

FOOTBALL HINTS BY JOE McCALL IN THIS NUMBER !

The Greyfriars

Herald



No. 53 (New Series)


PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

Oct. 30, 1920.




"MAD DOG!" At the moment Monty took the penalty kick, the goalie turned to meet the dog, and the ball crashed against the upright! *See our great football tale inside.*


The Staff




HARRY WHARTON
EDITOR
The Greyfriars Herald




FRANK NUGENT
Sub-Editor




TOM BROWN
Special Representative




VERNON SMITH
Sports Editor



LORD MAULEVERER
Fashion Editor



MARK LINLEY
Sub-Editor



BOB CHERRY
Fighting Editor

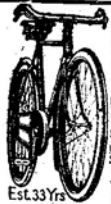
Editorial

By Harry Wharton.

My Dear Chums,—Do you realise that with this issue THE GREYFRIARS HERALD enters on its second year? The HERALD in a different form was issued at a ha'penny during the War, but owing to the great paper shortage, its publication had to be temporarily suspended. However, on November 1st, 1919, it blossomed forth again as a three-ha'penny journal, to be eagerly welcomed by many scores of thousands of boys and girls the world over.

To-day the circulation of THE GREYFRIARS HERALD is greater than it has ever been before, and, as a Wigan reader writes: "The reason more and more fellows read your paper, Harry, is because it gets better and better!"

At any rate, I'll stand Billy Bunter, Samuel Tuckless Bunter, and Bessie Bunter a feed in the Greyfriars tuckshop if any of my readers fail to like out new detective serial, and the splendid articles on "How to Improve Your Footer,"—which are written by some of the leading footballers of the day. Ever your cheery pal, HARRY.



FACTORY TO RIDER

Packed Free. Carriage Paid. *Fifteen Days' Free Trial.*
LOWEST CASH PRICES. EASY PAYMENT TERMS.
 Prompt delivery. Save Dealers' Profits. Big Bargains in Shop Soiled and Second-hand Cycles. Satisfaction guaranteed or Money Refunded. Write for Monster Size **Free Lists** and *Special Offer* of Sample Bicycle.
MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, Incorp'd.
 Dept. B607, BIRMINGHAM.

GREAT MUSICAL DISCOVERY

A BRITISH INVENTION.



GHELLA-PHONE
 PAT 112363
 Range 31 Octaves.

A Pocket Instrument that plays in all keys as perfectly as a violin without the laborious study of scales. The only British-made Pocket instrument on the market. Post free, with full instructions, 1/9. Better quality, 2/9. from R. FIELD (Dent 15 HALF AVENUE, HUDDERSFIELD.

WATCH YOURSELF GROW

by using the Girvan System. Mr. Briggs reports 5 ins. increase; Driver B.P., 3 ins.; Mr. Ketley, 4 ins.; Seaman Mosedale, 3 ins. This system greatly improves the health, physique and carriage. No drugs; no appliances. Only ten minutes, morning and evening. Recommended by doctors. Patronised by Army and Navy. Send 3d. stamps for further particulars and £100 Guarantee, to the GIRVAN SYSTEM, DEPT. B.M.P., 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N 4



LEARN TO SHOOT 719



THE "RANGER" AIR RIFLE

A RIFLE—NOT A TOY

ACCURATE—DEPENDABLE

Teaches steadiness, reliability concentration, and sureness of eye. Latest pattern, with patent spring operating mechanism. Polished steel barrel, bright nickel, solid hardwood butt. Two splendid, accurate sights. Shoots rabbits, etc., at long range. No permit required. Illustrated lists post free. Send P.O. 7/6 and 9d. towards postage to GRAHAM & CO., 553, CALEDONIAN ROAD, LONDON, N.7.

CUT THIS OUT!

"Greyfriars Herald" **PEN COUPON.** Value 2d.
 Send this coupon with P.O. for only 5/- direct to the Fleet Pen Co., 119, Fleet St., London, E.C.4. In return you will receive (post free) a splendid British Made 14-ct. Gold Nibbed Fleet Fountain Pen, value 10/6. If you save 12 further coupons each will count as 2d. off the price; so you may send 13 coupons, and only 3/-. Say whether you want a fine, medium, or GREYFRIARS HERALD readers. (Foreign postage extra.) Satisfaction guaranteed or cash returned.
 Self-Filling, or Safety Models, 2/- extra.

GET CAT. NOW

FREE New Big Bargains Catalogue Post Free. Big Bargains in Lady's & Gent's Watches, Alarm and Striking Clocks, Jewellery, Useful Goods, Novelties, Toys, Xmas Cards, Etc. Lady's & Gent's Watches, Oxydised 10/- Nickel, 12/6. Hair-Clippers, 10/-; Alarm Clocks, 10 9. Gold Shell Rings, 1 3. Send Hole in Card for Size. All Post Free. Satisfaction or Money Back.
 Pain's Presents House, Dept. 7, Hastings.

NERVOUSNESS is the greatest drawback in life to any man or woman. If you are nervous, timid, low-spirited, lack self-confidence, will-power, mind concentration, blush, or feel awkward in the presence of others, send 3 penny stamps for particulars of the Mento-Nerve Strengthening Treatment, used in the Navy, from Vice-Admiral to Seaman, and in the Army from Colonel to Private. D.S.O.'s, M.C.'s, M.M.'s and D.C.M.'s.—GODFREY ELLIOTTSMITH, Ltd., 52, Imperial Bldg., Langate Circus, London, E.C.1.

CURLY HAIR! "Mine curled at once," writes Major. Thousands of testimonials. Proof sent. Summers' "Curlit" curls straightest hair. 1/5, 2/6 (stamps accepted).—SUMMERS (Dept. A.P.), Upper Russell St., Brighton.

FILMS! FILMS! FILMS!
 500 for sale. Also Cinemas and Lanterns. Particulars:—KIRBY, 45, Harrington Street, London, N.W.1.

PHOTO POSTCARDS OF YOURSELF. 1/3 doz. 12 by 10 ENLARGEMENTS. 6d. ALSO CHEAP PHOTO MATERIAL CATALOGUE AND SAMPLES FREE.—HACKETTS, JULY ROAD, LIVERPOOL.

TOBACCO HABIT POSITIVELY CURED IN THREE DAYS. Famous Specialist's prescription, 1/6.—H. HUGHES, (Box B.P.), Hulme, Manchester.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. Complete Miniature Outfit, 4/6; Ditto, much larger, 8/9. Vertical Steam-Engine, 10/6; Self Starting Motor, 9/6. Postage, 6d each. Catalogue 4d.—MODEL CO., 38, Queen's Road Aston, Birmingham.

Buy a

Mead

ON EASY TERMS

direct from factory at wholesale prices and SAVE POUNDS. Wo.1d's finest massive Table Gramms, Portable-Hornless and exquisitely coloured monster horn **Mead-o-phones** to select from. Grand bargains in Columbia, Regal, Zono-Phone, Pathe, Edison Bell and Decca's. Immediate delivery. Sent on 10 days trial; packed free, carriage paid. 25 records (12 tunes) and accessories included. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send postcard now for the biggest and most beautifully illustrated art catalogue ever issued.

MEAD CO. (DEPT. G106),
BALSALL HEATH,
BIRMINGHAM.



All applications for Advertisement Space in this publication should be addressed to the Advertisement Dept., THE GREYFRIARS HERALD, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, E.C.4

FOR DAUBENY'S SAKE!

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

By OWEN CONQUEST

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

CHAPTER I.

In the Tropical Night!

"THE niggers are going it!" Dick Rodney remarked.

"They are, and no mistake! What a thundering row!" said Jack Drake. "How long do they keep this up, Cazalet?"

Arthur Cazalet smiled.

"It's always like this after the races," he said. "They keep up the jamboree till ten o'clock. After that the police go round and clear them off, and they have to stop it. They often break out again in the middle of the night, though. They're a jolly crowd."

The tropical night had closed in on the island of Trinidad.

Innumerable stars, like points of fire, gleamed in the dark blue velvet of the sky. Fireflies danced and spun in myriads amid the deep shadows of the Savannah.

From grass and shrubbery came the incessant croaking of the toads. It was the usual nightly chorus of Trinidad, but it was almost drowned now by the dull, droning beat of tom-tom and chac-chac. All over the wide Savannah groups of negroes were dancing in the starlight. The races were over, the merry-go-round was still, the booths were closed, and their coolie proprietors gone home; but the blacks were still keeping up the "jamboree." The band at the grand-stand had played "God Save the King" and gone, and the blaring tom-tom reigned without a rival.

Arthur Cazalet drove the buggy along the shaded road at a good pace. Drake and Rodney watched the dark Savannah, and the dim figures of the dancers that loomed up and vanished. The scene was interesting enough to the juniors of the Benbow, but their thoughts were with Vernon Daubeny of the Shell, whom they had come to seek.

On the school-ship, anchored off Port of Spain, the Benbow fellows were answering to their names at call-over, but there were three who would not answer "Adsum!" when Mr. Packe called the roll. The chums of the Fourth were well aware that they had taken a serious step in remaining away from the school-ship after sunset; Mr. Packe was very severe on that point. But Jack Drake was determined that Daubeny should not be left to his fate, and Rodney would not leave his chum.

But where was Daubeny of the Shell?

As he glanced round into the shadows, where the fireflies whirled, Drake's heart sank.

How was he to find Daubeny?

All he knew was that Daubeny had refused to return to the Benbow, and



A flashily dressed man approached the schoolboy procession and saluted Daub. It was "Captain" St. Leger.

that Egan and Torrence had parted with him on the Savannah.

Seeking him there was a good deal like seeking for a needle in a load of hay.

Yet Drake felt that he could not abandon the rash, reckless fellow, as his own comrades had done.

Cazalet stopped the buggy under the big trees by the roadside. The three alighted, and the young West Indian tethered the horse to one of the trees.

The planter's son was looking very grave. He was prepared to do anything he could to help his friends from the Benbow, and without him they would have been helpless. But exactly what was to be done was not clear.

"It won't be easy," said Drake, knitting his brows. "Daub is somewhere about—"

"But you don't know where he's likely to have remained?" asked Arthur.

Drake shook his head.

"All we know is what you heard Torrence tell us. Daub's lost money on the races, to that sharper who calls himself Captain St. Leger, and he's afraid to go back to the Benbow, because the rotter would follow him there for his money—but goodness knows what he intends to do. I suppose he isn't very clear himself on that point."

"But if you find him?" asked Arthur. "Will you be able to persuade him to go back with you?"

"I hope so," said Drake. "If not—"

"Well, if not?" asked Dick Rodney. "We'll make him. If he won't come we'll collar him, and bundle him into the buggy, and take him back to the Benbow whether he likes it or

not," said Drake. "That's all we can do."

Arthur smiled.

"Well, I'll help you, if I can," he said. "The silly fellow certainly ought not to be left here. He may get into no end of trouble. There are a good many rough characters here at night, after the races. It's no good driving any farther. We shall have to make inquiries—somehow—"

"Hallo! What's that?"

A cry came suddenly from the shadows by the roadside.

"Help!"

"Somebody in trouble," said Rodney, peering through the darkness in the direction of the cry.

"Help! Rescue!"

Drake started.

"That's a Benbow fellow!" he exclaimed. "It's not Daub's voice, though. Some other chap has been left behind here. Come on!"

Jack Drake started running as he was speaking.

Rodney and Arthur followed him quickly, running swiftly under the great trees.

"Ow! Yow! Leggo! Help!"

"Toodles!" exclaimed Drake.

The chums of the Fourth knew the voice of their fat study-mate now. It was Tuckey Toodles!

They had supposed that Tuckey had gone back with the Benbow party, in charge of Dr. Pankey. Evidently he hadn't!

Drake came first on the scene.

In the dim light under the trees he discerned the fat junior wriggling in the grasp of a powerful-looking mulatto, in seafaring garb.

"Yow-ow! Leggo!"

Toodles wailed. "I'll give you my watch, you beast! Ow! I tell you—yow-ow!"

Drake came panting up.

He flung himself on the footpad, and grasped him. The man turned on him with a savage snarl.

"Oh, dear!" gasped Toodles, staggering away as the ruffian released him. "Another of 'em—oh, dear! Ow! Ow! Help!"

Jack Drake was struggling with the mulatto. It was fortunate for him that Rodney and Cazalet came up. The latter had his whip in his hand, and he dealt the footpad a heavy blow with the butt.

The ruffian released Drake, springing back with a snarl.

His hand went to his belt for a weapon; but as the three closed in on him he changed his mind, and backed away and took to his heels.

His footsteps pattered swiftly down the road towards the town, and he vanished in the darkness.

The juniors turned to Toodles.

That fat youth had fallen on his knees, and was howling in terrified accents—too scared to realise that he was rescued.

"Help!" he yelled. "Oh, dear! Keep off! You can have my watch—ow-yow! Help! Rescue!"

"You silly ass!" roared Drake.

Toodles jumped.

"I—I—I say, who's that?" he gasped.

"You howling ass, get up!"

"Is—is—is that you, Drake?"

"Yes, you dummy!" growled Drake.

He took Toodles by one fat ear, and jerked him to his feet, to the accompaniment of a loud and anguished howl from Toodles.

"Yow-w-w-w! Leggo! You rotter, wharrer you pulling my ear for?" howled Toodles.

"Stop your silly row!" growled Rodney. "There's nothing to be frightened at now, you silly ass!"

Toodles gasped for breath.

"I—I wasn't frightened, of course," he said. "In fact, I knew it was you fellows. I was only pulling your leg, you know—"

"Cheese it!"

"I say, how did you come here?" asked Tuckey. "I got left behind—I only went to buy some oranges from a coolie chap, and the beasts went off without me, you know, and I must have lost my way. And that beast Daub wouldn't give me any money to get a lift back to Port of Spain—"

Jack Drake interrupted him eagerly.

"You've seen Daub?"

