

**A TUCK HAMPER FOR A POSTCARD! SEE OUR OFFER  
IN THIS ISSUE**

**The Greyfriars**

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No. 51 (New Series)

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**SPEEDING THE PARTING GUEST!**

(A "moving" incident in our long complete tale of the school at sea.)





# The Staff

## Editorial

By Harry Wharton.

### ANOTHER BIG FOOTER EVENT!

My Dear Chums,—In my last Chat I told you I should have two important announcements to make this week, and so I shall kick off by dealing with our great new series of footer articles.

The author of the next three articles on "How to Improve Your Footer" will be none other than Joe McCall, the popular captain of Preston North End.

Joe McCall will undertake the task of explaining the work of the half-back in a manner that will prove instructive to any boy who is interested in a football team, whether he happens to play in that position or not.

### AN AMAZING NEW SERIAL!

My second announcement is no less important than the first, and it is with no little pride that I am able to state that I have secured from that famous author of detective stories, W. Murray Graydon, a serial tale of mystery and adventure unsurpassed in my experience.

The serial, which will start next week, will be entitled, "The Mystery of the Midnight Mail," and it deals with an amazing case in the annals of Raymond Steele, private detective. I am having a special cover painted to illustrate one of the exciting incidents in the first instalment, and I can promise you that next Tuesday's GREYFRIARS HERALD will be a number worth far more than the modest three-halfpence charged by your newsagent.

Only remember to order your copy in advance, for the demand for our next issue will be greater than ever!—Your cherty pal,

HARRY.



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# DAUBENY'S TEMPTATION!

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By OWEN CONQUEST

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

## CHAPTER I.

### Back to the Benbow!

**O**H, gad! What a crew!" Egan of the Shell made that remark as he looked over the side of the Benbow, swaying at her anchor in the harbour of Port of Spain. And Tuckey Toodles, who was beside him, burst into a fat chuckle.

Classes had been dismissed on the school ship; the red sunset glowed on the wide waters of the Gulf of Paria. Drake and Rodney of the Fourth, and Daubeny of the Shell, had been absent from classes that day—a circumstance that excited the envy of the juniors and the wrath of the Form-masters. Mr. Packe was saving up some very severe remarks on the subject, to be delivered when the absent juniors arrived—and the severity of his remarks was not likely to diminish by keeping.

"What a crew!" repeated Egan, with a derisive grin. "Look at that little lot, you fellows!"

His remark brought a crowd of the Benbow juniors to the rail to look.

An Indian skiff, with a mat sail, was coming along from the open gulf, with a battered-looking boat in tow.

In the skiff sat a copper-skinned Arrowac Indian, with a grave and stolid face. In the towing-boat behind were four figures—and it was that quartette that Egan designated as a "crew."

Some of the juniors grinned as they looked at them.

The boat had evidently suffered in the hurricane of the previous night—its mast and sail and tiller were gone. Its occupants looked as if they had roughed it very severely. One was a big negro; three were white youths—sun-scorched, hatless, untidy—with their jackets twisted over their heads to keep off the blaze of the sun. Three more dishevelled-looking tramps it would have been hard to find in Trinidad or all the West Indies.

"They've been through the storm," remarked Sawyer major, of the Fourth. "They look it, too!"

"I've seen that nig before," said Torrence. "That's the nig who guided us at the Pitch Lake yesterday. Solomon Wellington his name is—where Drake and Rodney and Daub were left behind, you know!"

Tuckey Toodles gave a howl of sudden surprise.

"It's Drake!"

"What!"

"Drake!" howled Toodles, pointing to one of the untidy, sun-scorched youths in the towing-boat. "That's Drake!"

"My hat!"

"So it is!" exclaimed Egan, with a



"Daubeny! Drake! Rodney! How dare you present yourselves on board in this disgraceful state?" exclaimed Mr. Packe.

laugh. "What a state to come home in! And the others are Rodney and Daub, of course."

"What a crew!" grinned Raik, of the Fourth.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Undoubtedly, it was Jack Drake and Co. in the towed boat. They stood up, as they saw the crowd of faces lining the Benbow, and Drake waved his hand. He shouted to the Indian in the skiff, and as the Arrowac looked round, he pointed to the school-ship. The copper-skin changed his course a little, bearing down on the Benbow.

The side of the ship was crowded with grinning faces, as the sorry-looking boat and its occupants came up. Even Poynings, of the Fifth, condescended to come up on deck and look on. The return of the wanderers was causing quite a thrill of excitement on the Benbow. Mr. Packe heard the exclamations of the juniors, and hurried to the scene.

"Did I hear that Drake had returned?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir!" chuckled Tuckey Toodles.

"That is very odd. The steamer is not in from La Brea," said Mr. Packe. "Bless my soul! That cannot be Drake in the boat—"

"It is, sir," grinned Toodles.

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Mr. Packe.

The Arrowac struck his mat sail, and the towed boat glided up to the anchored ship. Mr. Piper, the boat-swain, threw a line to Drake, who caught it and made the boat fast.

Then the juniors came on board, followed by Solomon Wellington. Mr. Packe frowned at them severely. Cer-

tainly their appearance did not do credit to the school-ship.

"Daubeny! Drake! Rodney! What—what does this mean? How dare you present yourselves on board in this disgraceful state?" exclaimed Mr. Packe.

"Sorry, sir—" began Jack Drake. "And why did you remain behind yesterday at La Brea?" demanded the master of the Fourth.

"Daubeny hurt his ankle, sir, and we had to carry him down the hill," said Dick Rodney. "That's how we came to miss the steamer."

"Aw'fly sorry, sir," murmured Daub.

"But how came you into this state? Is this a fit state to appear in?" snorted Mr. Packe. "Are you not aware that you are a disgrace to your school?"

"We've been in the hurricane, sir, and the boat capsized," said Drake. "We were jolly nearly drowned."

"Upon my word! What were you doing in the boat at all? I left instructions for you to follow me by the next steamer."

"We—we thought we'd better get back, sir! We were afraid of missing lessons," murmured Drake.

Some of the juniors on deck chuckled. Missing lessons was not generally considered a hardship by the Benbow fellows.

Mr. Packe uttered an impatient exclamation.

"Nonsense! You should not have run the risk! You might have been drowned in the hurricane—"

"We didn't know there was going to be a hurricane, sir," explained Dick Rodney demurely. "We—we're not weather-prophets, sir."

"Nonsense! Who is this Indian?"

Mr. Packe glanced down at the Arrowac standing in his skiff.

"His name's Taro Niom, sir. He gave us a tow in," said Drake. "We were drifting towards the South American coast when we fell in with him."

Mr. Packe gave another snort.

He was angry at the risk the juniors had run; and in his eyes their offence was in proportion to that risk.

"You will come to my cabin as soon as you have put yourselves into a state fit to be seen," he snapped.

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Packe strode away. Jack Drake, unheeding the eager questions showered on him by his form-fellows, turned to Solomon Wellington. The black boatman of La Brea was waiting to be attended to.

"You'd better go down to the galley," he said. "You want some tommy. Here, Tin Tacks, look after this chap, will you?"

Tin Tacks, the coloured gentleman of Barbados, came up with his expansive grin.

"Yes, Mass' Jack," he answered, and he added, rather distantly, to Mr. Wellington: "You come 'long of me."

Solomon Wellington followed Tin Tacks below. Tuckey Toodles caught Drake by the arm.

"Tell us all about it, old chap!" he exclaimed.

"Too jolly hungry," answered Drake. "Sheer off, Tuckey!" He stepped to the side and called to the Indian in the skiff. "Taro Niom!"

The Arrowac looked up.

Drake made signs to him to come on board, and the copper-skin clambered lightly on the Benbow. The juniors gathered round him with keen curiosity. They had seen plenty of Indians in Trinidad, but this was the first "wild" Indian they had met.

"I suppose nobody here can speak Arrowac?" asked Drake, looking round.

"Ha, ha! Not likely."

"I want to thank him, but how the thump can a chap do it, without knowing a word of his language?" said Drake.

"What about Slaney?" asked Tuckey Toodles. "Peg Slaney has been up the Orinoco, and he may know the lingo."

"Good idea! Fetch him along, Toodles."

Tuckey Toodles cut off in search of the one-eyed seaman. Taro Niom stood like a bronze statue in the midst of the curious juniors. He was clad only in linen trousers and a huge grass hat, and he made a savage, but rather imposing figure. Raik, of the Fourth, ventured to touch the coral ornament in the savage's nose, and Taro Niom's dusky hand flew to the knife in his waistband like lightning. Raik jumped back with a howl of alarm.

"Here, hold on!" shouted Drake, springing in front of Taro Niom, as he grasped the knife.

The Arrowac smiled, and relinquished the weapon at once. Drake gave Pierce Raik an angry look.

"Clear off, you silly ass! What the thump do you want to irritate him for?"

"What the thump do you bring a dashed wild beast on board the Ben-

bow for?" yelled Raik, who was nearly white with fear.

And Raik scuttled below. He had had enough of the savage of the Orinoco at close quarters.

#### Taro Niom's Farewell!

PEG SLANEY came up with Tuckey Toodles. He squinted curiously at the Redskin with his single eye. Drake overcame his repugnance to the slouching, one-eyed steward's mate; he wanted very much to be able to speak a word or two with the Indian.

"What's wanted here?" asked Slaney, in his sullen way.

"This chap is an Arrowac Indian—" began Drake.

"I reckon I can see that."

"Can you speak to him in his own lingo?"

"Sure!"

"Oh, good!" exclaimed Drake in relief. "I want you to interpret for me, then, if you will."

"I reckon I will, if you make it worth my while," answered Slaney coolly. "Make it a bottle of rum, sir."

"I'll make it a dollar, if you like," said Drake curtly.

"Done!" said Slaney, with a grin.

"What do you want me to say to him?"

"Tell him we are very thankful for the help he's given us."

"Right."

Peg Slaney began to speak in a language that was Greek to the Benbow fellows. Taro Niom started as he heard his own tongue spoken, and fixed his black eyes gravely on the one-eyed seaman. Then he turned to Drake, and nodded and smiled.

"Anythin' else?" asked Slaney.

"Ask him what reward he would like."

Slaney spoke again in the Arrowac dialect.

Taro Niom listened and frowned, and made a lofty gesture, interrupting the interpreter. Then he began to speak rapidly.

"He doesn't want any reward," said Rodney, guessing from the Indian's look and gesture.

"What does he say?" asked Drake anxiously.

He was fearful of having hurt the savage's feelings by the offer of a reward.

Slaney chuckled.

"He says he is Taro Niom, an Arrowac chief, and that he served Yak Dak—that's you, sir—because Yak Dak saved him from a shark, and he is insulted by the offer of a reward."

"Mighty proud, for a blessed savage," said Tuckey Toodles, with a sniff. "If you like to hand it to me, Drake, I won't refuse it. I ain't proud."

"Tell him I'm sorry, and didn't mean to wound his feelings, Slaney," said Jack Drake.

"Oh, sartainly!"

"Ask him if he will accept this knife as a present, in remembrance of our meeting," added Drake.

He held up a handsome silver-handled clasp-knife, which he carried on a lanyard round his neck, sailor fashion.

Slaney spoke again in Arrowac, and the red man's face cleared, and he

nodded. Drake held out the knife, and the Indian, removing the big plaited grass hat, slipped the lanyard over his coppery neck, and replaced the hat. Then he fumbled at the coral ornaments in his ears and detached them, the juniors watching him in wonder.

Taro Niom held out the corals to Drake, speaking in his own tongue. Peg Slaney, grinning, translated.

"He wants you to take his ear-plugs as a present, in return," he said.

"He's no end of a big chief. I heard e' 'em when I was up the Orinoco afore."

Drake hesitated a moment, and then allowed the Indian to place the corals in his hand.

Taro Niom saluted him gravely, and turned to the side.

"Adios!" he said, in Spanish, and then he ran on again in Arrowac, Drake listening with a puzzled face.

"What does he say, Slaney?"

Slaney was chuckling.

"He says he is Yak Dak's friend for life, and if Yak Dak—that's you—ever comes to his village up the Orinoco, he will make him welcome, and give him some wives—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors.

Taro Niom stared round him, puzzled by the laughter, and a little angry.

"Tell him I thank him very much," gasped Drake.

The Indian listened while Slaney translated, and smiled at Drake again, and repeated "Adios!"

"Adios, Taro Niom!" said Drake.

His Spanish was equal to saying farewell.

"Adios!" repeated Daubeny and Rodney.

The Redskin clambered down lightly into his skiff, and cast off. The mainsail was hoisted, and caught the breeze, and in a minute more Taro Niom's little skiff was dancing away over the sunny gulf.

"I guess you owe me a dollar, sir," remarked Slaney.

Drake handed the one-eyed seaman the money, and Peg Slaney slouched away.

"What the thump did you give him that silver knife for, Drake?" grumbled Tuckey Toodles. "I asked you once to give it to me, and you wouldn't."

