

# THE CASE OF THE GUNPOWDER PLOT!

A screamingly funny adventure of Herlock Sholmes, detective, in this issue.

## The Greyfriars



# Herald

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# Editorial

By Harry Wharton.

My Dear Chums.—For our next series of three footer articles, which will start next week, and will deal with forward play, I have secured another first-class exponent of the game as a contributor in the person of the great S. C. Puddefoot, centre-forward for West Ham and English International.

So you have another treat in store! Please make our football series as widely known as possible. I am trying to do my bit and I am sure you will back me up!

There has been a big revival of the Greyfriars Herald Clubs lately. Alan S. Richards, of 16, Upper Winchester Road, Blythe Hill, Catford, London, S. E. 6, has revived his with great success, but is still open to consider more GREYFRIARS HERALD readers for membership. I should like to hear from all my chums who are running Herald Clubs, or who contemplate doing so.

Your cheery pal, HARRY.

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By OWEN CONQUEST

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

## CHAPTER I.

### Pay Up!

"D AT de Benbow?" Jack Drake glanced down the side of the school-ship.

A boat, with two black rowers, had come threading its way through the shipping of the Port of Spain, in the golden sunrise. In the stern of the boat sat a mulatto with a yellow complexion. He stood up as the boat came alongside the Benbow, and hailed Drake, who was leaning on the rail and was looking towards the quay.

Drake nodded.

"Yes, this is the Benbow," he said.

"What do you want?"

"I'se come to see Mass' Daubeny!"

The junior started.

"Daubeny? You have a message for him?"

"Yes!"

"From whom?"

"Cap'n St. Leger. I Pablo Sam, Cap'n St. Leger's servant. I'se come to see Mass' Daubeny." The mulatto grinned. "I'se coming aboard!"

There was a step beside Drake, and Daubeny of the Shell joined him. Daub's face was pale and careworn.

"Don't let him get aboard," muttered Daubeny. "You know what he's come for, Drake!"

"But—"

"If Mr. Vavasour sees him, it's all up with me," breathed Daubeny. "He may come on deck any moment; he always does before brekker. Keep that yellow beast off. He's St. Leger's servant. I've seen him at the billiard saloon in Port of Spain."

"He's come for the money," whispered Drake. "Better let him come on board quietly."

"I tell you—"

"If he kicks up a row, everybody will hear him," whispered Drake. "He's only got to shout, to tell his business to every soul on the Benbow. We may keep him quiet."

"I—I suppose you're right," muttered Daubeny. "But—"

"We'll get him below, and see what can be done," muttered Drake, with an anxious glance along the deck. "There's only the seamen about now, and they'll think he's one of the shore niggers with something to sell. We may pull through yet, Daub. Keep a stiff upper lip."

Daubeny of the Shell did not look much like keeping a stiff upper lip. His hands were trembling.

The mulatto was already coming up the side. He grinned at the juniors as he stepped on deck.

"I'se come to see you, Mass' Daubeny," he said. "Cap'n St. Leger, he says—"

"Come below," murmured Drake.

"I'se come—"



There was a shout of astonishment from the juniors at the sight of Pablo Sam, smoking his cheroot, in the cabin.

Drake grasped the mulatto by the arm, and hurried him below. The yellow man was led into No. 8 Cabin, at a run. Jack Drake was only anxious to keep him out of sight, for Daubeny's sake. At any cost Daub's connection with Captain St. Leger, the race-course sharper of Port of Spain, had to be kept a secret.

Peg Slaney was sweeping out the cabin, and he squinted curiously at the mulatto, with his single eye.

"Cut along for a few minutes, will you, Slaney," said Drake hurriedly.

"I guess I've got my work to do 'ere, sir," grunted the one-eyed steward's mate sullenly.

"Cut along, I tell you," exclaimed Drake, sharply. "You can leave the sweeping—Tin Tacks will do it presently."

Slaney grunted again, and left the cabin. Jack Drake closed the door after him.

"Now, my man!" he said, turning to the mulatto.