"Yes, the rotter—in an awful bad temper. He actually kicked me. I told him it wasn't my fault he'd played the goat and lost his money. But he kicked me. I just left him, you know—I wasn't going to stand that. It's a thing no fellow would stand, you know. I say, is that Cazalet? Have you got the buggy here, Cazalet?"

"Yes," said Arthur.

Tuckey gasped with relief.

"But I'm here to help Drake find Daubeny," added Arthur.

"Well, Drake and Rodney can look for Daubeny, while you drive me back to the Benbow," suggested Tuckey Toodles brightly. "You see, I'm tired. I want to get in to supper, too. Yow-

ow-ow! If you don't leave off shaking me, Drake, you beast, I'll kick your shins!"

"Bump him!" growled Rodney.

"Why, you rotter—oh, my hat! Yooop!"

Bump!

"Yarough! Leggo! Wharrer you pitching into me for?" howled Tuckey Toodles. "Oh, dear! Of all the rotters—"

"Where's Daub?"

For His Own Sake!

TUCKEY TOODLES gasped for breath.

It was clear that he wasn't in the least interested in Vernon Daubeny; he was, as usual, only interested in his own worthy self.

But it dawned upon his fat brain that his worthy self was not to receive first consideration in this instance.

"We're here to find Daubeny," said Drake, glaring at the fat Fourth-former. "We're not going back without him. We'll take you with us when we go, but we're not going without Daub. Understand that?"

"I think you're an awful beast, Drake! After the fearful dangers I've been through—"

"You fat idiot—"

"I've nearly lost my watch—a valuable gold watch that was a birthday-present from my uncle, Sir William—"

"Will you tell us where you saw Daub, and when, or shall I wring your silly neck?" exclaimed Drake, out of all patience.

"I'm just going to tell you, ain't I? I was only mentioning that my valuable gold watch—"

"Oh, kick him!" exclaimed Rodney.

"I'm telling you, ain't I?" howled Toodles. "I saw Daub near the grand-stand—about half an hour ago, I think. I don't know whether he's there now. I dare say he isn't. I think most likely he's gone home. We'd better go, too. Where's the buggy?"

"The grand-stand!" said Arthur.

"We can find that easily enough. Let's start at once."

"I say, you're not going to leave me alone here, are you?" yelled Tuckey Toodles.

"You can come along with us, you ass!" said Drake.

"I'm too tired to walk, you know."

"Stay where you are, then!"

"I say—"

Drake and Co. moved off in the darkness, and Tuckey Toodles bolted after them. He found that he wasn't too tired to walk, after all.

"I'm coming, dear old tops!" he gasped. "Don't hurry like that, you know! Blessed if I see what you want to bother about Daubeny for. I think he's a beast. He refused to lend me—"

"What was he doing when you left him?" asked Drake.

"Lying on the grass."

"He may be still there," said Arthur.

"I know the way like a book. We'd better put on speed, and we may find him there."

"Trot!" said Drake.

"I say, I can't run—"

"Please yourself!" snapped Drake. The juniors trotted on by the path

over the Savannah, and Tuckey Toodles gasped behind them. They passed close by many groups of dancing negroes, through the deafening blare of the tom-toms and banjos. The dancers did not even glance at them, and they did not think of pausing to look on at the strange scenes.

The grand-stand loomed up ahead of them against the starry sky at last.

"Here we are!" exclaimed Arthur, slackening speed.

The juniors paused.

"Oh, dear!" gasped Tuckey Toodles. "I'm out of breath! Have any of you fellows got anything to eat about you? I'm hungry, you know."

Tuckey was not heeded.

"We'd better call out," said Rodney. "If Daub's here he will answer, I suppose."

"Daub!" shouted Drake.

"Daubeny! Daubeny! Daub!"

Jack Drake's clear voice rang far and wide through the tropical night.

"Do you remember just where you saw him, Tuckey?"

"Of course I don't," answered Toodles peevishly. "I say, I'm hungry—"

"Daubeny!"

"Daub!"

"Hallo!" A voice came from the darkness. "Who's calling me?"

"Here he is!" exclaimed Drake joyfully.

Drake had his electric torch in his pocket. He turned on the light, and ran in the direction of the voice.

He came suddenly on Daubeny of the Shell.

Vernon Daubeny was lying in the grass; he had raised himself on his elbow, and he stared up blankly at Jack Drake. The light, as it fell on his face, showed him pale and almost haggard.

"You, Drake!" he muttered. "What are you doing here, at this time of night? It's past nine."

"What are you doing?" exclaimed Drake.

"Camping out!" answered Daubeny, with a bitter grin. "I'm staying here. No business of yours, I suppose?"

"We came to look for you," answered Drake, taking no notice of the Shell fellow's manner.

"How the thump did you know I was staying out, then?"

"We met Torrence and Egan on their way back, and Torrence told us."

Daubeny's lip curled bitterly.

"They left me," he said. "My own fault, though—I wouldn't go with them, and they didn't want to stay out. Well, now you've found me you can leave me. I'm not askin' you for anythin'."

"You can't stay here," answered Drake quietly.

"I'm goin' to."

"You can't camp out—"

"It's delightful weather for campin' out," answered Daubeny, in the same tone of reckless bitterness. "I'm all right."

"Wait till the dew falls, and you'll be drenched," said Drake. "You'd wake up in the morning with an ague."

"I don't care."

"Well, I care," answered Drake shortly. He glanced round. Arthur,

from a motive of delicacy, was keeping back at a distance, and Dick Rodney stayed with him. Tuckey Toodles had sat down at once to rest. "Look here, Daub, don't play the goat," went on Drake. "You've got to come back to the Benbow."

Daubeny did not move.

"I can't come back," he said. "I dare say you mean well, Drake, but it can't be done. I owe that sharper, Captain St. Leger, twenty pounds; he won it from me on the races. Don't tell me I've been a fool; I know that. I can't go back. I can't pay the man before the Benbow sails, and he won't trust me out of his sight. He's coming to the Benbow to show me up if I don't pay him. And I can't! I can't face the disgrace." Daubeny's lips quivered. "Just fancy the scene—all the Benbow crowd, and the ship's officers, and the masters—and that dashed blackguard comin' on board to claim his money! I wouldn't face it for anythin'!"

"You can't stay here."

"I'm goin' to."

"Where is that fellow to be found?" asked Drake.

"He's got a billiard-saloon in Port of Spain," said Daubeny. "He could be found there to-morrow, most likely. He's given me till the mornin' to go there an' pay him, in fact. I can't pay him. I suppose you're not offerin' to lend me twenty quids?" added Daub, with bitter sarcasm.

"I would if I had it," said Drake.

Daubeny looked at him curiously. "Well, I believe you would," he said, his expression softening a little. "But if you haven't it, what's the odds? You won't get any more remittances while we're at Trinidad, and I sha'n't, either. You can't help me. Let me alone."

"You awful ass!" exclaimed Drake. "Are you thinking of staying behind when the Benbow sails, then?"

"Nothin' else to be done."

"We'll manage to help you somehow," said Drake. "Most of my tin is gone, but we may manage it somehow."

"That's not good enough."

"Come back to the Benbow with us, Daub, like a sensible chap," urged Drake.

"I can't!"

"You must, Daub!"

"I won't, then!" said Daubeny sullenly. And he threw himself back into the thick grass again.

Jack Drake stood looking down at him, his brows knitted.

Daub's conduct that day had been reckless and blackguardly, but Drake knew that it was Egan, his evil genius, who was chiefly to blame. Even had it not been so, Drake would not have abandoned him. He understood Daub's shrinking from the scene on the Benbow, if Captain St. Leger should come on board to claim his money. The "show-up" would be serious enough for the dandy of the Shell, in all consequence. But the fact remained that Daub had to go back to the school-ship.

"You must come," said Drake at last. "You'll be glad later that we made you come, Daub."

"You can't make me come," sneered Daub. "I tell you I won't."

"Rodney! Cazalet!" called out Drake.

His chums came up quickly.

"Daub's got to come back to the ship," said Drake. "He says he won't come. Lend me a hand, will you?"

"Yes, rather!"

"Come on, Daub!"

The Shell fellow leaped to his feet, his eyes blazing.

"If you dare—Let go!" he shouted, as the juniors grasped him.

"You're bound to come, old chap," answered Drake. "It's for your own sake, you know."

"Will you let me go?" shouted Daubeny furiously.

"No," said Drake grimly.

"Then take that!"

Daubeny struck out savagely.

Jack Drake knocked up the fierce blow just in time, and the next moment Vernon Daubeny's arms were pinned to his sides.

"Come on!" said Drake quietly.

Daubeny struggled fiercely. But Drake and Rodney, on either side of him, held him with grim determination, and he had to march. Arthur Cazalet led the way, Drake and Rodney following with their prisoner, and Tuckey Toodles brought up the rear, occasionally emitting a fat chuckle.

Brought on Board!

VERNON DAUBENY'S face was white with rage as he walked between the two Fourth-formers.

He resisted at first, but he soon found that resistance was useless, and yielded to the inevitable.

The party tramped over the Savannah, skirting the groups of dancing negroes, towards the roadside where the buggy had been left.

In the darkness, the juniors could scarcely have found their way, but Arthur Cazalet knew every foot of the Savannah, on the border of which he had lived most of his life.

They arrived at last under the wide-spreading branches of the roadside trees, where, in the deep shadow, the horse was tethered. Tuckey Toodles bundled into the buggy at once, and Cazalet loosened the horse from the tether.

"Jump in, Daub!" said Drake amicably.

Daubeny drew a deep breath of rage.

"Will you let me go?" he exclaimed between his teeth.

"Can't be done."

"You meddlin' rotter—"

"Get in."

"I won't!"

"Lift him, Rodney."

"You bet!" said Dick Rodney briefly.

Daubeny gritted his teeth.

"I'll get in," he said savagely.

"Hang you, you needn't drag me. Let me alone, will you?"

He stepped into the buggy, the two Fourth-formers following quickly, to give him no chance to dodge. They sat down with their arms linked in Daubeny's. Arthur Cazalet dropped into the driver's seat, and gathered up the reins.

"Ready?" he asked.

"Quite, thanks."

"Off we go, then."

The buggy was set in motion, the horse trotting swiftly away towards Port of Spain and the silver sea. Daubeny sat squeezed between Drake and Rodney, in grim silence.

Once or twice he cast a quick glance around, as if the idea had come to him of leaping from the vehicle in motion. But if he thought of that desperate expedient it was futile, for the Fourth-formers did not let go of his arms. Tuckey Toodles sat in the bottom of the buggy and nodded off to sleep, as the vehicle rattled along the smooth road into the town.

As they drew near the Cazalets' villa Drake tapped the West Indian on the arm.

Arthur glanced round.

"That's your show," said Drake.

"It's not fair to keep you out any later, old fellow. We can walk the rest; we know the way."

If Rupert de Vere Toodles had not been asleep there would have been an instantaneous and emphatic protest from the bottom of the trap. But only a snore was heard from Tuckey Toodles.

But Arthur shook his head.

"I'll drive you on to the quay," he said. "I can explain to father why I'm in late—I mean, that I drove down some Benbow fellows who were left behind. Pater won't mind."

"It's awfully good of you," said Drake gratefully. "I can't say I fancy tramping miles just now."

"Right-ho; it's all right."

And the buggy rattled on through Port of Spain.

In taking a short cut to the quay the buggy passed through a rather dingy street near the docks. On the steps of a brightly lighted building a man with a dyed moustache was lighting a cigar, and he glanced at the buggy as it passed. Daubeny clenched his hands, and Drake frowned as he recognised "Captain" St. Leger, the racecourse sharper.

The captain recognised the party in the buggy, and waved his hand, with the cigar in it, with a mocking grin.

"Is that his place, Daub?" asked Drake.

"Yes; he runs a billiard saloon there," grunted Daubeny. "I—I dropped in once, with Egan. You can tell them on the Benbow, if you like."

"Don't be an ass."

"Here's the quay!" said Rodney. "Wake up, Toodles!" He stirred the fat junior with the toe of his boot.

"Grooogh-ho!" came drowsily from the sleeper.

"Wake up, fathead!"

"Ow! Lemme alone! Tain't rising-bell!" mumbled Toodles. "Don't you shove my hammock, you beast! Ow! Ow! Ah!" Toodles woke up. "I say, I'm jelly hungry. I wonder whether Packer will let us have any supper?"

Arthur drew in the horse, and his passengers tumbled out of the trap, Daubeny still under guard. The juniors bade a cordial good-night to their West Indian chum, and shook hands heartily with him, and Arthur drove away for home. A black boatman was roused out of slumber in the lee of a warehouse, and drowsily demanded double fare for a row to the Benbow, of which the lights could be

seen twinkling across the star-lit water. A coloured dock policeman strolled up to inquire who and what the party were, and saluted politely when Drake explained. Daubeny was very silent till the policeman was gone. But as Jack Drake led him into the boat, down the steps, he made a last angry appeal.

"You're forcin' me to go on board, Drake—"

"You know you ought to go, old scout!"

"I don't want to, I tell you," muttered Daubeny savagely. "Think of the scene to-morrow; I tell you, I can't stand it."

"We must try to help you out somehow," said Drake quietly. "You've got to go on board, Daub. You'll be glad of it later."

"Confound you for your meddlin'!"

Jack Drake made no reply to that. He sat in the stern, with his arm still through Daubeny's, and the boat pushed off from the stone steps. In silence they pulled off to the Benbow. The voice of Mr. Pigtop, the chief mate, hailed them as they came under the ship's counter.

"Boat ahoy! Keep clear!"

"It's us, Mr. Pigtop," called back Drake. "Throw us a line!"

"Oh, you young scallywags, is it?" grunted the chief mate. "Mr. Packe, sir, your boys have come back." The Fourth-form master was on deck; doubtless in a state of anxiety about the absentees.

The juniors came meekly on board, Drake paying the boatman and dismissing him.