"Rats!"

Drake watched the Indian till he was out of sight and then went below. The three castaways were hungry but first they wanted a bath and a change of clothes. Cold "tubber" made them feel better, and then there was a feed in the canteen, with a large company of juniors, who all wanted to know what had happened since the parting.

"I wonder if we shall ever see Taro Niom again," remarked Dick Rodney thoughtfully.

"Not likely!" answered Drake.

"We're going up the Orinoco in a week or two—"

"Not among the Indians, though," said Drake, with a smile. "I don't suppose Packe will let us explore Indian villages. The Arrowacs are a bit too wild, and they use poisoned arrows. Taro Niom seems a decent sort, but I fancy he's rather handy



with his knife when he's at home. I'll keep his corals, anyhow."

Having finished his feed, Jack Drake examined the ear-corals the Indian had given him. They were rudely carved, to represent the head of some animal, probably a jaguar, the tiger of the South American forests. Whether they had any value Drake did not know, and certainly did not care. His views were quite different from Tuckey's. He slipped them into his pocket-book for safety. He little thought at that moment under what circumstances he was to meet the Arrowac again, and how Taro Niom's present was to serve him in an hour of peril of which he did not dream.

"Now I suppose we'd better go and see Packe," yawned Rodney. "I hope it won't be a licking."

"Flogging, perhaps," said Tuckey Toodles comfortingly.

"Oh, dry up!"

The three juniors went aft, Daubeny to his Form-master, Mr. Vavasour, and Drake and Rodney to Mr. Packe.

The chums of the Fourth found Mr. Packe in a very severe and magisterial humour, and they noted, with some misgiving, that a cane lay on his table.

Fortunately, the Form-master allowed them to explain exactly how they had been left behind at the Pitch Lake, and how they had thought it best to hire Solomon Wellington and his boat to bring them back to Port of Spain, without waiting for the next steamer.

Having heard their meek and respectful explanation, Mr. Packe gave them a severe lecture, which they endured with great fortitude, glad that the Form-master did not introduce his cane into the lecture.

Then they were dismissed.

Outside the cabin they found Daubeny, who greeted them with a nod and a grin.

"All serene?" he asked.

"Right as rain!" replied Drake cheerfully. "How did the Vavasour-bird cut up?"

"Five minutes jaw," said Daubeny. "Luckily, he was playing chess with Monsieur Pion, and hadn't time for more. He chucked it as soon as Mossou made his move."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's jolly lucky," added Daubeny. "I was afraid the half-holiday would be stopped, but he was too busy on chess to think about detention. I don't want leave stopped on Saturday; it's the races, you know."

"The what?"

"Races on the Savannah. I suppose you fellows are going?"

Drake looked rather grave.

"Will it be allowed?" he asked.

"Well, a chap has to see the sights," said Daubeny, avoiding Drake's eyes. "No harm in seein' a race, I suppose?"

"Not in seein' it," said Rodney.

"Egan's arranged for me to go with him and Torrence," remarked Daubeny. "It will be fun, you know."

And, with a nod, the dandy of the Shell sauntered away. He left both the Fourth-formers looking rather grave.

### The Pot and the Kettle!

"PUSSON to see you, Mass' Jack!" Tin Tacks made the announcement at the door of No. 8 Study.

Drake looked up from his books, with a smile.

"Trot him in!" he said.

The person whom Tin Tacks announced was Solomon Wellington, the black boatman of La Brea. Jack Drake had, as a matter of fact, forgotten all about Mr. Wellington. But he remembered now that he owed him thirty-five dollars, for the passage in his boat.

Mr. Wellington came into the study with his hat on. He had lost his own hat in the hurricane but a hat is an indispensable article in the West Indies—in the sun-blaze more indispensable than any other article of attire—and Mr. Wellington had obtained a new headgear by bargaining in the fore-castle. He kept it on as he came into the study apparently to prove that he was as good as any white man there—a weakness to which some of the West Indian blacks are subject.

Jack Drake did not mind whether Mr. Wellington had his shabby hat on or off but Tin Tacks did. Tin Tacks, as a Barbadian, felt himself immensely superior to any other kind of coloured gentleman, and he looked on Mr. Wellington as a "nigger." And the last thing Tin Tacks would have thought of permitting was cheek from a nigger towards Mass' Jack.

As Mr. Wellington did not remove his hat, Tin Tacks slipped his hand into his pocket, for the hammer he always carried there. He gave Mr. Wellington's hat a tap with the hammer, and the headgear flew across the cabin, Mr. Wellington uttering a startled howl.

Drake and Rodney burst into a laugh.

Solomon Wellington turned wrathfully upon the Barbadian.

"What yo' mean, you nigger?" he exclaimed.

"You no call me a nigger, yo' black man!" snorted Tin Tacks. "You no fit to 'peak to free Barbadian coloured gentleman. You put dat hat on again in Mass' Jack's p'esence, me jolly soon knock him off, and p'aps your nigger's head, too. Yo' savvy dat?"

And Tin Tacks flourished his hammer in a way that made Mr. Wellington jump back.

"Never mind his tile, Tin Tacks," said Drake, laughing. "How much do I owe you, Solomon?"

"Tree hundred dollar," answered Solomon.

"What?"

"We agreed on thirty-five dollars for the passage," said Dick Rodney, with a stare. "That's a lot of money, too."

"Daub stands half," said Drake. "What the thump are you asking for three hundred dollars for, Solomon?"

"Boat damage in de hurricane," said Mr. Wellington. "S'pose you go to sea in hurricane, you pay for damage."

"Nothing of the sort," said Drake warmly. "You ought to have known there was a hurricane coming, if anybody ought. Still, your boat's been

damaged, and I think we ought to stand you something."

"You pay two hundred dollar," suggested Mr. Wellington.

"My dear man, I'm not made of money," said Drake. "How much ought we to give the bouncer, Rodney?"

"We're not bound to give him anything," growled Rodney. "He oughtn't to have put to sea with us with a blow coming on. But if he's poor—"

"Me berry poor!" said Mr. Wellington pathetically. "Wife and 'leven small childer at La Brea."

Drake looked puzzled.

He was not short of money, and he felt bound to indemnify the boatman to some extent for the damage sustained in the hurricane. At the same time, he did not mean to be swindled if he could help it. He turned to the Barbadian:

"Tin Tacks, you've been a ship's carpenter, so I suppose you know all about boats?" he said.

"You bet your life, Mass' Jack. Tin Tacks debblish clobber ole feller."

"Take a squint at the man's boat, then—it's alongside—and see what it would cost to put it shipshape. The mast and sail and tiller are gone."

"Yes, Mass' Jack."

Tin Tacks left the cabin, with a glance of disdain at the black man, leaving Mr. Wellington with the juniors.

While he was gone, Solomon urged his claim with great eloquence. He came down from two hundred dollars to one hundred and fifty, and then to one hundred and twenty-five. Drake and Rodney went on with their prep. in the meantime, allowing Mr. Wellington to waste his sweetness on the desert air. Solomon was still going strong when Tin Tacks came back.

"Well, what's the verdict, old bean?"

"Dat nigger no know nothing about it," said Mr. Wellington.

"You shut up, you black man!" said Tin Tacks disdainfully. "You no talk to free Barbadian gentlemen. You gib dis black man ten dollar, Mass' Jack."

"You gib me hundred dollar, and no listen to dat nigger!" howled Mr. Wellington.

"Thirty-five for the passage," said Drake, taking out his pocket-book, "and ten for the damage."

"You ruin poor man with fifteen small childer," said Mr. Wellington.

"Fifteen!" said Drake. "That's a sudden increase from eleven, ten minutes ago, isn't it?"

Perhaps Mr. Wellington blushed; but, if so, his complexion did not allow it to be seen.

"Yo' gib dat black man ten dollar, Mass' Jack."

"You no take notice of dat nigger, buccra."

"I'll make it twenty dollars for the damage," said Drake. "There you are, fifty-five in all. Take it and clear."

Mr. Wellington's black hands eagerly gathered up the money. He was well paid, and he was aware of it, but he was not satisfied.

"Now you gib me forty more dollar," he said.

"Bats!"



"You gib me—"  
"I think I shall give you a thick ear if you don't scuttle," said Drake impatiently.

"You no gib me any more?" demanded Mr. Wellington.

"No; bother you!"  
Solomon Wellington snorted, and turned to the door. He glanced back in the doorway, to snap his black fingers at the juniors.

"Yo' cheap white trash!" he said scornfully. "Yah! Cheap white trash! You hear me, young buccra? White trash! Yah!"

With that polished valediction, Mr. Wellington strode out of the cabin. But he took only one stride. Then Tin Tacks was after him. The Barbadian coloured gentleman's wrath was not to be restrained. He gripped Mr. Wellington by the collar and the seat of his pants, and ran him headlong away, to an accompaniment of fiendish yelling from Mr. Wellington.

"Yo' let go, you nigger!" shrieked Solomon. "Yo' no lay yo' nigger hands on me!"

"You go overboard, you black man!" snorted Tin Tacks.

Drake jumped up.  
"My hat! Tin Tacks, old sport—"  
He rushed from the cabin in pursuit. "Stop it!"

But Tin Tacks did not stop.  
He ran Mr. Wellington, struggling and wriggling and howling, on deck, and swung him bodily to the side in his powerful arms.

"Great Scott!"  
"Yo' let go, you nigger!" roared Mr. Wellington.

Tin Tacks grinned and let go, and Solomon Wellington dropped into his boat with a bump and a howl.

Tin Tacks cast off the rope, and the boat rocked away with Mr. Wellington sitting in the bottom dazedly.

"Good-bye, you black man!" shouted Tin Tacks derisively.

The boat floated up the harbour, before the breeze. Mr. Wellington struggled to his feet, and shook an ebony fist at the Barbadian coloured gentleman.

"Yah! Yo' nigger!" he roared.  
"Go away, you black man!"  
"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the juniors.

The sight of two Africans, both as black as the ace of spades, calling one another a nigger and a black man, tickled the Benbow fellows.

Jack Drake returned to his study, laughing. Tin Tacks put his head in a minute later.

"All right, Mass' Jack!" he said.  
"Dat black feller gone."

And Tin Tacks walked away satisfied, leaving No. 8 Study chuckling.

#### The Evil Genius!

**A** NOTE was brought to Jack Drake on the Benbow on Saturday morning. He glanced at it on the deck, and turned to Dick Rodney with a cheery smile.

"It's from Arthur Cazalet," he said.  
"He's a brick. He's asked us to come ashore to lunch, and drive to the races with him, if we care to. Let's go!"

"Yes, rather," agreed Rodney.  
Drake gave a message to the negro, who was waiting, and the messenger took his departure as Tuckey Toodles

rolled up. Tuckey had heard Drake's words, and he was interested.

"I'm coming, too," he said.  
"Lunch at Mr. Cazalet's house beats dinner here, hollow. That's the important point, I'll come."

"Bow-wow! I'm afraid you'll have to wait till you're asked, old top," said Drake. "You made yourself too much of a thundering nuisance when you were landed on Cazalet last time."

"The fact is, I want to go to the races," said Tuckey, lowering his voice. "I've heard Egan talking about it to Terrence. The Bucks are going to have a bit of a splash, you know."

"Are they?" growled Drake.

"Yes, and so am I—I'm a bit of a goer, you know, when I get started," said Tuckey fatuously. "There's permission for the fellows to witness the races, in the presence of an elder—that's all rot. I'm not hanging around Dr. Pankey or Monsieur Plon on shore, I know that. They wouldn't let a fellow bet, and I want to make some money."

"You silly ass!" exclaimed Drake. "Let me catch you betting on races! I'd burst you."

"Look here, Drake—"

"Go and eat coke," growled Drake, and he walked away with Rodney, leaving Tuckey Toodles frowning.

Toodles was quite taken with the idea of bagging some winnings on the Trinidad races; but there was a difficulty in the way. He was short of cash. That was not the only difficulty in the way, as a matter of fact; but it was the only one Tuckey considered. He had nourished a hope of raising the wind from No. 8 Study, but the outlook did not seem promising.

"I suppose Egan and Terrence are goin' to get out of sight, and act the goat as they used to at St. Winifred's," said Drake, in a low voice, to his chum. "I'm sorry Daub's going with them. I hope he'll keep clear of any rot of that kind."

Dick Rodney nodded without replying. Although he believed that Vernon Daubeny was doing his best to keep straight, he could not help having some doubts as to the lasting effect of his reformation.

After lessons, having obtained the necessary permission from Mr. Packe to visit the Cazalet villa, Drake and Rodney hailed a shore boat to go to the quay. At the same time, three Shell fellows came down the side of the Benbow to row ashore. They were Daubeny, Egan, and Terrence; and Egan's eyes had the evil glint in them as he glanced at Drake. Tuckey Toodles came speeding to the side, as the boats pushed out.