"I'se come for de money," said Pablo Sam, with an evil grin on his yellow face. "Cap'n St. Leger send me Twenty pound. Mass' Daubeny owe Cap'n St. Leger twenty sofrin he lose on de race. Cap'n St. Leger send me, and say, no leave ship widout de money."

Pablo Sam sat down, and crossed his legs, in their crumpled striped calico trousers, and lighted a cheroot, coolly. He looked as if he expected to have to wait.

Drake's eyes gleamed.

The man's insolence roused his anger; but for Daub's sake he kept his temper. The hapless plunger had to be saved, somehow, from the consequences of his own folly.

"I can't pay the money, now," mut-

tered Daubeny. "St. Leger knows that. I can pay it later when I get a remittance from England. I've told the captain so."

Pablo Sam grinned, and showed a row of white teeth.

"You want sail from Port ob Spain, and no pay!" he sneered. "No fool Cap'n St. Leger that way, young feller. You pay me, or I'se going to stay on ship till you pay."

Jack Drake clenched his hands. The mulatto lolled back in the chair, puffing out smoke from his cheroot. He was quite in the confidence of the worthy captain, his master, and he knew how matters stood. The juniors dared not let the matter come to the knowledge of Mr. Vavasour, Daub's Form-master, and the senior master on board the Benbow.

"The captain's a swindling thief himself, and he doesn't trust anybody else," muttered Daubeny bitterly. "He thinks he won't be paid, if we once sail, and get out of his clutches. He's going to have his money down, or disgrace me. It's all up, Drake!"

"Hold on," said Drake. "Perhaps the rotter would take part, and let the rest stand over. We've been able to borrow some from the fellows. Look here, Pablo Sam, if we give you ten pounds—"

"Twenty!" said Pablo Sam.

"Daub can't raise twenty now. You can take ten, and the rest will be sent—"

"You spin dat yarn again," grinned the mulatto. "I tell you dat yarn no good for Cap'n St. Leger. You pay up!"

The cabin door opened, and the juniors looked round quickly; but it was only Dick Rodney that entered. He glanced at the mulatto in surprise.

"Hallo, I didn't know you had a visitor," he said. "I came to tell you it's time for brekker—I've been looking for you, Drake—"

Drake breathed hard.

"We shall be missed, if we don't go to brekker, Daub," he said. "Pablo Sam, stay here quietly till we come back—we sha'n't be long."

"Me stay till you pay!" said the mulatto coolly.

The juniors left the cabin, Drake closing the door carefully. He could only hope that the rascal would remain undiscovered in No. 8 till he could be dealt with. It was a difficult situation, and he wondered what would be the end of it.

At the breakfast table, Daubeny of the Shell sat with an almost haggard face.

His plunge on the Trinidad races on Saturday had ended disastrously enough for him; and ever since he had fallen into the clutches of Captain St. Leger, every hour had been full of terror to him. He felt like Damocles of old with the sword suspended over his head by a single hair.

Egan of the Shell nudged him.

"Mind your eye, Daub!" he whispered. "Vavasour's got his eyes on you. He will suspect something if you are not jolly careful."

Daubeny gave his chum a look almost of hatred. It was Egan who had led him into this and could not help him out of it. It was to Jack Drake, not to the tempter, that he had to turn for help in his scrape.

He glanced at Mr. Vavasour, who sat at the head of the Shell table. The Form-master's eyes were fixed upon him very searchingly. Daubeny flushed crimson under that keen look.

He was hardly surprised when, on rising from the table, the master of the Shell called to him.

"Daubeny!"

"Yes, sir!" faltered Daub.

"Follow me to my study."

"Ye-es, sir."

Egan and Torrence of the Shell exchanged a startled glance.

"Vavasour's on to it," Torrence whispered, with a scared look. "Is it all comin' out now?"

Egan set his lips.

"Daub won't give us away," he muttered. "It won't do him any good to land us in it, too."