Mr. Packe eyed them grimly.

"So you have returned?" he said.

"Yes, sir. We—"

"You need make no excuses now. Go to bed at once, I will hear what you have to say in the morning," snapped Mr. Packe.

"Yes, sir."

There was nothing more to be done that night; it was already long past-bedtime for the Benbow fellows. Daubeny walked away without a word to his cabin, and Drake and Co. went to No. 8.

Five minutes later they were fast asleep in their hammocks.

The Sword of Damocles!

JACK DRAKE was up before rising-bell the following morning. It was Sunday; and that morning the Benbow crowd were to attend service at Trinity Church ashore. But before that, Drake had plenty to do. He had slept soundly, but on waking, his first thoughts were for Vernon Daubeny. Captain St. Leger had given his dupe until eight o'clock in the morning to pay his debt; but Daubeny had not the remotest prospect of paying it. Drake sought him out in the Shell quarters before breakfast. Egan and Torrence were still in their hammocks; but Daub was coming out of the cabin as Jack Drake came along. He gave the Fourth-former a bitter look.

"I came to see you, Daub," said Drake.

"Well, you've landed me in trouble," said Daubeny, with a sneer. "I can't get ashore until the fellows start for church. I've got to wait till St. Leger comes on board and disgraces

me before the whole school. You've let me in for that, hang you!"

"Even that's better than catching a fever sleeping out on the Savannah."

"I suppose I know my own business best."

"It appears you don't," retorted Drake. "Don't let us rag, Daub. I want to help you out."

"You can't!"

"A messenger could get ashore, if we can't," said Drake. "I could send Tin Tacks. It's about the money—"

Daubeny thawed a little.

"I know you mean to be friendly," he said. "But it can't be done. Where the thump are we to raise twenty quids? Most of the fellows have run through their money ashore—most of them have got their pockets empty. You can't get an advance from Mr. Packe without saying what it's for." He grinned in a rather grim way. "You couldn't tell him, I suppose?"

"Try what you can do in the Shell, and I'll beat up the Fourth," said Drake. "If we can raise enough tin to see you through, the darcy will go ashore and see that blackguard."

"I'll try, if you like," muttered Daub. "I—I was thinking of it—but—well, I'll try!"

"Don't lose a minute, then!"

The juniors separated, to proceed with their rather curious tasks. As the rising-bell sounded, and the Benbow fellows turned out, Jack Drake made a round of the Fourth—borrowing. Most of his available cash had been lately expended in the excursion to the Pitch Lake, and he had only a couple of pounds left. Rodney had less, but he lent what he had. But in the Fourth-form there was a general shortness of cash. As the Benbow was due to sail in a few days, and there was no spending of money at sea, the juniors had mostly "blued" their cash ashore in Port of Spain—making hay while the sun shone, as it were. Most of the fellows were willing to lend to Drake, but they had little to lend.

When the captain of the Fourth rejoined Daubeny on deck, just before breakfast, he had a total of seven pounds.

"What luck, Daub?" he asked.

"Four pounds ten," said the Shell fellow with a grimace.

"Then that makes eleven pounds ten between us!"

Daubeny's face fell.

"It's no good," he said. "I knew it couldn't be done, Drake. It's good of you, but you ought to have left me on the Savannah."

"Rot! I say, you don't feel inclined to make a clean breast of it to Mr. Vavasour?" asked Drake hesitatingly.

"I'd rather jump into the sea!"

"But—"

"It's no good," muttered Daubeny. "I knew—"

"Breakfast!" called out Sawyer major. "What are you fellows confabbing over? Here comes Vavasour."

Mr. Vavasour came along the deck, and the juniors went to breakfast. It was now eight o'clock; the time when, according to Captain St. Leger's stipulation, the debt should be paid at his

billiard saloon, less worse was to befall the debtor. The debt could not be paid; and the sharper had to be left to do his worst.

Drake's heart ached for the wretched fellow, whose white face he glanced at several times during breakfast. He noted, too, that Mr. Vavasour glanced at Daubeny rather sharply several times.

The two juniors were listening for a sound of St. Leger's arrival on the ship. But when they came out from breakfast the sharper had not put in an appearance. There was a lingering hope in Daubeny's breast that the rascal would not dare to come.

"It's possible that it was only a threat, Daub," Drake said, in a low voice, as they leaned on the rail and watched the shore. "After all, your Form-master wouldn't allow you to pay him, if he came, and most likely he knows that."

"It's possible," muttered Daub. "But—but this suspense—"

He broke off, with a shiver. If ever a reckless punter was punished for his folly, Vernon Daubeny was being punished then.

"Time to put your clean collars on, you fellows," said Tuckey Foodles, joining the two juniors at the rail.

"The fellows are getting ready for church. I suppose you can lend me a collar, Drake? I've borrowed a tie from Rodney—you needn't mention it to him—he doesn't know yet!"

A cheery crowd boarded the long-boat to go ashore for church; but there were at least three serious faces among them.

As they stepped on the quay, Daubeny's eyes roved round him, in fear of seeing the swarthy face and dyed moustache of the sharper. But Captain St. Leger was not there.

The Benbow crowd walked in orderly array towards Trinity Church—attracting a good many glances from the varied crowds in the streets of Port of Spain—negroes, coolies, Indians, Chinamen, Spanish, Venezuelan, and mulattoes and Creoles. Daubeny's eyes were about him all the time—though not on the Sunday crowd of promenaders. It was near the church that a flashily-dressed man stepped towards the schoolboy procession, a grin twinkling his gash of a mouth, and the dyed moustache over it. It was "Captain" St. Leger. He saluted Daubeny.

"I've been expecting you," he said.

"I—I—"

"Make it to-morrow morning at eight," said the captain. "I'll let you off for Sunday. But if you don't show up to-morrow morning with the money—"

His eyes glittered.

"Daubeny!" Mr. Vavasour's voice rang out sharply. "Walk on, at once! How dare you, sir?"

Daubeny crimsoned, and walked on hurriedly. Captain St. Leger waved his cigar to him, mockingly, and sauntered away. Daubeny walked on—the sword of Damocles still suspended over his hapless head.

THE END.

Next week's ripping story of the boys of the Benbow will be "The Loser Pays!"



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. By foul play Jack is rendered unfit to play against Sheffield Wednesday, and he watches the match from the pavilion. It is soon clear that the Norchester team are missing their youthful skipper, and they can do nothing right.

A Way Out!

JACK DENYER, watching from the club-house, almost groaned aloud as he saw first one opportunity and then another missed. He saw the weak spots of the Sheffield defence; he saw where their armour could have been pierced.

And he knew that he could have done it!

The youngster was himself an opportunist, and when an opportunity did not present itself he made one! That was the secret of his success. Also, he had the knack of handling his men, of inspiring them, and under his leadership they gave of the best that was in them.

The long whistle shrilled out at last, with Sheffield leading by four clear goals. The home team stepped out jauntily as it made for the dressing-rooms, whilst the Norchester eleven looked tired, dispirited, and rather hopeless.

And the wretched spirit of the team seemed to affect the young player-manager as he looked down at Mallison and his men, and his previous thoughts—of winning the Cup, of leading the men to victory—descended upon him with a rush.

Did Norchester—this crowd of spiritless players—look like a cup-winning team? Some of the players were quite useful performers, of course—Mallison, Bickley, Jackson—but what of the others?

They were mediocre at best, men who played quite a moderate game on occasions.

But that was not good enough.

He wanted men who played a good game on all occasions! Without such men Norchester could not hope to lift the Cup.

"We want new blood," the youngster decided; "new talent!"

Yet even as he came to the decision he wondered how that new blood was to be procured, for the club could not afford to pay hundreds, perhaps thousands, of pounds for new players.

The player-manager sat perfectly motionless for some minutes, and then he squared his broad shoulders and rose to his feet. His strong chin jutted forward, and his eyes gleamed with dogged determination.

"There must be some way out!" he muttered to himself. "Norchester must lift the Cup this season! I'll find a way out, I'll get a team that will beat—"

His voice died away, and he stood stock still, looking across the expanse of green sward. And as he stood there, motionless, in those brief moments, an idea—audacious, bold one which positively took his breath away—came to him.

His eyes glinted with suppressed excitement and he brought his right fist down into the palm of his left hand.

"By Jove!" he cried aloud. "I'll do it!"

The Visitor!

PENBOROUGH Junction! Penborough Junction!

Old Sandy Meeson, the stationmaster-cum-porter-cum-booking-clerk shouted the name of the little wayside station in stentorian tones, although he did not think for a moment that the train carried anybody who wished to alight.

For passengers were few and far between.

Penborough Junction had been built, many years ago, for the convenience of the scholars at Rundle's, the famous sporting school perched on Milton Mill, which was a mile and a half away from the station, unless one took the short cut across the fields.

Two trains a day stopped at Penborough Junction, more from force of habit than anything else, it seemed,

for it was most unusual for anyone to alight, especially in the middle of the term.

To-day was an exception, however, for the door of a first-class carriage swung open and a passenger leapt to the platform and almost collided with the old stationmaster, who was ambling along with that important and statesmanlike air which he invariably assumed when a train halted at his station. For Sandy considered that both train and its human burden were in his hands whilst they stopped at Penborough Junction.

He pulled up in his stride, and an expression of sheer amazement showed upon his lined features as he found himself looking into the healthy face of a youngster of seventeen.

He could not say a word for a few seconds, but he pushed his peaked cap—his sole insignia of office—off his brow, and scratched his red head puzzledly.

Then the light of recollection dawned in his eyes.

"Well, drat me!" he said slowly. "Bless my lucky farthing if it ain't Master Denyer!"

The youngster grinned into the old fellow's face.

"Oh, it's me all right, Sandy," he returned. "And how are you, old sport? Still in the pink? And how's Mrs. Sandy and all the little grains?"

This was a stock joke at Rundle's, for no fellow would dream of meeting Sandy without asking solicitously after the welfare of the little grains of sand.

Sandy shook his head, and wagged a thick forefinger at the youngster.

"Ah, you're just the same, Master Denyer—just the same!" he said with a chuckle. "Still a schoolboy, bless my lucky farthing if you ain't! Though I must say you look quite a man now, bless my lucky far—"

His voice trailed away as a hoarse voice came from the farther end of the platform. It was the engine-driver, who was getting impatient.

Sandy gave the signal for the train to move off, and kept his eyes upon it as it snaked away round a bend of the line.

Then he turned to Jack Denyer.

"I shall be really rude to that fellow one of these days," he said quietly. He changed the subject abruptly. "I suppose you're going up to the school, sir?"

"Yes," returned the youngster. "But I shall be going back to Norchester to-night. So long for the present!"

He gave the stationmaster a friendly nod, and strode through the gate and gained the narrow road which picked its tortuous way up Milton Hill.

Nothing seemed to have changed since he left Rundle's, months before; everything appeared to have stood still. The rolling pasture-land on either hand, the grazing cattle, the nodding trees were all friendly and familiar, and a little lump rose in the youngster's throat as he thought of what he was missing now that he was away from the old school that he had learned to love.

House-matches, cross-country runs, the jolly little evenings in his study with old Jepson, and Craig, and Monty Selhurst.

Dear old Monty, with his monocle and his drawl, and the mild, innocent blue eyes that so rarely lost their almost timorous expression.

But when they did so! Jack smiled as he pictured Monty, with his inane expression and the look of imbecility which he assumed on occasions.

Jack's swinging stride carried him over the ground at a good rate, and he soon covered the first mile from the station, which brought him within sight of the playing-fields.

Sounds of boyish shouts and lusty cheering came to his ears, and Jack guessed that a Soccer match was in progress.

And almost unconsciously the youngster increased his pace.

"I hope it's the first team playing at home," he mused; and the blood pounded through his veins as the memory of the old days came back to him—the glorious days when he had led Rundle's to victory.

Jack slipped through a gap in the hedge, and took the short cut to the footer field. He broke into a jog-trot in his anxiety to see how the old school was faring.

Every fellow at Rundle's appeared to be gathered round the green playing-pitch, and so engrossed were they in the game that Jack Denyer was able to take up a position near the home goal without being recognised.

A breathless, expectant hush had settled upon the spectators.

Jack saw at a glance that the game was by way of being a "local Derby," for Rundle's was opposed to St. Olive's. The schools had been deadly rivals for years past, and whenever they met in combat—whether at footer, cricket, boxing or hockey—both factions turned out in full force to give their representatives moral support.

Jack quickly understood the meaning of the hush which had settled over the ground, for the players were waiting whilst the ball was being placed in position for a free kick!

The Saints' goalie's face was tense and strained as he moved nervously to

the centre of his goal. Monty Selhurst, however, who was to take the kick, looked as unconcerned and debonair as ever.

He ran his slim hand over his smooth hair, and stifled a yawn.

The referee gave a swift glance round, and then put the whistle to his lips.

Pheep!

Monty took three short steps, and something, which must have been the ball, veritably hissed over the players, flashed past the goalkeeper's head, and shot into the net, making it quiver like a mad thing.

Monty, the only self-possessed person on the field, turned on his heel and commenced to walk slowly towards the centre, and it was not until he did so that the spectators found their tongues.

And then, even as the referee pointed up-field, a roar of vociferous cheering cracked the air, which became black with flying caps and hats.

"Good old Monty!"

"Rundle's! Rundle's!"

"Great shot, sir—great shot!"

"School! School!"

And whilst the Rundle's fellows were shouting themselves hoarse, Monty Selhurst was being veritably mobbed by his men. They crowded round him, pump-handled his arm, and smacked him on the back until they threatened to knock every ounce of breath out of his body.

"I say, hold up, you idiots!" he protested, wriggling out of their embrace. "I'm not a punching-ball, y'know! Try to behave like nice little gentlemen, and lees like tame lunatics!"

The cheering did not abate until the Saints' skipper, Morris, who was playing centre-forward, put his foot on the ball and waited for the whistle.