"Stop for me, Drake!"  
"Good-bye, Tuckey," called out Drake, laughing.

"I say, old fellow—you rotter—look here—yah! I say, Daub, give me a lift ashore, will you? I've got an important appointment."

"Bow-wow!" answered Daubeny.

"Come back for me, you beast!"

"I don't think!" grinned Terrence.

And the boats shot away from the Benbow, leaving Rupert de Vere Toodles disconsolate. It looked as if he

were not going to make a fortune on the races that afternoon after all.

The juniors landed at the same time, and Daub, with a rather awkward nod to Drake, made a movement to follow Egan and Terrence, who walked away at once.

"Hold on, Daub," called out Drake. Daubeny paused, irresolutely, and Egan looked round.

"Come on," he exclaimed. "We've got to get lunch in town, before we drive out to the Savannah. No time to lose."

"Wait a minute, Egan. What is it, Drake?"

"You're going to the races?" asked Drake.

Daubeny nodded.  
"I know what Egan's going for," said Drake drily. "You're not going to be led into that game, are you Daub?"

Daubeny shifted uneasily.

"I'm not goin' to bet," he said. "It would be too risky, anyhow, if Dr. Pankey is goin' to be there. I—I'm just going to look on, that's all!"

"Are you comin'?" shouted Egan.

"I'm comin'."

"Suppose you come along with us, Daub," said Drake. "If you're not going to play the goat, Egan and Terrence won't miss you. Come along to Cazalet's with us."

"I'm not asked there!"

"They won't mind my bringin' a friend with me—that's all right. You know Arthur Cazalet."

Vernon Daubeny hesitated again.

Egan came striding back.

"What are you keepin' us waitin' for?" he demanded.

"I—I'm thinkin' of goin' with Drake," said Daubeny, "if you fellows don't mind—"

Egan's eyes gleamed.

"But we do mind," he exclaimed angrily. "You've no right to throw us over at this time of day."

"Oh, if you put it like that—"

"Well, I do, come along!"

"Sorry, Drake, you see how it is," said Daubeny, and he nodded, and walked away with his friends.

Jack Drake compressed his lips for a moment.

"Egan means mischief," he said.

"Well, I've done my best. I wish Daub would have come with us."

"I don't think Egan can afford to part with him on such an occasion," said Rodney drily. "Daub has the cash, you know. If he's led into playing the goat, it's his own fault."

"If he does, and it gets out on the Benbow, there will be an awful row," muttered Drake. "Well, I suppose we can't do anything." He hesitated, looking after Vernon Daubeny, who was disappearing in the crowd with his two companions. "Well, come on, we've got to turn up to lunch."

Drake hailed a cab, and the two juniors drove away into the town—a shade of thought remaining on Drake's brow. He could not help thinking of Vernon Daubeny, and what was likely to happen that afternoon.

THE END.

A fine, long complete story of the boys of the Benbow will appear next week entitled: "His Own Enemy!"





# FOR CLUB AND THE CUP!

Our splendid 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 playing an away match against the Melton Rovers a violent gale arises. Suddenly the corrugated iron roof of the grandstand crashes down to the playing-field.*

### The Tragedy!

**JACK DENYER** shot one swift glance at the descending sheet of corrugated iron, and then gave a warning shout.

"Run for it!" he cried; and at the same time he darted towards the nearest touchline. The other players, who had been awed and fascinated, transfixed with fear and stupefaction, gathered their wits together at the sound of the youngster's shrill tones, and the next moment there was a general rush for safety.

The whole affair did not take more than a matter of seconds, of course, and when the roof swept down with a vicious hiss and slithered along the turf, more than one player—failing to get away in time—was struck by the flying sheet and sent sprawling forward on his face, to be buried beneath the mass of metal.

No sooner did the roof finish its mad flight than a rush was made to rescue the buried players. Willing helpers were on every hand, and the police, who were quick to take charge of affairs, soon had a party of stalwart spectators hard at work lifting the iron from the prone and helpless footballers.

It was no easy task, however, and perspiration was streaming off the players before the edge of the sheet was raised by a superhuman effort, and Jack Denyer and Mallison were able to crawl underneath and wriggle towards the three forms which were lying motionless upon the turf.

Then came the most difficult part of

all—that of getting the unconscious players from what was little better than a tomb. It was a long and tedious job, demanding strength and care, but Jack and Mallison eventually succeeded in getting the three Melton players into the open, where a doctor, who had been in the grandstand was waiting to attend to them.

It needed only a cursory examination to tell him that each man was a hospital case. One, the centre-half, was in a very bad condition, indeed, having sustained a broken arm and three fractured ribs. The other two players were also suffering from broken ribs, and one had a deep scalp wound.

All three were unconscious, and they remained so during the journey—on improvised stretchers—to the club-house, where they awaited the ambulance which had been summoned by telephone.

And they still showed no sign of life when the silent, sympathetic crowd saw them placed inside the ambulance which had been summoned by local hospital.

The impossibility of finishing the match was apparent to everybody, and the vast crowd, speaking in low tones, each face grave and a trifle pale, moved towards the exits, the spirit of tragedy hovering over the shuffling procession.

It was obvious that a whole army of workmen would be required to clear the ground of the sheet of iron which had descended with such tragic results.

The wind, by a freak of nature, had died away completely by this time, and only a gentle zephyr stirred the leaves of the trees which grew near the club-house. The calm was strange and almost deathlike—oppressive, quiescent—and it was a silent band of players that, led by Jack Denyer, made its way towards the dressing-room.

"This seems to be our unlucky day," said Jackson, the goalkeeper, breaking a long silence.

The other nodded.

"You're right," agreed Mallison, after a pause. "First the char-a-banc business and now this. Those poor

chaps were in a bad way, but the doctor said there's no real danger, except for the fellow with a scalp wound."

This started a general conversation, and when the Norchester eleven eventually took leave of the home team's manager the players had regained a good deal of their usual boisterous spirits.

"Let me know how the chaps who were injured get on, won't you?" was Jack's final request; and the manager promised to write to him on the following day.

The United climbed into the waiting char-a-banc, and the big vehicle was soon threading its way through the tortuous streets and making for the open country.

The journey back to Norchester would have been uneventful, but for one thing, and that was the fact that, just as the players were about to alight outside their ground, Jack's quick eyes caught sight of Mills, who was passing on the opposite of the road.

He gave the big fellow a casual glance at first; then a curious light leapt into his eyes, and he raised his voice.

"Mills!"

The suspended player swung round quickly, a frown upon his heavy features. He scowled and checked his stride.

"Well?" he growled, glaring across at the young player-manager. "What d'yer want me for, Denyer?"

"I want to have a couple of words with you," answered Jack quietly. And Mills, scarcely knowing why he did so, crossed the road and came to a halt before the youngster.

"Well?" he growled again, and his close-set eyes smouldered with black hate.

The players were eyeing their skipper with curiosity and bewilderment, for they were as much in the dark as Mills.

"I called you across here, old man," said Jack, with a little smile, "because I wondered if you'd let me have a look at your walking-stick."

The players thought Jack had taken



leave of his senses; but the simple remark brought an angry flush to Mill's fleshy features.

"What the heck's my walking-stick got to do with you, anyway?" he growled, a fierce note in his voice. He took a fresh grip of the cumbersome affair which he was carrying, and made as though to move off.

"No, don't go for a moment, Mills," said Jack Denyer quietly; "at least, not till you've let me handle your stick!"

Mills's face crimsoned once again, and he gave vent to a savage snarl.

"But why won't you let me look at it?" persisted Jack, in a gentle, persuasive voice.

"Because I ain't goin' to, and that's flat!" returned Mills.

"An excellent reason," said the youngster, "especially when one knows that your innocent-looking walking-stick is nothing more nor less than a gun that is used by poachers!"

His voice hardened perceptibly as he said the words, and a frightened, furtive look crept into Mills's close-set eyes. He looked round wildly, as though seeking a way of escape, then he decided to bluff matters out.

"That's a lie, Denyer, and you know it!" he growled, thrusting his face forward pugnaciously. "What should I want a poacher's gun for?"

Jack Denyer shrugged his shoulders. "Who knows?" he asked, with a smile. "You might be after rabbits or birds; or, again, you might have a fancy to take a pot-shot at the driver of a char-a-banc—"

Mills, his face flaming and his eyes glinting with mad rage, took a quick step forward.

"You're lying!" he breathed hotly. "I was nowhere near the hill—"

He broke off abruptly, as he realised that, in his white anger, he had given himself away. But he had no further opportunity of saying anything in his defence, for the driver stepped up to him and with one powerful blow sent him reeling into the road.

"You beastly cad!" roared the mechanic, pale with rage and disgust. "So you're the chap who tried to put me out of mess, are you? I could give you in charge, but, by crippes, I won't! I'm goin' to give you the biggest hiding you've ever had in your natural! Get up, you cur!"

"You don't want to make a scene outside the ground, old man," said Jack Denyer soothingly. "If you want to have it out you'd better come inside, where you won't be disturbed."

The driver, despite his anger, saw the sense of this arrangement. Mills, however, protested against the whole thing, and it was only the threat of the police-court which made him give way.

The driver, passing through the gate with Jack at his elbow, spat upon his big hands with quiet deliberation, and shot a threatening look at the scowling Mills.

"Mills," he said pleasantly, "you ain't going to live long enough to tell the doctor your name!"

The players laughed aloud at this quaint remark, and followed the combatants to the patch of grass outside the club-house. The driver slipped out

of his coat, flung it to the turf, and commenced to roll up his sleeves, exposing a well-developed arm to Mills's wide-open eyes.

"Look here, old man," said the footballer, looking uneasy, "why do we want to quarrel like this? After all, we—"

A look of disgust settled upon the driver's rugged features. He strode across to the coward and struck him a blow on the mouth with an open palm the size of a soup-plate.

"Now will you take your gruel, you white-livered cur?" he demanded, a wealth of contempt in his voice.

That last blow proved too much for even such a craven as Mills, and with a roar of blind rage he made a rush at the driver, his big fists whirling and a look of sheer desperation upon his fleshy features.

The driver was ready for him, however, and at the end of four minutes, during which period Mills was as a baby in the big fellow's hands, the fight was, to all intents and purposes, over.

Mills was reeling before his opponent at this stage of affairs—his defence weak, his breath coming in great, gasping sobs, his coarse features were bruised, his lips were cut and bleeding, and he spat a broken tooth out as he backed away from the ice-cold fury of the other's attack.

For the memory of the murderous attempt made the driver a terrible figure to behold. He was cold, merciless, strong—the very spirit of retribution.

Mills had already been knocked down twice; but each time he had been forced up again, to meet a bombardment of blows which were slowly battering him into insensibility.

But not one of the spectators could find a grain of pity for the scoundrel who had attempted cold, deliberate murder; they could only hope that the salutary thrashing would make him see the error of his ways.

Then came the end, a swift uppercut, which appeared to lift Mills clean off his tottering feet. Not a sound escaped his lacerated lips as he staggered backwards, to overbalance and fall in a huddled heap to the turf. His legs gave one convulsive movement, and then the big body remained inert and lifeless.

The driver looked down at the still form for a moment, and then he turned his head towards the players.

"Get some water, somebody," he said; "we'd better bring the begger round!"

#### An Ingenious Scheme!

**T**WENTY minutes later a bruised and battered figure, feeling sore in every limb, slunk through the players' entrance to the Norchester football ground, and paused for a moment upon the pavement, its close-set eyes glaring balefully at the door which had slammed behind it in no uncertain manner.

The figure was Mills, and the hiding he had received at the hands of the enraged driver, rather than having a salutary effect, had roused all that was bad and unscrupulous in his nature.

His bruised features were distorted

with maniacal rage, and a suggestion of foam showed at the corners of his thick-lipped mouth.

Mills was not pleasant to behold.

"I'll have you—I'll have you all, the whole crowd of you!" he breathed fiercely, his fists clenched and his body quivering with impotent rage. "You've had the laugh—you've got the better of me this time; but my time will come, by heck, it will!"

His voice rose to a shrill shriek, and an insane, mirthless laugh escaped his lips.

He suddenly realised that one or two passers-by were looking at him questioningly, and the sight of a blue-coated constable strolling towards him prompted him to turn sharply on his heel and make off in the opposite direction.

Mills wended his way through the heart of the town, and he did not come to a halt until he arrived at the disreputable public-house in which he knew he would find Martin Denyer, his chief.

Mills looked round furtively, and then slipped through the door of the saloon-bar and slouched across to Denyer, who was sitting by the bar.

The late manager of the United had only to give one glance at his myrmidon's bruised and scowling features to know that his plan had failed.

He gave a contemptuous, taunting grin as Mills approached.

"Well?"

Mills scowled darkly, and the contraction of his facial muscles made him wince.

"That's just it; it ain't well!" he snarled. "The beggars had the luck of a thousand, and then to cap matters, that cub of a nephew of yours tumbled to the whole game!"