"But if it comes out—"

"If it does, it means some hard lyin' for both of us," said Egan, with a sneer. "I suppose you're thinkin' of ownin' up that you were plungin' on the races on Saturday, and makin' bets with a thief of a billiard sharper like St. Leger?"

"I wish we'd kept clear of him," mumbled Torrence wretchedly. "It was a fool's game, anyhow. It was your idea, too—"

"Oh, turn on me!" sneered Egan. "We're clear enough if Daub doesn't give us away—we paid up what we lost. Daub shouldn't have come in out of his depth—he couldn't expect a man like St. Leger to trust him. St. Leger don't know that his father is a rich baronet in England—he's heard that kind of thing before, and takes no stock in it. He wants his money, and I don't blame him."

And Egan lounged out on deck.

#### The Mystery of No. 8!

### DAUBENY!

"Yes, sir," muttered Daub.

He stood before the Form-master, with downcast eyes, and a flush in his cheeks. That Mr. Vavasour was suspicious, was clear enough; and Daub wondered dully how much he knew, or guessed. He hardly cared, now, if it all came out; it would be an end of anxiety, anyhow. And the finish had to come sooner or later—he could not pay his creditor.

"I have observed you rather closely during the past few days, Daubeny," said Mr. Vavasour quietly. "I am not satisfied with you. On Saturday you appeared to have kept apart from the party of boys taken to see the races by Dr. Pankey, and you were very late in returning to the Benbow. Yesterday, on the way back from church, you made an attempt to wander away, and were stopped. You have a look as if you had something very serious on your mind."

"I—I'm not feelin' very well, sir," murmured Daubeny.

"Have you anything on your mind, Daubeny?"

"Wha-n-at could I have, sir?"

"That is for you to say. On board the Benbow, you are under my charge; I am answerable for you to your father. If you have been guilty of any reckless or foolish conduct, it is your duty to confess it to me at once, and it will be for your benefit also. Come, my boy!"

Daubeny was silent.

Mr. Vavasour's tone was kindly enough, and, for the moment, Vernon Daubeny was tempted to make a clean breast of it.

But he did not. There was a chance—a faint chance, at least—of getting through; and the thought of being expelled—of being sent back to England by the steamer in disgrace, was too much for him.

"I—I've nothin' to tell you, sir," he muttered at last.

Mr. Vavasour gave him a very searching look.

"Very well, Daubeny," he said, after a pause. "If that is the case, I have no more to say—at present. You may go."

Daubeny left the cabin, holding his head high as he went. But his head drooped when he was outside, and a hunted look came over his face. He wondered dismally what Mr. Vavasour would have said, if he had known that a racing sharper's emissary was even then on board the Benbow, to collect a gambling debt.

He joined Egan and Torrence on deck. The two Bucks of the Shell eyed him uneasily.

"Anythin' come out yet?" asked Torrence.

"No."

"You wouldn't mention us, I suppose?" said Egan.

Daub's lip curled bitterly.

"Why shouldn't I?" he said. "You landed me in this, you silly idiot, with your sportin' and plungin', and your dashed dead certs! You told me you knew the horse was goin' to win."

"I put my own money on it," said Egan sullenly. "I'm cleared out to the last cent."

"It's worse than that for me. St. Leger has sent his servant on board

for the money. He threatened to come himself—he'll come if we don't pay his nigger. What am I goin' to do?"

Egan shrugged his shoulders.

"Can't you spin a yarn?" he said. "Deny ever havin' had anythin' to do with St. Leger, an' stick to it through thick and thin."

"You ass! I gave him my I O U for the money, after the race."

"And you call me an ass?" said Egan, with a sneer. "You're a silly ass to have done anythin' of the kind. You're fairly landed now."

"Is that all you've got to say, after gettin' me into it with your silly rot?" muttered Daubeny, clenching his hands.

Egan reflected.

"You say the nigger's come on board? Where is he?"

"In Drake's study. Drake's standin' by me, and he's keep'n' the rotter out of sight till somethin' can be done."

"If he's come for the money, he'll have your I O U on him. St. Leger knows you wouldn't part with the money without the paper."