Pheep!

Morris slung the leather straight out to his right winger, who was robbed by Rundle's left-half before he had made a couple of yards. A second later the home winger was away down the line like the wind.

He beat two men in quick succession, and then, kicking in his stride, he punted the leather straight into the goal-mouth.

Carlton, the Saints' custodian, made a wild leap for the ball, and just managed to get his hands to it. The leather was spinning like a mad thing, however, and he could not hold it.

Furthermore, he was painfully aware of the fact that Rundle's fiery little winger was charging straight at him, and his one idea was to dispose of the ball in the shortest possible space of time.

His mind was working like lightning, and he came to the conclusion that the only way to get rid of the leather was to sling it to his right back, and this he did.

But his judgment was at fault, for the ball sailed high in the air, fully three feet above the waiting back's head.

And it was then, in the heat of the moment, flurried and harassed, that the back made a fatal mistake. His hand shot upwards and touched the ball, and no sooner had it done so than a hoarse, excited roar went up from all sides of the ground.

"Hands, ref.!"

"Penalty!"

And a penalty it was.

The referee placed the ball in position, saw that the players were not trespassing over the penalty line, and then—

Pheep!

Boomp!

There came the thud of Monty's boot meeting the ball, and the St. Olive's goalie made a leap. He did not reach the ball, however, for at that moment there came a frightened yell of warning from the spectators, and an animal, wild-eyed, its fangs dripping, its sharp teeth bared in a menacing snarl, flashed through the air.

The animal was a mongrel, with an unmistakable collie strain, and one swift glance proved beyond all doubt that it was mad. It leapt straight at the goalie, who stood transfixed with surprise and horror for a fraction of a second.

And then, just as those sharp, white teeth were about to fasten upon his throat, the youngster acted. His strong, sinuous fingers shot out and gripped the shaggy throat with the strength of a vice.

The mad thing struggled and snapped, its eyes glinting viciously, but it could not free itself of the youngster's iron grip.

The Olive's man, cool now the moment for action had arrived, dropped to his knees, and, still grasping the shaggy throat, fell bodily upon the struggling animal.

And at that moment help arrived, in the person of a policeman.

"Hold him, youngster!" he said, gripping his truncheon.

The goalie, whose face was deathly pale but resolute, kept his eyes fixed upon the dog.

"Go on!" he breathed. "I can hold him still!"

The constable raised his baton, and with one swift, humane blow despatched the animal.

The goalie rose to his feet, and looked dazed. His had been a terrible ordeal, and the reaction set in at once. He swayed as his friends crowded round him.

"By Jove, that was a near thing, Carlton!" said the Olive's skipper.

"Whose dog is it, and where did it come from?"

"Feel all right now, old man?"

Questions were raining upon the goalie from all sides, and he held up a protesting hand.

"I'm all right!" he said.

"Jolly plucky thing to do!" said an admiring voice. "The beast would have had me, for a certainty."

"It was nothing," said Carlton, with a smile. "I was just lucky enough to get a grip on the thing's neck."

Mr. James, a master, who was officiating, placed a hand upon the goalie's shoulder.

"How do you feel now, Carlton?" he asked. "Well enough to go on with the game, or would you rather go off?"

Carlton shook his head bravely.

"I'm fit to go on, sir," he answered stoutly.

The referee nodded his head, realising that the sooner the game was restarted the better it would be for everyone concerned.

He turned to the constable with a smile.

"I think we can make you a little present of the dog, Martin," he said. "Do you mind taking it off the field?"

Needless to say, the spectators had crowded on to the field, scattering, speculating; but now, when the whistle shrilled, they moved towards the touchlines in quiet obedience.

A minute later the game was in progress, the struggle driving all thought of the mad dog incident from the minds of the spectators for the time being.

The ball, which had hit the crossbar, had rebounded into the field.

So now, standing almost on the goal-line, surrounded by the players, the referee held the leather aloft.

He blew his whistle and dropped the ball into the midst of the excited players, who were jostling each other—the Rundleites determined to get the ball over the line, the St. Olive's fellows setting their teeth and meaning to keep their goal intact at all costs.

There came a wild scramble, with much hefty charging and wild hacking, but the leather would not go into the net.

Then the scramble came to an abrupt end, for Morris, misjudging badly, sent the leather at a tangent, and it trickled out of play behind the goal, much to the relief of the St. Olive's crowd.

The whistle shrilled for the goal-kick, and no sooner had the ball been sent hurtling into mid-field than the referee, who had been consulting his watch at frequent intervals, counted the seconds and blew the long whistle.

Pheeeeeeep!

The game was over, and Rundle's had won the match!

This was the signal for a further outburst of shouting, and a wild rush was made for the players. Yelling, laughing and shouting, the youngsters bore down upon their idols in a phalanx—and leading them was Jack Denyer.

He made a rush straight at Monty Selhurst, and the young aristocrat stopped dead, speechless, feeling instinctively for his monocle, as was his wont in moments of stress or doubt.

"Jack!" he gasped helplessly. "My precious old pal!"

And he positively hugged the player-manager of Norchester United! Jack's eyes were moist as he found himself surrounded by his old friends, and his hand ached by the time they had finished with him and gave him a little breathing-room.

"Have you come back for good, old man?" asked Craig eagerly. "We miss you like anything, you know!"

"Yes, say you've come back!" said Monty, his eyes shining with pleasure. "I make a pretty rotten skipper for a team, although the chaps put up with me."

Jack laughed, and shook his head. "No, I haven't come back for more than an hour or so, and—"

His voice broke off as he heard a rush of feet behind him, and the next moment a crowd of youngsters had

gripped him bodily, hoisted him in the air, and he found himself sitting upon the shoulders of a couple of lanky Fifth-formers.

"Denyer! Denyer!" went up the shout.

"Good old Jack!" "The greatest skipper we ever had!"

"Forward, you cripples!"

Jack, flushed and struggling, tried to get to his feet, but in vain.

"Cut it out, you chaps!" he said. "Don't rot!"

"Forward, lads!" went up the shout, and the two fellows who were bearing Jack upon their shoulders moved off round the ground, the other Rundleites following in their wake, making the air vibrate with their shouts.

All round the ground they carried their late skipper, and they did not set him down until they reached the

"I think I must have given you fellows my card at some time or another," he remarked blandly. "And now for a shower!"

New Blood!

"AND now, my son," said Monty Selhurst, with a sigh of sublime contentment, "having fed you with rich foods and rare spices—"

"To say nothing of the month-old sardines and the chunk of aged cheese!" interjected Craig, with a grin.

Monty looked at Jack. "I'm sorry that this uncouth little ruffian doesn't know any better—"

he began, when Craig rose to his feet in a threatening manner.

"Look here, Monty," he protested, "you'll go a bit too far one of these days, and I shall be under the painful necessity of breaking your window for you!"



"Good old Jack!" His old schoolfellows shouldered Denyer and bore him from the ground.

steps of his old House—Morton's, of which Monty was the sports skipper.

"Now then, my little men," said Monty, grinning round at the mass of youngsters crowding round the foot of the steps, "run away and play! Vamoose! I have spoken!"

He thereupon linked his arms through Jack's, and, followed by his two bosom companions, Jepson and Craig, passed through the door of his House.

"We'll have a tub and a change, and then a real, slap-up, non-stop, three-speed, self-starting feed, old top!" he promised. "Just slip along to the old study, and we'll join you in no time—or perhaps sooner than that!"

Jack grinned at Jepson and Craig.

"Monty's the same dear old chump!" he said happily.

"Yes, the same cheerful old idiot!" concurred Craig.

"The same delightful old fathead!" added Jepson.

And Monty grinned.

"Hold your tongues, my gentle fatheads!" said Jack. "You seem to have lost sight of the fact that I shall have to leave very soon, and I've got something really important to say to you before I go."

"Fire away, old scout!" said Craig.

"Well, it's like this," began Jack Denyer, looking from one face to another, "I want you fellows to do me a favour."

"Anything you like," said Monty at once.

"We are yours to command, my master," was Jepson's comment.

"Say the word!" returned Craig.

Jack Denyer smiled at the hearty and spontaneous manner in which the chums pledged themselves.

"It's no small thing that I'm going to ask of you," he continued.

"As a matter of fact, I want you to sign amateur forms with a professional football club!"

Another long, exciting instalment of our grand footer yarn will appear next Tuesday.

THE GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

A vivid account of the latest charges and convictions

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL!

Gifted Musician (?) Gets it in the Neck!
Claude Hoskins, a wandering musician, described on the charge-sheet as a Shell-fish, was charged with making himself a nuisance.

Magistrate: These Shell-fish will have to be put in their places! In what way did this particular wrinkle make himself a nuisance?

Mr. Mark Linley, K.C. (for the prosecution): Last night, your worship, he started warbling in the Close, and he accompanied himself with the violin. It was quite impossible for the brainy men of the Remove to do their prep., with that hideous row going on outside.

Magistrate: What was he singing?

Mr. Linley: Something to the effect that the roses round the door made him love mother more, your worship. (Laughter.)

Prisoner: Why, you fathead, I was singing "Annie Laurie!"

Detective-Inspector Penfold then swaggered into the witness-box to give evidence.

"Last night, your worship, ere the clock had stricken nine I was in my study—"

Magistrate: Disguised as a chimpanzee?

Witness: No, your worship.

Magistrate: Of course not. No disguise would be necessary. (Laughter.)

Witness: I wish you wouldn't crack feeble jokes at the expense of a distinguished official like myself! As I was saying, I was in my study when the most appalling wails greeted my ears. I concluded that the kitchen cat was singing a sonata to his lady love, (laughter) but on going out into the Close to investigate I found that the prisoner was responsible for the din. I warned him to desist—

Magistrate: And what did he say?

Witness: "Go and eat coke, chop chips, and fry your face!" (Laughter.) I thereupon cautioned him, and took him into custody.

At this juncture, his worship took the foreman of the jury by the arm, and breathed a few words in his ear. The foreman nodded his head, and immediately brought in a verdict of guilty.

Prisoner was sentenced to receive a round dozen with the court poker.

REPORT IN BRIEF.

Richard Nugent was prosecuted by his fag-master, George Wingate, for breaking crockery, breaking his promises, and breaking bounds.

Magistrate: Fined tuppence-farthing and costs. And see that the sum is paid into court before we adjourn for the Easter vacation.

Prisoner: Bow-wow!

CHEERFUL CLARENCE AND FAT FRED, THE FAMOUS

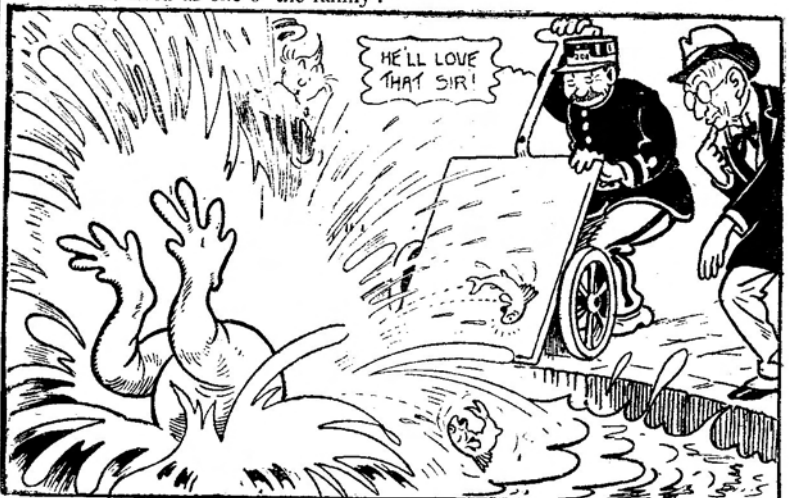
Special permission has been granted to "The Greyfriars Herald" to reproduce



1. Wonderful what shining film brains our priceless pair have, to be sure! Just list to this! Fred and the Cheerful One had been given the contract to deliver one walrus hide in good condition to a near-by naturalist, but instead of so doing they used that skin to disguise Clarence's manly form.

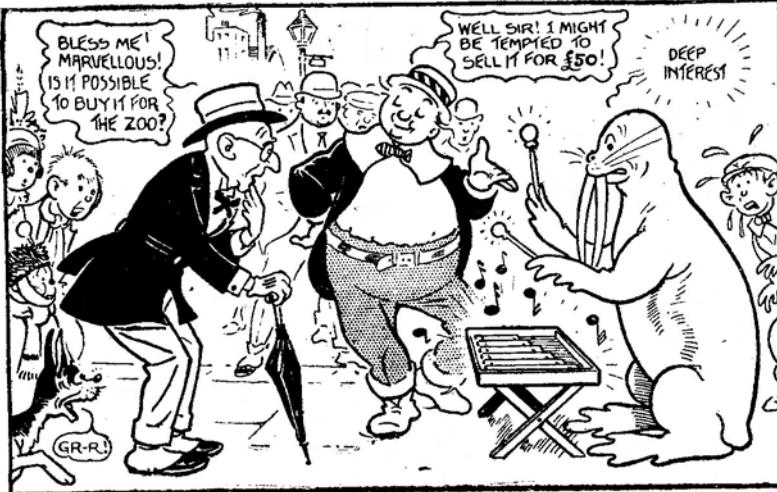


3. So, for fifty quidlets and a slap-up spread, Fred agreed to part with the Arctic Wonder. "Y'see, perfessor," he explained, "when I netted Tusky, he was sittin' on an iceberg, nibblin' frozen kippers; but, since coming to England, he's allus lived as one o' the family!"