Martin Denyer nodded grimly.

"I quite thought you'd make a mess of things," he said, derisively. "But I don't want to hear how it happened," he went on quickly, as Mills was about to explain. "The whole point lies in the fact that you've bungled the scheme, and that being so you won't get a brass penny out of me. By the way, do you know that you've bruised your face?"

A hot flush mounted to Mills's forehead at the taunting words.

"Yes, I do know," he breathed, fiercely, coming a step closer to the other man, "and, by heck, yours'll be bruised as well if you don't look out. The driver of that char-a-banc was like a madman, and he bashed me till I went down for the count, the beast!"

"Well, and what do you propose doing in the matter?" asked Denyer suavely. "Inform your solicitors?—take a warrant out for assault?"

A dangerous, red light leapt into Mills's little eyes.

"Say, Martin, don't drive me too far," he said hoarsely. "I'm out for revenge now—and you've got to help!"

Denyer's eyebrows lifted.

"That's interesting, Mills," he said, easily. "What is your idea—and where do I come in? Furthermore, suppose I tell you to go to the dickens with your bungling schemes?"

An ugly, threatening look set upon Mills's coarse features.

"Ah, so that's your tone, is it, Mr. Denyer? Now that I've been copped you want to shake me off, eh?"

Mills's voice vibrated with suppressed passion, and the truculent manner in which he thrust his evil features forward made the derisive grin vanish from Martin Denyer's face.

"That's quite all right, Mills," he said, a trifle uneasily, drumming upon the counter with his fingers, "you don't want to get shirty, do you? It was only a little joke on my part, you know!"

It was Mills's turn to laugh.

"Well, cut it out," returned the suspended goalkeeper, "'cause I ain't got no sense of humour! Now, look here, I want to have a straight talk with you. We're up to the neck in this business, many funny things have happened that I could put the police wise about—"

"Don't be an ass, Mills," interrupted Denyer, with a false, uneasy laugh. "You know I was only joking! I—"

"Well, don't joke any more," growled Mills irascibly. Actually, he was the stronger man of the two—and he knew it. "Now, I've thought of a plan by which we can get the whole bunch, and it's got to be carried out! Listen?"

There was something imperative, commanding, in the tone of Mills's voice, and Martin Denyer found himself leaning forward, his ear close to the goalkeeper's thick lips.

Mills spoke rapidly, his eyes glinting with a fanatical light, and the expression on Martin Denyer's face turned from that of a mild interest to one of intense excitement.

"We'll do it!" he cried, at last, clapping a heavy hand upon Mills's shoulder. "We'll do it! And if this doesn't mean the end of that cub and his gang of oafs, I'll—I'll—"

"You'll turn honest," interposed Mills, with a shade of cynicism in his tone.

Fleet of foot, moving like the wind, Jack Denyer flashed past Mallison and slowed down.

It was Friday morning, the day before Norchester United's fixture with Sheffield Wednesday, and the players had been having a gentle practice, passing, shooting and dribbling being the order of the day.

The players had done nothing very strenuous, and when the trainer mentioned that it was time to "knock off," Jack Denyer decided to test his speed. He had won the hundred yards "burst" at Rundle's for three years in succession, and he wondered whether professional football had impaired his speed.

Breathing easily, his good-looking face flushed with health, he strolled back to Mallison.

"What did I do it in?" he asked eagerly.

Mallison took his eyes from the face of the stop-watch.

"Ten and four-fifths, old man," answered the inside-right. "That's jolly good, seeing that you were running on turf!"

Jack nodded his head, and grinned in his happy, schoolboy manner.

"It's certainly not too bad, old son," he agreed, modestly. "If speed means anything against the Wednes-

day's centre-half I shall be O.K. I understand that he is a perfect terror at shadowing a centre-forward; one can't move without the johnny's there as well!"

"You needn't let that worry you, Jack," Bailey put in, joining his skipper. "We shall be able to give Sheffield a run for their money."

"What train do we go by?" asked Mallison suddenly.

"We leave by the ten-fifteen in the morning," answered Jack Denyer, with a somewhat wry grimace. "And it isn't a corridor train, worst luck. It'll mean packing into ordinary carriages, I'm afraid. Still, it isn't a long journey, which is something to be thankful for."

The others nodded, and then moved off in a body towards the dressing-rooms, Jack leading the way.

And as he walked along he wondered, in an absent, vague

Five fellows followed Jack Denyer into his compartment; the remainder tumbled into the next carriage.

Jack settled himself comfortably in a corner seat and grinned round at his companions.

"This isn't so bad, after all, my bonny boys," he said, sinking back luxuriously into the cushions. "We shall be in Sheffield before you can say 'knife'!"

Mallison shot a suspicious glance at Jack's grave features.

"If you're trying to be witty, old son—" he began.

Jack grinned.

"Of course I'm not," he protested, seeing that Mallison was quite prepared to hurl a magazine at his head.

Further remarks were cut short by the shrill blast of the guard's whistle, and the next moment the train commenced to move slowly out of the



The driver rolled up his sleeves exposing a well-developed arm to Mills's wide-open eyes.

way, what had happened to Martin Denyer. He had seen nothing of his unscrupulous, dissolute uncle for some weeks, but he thought it was more than likely that he had engineered the murderous attack on the hill, when Mills had done his utmost to wreck the char-a-banc.

Jack shrugged his shoulders and dismissed the thought from his mind.

"He won't dare to try any more tricks," he mused, as he slipped out of his playing-things and plunged into a cold shower. And with the rushing ice-cold water all thought of Martin Denyer fled from his mind.

Ten o'clock the following morning found the Norchester eleven standing upon the station, waiting for the train which was to convey them to Sheffield.

The big industrial town was only a matter of thirty odd miles away, and the thought of the journey did not damp the players' high spirits.

They were all in the best of health—happy and irresponsible—men in the pink of condition.

The train snorted into the station at last, and the players separated and clambered into the two carriages which had been reserved for the team.

station. It gathered speed with every revolution of the wheels, and the players settled down to peruse their magazines and papers.

Five or six miles had been covered, and the train was travelling at a good speed, when Jack Denyer looked up from his sporting paper with a puzzled expression in his eyes.

He sniffed at the air; and the others raised their eyes.

"Can't you chaps smell anything?" he asked. "Curious, sickly smell, strange—"

He paused and coughed; a moment later the other players were coughing too.

Then Jack's startled eyes fixed themselves upon the tube through which snaked the communication cord; and from the tube there issued a thin cloud of yellow vapour—pungent, miasmatic, deadly.

"It's gas—poison gas!" gasped Jack Denyer, wildly, and crashed to the floor of the compartment!

Another long exciting instalment of our grand football serial will be given in next Tuesday's "Greyfriars Herald."



## THE GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

A vivid account of the latest  
charges and convictions

### NUGENT MINOR IN TROUBLE! His Worship Rebukes Jotland Yard!

At the Court for Juvenile Offenders, a snivelling imp named Richard Nugent was blown into the dock by P.-c. Johnny Bull.

Magistrate (kindly): Pull yourself together, my little man! Those tears won't help your case one little bit.

Prisoner: But I oughtn't to be here, your worship! I'm as innocent as a— a newly-baked sausage-roll! (Loud laughter.)

Magistrate: That remains to be seen. Counsel for the prosecution! I'll trouble you to put away that copy of "The Boys' Friend," and state the charge which is preferred against this whimpering midget!

Mr. Robert Cherry, K.C.: He is charged with smoking in the fags' common-room, your worship.

Magistrate: Bless my soul! That is a most serious offence. I must instruct the Court carpenter to make a block, and to fashion a birch-rod by means of a broom-handle and a few twigs. (Laughter—except on the part of the prisoner!)

Detective-Inspector Penfold, of Jotland Yard, then gave evidence:

"I was in the fags' common-room, your worship, disguised as an ink-eraser, when I caught prisoner in the very act of smoking."

Magistrate: What was he smoking?  
Witness: Herrings, your worship. (Loud laughter.)

Magistrate: Is this your idea of a joke, to drag a poor, innocent lad into the dock on a charge of smoking, and then to admit that he's smoked nothing more harmful than herrings?

Witness: He, he, he! We Jotland Yard officials have got a very keen sense of humour, your worship.

Magistrate (sternly): How dare you snigger at me, sir? You are a booby, sir—a nincompoop—a very defective detective! And your sense of humour will bring you to the gallows one of these days!

Foreman of the Jury (Mr. Frank Nugent): I find the prisoner not guilty, your worship—in fact, we had our verdict cut and dried before the proceedings began! (Laughter.)

Magistrate: Prisoner is discharged. Prisoner vaulted lightly out of the dock, and a sudden gust of wind blew him through the ventilator.

### REPORT IN BRIEF.

George Tubb was charged with driving his hoop in a manner dangerous to the public.

Magistrate: If you go on in this way, you'll be getting an attack of hooping-cough! (Laughter.)

Prisoner pleaded that his speed did not exceed two miles an hour, and that his hoop was fitted with front and rear lights. Nevertheless, he was sentenced to be put through the hoop!

## CHEERFUL CLARENCE AND FAT FRED, THE FAMO

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



1. Here are our two nimble old nuts just returning home after a hard day's work breaking cameras with their faces up at the Blittergraph studios; Cheerful Clarence carrying his folding pocket kinema apparatus. Suddenly they spotted a burglar up to a bit of no good on the merry old bank.



3. And that burglar gentleman chased our cheery chumps down nineteen streets and umpteen alleys until Clarence and Fred took a short cut and headed him off near the local rest home for able-bodied cops.



5. Next moment a noise like ma falling downstairs smote the shades of night, and a few hundred bricks took a sudden departure for the next street. "It's money for jam!" murmured Bill. "Ma allus said there'd be a good openin' in life for a smart lad like me!"

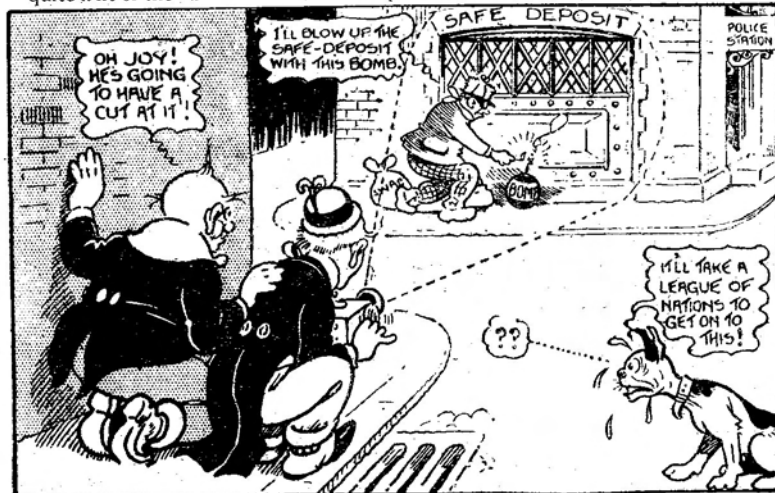
PROES OF THE BLITTERGR APH FILM COMPANY

s of these two gloom-dispellers! Introduce your chums to the noble lads!

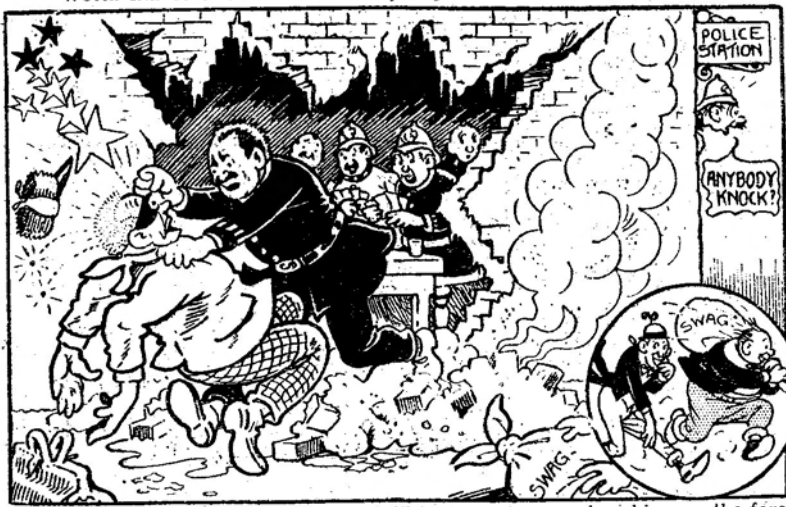


2. And Clarence straightway and thereupon projected a lifelike kinema picture of a bevy of cops on the opposite fence, as depicted in the above Academy reject.

"Tee-hee-hee!" smiled Fred; "that gave him quite a fit of the 'blues!" Then Bill spotted the wheeze and the wheezers!



4. But before the burglar came round the corner the Cheerful One got the merry old flickergraph to business. "Oh, joy!" burbled Bill, as he turned the corner. "Wotta chance o' earnin' a honest penny!"