"I suppose so."

"Then let's take it off him," said Egan coolly. "We three can handle that yellow ruffian easily enough—and once you've burned the paper there's no proof, and you can deny the whole business—say it's an attempt at blackmail, or anythin' you like."

"What?"

"Oh, gad!" murmured Torrence.

"We can do it," said Egan. "All's fair in war, you know. St. Leger can't collect a debt legally from a schoolboy—a gambler's debt. It is really a kind of blackmail. Let's get the paper from the nigger, and then pitch him into his boat—or into the sea! I'm game, if you are!"

Daubeny stared at him.

He had thought that he knew Egan pretty well, but he had never realised before what a reckless and unprincipled young rascal the "sport" of the Shell was.

"And—and do you think I could stand up an' tell a bushel of lies, after robbin' a man?" stammered Daubeny. "If I wanted to I couldn't—I shouldn't have the nerve. And I'm glad I shouldn't, too."

Egan gave another shrug.

"Oh, if you're too good, that settles it," he said. "That's the only stunt I can think of to help you out—take it or leave it. Come on, Torrence!"

And the two Shell fellows walked away along the deck, leaving Vernon Daubeny alone.

Daubeny went down to No. 8, where he found Jack Drake leaning on the door, evidently keeping guard and waiting for him.

"Is he still there?" whispered Daubeny.

Drake nodded.

"What on earth's goin' to be done, Drake?" groaned Daubeny. "Old Vavasour's suspicious already—he's been questionin' me—and if he even sees this yellow hound—"

He broke off as Tuckey Toodles rolled up.

"I say, somebody's smoking in our cabin, Drake!" exclaimed Toodles.

"It's as thick as anything! Just niff."

"Don't bother, Tuckey—"  
"That's all very well," said Tuckey Toodles warmly. "But we shall all get into a row if your cabin's found smelling of smoke. Is it Rodney?"

"No, you ass!"

"Then who is it?"

"Never mind."

"But I do mind," exclaimed Toodles, his curiosity roused now. "I say, let a chap pass. I suppose a fellow can go into his own study, if he likes?"

"Keep back!" growled Drake, pushing the fat junior away as he reached out a podgy hand to the door. "I'm going in!" howled Tuckey Toodles indignantly.

"You're not. Clear off!"

"I want my books—"

"Bother your books!"

"Look here, Drake—"

"Hallo, you fellows having a row?" called out Sawyer major cheerfully, as he came along the passage with Estcourt and Rawlings.

"There's somebody smoking in our study, and Drake won't let me see who it is!" roared Tuckey Toodles, in great wrath.

"By Jove! I can smell the smoke!" exclaimed Sawyer major. "You'll get a ragging if Packe cents this, Drake!"

"For goodness' sake, run along!" snapped Drake irritably. It did not seem probable that Pablo Sam's presence would be kept a secret long, at this rate!

"But who is it?" asked Rawlings curiously. "One of the fellows trying a big Havana?"

"No, no! Never mind."

"I'm going in!" howled Toodles. "It's my study, ain't it? Lend me a hand, you fellows, and shift him away from the door!"

Tuckey's howls brought half a dozen other juniors to the spot. Jack Drake kept his back to the door; Daubeny stood silent and dismayed. There was a buzz of voices outside No. 8. From the study the pungent odour of the mulatto's cheroot came very perceptibly. Pablo Sam had already filled the room with thick smoke.

"Let's have him out!" grinned Sawyer major, who was always ready for mischief. "I'm shocked at you, Drake. Shouldn't have thought you'd have a smokin'-party in your cabin—so early in the morning, too!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's nothing of the kind!" exclaimed Drake angrily. "It—it's a messenger from somebody on shore, that's all."

"Let's see him, then!" grinned Sawyer.

"Rats! You—stand back!" roared Drake, as three or four of the grinning Fourth-formers made a rush.

The door flew open.

There was a shout of astonishment from the juniors at the sight of Pablo Sam, smoking his cheroot, in the cabin. The mulatto looked at them, and showed his teeth in a grin.