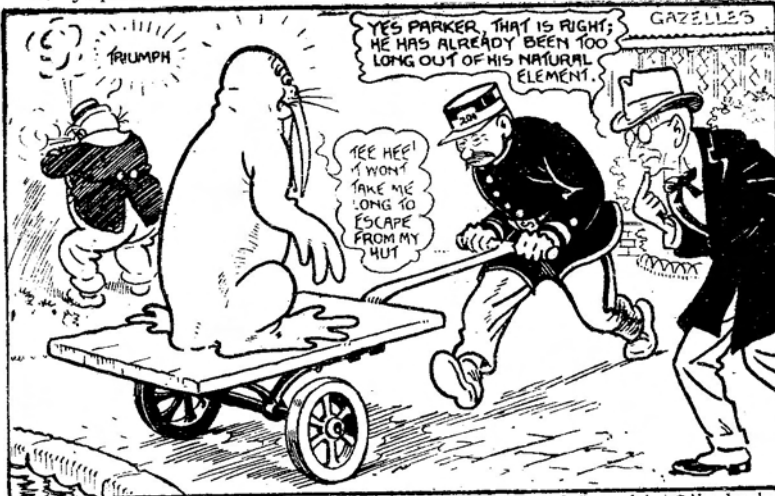


5. And the keeper did. "Woof! Gerroogh!" gurgled the Artiquarium Walrushideo, as he took a graceful back-header into the home of the sea-lions, shrimps, and other finny zoological specimens. "He'll simply love a swim, sir!" smiled Parker.

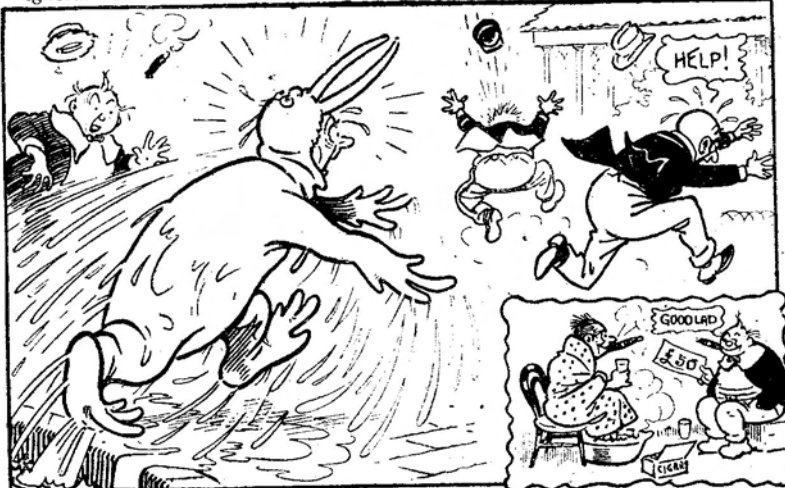
HEROES OF THE BLITTERGRAPH FILM COMPANY
ings of these two gloom-dispellers! Introduce your chums to the noble lads!



2. Then Fat Fred introduced the Cheerful One to the fashionable inhabitants of the Old Kent Road. "Bless me!" exclaimed Professor Motheaton, as he heard the wily walrus thump "The Ragtime Bogeyman" out of the merry old xylophone. "I should like to buy that Artiquarium Walrushideos!"



4. Well, Professor Motheaton dibbled up the dubs, and Fred moved into the background with a smile of triumph spitting his handsome chivvy. "Now, Parker," said the professor, "place the specimen I have purchased from that misguided ignoramus in its natural element!"



6. "Gr-r-urgh! I'll bite someone for that!" roared Clarence, as he came out of the watery wetness with a rush. And while Parker and the professor were retiring to the monkey-house, our two screams returned home to think out ways of spending that fifty pounds!

My Weekly Interview

By the Special Representative of "The Greyfriars Herald."

This week:

Mr. MANDERS

"YOU'VE a very stiff task in front of you this week," said the editor. "I want you to interview old Manders, one of the masters at Rookwood. He's a tyrant, and a beast, and lots of other unpleasant things. The odds are about ten to one against his granting you an interview. But if you're successful in getting one I'll give you an extra quid for your article."

"Sure you don't mean a quid of baccy?" I asked suspiciously.

"No; I mean a scrap of paper signed by Fisher, with a rough sketch of the Houses of Parliament on the back."

Fortunately, it was Founder's Day, which meant a whole day's holiday for Greyfriars. I caught an early train, and arrived at Rookwood while the school was at breakfast.

In the quadrangle I met the school porter, and I handed him a card bearing the inscription:

"The Special Representative of 'The Greyfriars Herald.'"

The porter shuffled away. He returned shortly afterwards, and handed me back my card. Manders had written thereon the terse injunction:

"Go away. I can't be bothered."

I went away—but only as far as the tuck-shop, to get some refreshment. Then I returned to the attack. Morning lessons were in progress by this time.

"Go to Mr. Manders," I instructed the porter, "and tell him that Barou Hatch, of Colney Mansions, desires to see him."

"Werry good, sir." When the porter returned I could tell by his expression that my ruse had proved successful.

"Mr. Manders will see you at once, sir," he said. "Step this way, please."

And I was ushered into the Sixth Form-room.

Manders nearly fell down as I entered.

"You—you!" he spluttered. "I was given to understand that Baron Hatch desired to see me."

"Some little subterfuge was necessary—" I began.

But I got no further. Manders picked up a pointer, and started lamming me for all he was worth. My yells of anguish rang through the corridors of Rookwood.

By the time I had crawled back to Greyfriars I was a mass of bruises. But I had succeeded in interviewing Manders, and although the interview had been a jolly painful one, I was amply compensated by receiving the extra quid. (The editor told me afterwards that the fellow who writes the Police-court News received a quid less than usual this week!)

THE END.



THE MYSTERY OF THE MIDNIGHT MAIL

An amazing new detective tale from the annals of Raymond Steele and his young assistant by that popular author,

W. MURRAY GRAYDON

After the Wreck—The Burning Carriage—A Tragic Discovery—The Gentleman in the Plaid Coat!

RAYMOND STEELE'S leap for life had fortunately carried him well beyond the toppling train, and he had been hurled violently into a copse of bushes fringing a shallow, brawling stream that flowed at the bottom of the embankment.

He did not remain long unconscious. A jet of icy water that spurted over a rock, and sprayed on his cheek, soon revived him. He had been severely shaken, and had sustained some bruises, but no bones were broken.

Having scrambled to his feet, faint and dizzy, he groped blindly across the stream, and staggered up a low, grassy slope in front of him. He sank down on the crest of it, and pressed his hands to his throbbing head. It was an appalling sight that he beheld from here, and heart-rending were the sounds that floated to his ears.

The larger portion of the train had not left the metals, but the three forward carriages had broken away from it, and had plunged with the engine into the ravine below the embankment where they were lying on their sides amongst the crushed thickets, shattered and splintered, and twisted. In the short interval that had elapsed, the occupants of the carriages on the embankment had flocked to the ravine and were doing what they could, dragging from the wreck the dead bodies of some of the passengers, and rendering assistance to others who were more or less seriously injured.

The rain had ceased, and to add to the horror of the scene one of the carriages had caught fire. It was blazing fiercely, and those who were imprisoned within it, at the mercy of the flames, were shrieking piteously for help.

Raymond Steele was half-dazed. He did not fully realise as yet what had happened. He sat there on the grass for a little time while he recovered from the shock and regained his strength, gazing as one in a trance at the awful scene by the crimson glare that made the night almost as light as day, and listening to the confusion and excited clamour; and then the cloud passed from his brain, and he jumped up, as he heard a familiar voice shouting:

"Guv'nor! Where are you, guv'nor?"

It was Oliver's voice. Steele called to him loudly, and the lad came running to the spot, and gripped his master's hand.

"Ah, here you are, thank goodness!" he exclaimed. "I have been looking for you! I was terribly afraid you'd been killed! Aren't you hurt?"

"No, I am all right except for a bruise or two," Steele replied. "I had a narrow escape, though. What of Robbins, the stoker? Have you seen him?"

"He is dead, guv'nor. His body is lying partly under the engine."

"Poor fellow! And what of Peter Chumleigh and the servant?"

"I didn't see either of them after the smash, for the lights were extinguished at once. But I don't think they were much hurt. Gregg spoke a few words to me, and I left him in the compartment. I climbed out by a window and searched for you. What an awful disaster it is! What was the cause of it?"

"A landslide, my boy. The edge of the embankment gave way owing to the heavy rain. But a few seconds before the engine leapt over I saw two men ahead who were waving a

burning paper, and I strongly suspect that they were those scoundrels Sleath and Flindt. If so, it was their intention to stop the train on the pretext that there was an obstruction on the line, and attempt to kidnap young Chumleigh. I may be wrong, however. The men would hardly have been so daring as to—"

Steele broke off abruptly.

"That's your carriage that is on fire, isn't it?" he said.

"So it is, guv'nor," Oliver declared. "I hope everybody is out of it. We had better see."

With keen apprehension they hurried down the slope, and over to the foot of the embankment, where the rescuers were still busy at the wreck, moving to and fro in the red light. They were not paying any heed to the burning carriage, for no appeals for help came from within it now. They had been stifled by death. More than half of the carriage was on fire, blazing high; and the flames were rapidly approaching the other end, where two adjoining compartments, a first-class and a second, had been made into one by the smashing of the partition wall. William Gregg was standing here, dishevelled and bare-headed, wringing his hands.

"Oh, Mr. Steele!" he cried at sight of the detective. "The boy! The poor boy!"

"Where is he?" exclaimed Steele.

"What do you mean?"

"There, sir! He is in there!"

"Dead or alive, Gregg?"

"I fear he is dead, sir. I had to leave him, and climb out. I could not get him free! What a blow it will be for the squire!"

The carriage was on its side, and through a ragged gap in the roof, which was in a perpendicular attitude, Steele and Oliver looked into the shattered compartments. By the lurid glow they saw amidst the wreckage, lying in a distorted position, the body of a youth who wore brown boots and trousers of blue serge. His features were invisible, and he was apparently pinned fast by a broken beam that had fallen across his waist.

"It is Peter Chumleigh!" said the lad. "He wore trousers and boots like those! He may not be dead, though."

"I am afraid he is," Steele sadly replied. "He has been killed."

"We can't be sure of it, guv'nor."

READ THIS FIRST.

Peter Chumleigh, a sturdy lad of sixteen; who is the grandson of the squire of Chumleigh Hall, Devonshire, arrives in England from the United States with his grandfather's servant, William Gregg. On Southampton station Gregg sees two rogues named Sleath and Flindt, who had made a previous attempt to kidnap Peter in New York. Gregg and Peter purposely miss the train and go up to London in a later one. Still uneasy in his mind the servant calls on Raymond Steele, private detective; and Steele, with his young assistant Oliver, goes down to Devon on the midnight mail on which Peter is travelling. While the train is dashing through the night, Steele, who is on the footplate, sees the rails ahead sagging over the embankment. Before the train can be pulled up the engine leaps to destruction, dragging the carriages after it!

(Now read on.)

Perhaps he is only unconscious. I'll try to get him out."

"No, no; don't think of it, my boy! It will be impossible. You will risk your life."

"I'll have a try, gov'nor. Let me go."

With that, heedless of his master's warning, Oliver slipped through the jagged aperture into the burning carriage. The flames were very near to him, but in spite of the intense, scorching heat, he pluckily crawled over to the body, and crouched by it. For a few seconds he was hidden by an eddying wave of smoke, and then, to Steele's vast relief, he reappeared and crept from the carriage. He was panting for breath, and he had in his hand a note-case of seal leather. He gave it to William Gregg, who glanced inside of it.

"This belongs to young Peter!" he declared.

"I know it does," the lad answered. "I took it from the breast-pocket of his coat."

"And—is he dead?"

"Yes, I am certain he is. He has been killed. A heavy beam fell on him, and his face is so badly cut that I couldn't recognise him. The body is held fast, and I wasn't able to move it."

"I will help you. Come, my boy."

"No, Gregg, it wouldn't be any use. The heat drove me out. Nothing can be done."

The servant had been clinging to a faint hope, and now, assured that the youth was dead, he gave way to his grief, and tears streamed down his cheeks.

"What a terrible thing!" he said hoarsely. "Squire Chumleigh will be heartbroken! How can I tell him?"

To the detective also the tragic fate of young Peter Chumleigh was a shock, and he was almost as much distressed as was Gregg. But a changed expression gradually came over Olive's face, and he showed little or no concern. He glanced at his master, opened his lips as though to speak, and remained silent.

Several of the passengers had been standing near, listening to the conversation, and one of them stepped forward. He was a tall man of between thirty and forty, with a black moustache and a pointed beard. He wore a soft hat and an overcoat of a plaid pattern.

"The name of Squire Chumleigh, of Chumleigh Hall, is familiar to me," he said, addressing the detective. "Is it his grandson whose body is in there?"

"That is quite right, sir," Steele assented.

"The poor boy killed! I am sorry to hear it! What a blow it will be for the old squire!"

"Yes, it is very sad!"

The man drew back, and Steele looked after him for a moment, wondering vaguely who he was. There was a shade of suspicion in his mind. He gazed at the burning carriage and perceived that the flames had reached the body of the youth.

"Calm yourself, Gregg," he bade. "I know how you feel, and I sympathise with you. But grief will do no good. Come, Oliver, we can do

nothing here," he added. "There are others who are in need of assistance."

The Relief Train—Oliver Makes a Startling Statement to His Master—Steele Questions the Servant—What Gregg Knew!

THE wind had dropped, and rain was falling again in a fine, stinging drizzle. The lad was protected by a mackintosh, and Steele, ascending the embankment, went to the luggage-van, and got his Burberry from the bag he had put on the train at Paddington. He then re-joined Oliver, and the two gave what aid they could, going here and there, while the carriage blazed to destruction. Four dead bodies had been taken from the wreckage, and a dozen passengers were suffering from cuts and contusions, and broken limbs.

Presently a rumbling sound was heard in the distance. Immediately after the disaster the guard of the mail had hastened to the signal-box

early an age, with his prospects. Heir to a million!"

"Don't be too sure of that," Oliver quietly remarked.