6. But, alas, out stepped P.-c. 99. "I'll larn you to come knocking up the force, young feller-me-lad!" he howled; "just as I held a nap hand, too!" And while Bill was being taken indoors, our priceless pair borrowed his swag and made for the nearest fish supper emporium!

# My Weekly Interview

By the Special Representative of "The Greyfriars Herald."

This week: Miss PENELOPE PRIMROSE

**S**PRINGING smartly to attention in front of the editor's desk, I awaited his commands. The chief didn't look up for nearly half an hour, owing to the fact that he was perusing an "Ode to a Quivering Jellyfish," in three hundred and sixty-eight stanzas, by Alonzo Todd. When the great man at last caught sight of me, he said:

"I want you to go and interview Miss Primrose."

Of course, I was well aware who Miss Primrose was. She was the prim, precise, but charming old soul who ruled the roost at Cliff House. She was very fond of boys—when they were "clean, sober, and properly dressed," to use an Army phrase.

Accordingly, I attired myself in my Sunday best, and unearthed a brand-new "topper" from my rather limited wardrobe.

I looked as clean as a new pin, and as smart as a Bond Street swell, when I set out for Cliff House, and I was hoping that Miss Primrose would be so favourably impressed by my appearance that she would invite me to tea.

Alas for my hopes! I hadn't proceeded a hundred yards along the road, when a number of village urchins started pelting me with mud. I paused to remonstrate with them, and they pelted all the harder, so that I was obliged to take to my heels. I couldn't understand why they had made me a target for muddy missiles; neither could I understand why a party of Highcliffe fellows, who I met further along the road, also bombarded me with lumps of mud and other unsavoury things.

It wasn't till I reached the gateway of Cliff House, muddy and breathless, that I discovered the cause of these frontal attacks. Some asinine practical joker at Greyfriars had pinned a card to the back of my coat—a card which bore the inviting inscription:

"PLEASE THROW SOMETHING."

I was in an appalling state by this time—literally plastered with mud from head to foot. And I reluctantly decided that I could not see Miss Primrose!

But Miss Primrose saw me! She appeared in the gateway just as I was about to homeward plod my weary way.

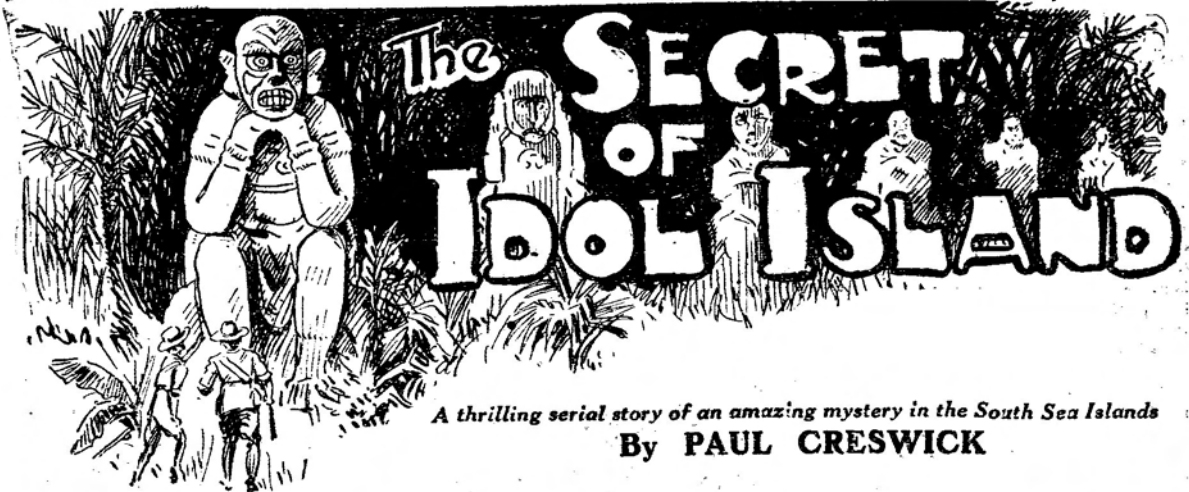
"Why—good gracious!—there is a disgusting tramp lurking in the vicinity of my school!" shrieked the terrified dame. "Go away—go away at once!"

"I—I—"  
"Go!" screamed Miss Primrose. "Remove your contaminating presence at once, or I will summon the police!"

I didn't stop to argue with the old dame. I went!

THE END.





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

By PAUL CRESWICK

#### At Handgrips!

**S**TRANGE that none of them could be quite sure as to where and when they had last seen the girl. The professor had been confident she was in the camp, while Curly was equally sure he had seen her with Dumhoff. Armstrong felt, vaguely, that he had seen her by the sunken arched exit from the pool.

He heard Dumhoff and Co. putting out to sea, and again a horrible doubt assailed him. Suppose Curly were right, and Cordelia was imprisoned in the submersible now panting across the surface to the open sea?

The boat was making a great noise with its propeller, as it swished past him. He could just distinguish its fish-like outlines as he crouched back against the rocky cliffs. He was at the entrance, on the narrowest part of the shelf, and the propeller seemed to hum as it moved.

Was it the propeller—that throbbing, beating far-off sound?

"It's the plane come back," he said to himself. "Coming back or going."

There was a decreasing note in the deep-toned vibrations. The submarine had passed the bar, and was cutting a silvery wash through the dark waters. The moon was rising early.

Jack Armstrong crept round the cliffs, hugging them closely, careful not to make a false step. There were all kinds of very unpleasant deaths in the sea, now lapping over the rocks so innocently below him.

Yard by yard he felt his way. The shelf ended, and he came to a small self-contained beach. There was no apparent means of escape from it. Behind him rose the beetling cliffs, a full five hundred feet high—in front was the treacherous sea. The beach was very wide in one place, and sandy. His foot slipped over a sunken rock, covered with green, slimy weed. Armstrong pitched forward, clutching vainly at the air, while the sound of the throbbing motor slowly died away.

He had the wind knocked fairly out of him. It was some seconds before he could pull himself together. His mouth was full of sand, his foot hurt him when he tried to get up.

But he could stand, and managed to limp back towards the shelf leading to the pool.

Suddenly he became aware that he was being watched—that keen eyes were intently trying to pierce the darkness. As he came stumblingly to the shelf, he was sure that someone moved away from it. Jack Armstrong felt for his pistol. He put out his other hand to find the edge of the shelf.

A form moved in the dim moonlight, tried to get away from him. He sprang upon it as he thrust the pistol back in his pocket, closed with it.

A short desperate struggle followed, then Armstrong found himself master of his life and very active opponent. His fingers encircled a throat.

With a gasping cry the other seemed to give in. Jack Armstrong loosened his grip. At once his captive clutched him anew, slid cleverly from under him; and, turning the tables completely, had a knife against his throat.

There came a hissing whisper:  
"Surrender, or I'll kill you!"

#### On the Warpath!

**J**ACK ARMSTRONG felt a cold chill run up and down his spine.

It was not a very pleasant experience for anyone to go through, especially on that cold and desolate half-lit beach. But, somehow, the feeling came to him that his antagonist was afraid, too. This thought set his wits working.

He made a guess at it.

"Is it you, Cordy?"

At once the tension was relieved.

#### 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 these Russians keep a sharp eye on the professor and company. Then, one evening, it is discovered that Cordelia is missing.

"Oh, Jack, what a fright you gave me!"

She threw away the knife, and got up hurriedly.

Armstrong couldn't help a chuckle. "I like that! It's you who gave me a fright. Where did you get that pretty little knife?" He had got to his feet, and his laugh changed to a groan. "My hat! I guess I've twisted my foot!"

Cordelia was all sympathy. She made him lean on her shoulder, after she had picked up the knife. They clambered on to the ledge, and returned slowly to the camp.

"I've made a new friend!" she told Armstrong. "It's the sea-plane man. He came down to the little beach, where you fell."

"Tell me, Cordy. We'll sit down a bit, I think. Your dad and Curly are sure to be back in a few minutes. They're searching for you, with the dog. You rather worried us, you know."

"Sorry! I thought you were all busy, and I heard the plane coming back. No one seemed to notice it—I suppose you were making too much row with your hammering. Anyway, I slipped round to the sea; found the beach, and saw the plane land. So I signalled, and went up to it."

"Lucky he didn't shoot you at sight!"

"He had his revolver ready. He's one of us, though, and didn't get the wind-up on my account." Cordelia laughed softly.

"There's a fast cruiser out beyond, patrolling these waters. Mr. Temple had to get back to her, as she has news from other places of our Bolshie friends. They're going to try for a world revolution, Jack. This island is to be the signalling place—when all is ready."

"Did Temple tell you so?"

"No, I've just grasped the fact. He says that the submersibles are as thick as flies. They're a lot bought from the Germans, which were supposed to be destroyed. They have bases all over the South Seas."

A sudden joyful barking told them that Fussy had spotted his mistress. The professor and Curly were close behind, and very much relieved to find Cordelia safe. She told them her story, and showed the knife which the young flyer had given her.

"He hopes to come back in a few

days, and help rout out this little nest of Bolshies. He rather thinks that Dumnoff is one of the bosses of the crowd. But he says it is all very difficult," Cordelia went on. "They are working most cleverly. India is the worst, he fears, as regards to sedition, but China is a dark horse."

"It would be pretty awful if all these millions went on the Bolshie ramp," said her father. "A yellow peril, indeed! Well, we must get what rest we can—there are strenuous times ahead of us. Palm Tree Hill is a bit of a problem. The lava flow is stopping, I'm sorry to say."

"Does that mean danger?" asked Armstrong.

The professor shrugged his shoulders.

"It's our safety valve—that's all."

They disposed themselves best way they could for the night. Cordelia had Fussy with her, and her father took Fidget, the cat. Armstrong and Curly sat whispering together for an hour, then fell asleep. The Bolshies gradually became quieter, and peace, of a sort, settled over the pool.

As the dawn grew near, Curly awoke. He had slept badly, and felt a great longing for a swim. The mosquitoes were especially bad in this part of the island, and he was bitten all over. He went down to the water's edge, and calculated the risks.

The temptation to bathe was too strong, and in a few moments he had plunged into the cool, gently splashing sea.

He kept near to the shore, and that part where the arched entrance to the pool was in sight. Here the water was shallow, and he had no fear of sharks. The other danger could scarcely enter the pool without giving warning. The Bolshies were sunk in a kind of drunken stupor, it seemed.

Curly enjoyed the dip immensely. He came out refreshed and restored, and dried himself in the early sunlight. It was a lovely morning, and the air was delightful even in this enclosed spot.

He was just moving away from the shore when he noticed movement by the seaweed-hung entrance. The overhanging weed was thrust aside by a hand of the same colour. Curly kept very still.

A Polynesian crept through into the pool without a sound. Another followed him, and yet another. They had their spears, and oblong war-shields attached to their arms.

Curly stood back where he might not be seen. At least twenty of the Polynesians came through, quietly as cats, and proceeded in single file towards the sleeping Russians.

#### A Choice of Evils!

IT was curious to watch these generally peaceable natives engaged in warlike business. It was scarcely believable. Something very extraordinary must have upset them.

That they were upset was plain; also their intent.

Curly was wondering whether he ought not to rouse the Russians to their danger but, even while he was considering the problem, the Polynesians settled it. With an ear-piercing cry they suddenly dashed

upon the sleeping Bolshies, and began spearing them where they lay.

At once horrible confusion began. The first thought of the Russians was evidently that their taskmasters—Meninski and Dumnoff—were punishing them for some error committed. Then they grasped the facts, and a battle royal ensued. Pistol shots rang out—men grappled with each other, fighting like wild beasts.

The braves of the island fought madly, although outnumbered. Not more than a score of them had ventured into this hornet's nest. Of these, eight were seen lying prone,

They picked up the cat and the dog, and commenced an inglorious retreat. Still, this was better than being shot down by the Bolshies, who were quite blind with rage.

The little party hustled themselves, and not a moment too soon. Some of the Russians had espied them, and were shouting furious orders.

Cordelia led the way, with Armstrong next. The four of them got to where the point of the shelf turned the headland, but Armstrong's feet was giving him fearful pain and trouble. He had to fall back.

"I'll cover the rear," he shouted, and turned to face the pursuing Russians.

There were six of them, and of these two were already half-minded to return to the great finish-off of the luckless natives, which was now in full swing. Hideous cries and yells rang out, while the shouting was at its worst. A veritable massacre of the Polynesian braves was taking place.

Armstrong felt that they had rather asked for it. He levelled his pistol at



Grasping their spears and war-shields, the Polynesians crept through the pool.

while six others seemed badly wounded. They had speared about ten of the Bolshies, but none had been killed outright.

Curly ran back to the camp, where his companions were standing in a condition of blank amazement.

"The natives have risen," called Curly, as he approached the camp. "We had better make off! There will be trouble!"

