since birth, somnambulism, ventriloquism, fractured collar-bone, busted spinal column, gout, lumbago, bunions.

Dr. Short: Silence, you stupid boy! What have you had recently?

Billy Bunter (who had just attended a study spread): Jam-tarts, dressed crab, Quaker Oats, and some plum-pudden, sir!—Sent in by K. E. Newman, 190, Oxford Street, Reading.

A Nobby Idea!

Two costers were selling their wares in a London street. One had watercress in his barrow, and the other had radishes; but the latter did not know the name of his merchandise. So when the first called out "Fine watercress," the other shouted:

"The same as his with nobs on!"—Sent in by J. Pamy, 77, Pullevy Avenue, East Ham, E.C.6.

Painful Advice!

Bunter: I say, Skinny, can you tell me a cure for the headache?

Skinner: Rather. I can tell you a quick cure.

Bunter: Good! What is it?

Skinner: Well, go and shove your head through that window, and when you've done it you'll find that the pane's gone!—Sent in by F. Johnson, 42, Andrew's Street, Leicester.

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