"Don't be too sure!" Steele repeated, in a tone of bewilderment. "What do you mean?"

"Peter Chumleigh isn't dead. At least, I don't think he is."

"Not dead? How can you imagine that? The evidence leaves no room for doubt. The youth was in that compartment. He wore brown boots and a blue suit. And the note-case you took from his pocket was identified by Gregg."

"That's all very well, gov'nor, as far as it goes. But there is evidence to the contrary, to my mind."

"Indeed? And what is it, my boy? The face was that of a stranger?"

"No, the features were so mutilated that nobody could have recognised them. I am judging by something else. During the journey I noticed that the joint of Peter's left thumb



Heedless of Steele's warning, Oliver slipped through the jagged aperture into the burning carriage.

that was in the vicinity, and had sent a message through by telegraph to Newton Abbot. A relief train was now approaching. A whistle shrieked, and the head-light of the engine appeared around a curve.

The train stopped at the scene of the disaster, bringing with it a small party of doctors and nurses; and as they were rendering aid to the injured the rain came down in drenching torrents.

It was so heavy a fall that the flames were soon extinguished, but not until the carriage had been almost entirely destroyed. It was a mass of twisted metal, glowing ashes, and blackened glass. Lanterns flashed here and there, shedding a dim light on the moving figures.

Raymond Steele looked sadly, on, the lad by his side.

"That poor boy," he said. "What a pity it is, Oliver! Cut off at so

was swollen. I asked him the cause of it, and he told me that he had broken the thumb a year ago in a gymnasium in New York, when he was having a boxing match with a pal of his. I looked at both hands of the body, and—" Oliver paused. "And the left thumb was normal, gov'nor. It wasn't a bit swollen."

"Why didn't you tell me this before?" said Steele sharply.

"I have been waiting until I had a chance. I thought you might not want anyone else to know."

"That was quite right. Your discovery had better be kept quiet in the circumstances. But you could not have seen clearly by the dull light of the flames, for the carriage was full of smoke. In all probability you are mistaken, my boy."

"I don't believe I am. I looked closely at the thumb. Though I couldn't swear to it, gov'nor, I am

almost certain that the dead youth was not Peter Chumleigh."

"But the note-case, Oliver? What of that?"

"Can't you account for it being in the pocket of the coat? I can, gov'nor!"

Steele nodded, and was silent for a few seconds, his brows knit in perplexity. He felt that the lad might have been deceived by the dim, smoky light. But he was strongly inclined to believe, on the whole, that it was not Squire Chumleigh's grandson who had perished in the burning carriage.

"It was shrewd of you, Oliver," he declared. "I rather think that you are right, all things considered. Those men, Sleath and Flindt, knew that Peter Chumleigh was travelling by the mail. Just before the disaster, they attempted to hold up the train, and immediately afterwards, seizing the opportunity, they hastily searched the carriages. They found the youth unconscious, probably only slightly hurt. And they also found amidst the debris, beneath the fallen beam, the dead and mutilated body of a youth or a man who was dressed as was the squire's grandson. It naturally occurred to them that here was a chance for a deception, which, should it succeed, would safeguard themselves at least for a day or so, by concealing their crime. They took the note-case from young Peter, and slipped it into the pocket of the corpse, which they knew could not be identified; and in the panic and confusion they got away unobserved with their prisoner. I dare say that is exactly what happened."

"It is just what I have been thinking," said the lad.

"Yet there is a glimmer of doubt, Oliver!"

"I am sure there isn't, gov'nor. The left thumb I examined settles the question for me."

"Possibly you were mistaken. At all events, an investigation may confirm our theories. If Peter Chumleigh has been kidnapped by those villains they would have been prepared to carry him to some hiding-place at a distance."

"You mean that they would have had a car somewhere near?"

"Yes, I mean just that. The rain has muddied the roads, so it should not be difficult for us to—" The detective stopped abruptly as he recalled the gentleman in the plaid coat. "I want to have a talk with Gregg," he added. "I sha'n't be long, my boy. You stay where you are until I return."

Leaving Oliver behind, Steele sought for the servant, and found him sitting on a stone near the burnt carriage. There was a vacant look in William Gregg's eyes, and a dazed expression on his face. His grief had yielded to a numbing apathy.

"Did you notice the gentleman who spoke to me of young Peter?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir, I did," Gregg answered, in a dull tone.

"Had you ever seen him before? Does he live near Chumleigh Hall?"

"I don't think he lives anywhere in the neighbourhood, sir, or I should have recognised him. But I have seen

him more than once. He crossed the Atlantic with us."

"He was one of the passengers on the Tauranic?" Steele exclaimed in surprise. "Are you sure of that?"

"I am positive, sir," Gregg replied. "It is the same person. I saw him day by day, and he was dressed as he is now."

"Did he hold any conversation with you or Peter during the voyage?"

"Not on any occasion, sir. He did not speak a word to either of us."

"Did you see him talking to Jason Flindt?"

"No, sir, I did not. They were not acquainted with each other, as far as I know."

"Did you see him in London, Gregg?"

"No, not after we landed at Southampton."

The detective pondered the information he had received. He took a deeper interest in the gentleman now, for he dimly suspected who he was, and why he had sailed from New York by the Tauranic. It was an ugly suspicion that was in his mind.

"You must go on with the relief train, Gregg," he said, after a pause, "and break the sad news to the squire. I am not coming with you, but for the present I am staying in this part of the country, and I may shortly pay a visit to Chumleigh Hall."

The servant merely nodded; and, in a thoughtful mood, Steele retraced his steps to where he had left Oliver.

"I haven't much doubt that Peter Chumleigh is alive and a prisoner, my boy," he said; "but until we have obtained some proof of the fact we had better keep our knowledge to ourselves. I haven't told Gregg, for I don't want the squire to know. It would raise hopes which might not be fulfilled. When the train has gone we will investigate, and I expect we shall make some discoveries."

Footprints on the Grass—More Discoveries—Steele and Oliver Follow the Trail—The Car by the Roadside—Pistol Shots!

MEANWHILE the wind had shifted to another quarter.

The rain had entirely ceased, and the clouds were breaking when the relief train pulled out for Newton Abbott, coupled to the portion of the mail that had stayed on the line. With it went the doctors and the nurses, the dead and injured, and William Gregg and the other passengers, including the royal personages and his suite, none of whom had been hurt. A wrecking crew, numbering a score of men, remained behind to raise the shattered carriages, and to delve into the ruins of the one that had been destroyed.

There was no moon, and it was still pitch dark, though the night was nearly over. The rumble of the train was fading in the distance when Raymond Steele and the lad, unobserved by the workmen, set about their investigations.

Starting at a point opposite to the burnt carriage, they pushed through the thickets by the stream, and climbed to the crest of the grassy slope. Then the detective took an electric torch from his pocket, and

switched on the golden flare; and almost at once he stopped, and called the lad's attention to the marks of boots on the soft, wet grass.

"Look!" he bade. "The footprints of two men!"

"I can see them plainly," Oliver replied. "They are quite fresh."

"They could not have been made by any of the passengers, my boy."

"No, I am sure of that. They were made by Herbert Sleath and Jason Flindt, gov'nor, and Ill bet that they had Peter Chumleigh with them!"

"It would seem so. They were carrying some heavy burden, else their boots would not have left such deep impressions. This is the most encouraging discovery, Oliver."

"It is, gov'nor. I told you I was right, and so I was!"

Holding to the footprints, they went along the level top of the slope for a couple of hundred yards, and squeezed through a gap in a hedge into a road, whence they bore to the right, to the north. A little farther on they crossed the railway-line by a bridge, and on the opposite side of it, visible by the glow of the torch, they observed signs that were easily to be read. A motor-car had been driven to the spot, it had been turned round here, and it had departed in the direction from which it had come. The marks of the tyres were stamped distinctly on the muddy surface of the road, and there were also confused footprints.

"Ah, it is just as I presumed," said Steele, when he had gazed about him. "The men were Sleath and Flindt. They came in a car, left it here, and carried young Peter to it from the wreck!"

"That's exactly what they did," the lad assented.

"Yes, the evidence is fairly convincing. It was not Squire Chumleigh's grandson who perished in the burning carriage. I can discern the footprints of three persons. The youth was put on his feet before his captors lifted him into the car."

"Where do you suppose they are taking him, gov'nor?"

"I've no idea. That is the problem we must solve, and I believe we can do so!"

"The men must have had a hiding-place in readiness," said Oliver. "Don't you think so?"

"Yes, I dare say they had. It may be a long way from here, though."

"Perhaps it is in Dartmoor. We aren't many miles from there, are we?"

"No, it isn't a great distance, Oliver. But it is not likely that the men are going to that bleak waste."

There could be no doubt now—or at least, very little—that Peter Chumleigh is alive, and in the clutches of the two daring scoundrels who had made a futile attempt to kidnap him in New York, and had come to England to carry out their designs. Their motive was obviously ransom. It was not to be feared that the youth's life was in danger.

In cheerful spirits, satisfied that the person who had been killed in the disaster was a stranger to them, Raymond Steele and the lad followed the

(Continued at foot of page 20.)

HOW TO IMPROVE YOUR FOOTER!

By JOE McCALL

The Popular Captain of Preston North End and Half-Back of International Fame

No. 2.—The Half-Back Game

IN view of the fact that for the half-back to pass the ball to his forwards along the ground is one of the most important parts of his duty, it follows that in order to do this he must learn all there is to know about trapping the ball.

As my readers who have played any football at all must know, to trap a ball which has come through the air is an extremely delicate and difficult business. Moreover, it is one which can only be learnt by much practice.

There are different ways of trapping, and even in first-class football you will see these different methods shown. Some players trap the ball by applying the side of the boot just as it touches the ground. Other players try to carry out the same idea, by jabbing one foot on top of the ball as it drops, while yet again I have seen players whose idea of trapping consisted in leaning over the dropped ball and allowing it to bounce up against their stomachs.

This latter is a procedure I should not advise, for the player who adopts this method is simply asking to be laid out—winded.

All things considered, I think the first-mentioned method of trapping is the best—that is, to apply the side of your boot to the ball at the exact second when it would bounce from the ground if left alone. By trapping the



Both foolish and dangerous is the mistake of bending down to head a low ball.

ball in this way the player imparts top spin on to the object, and that top spin brings the ball back to the player even if, in the course of trapping it, he pushed it a little distance away from him.

As I say, though the art of trapping the ball is not one which can be taught on paper. There is only one thing to be done, and that is to practise continually. Even then you may



never really succeed in learning how to trap the ball and bring it to a dead stop every time, for I know players who are even now in the top class, who have never mastered this trapping business. The fact that they have not done so detracts from their merits as players, of course.

In regard to feeding, one of the biggest mistakes is made by young half-backs in passing the ball directly at the man in front. It is ever so much better to direct the pass so that the ball will run alongside the player for whom it is intended rather than straight at him.

Think for a moment what the "straight-at-the-man" pass means. In the first place, the forward has to take it with his back to the goal he is meant to be aiming at, and in the time which is necessary for him to get the ball under control and turn round, he will probably find that a full-back has chipped in and booted the ball down the field. So direct your pass alongside the man for whom it is intended so that he can take it in his stride.

Pace is the essence of the football contract, and very often the team which succeeds is the one which is able to do everything in a trifle less time than the opposing side.

To the half-backs in general and the centre-half in particular, the ability to head the ball well is an extremely valuable asset. There are great players who can head the ball almost as far, and almost as accurately as they can kick it. This is really a question of timing; but the first golden rule about heading is never to use the crown, or top of your head. The forehead or the side is the way to do it, and you must get into the habit of flicking the head at the actual moment of contact. Therein is the secret of successful headwork.

Instinct will soon tell the player when to head and when to kick, but personally I think I can't do better in

giving advice on this point that to say never head the ball when you can apply your feet. Some players have a habit of going down quite low to head a ball.

I remember that some time ago I was sufficiently foolish to bend down quite low to head a ball which I really ought to have kicked. I paid for my folly, for the first thing I felt was not the ball, but the boot of one of my opponents. I saw quite a lot of stars, and incidentally did not play football again for several weeks.

Again it is sometimes safer to allow the ball to go rather than to head it, especially when the ground is muddy and the ball is more like a ton weight than a football. In the course of my career I have been knocked out by foolishly heading a fast-travelling heavy ball. And it is not good for a side to have its players knocked out.

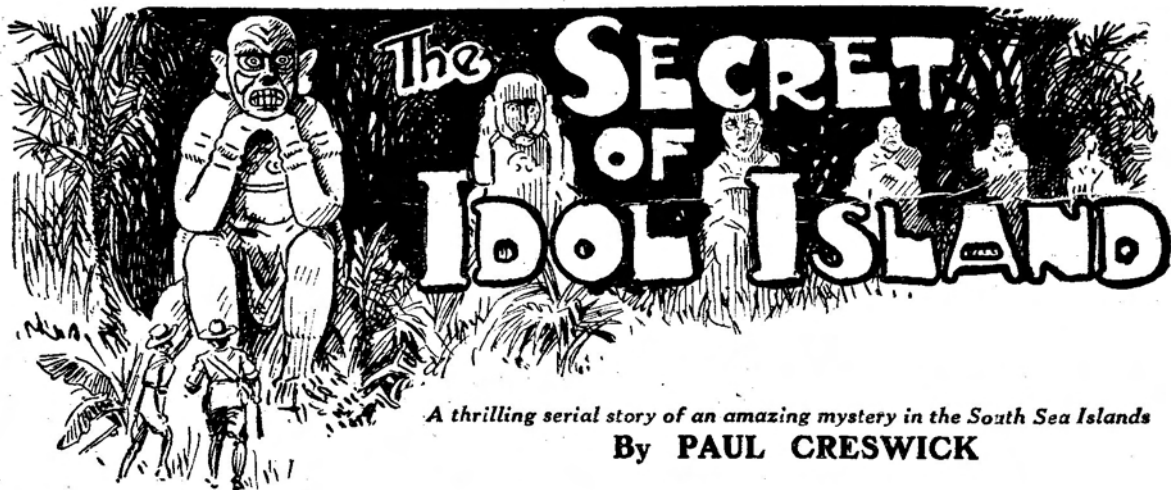


Trapping the ball by the method shown above is simply asking to be laid out.