"Can we collar a submarine?" asked the professor.

But he saw that was impossible as he spoke. The Bolshies were too near. They were firing at random, and some of the shots came unpleasantly near.

"Make for the beach!" Armstrong ordered. "Hurry, all!"

the advancing Russians—fired point-blank at them. The leader stumbled and fell. Those behind him callously kicked him out of the way and dashed forward. Armstrong fired again, remembering that he had but one shot left. It was a beastly feeling.

But he had winged another of their foes, and he found Curly by his side, carrying the professor's long-handled pistol. The two faced their foes grimly. Curly aimed low and fired. A third enemy fell, and this decided the others. They went back to the easier killing of the Polynesians.

Armstrong and Curly rejoined the professor and his daughter, who were waiting for them on the beach beyond the point. The shooting and hideous



uproar was telling upon their nerves, and it was with a little sob of relief that Cordelia welcomed the two chums.

None of the party felt very lively. It is not good for anyone to get up too early in the morning, after such days as these adventurers had endured; while in the back of Armstrong's mind was the puzzle of their position, and the very curious fact of the natives having gone on the warpath. They were such essentially peaceable pastoral folk these Polynesians—something extraordinary must have stirred them up.

The professor was beginning to look rather a wild man—he was unkempt and his clothes were torn in many places. But he had held on somehow to his "store-house" belt, and had not broken his spectacles.

Jack Armstrong found his foot very troublesome. He had to sit down and let the others explore. Cordelia had the optimism to believe that there was a way out from the beach, and Curly Walker was gallant enough to believe it, too. The professor sat down by Armstrong and had a look at the aching foot. After taking off his companion's shoe he had a prescription at once.

"Let it soak in sea-water awhile, and then I'll bind it up for you."

"What about the Bolsheviks?"

"We must risk their coming after us. Personally, I think they've had enough."

The professor's advice was sound. Armstrong tried the remedy, letting the waves washed over his twisted ankle. The refreshing water eased the inflammation, and when the ankle had been thoroughly soaked, Professor Cordwell made a cold compress with Jack's handkerchief.

Curly and Cordelia returned at last, with rather serious faces. There was no apparent way out from the beach.

"It's all cliff and sea," said the girl. "There may be another beach round the next point, but that means swimming for it."

"No bon," said Curly.

Even then they had become aware of that faint musky scent, though not one of them would own it. Each tried to believe that it was just imagination. Musk is a scent like that—it hangs about in your memory, even after it has passed.

But it was not fancy now; for all that the sea was blue and calm and so innocent looking.

The professor began to fill his pipe, hoping that the smell of tobacco would drive away that other beastly scent.

All four of them were gazing at the sea, trying to hide the truth from themselves.

"We had better—take the other—risk," the professor continued slowly.

They began to move back toward the inland pool and the Russians.

But the stale, musky smell came strong, and stronger.

"Don't look back!" cried Armstrong, limping beside Cordelia. "Where's the dog?"

Fussy had gone up to the base of the cliffs and was sniffing round them. He gave a series of short barks. Instantly the professor threw off the lethargy.

"The old dog has found something."

He pulled hard at his pipe and blew the smoke out in clouds. It certainly seemed to deaden the other smell seemed to deaden the other smell.

They hustled up to Fussy, who was scratching the sand and barking tremendously. A little animal jumped out from behind one of the fallen rocks and went springing up the steep slope of the cliff.

"It's a goat!" called Curly. "One of the little kind which the natives breed."

Fussy went bounding after it, and the professor had to put the cat off his shoulder, where she had perched directly they had moved from the shore. Fidget was sure-footed enough for anything. She chased the goat valiantly and caught up to it.

"It's a pity we are not as clever as Fidget," said the professor.

"Can't we try?" asked Curly.

Jack Armstrong shook his head.

"You can. But my old foot's a back number."

"We'll haul you up somehow," the professor declared. "As a matter of fact, we have just got to get out of this!"

The sickly odour of musk was about them again.

#### Up Against the Submarine!

CORDELIA was the first to attempt the climb. She noted carefully the way the animals had chosen and managed to make headway. The cliff was broken hereabouts and there seemed to be some sort of "undercliff" above them. The others watched her anxiously—standing ready to catch her if she slipped. Fussy and Fidget had chased the island goat up to a kind of "run."

Little by little Cordelia made progress. The wind freshened, and the stupefying smell passed away. Immediately hope came back to all of them.

"The great thing is not to look," Armstrong said again. "I'm sure that's the fascination more than anything else."

Cordelia hauled herself a dozen feet higher.

"It's not so bad just here. I can manage it."

She slipped back a foot or so as she spoke, but contrived to right herself.

"Come on!" said Curly. "If Cordy can do it."

He was on his mettle, and made a bold rush at the steep break-away. The impetus of his attempt carried him along to Cordelia. The two stood together, considering their next step. They moved along on all fours like the animals. They passed out of sight.

"Get on with it, Jack," cried the professor. "I'll give you a push up it has to be done."

They managed to get a few yards up the break-away, then discovered an easier route, which the others had missed. Gradually they hauled and scratched and crawled up the seemingly impossible cliff. They came to a big break in the rock, giving them rest on a densely wooded undercliff. Curly and Cordelia called to them and, guided by their voices, the party found themselves reunited. They seated themselves on the mossy, crumbling rock, all feeling rather done for the moment.

Armstrong pointed out to sea.

"We can look now, I think."

There was the cause of their secret anxiety, far out in the blue waters, dead-looking, but malignant. It had lost the scent of them, or had taken up that of the Russians. It moved lumberingly towards the pool, feeling for the entrance, in a blind ferocity of hunger.

"It can't get enough food in these upper seas," said the professor. "What a foul thing it is; and, again, how impossible! Even seeing it, I can hardly believe it exists!"

"Look, here comes Dumnoff! Great snakes and sea serpents, there's going to be a fight!"

Curly was right. The flat platform and conning tower of a submarine appeared almost in the wake of the lumbering, prehistoric sea-beast.

It turned deliberately to meet the submarine, which seemed to float strikingly. But this was no usual prey. Even as the sightless monster sought to enfold the slim, grey boat in its coils, the submarine sank into the depths. The sea-beast disappeared after it.

"It can 'sense' anything most marvellously," said Armstrong, nursing his bandaged foot. "I'm glad there's a diversion in our favour. It would have got up here."

The professor didn't agree.

"It's not so much of a marvel when out of the sea. I rather fancy it can't breathe air; at least, not for long."

Those on board the submersible were eager to gain the safety of the pool. The watchers saw them cutting their way to the entrance.

Again the sea-beast appeared. The submarine gave no true scent, or none that it understood. The horrible smell of musk came with the wind. The thing was trying to "fascinate" the cold steel of the under-sea ship.

A terrible fight between the prehistoric sea-beast and the submarine was imminent!

Another long thrilling instalment of this great adventure tale will appear next week.

## MARY PICKFORD In Her Wedding Dress

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## GIRLS' CINEMA

OUT TO-DAY!

# 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. 3.—Team Tactics

**I**N a previous article I said something about the necessity for consultation between the players of a team before the match starts. But while one cannot lay too much stress on the necessity for thought about the plan of campaign, every team which hopes to win must be able to mould those tactics to suit particular conditions and particular opponents.

The game which pulls your side through against the Slocombe Wanderers will not necessarily succeed against the Muddleton Rovers. There is, for instance, that very elusive thing which we call football form to be taken into consideration.

Everybody who has played any game knows that there are occasions when he is in form and others when, for some unknown reason, he is "off." Now let us suppose that in the early stage of the game your outside-right shows that he is in particularly good form, or that he has up against him an opponent whom he can beat pretty well as he likes. Then the thing to do is to see that your outside-right gets an abundance of opportunities for beating his man.

The exact position applies, of course, if your outside-right takes it into his head to have a day when he is off form, and can do nothing right, then don't go on giving him the ball time after time. It is mere waste of effort.



The Wrong Way. You cannot control a spinning ball by kicking with the toe of the boot.

In the same way you must learn to adapt your tactics according to the ground conditions, for the same style of play won't do on a field which is about six inches deep in mud, as it will on a beautiful dry pitch.

Fancy football is useless on a muddy ground, and although I should be the



last person in the world to advise mere kick and rush methods, I am convinced that on a muddy pitch, and with a greasy ball, a straight-forward dashing game is the best from a match-winning standpoint.

With a slippery ball the full-backs are always inclined to make mistakes if you don't give them much time to make their clearances, so under treacherous conditions, the thing to do is for the forwards to hustle and bustle into the defenders all the time. Don't give them any peace. Make them clear in a hurry if they are to clear at all, and sometimes in their hurry they will miskick. Then your forwards are on the spot to take full advantage of the blunder.

As I myself am an inside forward who happened to get a fair number of goals last season, my readers may expect me to say something about how to improve their goal-getting record. Personally, I think the secret of success in goalscoring is to shoot hard and to shoot often.

The way I look at it is this: If you send in a dozen shots in the course of half an hour, you are much more likely to get one past the goalkeeper than if you only send in one shot. Don't wait for the chance which can't be missed.

If there is no forward to whom you can pass the ball with advantage, or if there is no way for you to dodge through, then try your luck with a pot-shot. The goalkeeper may not be expecting it, and being taken by surprise may let it go.

But in shooting, whatever else you do, learn not to give the ball too much of your toe. Keep the toe well down and shoot as far as possible with the instep, for thus you have a much better chance of guiding the direction of the ball simply because you cover more of the surface of it.

If you try to take a spinning ball on your toe it will fly here or there or anywhere except between the posts, but

by applying the instep, or sometimes even the inside of your boot, you automatically take off a lot of the spin and your shot is much more likely to find the desired haven.

One more word, although I have said shoot hard, I don't mean to suggest that it is necessary to try to break the back of the net with every shot. To the forward there come occasions when he can safely take aim deliberately, and when a well-placed slow shot will be just as effective as a cannon-ball drive, and is, of course, less likely to go wide of the mark.

Always try, too, to deceive the goalkeeper as to where you intend to put the ball. A glance to the left and a shot to the right will often get the man between the posts moving in the wrong direction to make a good save.

In regard to this matter of goalscoring there is just one other golden rule: Don't be selfish. Remember that football is a game for a team, and that it doesn't matter who gets the goals so long as they are obtained.



The Right Way. By shooting with your instep you will take a lot of the spin off the ball and direct its flight better.

I shall now resign my pen to my good friend, Joe McCall, the captain of Preston North End, who next week will start giving you valuable tips about the all-important half-back game.

*F. Morris*

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





# The Luck of the Estors

Our magnificent racing serial specially written by

**MAJOR CHERRY**

## The Raid!

**H**ALF an hour later Danny Wade had written out the salient points of his confession and had appended his signature to it. Lord Estor carefully placed the document in his pocket and then he said:

"At what address in Paris are Groat and the other members of the gang staying?"

"I don't know where any of 'em are living," returned Wade; "but the whole crew will be collected in a room at the Estaminet du Cheval Noir at ten o'clock to-night; they expect to meet me there."

"Ah! And now," said the Owner, "you are at liberty to return to your apartments, Wade. In consideration of the fact that you have made what I believe to be a full confession, I shall re-consider your case, though you may not buoy yourself up with the hope of obtaining any extreme leniency. Needless to say you shall never wear my colours again."

"But the Grand National, sir!" began Barney in consternation.

"Not even in the Grand National!" said Lord Estor. "Dick Selby shall ride in his place!"

With a choking sob Danny Wade staggered out of the room.

Relieved from the strained situation, Barney, Tony, Dick, and the girl all began to speak at once, but Lord Estor held up his hand.

"Listen to me," he said, "with this confession"—he tapped his pocket—"and in the light of the events which have occurred during the last few months, I feel justified in immediately endeavouring to place Groat and the others under lock and key, and thus keep them from further mischief. Sir Digby we can deal with later. Dorothy, you will remain here. Barney and you two boys may accompany me. We will make a report at the nearest police-station and then go on to the Estaminet du Cheval Noir to round up the gang!"

It was not without protest that Dorothy consented to stay behind, but Lord Estor was firm, and she was compelled to bow to his wishes.

Barney Bulfin followed the Owner from the hotel, shaking his head doubtfully; but Tony and Dick brought up the rear, their eyes sparkling at the prospect of laying the gang of Turf rogues by the heels at last.

They drove out to the district, in

which the Estaminet du Cheval Noir was situated, in a fiacre, and stopping at the chief police station, they entered and Lord Estor explained the situation to the commissary of police.

The official twirled the end of his waxed moustache while he listened in silence, and then he requested to see the confession Wade had written out. Having read this through carefully, he pointed out the advantage of waiting until the gang returned to British soil before making the arrest, thus saving the expense and trouble of extradition proceedings. But, in view of the fact that the Grand National Steeplechase was to take place in three days' time, Lord Estor was determined to take no chances of Jerry Groat or any of his underlings stealing another march on him, and he insisted that the gang should be taken in charge at once.