But if it should happen that one player is injured and has to leave the field, then it is up to the others so to arrange their forces that his absence will be felt as little as possible. Exactly what a team does in these circumstances depends largely on the state of the game. If your side is one or two goals to the good, then, if you have to play ten men, it is better to rob the attack rather than the defence—that is, play four forwards rather than one full-back.

Joe McCall

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



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

By PAUL CRESWICK

Restoring the River!

THE two chums lay flat on the ground as the professor suggested. Armstrong fancied that he could distinguish a tiny murmuring.

"It's the wind overhead," he said.

"No," the professor answered. "This is underneath us. I'll toddle up the bank and have a look at our old friend, Palm Tree Hill. Don't trouble to get up. Make the most of your chances of being lazy."

Armstrong and Curly Walker didn't need a second invitation. They were dead tired, and they dropped off to sleep.

An hour or so must have passed ere Cordelia came tramping back over the beach, stockings and booted once more.

"Tea fatigue!" she called. "Now then you two—get on with it!"

The boys scrambled to their feet. Soon the three of them were busy getting the tea. The patent "solid methylated" spirit was a boon and a blessing; the kettle boiled and Cordelia started serving out biscuits and jam from one of her father's inexhaustible cases. She glanced round for him.

"It's time daddy was back. Go and call him, Jack!"

Armstrong liked to obey his new "boss." Cordelia was the sort of pal one naturally took to.

He went off at once and clambered up the slope behind the houses. When he got to the high ground he gave a shout for the professor.

No answer. He shouted again and, rather impatiently, began to walk towards Palm Tree Hill—still smoking slightly in the distance. As he moved across the grassy rise he was aware of a distinct "tremor." It shook him off his feet.

"The old chap was right," he told himself. "By Jove, we haven't done with our earthquakes yet!"

He went right up to Palm Tree Hill, then was stopped by the lava flow. This was hot and fresh. Showers of light, flaky ashes descended about him like grey goose feathers. He began to be anxious. It was queer that the professor should have gone so far—it was foolhardy.

He searched with increasing alarm. He called and whistled, and brought the other two up the slope in answer.

An hour was fruitlessly spent looking for the professor. They spread out right and left, and ran about more and more wildly. The earth vibrations gathered in volume; the wind was now very cold. Clouds had covered the sun. A sudden, emphatic shock nearly threw them down, a long, rolling peal of thunder sounded.

Then came the rain, in a deluge. The three ran for shelter under the nearest tree, where they stood together with pale faces and sad hearts.

"My father!" gasped Cordelia. "Oh, Jack, we must find him!"

It occurred to them that the professor might have returned to No. 1, Stone Houses by another route. He might have been pottering about in the other Stone Houses further along the beach.

"Did the old dog go with daddy?"

"Sure to have followed him," Armstrong replied. "Let us get back—the rain is passing."

They went back slowly. The "home" was tenanted solely by the cat, who was perfectly at ease. She regarded them out of her narrow green eyes, with something of contempt, and wouldn't drink the warm condensed milk and water which Cordelia offered.

"After tea we must go carefully over the ground," said Armstrong. "Cordy had better search each one of the Stone Houses. They're straightforward, but it's possible one of them

has another exit. This place is full of mysteries. You walk along towards Idols' Parade, Curly, so that you can keep in touch with Cordelia. I'll go back to Palm Tree Hill!"

It was all that could be done. Armstrong had a presentiment that the natives were at the bottom of this new trouble. On the other hand, Professor Cordwell was so erratic, when once on the chase of any new idea, that he might well have gone right across the island.

Palm Tree Hill was altering every minute. Always a desolate, bleak little mound, it was now becoming a really horrible place. The lava outflow had quite destroyed any pretence to beauty, and the ashes were turning the vegetation into a dirty grey. The earth trembled without cessation.

Armstrong made a detour and came to the hill and the first beginnings of the river which had watered the native quarters. He noted with relief that the stream was running freely, but had got out of its course and was being diverted towards Stone Houses. A little spade-work would soon put it back, and Armstrong was vexed to think how they had wasted their time over old Big Chief.

"An hour or two here would have given those fatheads their river again—and they would have thought it magic," he told himself. "What absolute chumps they are!"

He walked farther inland. In the mud beside the stream were tracks of bare feet. A close scrutiny showed the impression of sole and heel amongst the scramble of footmarks. Armstrong ran back forthwith to the others. He guessed now what had happened.

He called to Curly and Cordelia to get spades from the professor's outfit. At all costs they must turn the river. The natives would be quite happy and peaceable, once that were done, and would release the innocent old "Devil Man."

"I expect they're trying to make your father do magic, with just a wave of his hands!" Armstrong added, after he had unfolded his belief that the natives had kidnapped the professor. "They're childish enough for anything!"

"Will they kill him?" whispered

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. The natives accuse the professor of making magic by drying up a river, and order him to restore the water. Later, while on the beach with his daughter and the two boys, the professor notices a faint tremor of the ground.

Cordelia, really beside herself with fear. She felt that the world was coming to its end.

"Not they. They won't kill him. They'll only try to force him to give them back their river. Let us get to work on that job first. The rest will be easy!"

The three took some small excavating shovels, which the professor had brought, and worked with a will. The dirty little stream was brought into line, and, after banking it up, they had the satisfaction of seeing it resume its old course. The trio threw down their spades and took up such arms as they could best handle. They set out quickly and hopefully for the Polynesian village, about two miles to the south.

"It seems impossible that dirty little trickle will become a river," said Curly. "It only shows you what a small beginning everything has."

The first shades of tropic night were gathering. Lucky for them that they might expect a moon, for the darkness comes swiftly and utterly at sundown. They were not quite clear as to how they would rescue the professor, when the time came; but they were young and had plenty of confidence. As they neared the village they heard the tom-toms beating—sure sign of a festival.

Also they heard the barking of a dog.

"Let me go first," said Curly. "I can manage them!"

The heavy smell of the drying river-bed tainted the air. They pushed through the jungle of dense reeds and bushes until the flat expanse of the river was reached. It should have been a fine stream in the ordinary course; for, though shallow, there was a good bed to it, and the natives had dredged a decent passage for their rafts. Nothing much more could navigate on those few inches of water.

Already channels were being cut in the mud by the returning stream. With luck, the river should be normal again in a few hours.

The barking of the old dog became very plain. He was evidently much agitated. The natives were groaning a sort of dirge and beating their tom-toms in a slow, mournful way. Every now and again the women wailed in unison; the combined noises growing nearer and nearer.

"They're coming down to the river," said Jack Armstrong. "We had better hide in the jungle for a bit, and see what they're about."

Curly touched him, unseen by Cordelia.

"It's a burial song they are singing," he whispered hoarsely. "Pray goodness, Jack, that we are in time!"

To the Rescue!

THE three watchers shrank back still more into the shade of the bush, as the sounds grew very near. First came a small company of natives, in single file, beating on wooden drums and droning a miserable dirge, apparently relating the whole story of the misdoings of the Devil Man, who, by the marvellous skill of themselves, had been charmed into ambush and most cleverly trapped. Curly could make out that

much of it, and whispered the information to the others.

After the "band" came a few women, bearing palm leaves in their hands, which they waved about gracefully enough—these lamented the drying up of the river, and cheerfully prophesied the end of the tribe, as a consequence. Then came a few braves with spears, voicing all sorts of tortures for the Devil Man, who had done this thing; and finally, bound hand and foot, came the Devil Man himself, seated on a kind of chair which was being carried on the shoulders of two natives, by the simple device of two poles placed under the seat of the chair.

As the watchers had expected, the Devil Man was the professor, and he was looking extremely cross.

But the three of them were too relieved to find him still in the land of the living to mind his expression of

reason. She wanted to rush out upon the natives and engage them in a hand to hand contest forthwith. Armstrong counselled prudence.

"Let us wait a little longer," he said, "we can have a scrap with them as a last resort. The professor is not downhearted, evidently, and knows we shall come for him."

They saw the natives preparing a nice bed for the Devil Man, and getting themselves into a horrible mess in the doing of it. The mud was soft and sticky and not so deep as one supposed. The wooden scoops, which were useful enough for dredging the river, were not much good here. The professor had been put down on the bank, and was rather like a Guy Fawkes about to be burned. He screwed up his eyes in his efforts to see what was going on.

The night descended rapidly. The grave was only about two feet deep.



The natives clustered round the professor, brandishing their spears and uttering dire threats.

acute vexation. The natives had removed his spectacles, so that the professor was practically blind.

The procession halted by the side of the muddy stretches which were all that remained of the river. The tom-tom players kneeled, and invited the Big Chief Idol to say what was to be done with the Devil Man.

Like Baal of old, Big Chief Idol did not respond. But this didn't matter, seeing that the natives had already planned it all out.

"They're going to bury the old lad in the mud of the river," said Curly, in a whisper. "The idea is that he will have to invoke the return of the waters in order to save himself from dying of thirst. Of course, the idiots overlook the fact that if the water comes back it will effectually dispose of his thirst by drowning him!"

"The water is coming back all right," said Armstrong. "That's a little bit of magic which we can guarantee."

Cordelia was troubled beyond all

The Polynesians were getting tired and very dirty. At last they stuck the professor, chair and all, into the hole they had scooped. Then the natives clustered round, brandishing their spears and uttering dire threats to be fulfilled if the Devil Man did not restore the river before morning. "Let's try if we can frighten them," said Jack Armstrong.

"Better wait and see," Curly answered. "I rather imagine that the water is coming back pretty quickly."

It was. The professor felt his "grave" filling up with the returning stream, and forthwith understood how to deal with the matter. He suddenly began a loud invocation in his best Latin, in which he worked in the word "kerosene" with great effect. In the dim light the three watchers saw him wagging his head and rocking his chair, while the dog who had been silent for a spell, began a doleful whining.

The night came quickly. Almost at once it shut down upon the scene.

"Now's the time," said Curly. "Fire over their heads and shout like mad!"

They aimed high and fired their pistols together. Jack raised a yell which startled himself, and Curly took up the cry. Cordelia gave a rather feminine version of a shout, but it helped. The natives made a headlong rush for the village, with Fussy barking wildly at their heels.

The three ran out into the open and felt, rather than saw, a way to the professor, who was carrying on with his Latin verse with ever increasing volubility. He had recognised Cordelia's shout, and was doing his bit to help forward the good work. In a few minutes more they had got him out of his watery grave, and had cut the fibre bonds which had held him. The professor's first remark was characteristic.

"Those silly idiots have gone off with my spectacles, Cordy! Just run after them and say I must have them at once. They'll break the glasses for a certainty."

But Cordelia was hanging round her father's neck all tears now that all danger had passed.

A New Alarm!

IT was a dark, heavy night, and the four had a wearisome journey back to Stone Houses. The earth shook continuously, while the air seemed oppressive and stale. The professor was hungry, and annoyed about the loss of his glasses; but, when all four were once more in their refuge, he soon became himself. Food and some coffee restored him considerably, and Cordelia fished out of his kit-bag an old, spare pair of spectacles which gave him sight again.

He told them that he did not regret his capture altogether; he had learned some interesting facts about the natives, and had a notion, through them, as to the real secret of the island.

"Dumnoff thinks his wireless will be the secret of Idol Island," said Professor Cordwell, with scorn. "His and our wireless are as nothing compared with the forces at work here. Those fellows knew what we had done on Idols' Parade, without having had sight of our bluff. It's uncanny how they know things!"

The professor had got to his pipe, and was becoming discursive. He saw that the others were dead tired, so had mercy on them.

"We shall resume our discussion in the morning. But I do positively fancy that I have the key to a great deal of what is taking place. Good-night Cordy; good-night, boys! We can sleep soundly this night, anyway!"

Cordelia was not able to settle down so easily. She had seen that her father had some nasty cuts and bruises, and that, for all his iron nerve he was shaken by his experiences. Jack Armstrong's foot had been bothering him, too—the pair of them gave up the attempt to sleep, as dawn crept across the sea, and both came out very quietly from their respective quarters.

"Hallo, Cordy!"

She put her finger to her lip.

"Hush, don't wake the others! Isn't it a topping morning? I couldn't sleep any more!"

Armstrong nodded.

"Same here, I can't make out what has become of our Bolshies. Then there's this bothering old volcano. What a row it's making now! Just like guns at sea."

They listened as they moved along the beach. Cordelia spoke presently.

"It is guns, Jack. Big guns, I should think. Out northward there. Look, there's a flash! And another! It's a naval fight."

"But we're at peace, Cordy," Jack Armstrong began. Then he, too, saw the flashes. Long, reverberating rolls of thunderous sound followed. "By Jove, there's something doing out at sea. I guess that's our cruiser friend, hope he's not in trouble!"

A tremendous cannonade began; and, as if in answer, Palm Tree Hill started its old smoke stack. The professor and Curly came out of Stone Houses in a hurry.

"What is it now?" cried the professor, rather irritably. "I never knew such a place for alarms."

He saw Cordelia and Jack were safe, and forthwith ceased to fume.

"Fighting at sea—eh? Well, well,

A Wonderful GIFT FREE

An actual photograph in which the moon looks as near to the earth as an aerial photograph of a bombed section of the battlefields of France. The biggest photograph of the moon ever published. An unique free gift no boy or girl should miss. Given FREE with every copy of this week's



CHILDRENS' ② NEWSPAPER

Out on Friday.

let us hope it's a win for our side." He turned his attention to Palm Tree Hill. "Smoking again? So will I, and then we will have breakfast."

They found that the spring at the back of Stone Houses was inclined to be warm.

"That's because old Palm Tree was stopped up yesterday," the professor declared. "A good thing it's un-stopped this morning."

The four of them stood looking out to sea where, on the far horizon, flashes of fire could be seen. The rolling of the guns was endless, and low clouds seemed to be gathering above the fight.

"Smoke screen," said Curly, shading his eyes with one hand. He pointed to the sky line. "See how it is spreading along. More than one big ship there."

They watched, without further talk,

for a few minutes. As they were thinking of going back into Stone Houses, a sudden leaping flash went up from the battle, a tongue of flame and smoke. Then, after a brief pause, came the report of a terrific explosion, followed by a puff of hot wind.

"Something has gone up—and down," said Armstrong solemnly. "War's a rotten business!"

They strained their eyes trying to see across the expanse of restless blue. But now the firing ceased, as if at a command; while the clouds above it gathered more densely. A smell of sulphur came to them. The professor sharply wheeled about.

"Palm Tree Hill answers the signal!" he called.

And the four of them saw flame and fire and dense clouds of smoke shooting up furiously from the one-time harmless little hill.

The Fury of Nature!

"STONE HOUSES!" said Armstrong. "Hurry all, it's our only hope!"

Violent explosions came from the volcano. The whole island shook. Stones and ashes hailed down upon them as they rushed for the stout-built refuge. It was indeed a wise choice of the professor's—this ancient stone dwelling-house. Inside it one could feel fairly safe from the raging elements without.

Grey twilight came over the island. The fair morning was blotted out. The four of them could do nothing but wait patiently for the first violence of this new eruption to pass.

Cordelia got the breakfast with Curly's help. The professor sat moodily at the door, smoking his briar pipe. Armstrong came and stood by him, with the old dog shivering at his heels. The cat was not much upset by all the uproar. She even appeared to enjoy it.

Professor Cordwell stared out over the darkening sea.

"It's getting rougher, eh?"

"A little, sir. There's more surf, perhaps."

"Much more, and the wind is working up. Of course, we are quite all right here. Nothing short of the entire island blowing up will move Stone Houses. I'm thinking about that underground dock of old Dumnoff's. What's its position in relation to Idols' Parade?"

Armstrong considered the question. "The dock will be something nearer here, I guess," he said, at length. "We went in by the cave behind Big Chief Idol."

"Interrupting you both," Cordelia put in. "Did you observe if your handiwork of yesterday had stood the test? I didn't notice the idol you put in Big Chief's place, when I looked this morning."

None of them could remember.

"It has tumbled back on to Big Chief," Curly thought. "It wasn't very secure."

"More sacrilege," grunted Professor Cordwell. "Never mind, the natives have got their magic, and I trust the river is warming them up properly!"

Another instalment of this fine tale of adventure will appear next week.

THE CASE OF THE BOAT CLUB!

Our Great New Series dealing with
the Amazing Adventures of

HERLOCK SHOLMES
DETECTIVE

Written by

PETER TODD

I.

A CLIENT was just leaving my amazing friend, Mr. Herlock Sholmes, when I returned from visiting my patients one morning. I bowed to him with deep respect as he passed me, for I could see at a glance that he was a member of the British peerage. His dark complexion, aquiline nose, black eyebrows, and the accent with which he bade Sholmes "Goot-morning" told me as much.

"Come in, Jotson," said Sholmes. "I dare say you know the nobleman who has just gone out?"

"I noticed that he was a nobleman, Sholmes."

"It is Lord Guggengugger," explained Sholmes. "One of the greatest noblemen in the land—connected with the families of Neinschmidt and Porkstein—in fact, with nearly all the nobility. He is the head of the most exclusive boat club in the United Kingdom—the Hellespont. He has called to invoke my assistance. But I have been set a rather difficult task."

"Not too difficult for you, Sholmes," I said, with conviction.

My amazing friend smiled complacently.

"At least, my faithful Jotty will never lose faith in me," he remarked.

"Never, Sholmes! Did you not rescue me when I was kidnapped—at the time you lay on a sick bed, and I was anxious to fly to your side?" I exclaimed. "You saved me, though too late to operate upon you, as I intended. But that was not your fault—it was your misfortune."

"Say rather my good fortune, Jotson. However, to return to the Hellespont Boat Club," said Sholmes hastily. "You may be aware of the extreme strictness of the club rules, Jotson. No one who is or has been in trade is allowed to become a member—a most aristocratic club."

"Only persons whose papas have made fortunes in trade, I understand?"

"Exactly."

"But what—"

"It is a question of a new member," said Sholmes. "A young man of the name of Beauclerc—Sir Paget Beauclerc."

"That sounds quite respectable, Sholmes."

"Possibly; but it is not a name that speaks for itself, like Porkstein or Guggengugger."

"True."

"The committee appear to have been a little negligent. The young man has been admitted a member, and now doubts have arisen. Is the young man connected with trade in any way? Lord Guggengugger is acutely distressed. As a polished nobleman of

the old school, he is, of course, anxious to avoid wounding the young man's feelings, if possible. But he has his duty to do. The club looks to him as its head. Far be it from me, Jotson, to uphold anything in the way of snobbery. But social distinctions do exist. They must be regarded. A Beauclerc cannot be allowed to shove his way into the company of Guggenguggers and Porksteins unrebuked.

"True."

"The matter is to be handled as delicately as possible. Lord Guggengugger has engaged me to make inquiries, in a quiet way. I am to ascertain whether this young man is tainted by any connection with trade. The rules of the Hellespont Club are rigid on that point, and must be observed. If it should prove to be so, he will be excluded as tactfully as possible—but he will be excluded."

"Quite so, Sholmes. And you—"



Jotson bowed to Sholmes's client with deep respect.

Sholmes rose, and knocked out his pipe, in his playful way, on the back of my neck.

"I am about to begin my investigations, Jotson. I hope I shall be able to clear the young man of the unpleasant suspicions that have fallen upon him, and to save the Hellespont members from the horrid realisation that they have already rubbed shoulders with a person connected with trade—a dreadful thing to happen to anybody, Jotson. Well, I must buzz." And my amazing friend buzzed.

II.

IT was more than a week before I saw my friend again.

He was busy upon the case of Sir Paget Beauclerc, which took him to a distance from London.

I understood that he was pursuing his investigations in the vicinity of the young man's residence in the country.

I was very keen to hear the result, and whether Lord Guggengugger and his aristocratic friends were to be saved from the humiliation with which they were threatened.

Well I knew what would be the internal sufferings of that haughty old nobleman, if it proved that he had

inadvertently sat in the same room and breathed the same atmosphere as a person upon whom lay the taint of trade.

I was glad, therefore, when Sholmes came into our rooms at Shaker Street one evening and announced that the case was finished.

"My dear Sholmes," I said, "you will, of course, furnish me with the usual explanation, which comes at the end of the story."

"Undoubtedly, Jotson. Roll the cask of cocaine this way, my dear fellow, and terminate the activities of your chin, and I will explicate."

"You have been successful?" Herlock Sholmes raised his eyebrows.

"Jotson!"

"Your pardon, Sholmes," I said hurriedly. "I should not have asked that question. You have, of course, succeeded. But what have you discovered? Is the young man whose case you have been investigating innocent of any connection with trade? Can the members of the Hellespont Club breathe again freely, with the happy knowledge that they have not, after all, been contaminated?"

Sholmes shook his head sadly.

"No!"

"Sholmes! Then Lord Guggengugger—"

"We have all much to endure in this life, Jotson, and Lord Guggengugger must learn to bear this terrible shock. He may, in time, forget. He may find distraction in counting over his millions at the bank, or in poring over the historic pedigree of his family which was compiled for him at such great expense when he entered the peerage. I hope for the best. But I was bound to tell him the truth, Jotson. The new member of the Hellespont Club has not only been engaged in trade, but is still carrying it on, openly, shamelessly, as though it were not a crime."

"Sholmes!"

"'Tis true, Jotson, and pity 'tis, 'tis true!" said Sholmes. "Shakespeare, I believe, has made a remark to that effect."

"But in what trade, then, is the unhappy young man engaged?" I asked.

"He inherited a large landed estate from his father," explained Sholmes. "Ever since he came of age he has been engaged in letting unfurnished land to farmers."

"Shocking!"

"But true. He will, of course, be instantly excluded from the aristocratic circle of the Hellespont Club, and we can only hope, Jotson, that Lord Guggengugger and his noble friends will in time recover from the terrible shock they have sustained. Their noble blood, the ancient traditions of their race, will, I hope, enable them to recover. We can only hope for the best."

THE END.

"Please to remember the Fifth of November!" also that next week will appear a screamingly funny Herlock Sholmes story entitled: "The Case of the Gunpowder Plot!"



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.

Making a Stir!

It was on a local train, and the ancient engine wheezed laboriously over ancient rails and jolted to a restful stop at nowhere in particular. Time passed tediously, some of the passengers looked anxiously out of the windows, while others drew their hats over their eyes and tried to forget it. When half an hour had elapsed the guard came along.

"Hi, guard," said an old man, in an irritable voice, "what's the trouble?"

"We're taking in water," was the explanation.

"Well," retorted the irate passenger, "why on earth don't you get another teaspoon?"—Sent in by A. Thompson, 28a, Mabley Street, Homerton, E.9.

Ass-king For It!

Teacher (during the Scripture lesson): Now, boys, what was it that Samson killed so many of the Philistines with?

Dead silence from the class.

Teacher (pointing to his jaw): Come, come, now! What's this?

Willie Wiggs (suddenly enlightened): The jawbone of an ass, sir!—Sent in by A. S. Clarke, 5, Southwell Road, South Lowestoft.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MIDNIGHT MAIL

(Continued from page 14.)

trail by the flare of the torch. They could not lose it, for no other vehicle had gone by since the heavy rains. For more than an hour they plodded steadily on, through lonely and wooded country, passing at intervals slumbering farmhouses and stately mansions, while the stars paled in the sky, and quivering spears of light flashed above the eastern horizon.

"I haven't any idea where we are," Oliver said presently. "Do you know?"

OUR TUCK-HAMPER PRIZE STORYETTE

WELL GUARDED!

The rustic station of Slocombe was in the throes of a small panic, for the guard of the local goods train had been taken ill suddenly. At last the question as to who should take his place was settled when a promising young porter volunteered for the job.

"Here's the chance," he breathed to himself, "to show what Joe Jinks is made of."

All went well on his first trip until the train came to an up gradient, when, despite all the efforts of the driver and fireman, it was only with the greatest difficulty that the train reached the top of the ascent.

At the next stop the driver came to the guard.

"I never remember having so much trouble with the old engine before, Joe," he said. "Do you know, I only just managed to get her up that gradient."

"Yes," said the volunteer guard with a proud look, "and she'd ha' run back if I hadn't had those brakes on hard all the time!"—Sent in by R. Bessley, 5, Castle View, Millom, Cumberland, to whom a hamper crammed full of delicious tuck has been despatched.

"Yes, I have my bearings fairly well," Steele replied. "We have been moving on a north-easterly course. Totnes is somewhere to the west of us, and to the north-west is Ashburton, beyond which lies the wilderness of Dartmoor."

"I wonder if there is a village near? I am starving, guv'nor."

"So am I, my boy. We may come to an inn before long."

For another half-mile they pressed forward, still holding to the prints of the tyres, and in the chill, grey dawn of the early morning, as they trudged round a bend, they suddenly paused with one accord. Thirty yards beyond them, a large, blue car with the

In Other Words!
Mr. Prout was taking the Fifth Form in English literature, and was expounding Shakespeare's play, "The Merchant of Venice."

"Now, Coker," he said, "what do these lines mean: 'Sometimes from her eyes I did receive fair speechless messages?'"

"A wink, sir," murmured Coker, thinking of Phyllis Howell.

"What, boy?" roared Mr. Prout, in astonishment.

"I—I mean the glad eye, sir!" promptly corrected Coker.—Sent in by Jack Mair, 79, Bridge Street, Montrose, Scotland.

Their Idea!

The kindly-faced missionary had been informing the youngsters that in parts of Africa there were no schools of any kind for twenty thousand square miles.

"Now, boys and girls," he said, "what should we save up our money and do?"

And the whole class in joyful chorus shouted:

"Go to Africa!"—Sent in by A. Schneiderman, 25, Maryann Street, Commercial Road, E.1.

Ingenuous!

Pat: The boss sint me down for a pane o' glass, tin by fourteen.

Shopman: Shure, Pat, Oi haven't any tin by fourteen, but Oi can give ye wan fourteen by tin.

Pat: Bedad, jest gimme wan o' them, and Oi'll turn it upside down. Oi don't belave the boss will iver know the difference!—Sent in by N. Middow, 123, Abbey Street, Bradford, Yorks.

As He Knew it!

Mr. Quech: Bunter, what is memory?

Billy Bunter: P-p-please, sir, the thing you forget with!—Sent in by L. Harding, 34, Alfred Street, Neath, South Wales.

Accounted For!

"D'you see that policeman, Bill?" said the small boy to his chum, pointing out the man in blue who was holding back the football crowd. "Well, he's a cashier at the police station."

"Cashier?" said Jim. "How d'you know?"

"Well," replied the first lad, "I've seen him counting the coppers as they come in every night!"—Sent in by A. Fallanche, 81, Eleanor Road, South Hackney, E.8.

hood raised, was halted by the roadside, and standing by it were two men whose backs were turned.

"I say, guv'nor, they must be Sleath and Flindt," the lad whispered.

As he spoke, one of the men swung round, and uttered a sharp exclamation. Reaching into his pocket, he whipped out a revolver, and as quickly aimed and fired. The weapon flashed a jet of flame, there was a crisp report, and Steele gave a convulsive start, and lurched against Oliver.

"I'm hit!" he gasped.

Another long exciting instalment of our magnificent new detective tale will be given in next week's "Greyfriars Herald."