With a shrug of his shoulders, the commissary agreed to send half a dozen of his sergent-de-ville to meet the Owner at the estaminet, and he immediately issued orders for the six policemen to be there, in plain clothes, promptly at ten p.m.

A few minutes before the time agreed, Lord Estor led his party to the Estaminet du Cheval Noir, where the gang were to hold their meeting. Outside the place hovered two or three loungers, one of whom slouched up to the sportsman peer. This man, it turned out, was in charge of the plain-clothes police who had been sent by

the commissary, and he rapidly explained in French that Jerry Groat and the other members of the gang had been seen to enter the estaminet, and the arrangements that had been made for the capture of the scoundrels.

The plan was simplicity itself, merely consisting of three of the policemen entering the estaminet together with Lord Estor and his party, while the other three guarded the back of the building, which afforded the only means of exit from the place save by the front door.

The clock of a near-by church was tolling the hour of ten when the plan was put into execution. Followed by two of his subordinates and the Estor party, the police officer in charge stepped inside the Estaminet du Cheval Noir and astonished the proprietor by a curt demand to be conducted to the room reserved for the party of Englishmen, who had been seen to enter the place a few minutes earlier.

Horribly scared and vehemently protesting that the only habitués of his premises were respectable customers, the man led them to a room on the ground floor behind the cafe proper.

Arriving outside the apartment, the police officer rapped sharply at the door, and a gruff voice immediately responded by a curt "Come in" in English. Next moment the policeman threw open the door and stepped inside, while the rest of the raiding-party closed up quickly behind him.

A startled exclamation left four throats, as Jerry Groat and his accomplices saw a party of strangers crowding into the room instead of the dapper, familiar form of Danny Wade, they had been expecting.

Andy Finch was standing holding a bottle of vin ordinaire, which he had been about to pour out for the bookmaker, Bill Symes and Jim Furby who were sitting round the table near him. The police officer made a brief statement in French, and drew from his pocket a warrant for arrest. Neither the bookmaker nor his underlings understood a word of the remark addressed to them; but either the sight of the folded official-looking document or the appearance of Lord Estor and his employees, suddenly seemed to awaken a sense of danger in each.

## 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. After a steeplechase, held near Paris, Tony also proves that Danny Wade has been in league with the gang, and the jockey confesses all.

Andy Finch half raised the bottle of wine as though to hurl it at the intruders; but, as Barney Bulfin shouted a cry of warning, he changed his mind and threw it full at the large oil-lamp which was standing in the middle of the table. There was a crash of glass, a loud explosion, and the next moment flaming oil was pouring over the table and the wooden floor.

"Beat it—quick, boys!"

Andy Finch made a dive for the half-open window on the far side of the room while Groat and Furby hastily followed him. Two of the police officers dashed round the table to prevent their escape, but the ruffian, Simes, picked up a chair and sent it crashing against the first Frenchman, knocking him flying against his companion. Then he followed Finch and the others through the window.

After that all was confusion in the room. The proprietor got in the way of everyone in his frantic efforts to stem the flames; one of the police dashed madly out of the door, sending Tony and Dick reeling in his anxiety to send in a fire alarm; while the leader of the raiding-party, Lord Estor, and Barney went to the assistance of the police officer who had been hit by the chair, and whose clothes had caught fire through coming into contact with the burning table.

"Anyway, I expect those three policeman at the back of the estaminet will have collared the scoundrels," said Lord Estor to Barney Bulfin, after the whole party had got outside the building safely at last.

But in that surmise he was wrong. The policemen outside had tackled Groat and his ruffians; but, after a brief, but vicious fight, the rogues of the Turf had got clean away. Meanwhile, the fire engines arrived, and the conflagration at the Estaminet du Cheval Noir was extinguished.

**The Last Fling of the Gang!**

It had been the intention of Lord Estor and Barney to leave Paris for England on the following morning, but most of the next day was taken up by an official inquiry into the circumstances relating to the escape of Groat's gang; and the fire at the estaminet. However, towards evening, the sportsman peer was able to take his departure with Dorothy and his trainer, leaving to the French police the task of rounding up the notorious bookie and his associates.

Later that night the Estor string of racehorses might have been seen filing through the streets of the French capital on their way to the railway siding. Each thoroughbred was led by a stable-boy; but Buckshot, the crack steeplechaser upon whom the Estor hopes in the Grand National were centred, were attended by two of the lads, Dick Selby and Tony. Perkins was in charge of the whole party.

In view of the fact that the gang was still at large, and that the safety of Buckshot meant so much to him, Lord Estor had arranged for a couple of French detectives to accompany the horses as far as Boulogne, in addition to his own employees, to make sure

that the thoroughbreds embarked on the cross-Channel steamer without mishap.

The route to the railway siding taken by Perkins was through well-lighted streets, and although the walk was very unpleasant in the drizzling rain that was falling, nothing suspicious occurred to reveal that Jerry Groat and his cronies were near-by to attempt foul play of any sort. Tony and Dick, though, were well on the alert ready to meet any emergency.

Keeping close to the kerb, the Estor horses filed over one of the bridges that spanned the Seine, and were just turning round by a statue at the corner of a boulevard that ran parallel with the river, when a loud cry of warning from a stable-boy in the rear caused the rest of the hands to look round sharply in alarm.

A taxi, driven by a man who apparently was the worse for liquor, came

through the open window and clutched his throat.

The taxi swung to the middle of the boulevard at an increased pace, bearing with it Tony who then was unable to alight.

The hands at Tony's throat belonged to Bill Simes, and the burly ruffian seemed to be endeavouring to draw the boy into the taxi. Not being able to accomplish the task himself he called upon Jerry Groat, who was sitting inside with Jim Furby, to assist in the operation. Between them, Simes and the bookie accomplished the task, and Tony was drawn struggling into the vehicle. The boy attempted to shout; but in a few seconds he was securely gagged with an evil-tasting tobacco pouch and a couple of handkerchiefs.

Then, while Tony glared in helpless rage, held firmly on either side by Simes and Furby, Jerry Groat leaned back in his seat, panting heavily, yet



The colt jumped sideways from the car, crashing heavily against the base of the statue.

swerving round the corner proceeding in the same direction as the racehorses. Buckshot, the Estor crack, was in the middle of the file, and as the taxi spun round the corner perilously shaving the horses, it seemed suddenly to lunge right at the steeplechaser.

"Great Scott!"

Dick Selby, who held the halter, kept on to the curb, hauling the colt's head sharply round. But the horse had sensed the peril even before the boy, and he jumped sideways from the oncoming car, banging his haunch heavily against the base of the stone statue.

The driver of the taxi gave a snort of rage as he missed the colt by inches, and, at the same moment, Tony, who had been slightly in advance of Dick, recognise the fellow as none other than Andy Finch.

Giving a shrill shout to alarm one of the French detectives who was a few yards ahead, the boy, with a sudden impulse grabbed at the door of the fast moving cab. As he did so two strong arms flung themselves

wearing a malicious grin on his coarse features.

"Well," said the rascally bookmaker, when he had recovered his breath somewhat, "even if that blundering idiot, Andy Finch, did make a mess o' things, we've got this stable-brat at last. There's time yet to deal with his lordship's Grand National candidate."

Beyond occasionally hurling some abusive epithets at the lad, the rogues confined their remarks entirely to each other. Tony sat silently hoping that the taxi was being followed and that it would be stopped before long; but the vehicle whirled swiftly through the streets unchallenged, and with each passing minute, the boy's hope of rescue grew fainter. Glancing through the window he could discern yellow lights reflected on the dark waters of the river, and he saw, moreover, that Andy Finch was driving the vehicle through one of the lowest waterside quarters of Paris, a part where Apaches and other criminal types foregathered.

At last the taxi drew to a stand-



still, Andy Finch alighted and opened one of the doors, and then the four rogues lifted Tony bodily from the car and carried him into a dark forbidding-looking building. In a bare room at the back of this, some old strips of rope were secured, his hands and feet firmly tied together, and then he was thrown heavily into a corner. Without another word, the gang trooped out of the room, and banged and locked the door behind them. A couple of minutes later Tony heard the engine of the taxi started, and the vehicle whir rapidly away.

How many hours the boy lay bound in the room he had no idea. It was impossible for him to release himself, though the fear that the gang had left him there to die of starvation caused him to exert superhuman efforts. But in spite of the discomfort of his bonds and the gag, he managed to snatch some sleep at intervals.

At last he heard footsteps on the wooden flooring outside the room, the door was unlocked and opened, and Jerry Groat, Andy Finch and the two other ruffians entered.

It was Andy Finch who seemed to have taken complete command of the gang temporarily, and he threw a large weighted sack on the floor at Tony's feet and gave a sharp order, though his intentions were only too apparent.

At once the two ruffians, Simes and Furby, clutched the helpless prisoner and forced him, feet first, into the weighted sack. Groat stood by pale and trembling. The two scoundrels, assisted by Finch, raised their burden on to the window ledge of the room; and, helpless in the face of a terrible death, Tony could only see to where the yellow lights of the Paris streets glimmered across the black waters of the river which swirled below.

Finch tried to peer out to see if all was clear, but Tony's body prevented him from obtaining view, and with an impatient exclamation, the villain thrust the lad into the depths below.

Tony felt himself falling like a stone, and the swift thought of the dark waters closing for ever over his head caused him to give vent to a muffled gasp. Next moment his body descended with a thud—not into the water, but upon a load of yielding sand which formed the cargo of a small scow which was drifting down the river. Tony, as he lay bruised and half stunned, heard a howl of rage from Finch at the window above, and a surprised exclamation from the Frenchman who was steering the scow at the sudden addition to his boat-load.

Less than an hour later, Tony had set the police on the trail of Groat's gang, and was seated in dry clothes having dinner at a well-known hotel with his great chum, Dick Selby, whom he had learnt had been left in Paris in charge of Buckshot, that unfortunate colt having had to undergo treatment at the hands of the vet.

The two boys had plenty to talk about, but little to congratulate themselves over. With Buckshot crooked and Tony, the one person in the world who understood The Rocking Horse—the only other Estor Grand National

candidate—delayed in Paris, the luck of the Estors seem to be out, indeed.

Suddenly, Tony saw a faint ray of hope.

"Have you any money, Dick?"

"Yes, the Owner wired me fifty pounds for expenses for taking the colt across the Channel when he's fit to travel."

"Good!" exclaimed Tony. "You must lend me twenty quids, Dick. I'm going to fly to Aintree. The Rocking Horse may not be as fast as Buckshot, but he can keep his legs, and strange things happen to the best of horses at the big jumps on the gruelling Aintree course."

#### The Grand National!

IT was the only chance and Dick saw it. No time was lost in arranging for an aeroplane belonging to one of the French passenger-carrying air companies to take the young jockey to Liverpool, but nothing could be done until the following morning, the day of the big race.

Then Tony set off for his flight from France to England determined to ride the dapple-grey colt he had trained so patiently, and, if possible, retrieve the fortunes of the grand old sportsman, Lord Estor, by taking the violet-and-white first past the winning-post.

The astonishment of Lord Estor, Dorothy and Barney Bulfin when the boy arrived at Liverpool two hours before the big race can better be imagined than described. Although no one fancied the chance of The Rocking Horse, yet the advent of the plucky youngster put fresh heart into all connected with the stable.

Meanwhile, thousands of people wended their way to the Aintree race-course to witness that steeplechase which is unique in the annals of racing—the Grand National, for a purse of four thousand pounds over a course of four and a half miles in length plastered with no less than thirty-two severe obstacles.

On this occasion, twenty-five runners lined up before the grandstand for the start, and among them was the bizarre-looking Rocking Horse with Tony Draycott up. Save as an object for ribald jests few of the spectators thronging the course gave the colt a thought; but, unknown to all save a few intimates, Lord Estor had placed the whole of his remaining ready resources on his colt at the long price of a hundred-to-one against.

Amid breathless excitement the tapes flew up.

"They're off!"

There was considerable crowding amongst the runners, but the Estor colt got well away with the others. Then came the first jump, a fence four feet seven inches in height with a guard-rail in front, but without exception the horses got over the obstacle.

It was at "Becher's Brook," a terrible jump five feet three inches high with a ditch six and a half feet in width on the far side where several of the chasers came to grief, two or three of the favourites, coming down among the others.

Before half the course had been completed the onlookers were astounded by the spectacle of the despised Estor outsider holding one of the most favourable positions in the race close at the heels of one of the most fancied cracks. The wind rustled and whistled through the silk of Tony's violet-and-white jacket, and almost took his breath away as he strove to overtake the leader.

For a time the position was unchanged, then nearer and nearer drew the winning-post, and the last jump came into view. All the horses were feeling the strain of the gruelling race, but Tony whispered a word into the ear of his mount, and The Rocking Horse leaped over the big hurdle like a swallow in flight. At the same moment, the leader who had jibbed and lost his stride, struck the obstacle with his steel-shod hoofs and came crashing to the turf, sending his jockey spinning along the ground.

What happened afterwards, Tony had but the vaguest idea. In a dazed kind of way he saw the grandstands, the judges' box, and a white post surmounted on a red disc flash by, and then he heard pandemonium break loose. Then, as though waking from a dream, the realisation of it all burst upon him. The seemingly impossible had happened—he had ridden the despised dapple grey Estor colt to victory in the Grand National Steeplechase!

Lord Estor and Dorothy could scarcely believe the evidence of their own eyes. It all seemed too good to be true after the anxiety of the past few weeks. But Sir Digby Garston realised the position and his own danger as well. That night he left hurriedly for the Continent, there to make a lengthy stay. Quite a sensation was created in racing circles by the sudden departure of Danny Wade for India, but Lord Estor received the news with considerable more relief than regret.

On the following day, word was received that Jerry Groat and his gang had been arrested in Paris on a charge of having stolen a taxi-cab while the driver was in an estaminet, and, as all the rogues received very substantial sentences to be served in a French prison, Lord Estor took no further proceedings against them. Ginger Hales, the racecourse tout, disappeared entirely, whither no one knew.

With Tony's magnificent success in the Grand National, the luck of the Estors experienced an extraordinary change for the better. Both Tony and Dick blossomed into successful jockeys, but how, sometime afterwards, their master, the grand old sportsman peer, realised his great ambition by winning that great classic of the British Turf, the Derby, forms another and even more remarkable story.

THE END.

Please order your "Greyfriars Herald" to make sure of obtaining a copy next Tuesday when the first chapters of W. Murray Graydon's great detective tale, "The Mystery of the Midnight Mail," will appear.—Editor.

# THE TRUNK MYSTERY!

Our Great New Series dealing with  
the Amazing Adventures of

**HERLOCK SHOLMES**  
DETECTIVE

Written by

**PETER TODD**

I.

"MY dear Jotson, we must start at once," said Herlock Sholmes, as I came down one morning into our sitting-room at Shaker Street.

I glanced towards the breakfast-table.

"My dear Sholmes, I have not yet—"

"We have to call upon Colonel Collywobble without the delay of a moment," explained Sholmes.

"But my breakfast—"

"You know my efficient methods, Jotson. In order to save time I have eaten your breakfast as well as my own. There is, therefore, nothing to delay us. Come!"

With a gentle pressure of his boot to my coat-tails, my amazing friend assisted me from the room.

As we walked down Shaker Street, Herlock Sholmes gave me some details of the strange case that was now claiming his attention.

"A trunk has been purloined from the colonel's house, Jotson. So much he has told me over the telephone. He has, of course, been to the police. They have several trunk mysteries on hand, and have kindly added this one to the list. That is very obliging of them, of course; but does not materially assist the colonel, who is anxious to recover his property. He has, naturally, called me in. It appears that the colonel has recently returned from India, and the trunk had not yet been unpacked. It was taken away yesterday in broad daylight. Yet no one seems to have witnessed the theft."

"A curious case, Sholmes," I remarked.

"Very curious," assented Herlock Sholmes; and my friend remained plunged in deep thought until we arrived at the residence of Colonel Collywobble.

We were shown at once into the colonel's presence.

We found him in a state of great agitation.

"Herlock Sholmes?" he exclaimed, as my amazing friend entered.

"The same," answered Sholmes.

"This is my friend, Dr. Jotson, before whom you may speak quite freely. Kindly give me a few details. A trunk has been purloined—"

"Exactly!"

"It contained valuables?"

"All my most precious possessions," gasped the colonel. "My medals—my ribbons—my Orders—the sword of honour presented to me at the relief of Jazypore—the great diamond I received from the Nabob of Spoofembad—my collection of Hindu antiquities,

among the finest ever manufactured at Birmingham—and a considerable sum in cash—"

"Where was the trunk at the time?"

"In the hall, sir, it had not yet been unpacked!"

"And when?"

"Yesterday afternoon in broad daylight."

"You suspected no one?"

The colonel shook his head.

"A very interesting case," said Herlock Sholmes, rubbing his hands.

"No one observed the trunk being taken away?"

"That is the most surprising circumstance, Mr. Sholmes. The trunk was removed in the daylight, yet though there were dozens of people in the street, it was not noticed. It was too heavy for any man to carry—some vehicle must have been used. Yet no one saw the removal."

Sholmes wrinkled his brows.

"It must have been seen, if there were dozens of people in the street," he suggested gently. "It was not, however, observed. The thief must have



Sholmes snapped the handcuffs on the wrists of the astonished Hindu.

used some very cunning method of transport, to throw dust in the eyes of the spectators."

"No doubt, if you can discover—"

"I will do my best," said Herlock Sholmes modestly. "Allow me to ask you a question or two. Is there, to your knowledge, any native of India residing in the vicinity?"

The colonel stared.

"I do not understand."

"My dear colonel, a gentleman who has held a high military command in India is not expected to understand. But answer the question."

"There is an Indian merchant who keeps a bric-a-brac shop in the next street," snapped the colonel. "He has been here on business. But this man, Mr. Bhump Khlump-Whallop, could not have taken the trunk."

"Good-morning, colonel!"

We left the house.

"My dear Sholmes," I murmured, as we turned into the next street. "Where are we going?"

"To call upon Bhump Khlump Whallop, my dear Jotson."

"For what purpose?"

"To ascertain whether, when he came to this country, he brought any animal from his native land with him as a pet."

"Sholmes!"

"Such an animal, for example, as an elephant," said Sholmes.

"An elephant?" I gasped.

"But here we are!" added Sholmes, as we entered a dusky little shop, filled with Oriental antiquities some of which had probably come from the Orient. "Ah! Good-morning, Mr. Whallop!"

A dusky Hindu came to serve us.

"I am not a customer," said Sholmes, with a smile. "I have simply called to inform you that your elephant has strayed, Mr. Whallop!"

The Hindu uttered an exclamation of alarm.

He rushed out of the shop, greatly agitated, Herlock Sholmes slightly moved his left eyelid.

In a few minutes Bhump Khlump Whallop rushed in again, angry and excited.

"It is false," he exclaimed, "my elephant has not strayed!"

Sholmes nodded.

"Precisely," he said "I merely desired, my dear fellow, to ascertain in the simplest possible way whether you possessed an elephant. Simply one of my well-known master-strokes of diplomacy, Mr. Whallop. Now I will trouble you for your wrists. I have a pair of handcuffs here which, I think, will fit you nicely."

"Sholmes!" I exclaimed.

But my amazing friend only smiled his inscrutable smile, as he snapped the handcuffs on the wrists of the astonished Hindu.

II.

"HOW—" I gasped when we were back in our rooms at Shaker Street, after the police had taken charge of Bhump Khlump Whallop, and the stolen trunk had been recovered from the Hindoo's premises.

"To an intellect like mine, my dear Jotson," said Sholmes, "the case was clear from the start. The trunk had been taken away, in a crowded street, without anyone being the wiser. Had it been taken on a motor-car, a handbarrow, or a lorry, somebody would certainly have observed the removal."

"True, but—"

"Therefore, I deduced an elephant," explained Sholmes, with his slightly bored smile. "A trunk upon a car, a cab, or a lorry would have been observed, but no one noticed anything unusual in seeing a trunk upon an elephant. It was a cunning device, Jotson, but our dusky friend has learned, by this time, that there is at least one man in London sharper than himself."

"Only one, Sholmes!" I exclaimed, with conviction.

And Herlock Sholmes smiled assent.

THE END.

Don't miss next week's laughable adventure entitled: "The Disappearance of Dr. Jotson!"





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

#### A Nasty Knock!

The stranger entered "The Cow and Railway Engine" and ordered a drink. To pay for it he laid a pound note on the bar, whereupon a monkey, sitting on the counter, promptly snatched it up and swallowed it. In his rage, the man kicked the monkey flying across the room, and the barmaid, hearing of the incident, replaced the fellow's money out of the till.

By a strange chance, at the next hostelry, the man visited there was also a monkey sitting on the counter. Here he ordered a drink, and while the barman was drawing it, the man knocked the monkey flying off the counter as before. Asked the reason for his action, he explained that the monkey had snatched up a pound note belonging to him and had swallowed it.

"Oh, indeed," said the barman grimly. "Well, perhaps you'll be interested to know that monkey has been stuffed this last fourteen years."—Sent in by G. Holmes, 36, Dalmain Road, Forest Hill, London, S.E.23.

#### Easily Explained!

Tommy, (under orders for Ireland): I'd like to buy that little dog as a mascot.

Merchant: Nothin' doin'.

Officer (stationed in barracks): Well, will you let me purchase your dog?

Merchant: Where would you take him?

Officer: To London.

Merchant: All right, you can buy him.

Tommy (after the officer had departed with his purchase): Well, that's a rotten trick! Why did you sell the dog to the officer instead of me?

Merchant: Well, you see, my dog knows his way back from London; but he can't swim the Irish Sea!—Sent in by A. Rowe, 29, Nile Road, Gillingham, Kent.

#### He Kept It!

Uncle: See here, Jack, if I give ye some money to spend in London, ye won't throw it away on music-halls, gambling, an' drinkin' champagne, will ye now?

Nephew: No, I won't, uncle.

Uncle: Then here's half-a-crown, an' mind you keep your word!—Sent in by O. Hulme, 235, Kingston Road, Merton Park, S.W.19.

## OUR TUCK-HAMPER PRIZE STORYETTE

### BOOT-IFUL ORNAMENTS!

With great patience the Form-master had spent about half an hour trying to teach the dull class of juniors how to pronounce correctly the word "vase." Then he dismissed the boys, expressing the hope that they would remember his teaching by the following day.

Next day, however, none of the lads could recollect even the word he had taken so much pains to instill in their heads.

"Come, Jones," he said impatiently to one boy; "what do you see on your mantelpiece at home?"

Swift as thought then came the reply:

"Father's feet, sir!"—Sent in by L. Mead, Salesian School, Surrey Lane, Battersea, S.W., to whom a hamper crammed full of delicious tuck has been despatched.

### A Black Outlook!

The kind lady met a little boy in the street, who, it was quite evident, had been fighting, for he was adorned with a beautiful black eye.

"My dear little man," said the lady, "I'm afraid you've been indulging in a fistic encounter. I'm sorry to see—"

"Never you mind about me, mum," interrupted the young pugilist, "you go home and be sorry for your own little boy. He's got two black eyes!"—Sent in by G. Tristram, 174, Oswald Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.

### Very Obliging!

The country yokel paused open-mouthed in front of the fire-station.

"D'ye have many fires in this town?" he asked.

"Pretty often," replied one of the firemen.

"Ever try to see how quick you can turn out?" said the inquirer.

Just then the alarm-bell sounded, and in a jiffy the men rushed to their posts, the doors flew open, and the horses were prancing down the street.

"By gum!" exclaimed the yokel. "There ain't many fellows who'd take all that trouble to show a chap what they can do!"—Sent in by J. Silkstone, 34, Waterloo Street, Derby.

### Just in Case!

Skimpole: Now, cabman, I wish you to be extremely careful. When you come to a crossing you must wait until the police allow you to proceed, and if the streets are slippery you must drive very slowly.

Cabby: Very good, sir, an' in case of a accident, which hospital would you like to be took to?—Sent in by Ronald Higgs, 23, Kenninghall Road, Clapton Park, E.5.

### No Waste!

A young lady friend of Bolsover had arrived at Greyfriars, and so Percy took her down to Pegg Bay, where some of the other Removites had gone on a fishing expedition.

Standing on the beach they were watching the juniors operating from a number of small boats, when the girl demanded:

"What are all those birds flying round those boats for?"

"The fellows have taken sandwiches and other tuck along with them," explained Bolsover, "and the birds are waiting to pick up any waste food thrown overboard."

"Yes, but there's a small green boat with no birds anywhere near."

"H'm!" snorted Bolsover, "they know it's no blessed use. That's Bunter's boat!"—Sent in by Miss K. Goodwin, 58, Bute Street, Treherbert, Rhondda.

### A Good Tip!

First Sportsman: Do you know, Bill, I saw the closest race I've ever seen the other day!

Second Sportsman: Indeed! Describe it old fellow.

First Sportsman: Well, in the Dishem Stakes the colts, Wotta Spoo and Done Again were racing neck and neck. Then, my boy, just as they drew level with the winning post, Wotta Spoo put out his tongue and won!—Sent in by A. Reader, "Mystole," Cowper Road, Harpenden, Herts.

### Must Wait and See!

An Irishman charged with assault was hauled up before the magistrate, who sternly asked him if he pleaded guilty or not guilty.

"Be jabbers! How can Oi be sorr?" snorted Pat indignantly. "Oi haven't heard the evidence yet!"—Sent in by C. W. Smith, 153, Beresford Street, Camberwell, S.E.5.