"You silly asses, shut the door!" panted Drake.

"Cave! Here comes Packe!" called out Estcourt.

"Oh, my hat!"

Daubeny leaned weakly against the bulkhead, with a low groan. Drake slammed the door as Mr. Packe, the master of the Fourth, came rustling down the passage.

#### A Narrow Escape!

**M**R. PACKE sniffed. "What is this? Who is smoking here?"

No answer.

"What is going on here?" exclaimed Mr. Packe testily, glancing round the startled faces of the juniors. "Step away from that door, Estcourt. There is something going on in that cabin. I have seen smoke issuing from the porthole. Open the door, Toodles."

Tuckey Toodles grinned, and threw open the door.

Drake was inside the study, with the mulatto. Mr. Packe fairly jumped as he saw the yellow-skinned man.

"Bless my soul! Who—who is this, Drake?"

Drake's eye caught Daubeny's, in the passage. The look was a signal; Daubeny hurried away from the spot. He understood that Drake would save him yet, if he could.

"This—this man, sir?" stammered Drake.

"Yes, who is he?" snapped Mr. Packe, eyeing the mulatto with great disfavour. Pablo Sam was not a prepossessing individual to look at; the signs of drink and reckless living were only too evident in his yellow face.

"What is he doing here? Answer me at once!"

"He—he came with a message, sir—"

"That is no reason why you should bring him down to your cabin," said Mr. Packe sternly. "What does he want here?"

"I—I don't want him here, sir. I—I want him to go—"

"Then why does he not go?"

"He—he—I—"

"I've come for de money," said Pablo Sam coolly. "I've not goin' widout de money."

Mr. Packe stared.

"Do you owe this man any money, Drake?"

"Certainly not, sir!"

"Then I fail to understand—"

"I've Cap'n St. Leger's servant, sir—"

"You—you see, sir—"

Drake, anxious only to interrupt the mulatto before he could explain.

"I do not see!" snapped Mr. Packe. "The man looks like a disreputable character, and you have no right to introduce him into your quarters here, or even to let him come on board the ship. I insist—"

"I've come—"

"I'll see him off the ship, sir!" gasped Drake. "You're right, sir—he's a rascal, and he has no right here! I'll see him off—"

"I've—"

began Pablo Sam wrathfully.

He was interrupted by Drake's grasp on his collar. It was no time for half-measures; Captain St. Leger's emissary had to be prevented from blurting out the facts, whatever should happen afterwards. Drake's sudden grasp ran him towards the doorway.

He resisted savagely.

"I've not going widout de money!" he howled. "I—"

"Lend me a hand you fellows!" panted Drake.

"What—ho!"

"Pile in!" yelled Sawyer major.

Half a dozen of the Fourth-formers grasped the mulatto, and he had no chance of saying anything more.

He was rushed and hustled and bundled to the deck, where he sprawled, gasping; but only for a moment. The juniors whirled him up, and whirled him to the ship's side.

"What the thunder's this game?" demanded Mr. Piper, the boatswain, into whom the crowd nearly rushed with their prisoner.

"Man on board who has no right here!" gasped Drake. "He's got to be kicked out—Mr. Packe's orders!"

"I've not going—ow! Ow! Yoo—hoop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I reckon I know that sea-lawyer's mug," said Mr. Piper. "He ain't the kind of critter to come aboard 'ere. Over you go, yellow mug!"

The brawny boatswain grasped the mulatto by the waistband, and fairly lifted him, and swung him over the side. The boat, with the black rowers, was waiting below. Mr. Piper dropped the mulatto neatly into it.

There was a wild howl from Pablo Sam as he landed in the boat, which rocked against the side of the Benbow. "Now you sheer off!" called out Mr. Piper.

The mulatto scrambled up in the rocking boat. His yellow face was convulsed with rage, and he shook two dusky fists and poured out a torrent of abuse—most of it, fortunately, in Spanish, and incomprehensible to the juniors.

But they replied to it with pelting oranges and other missiles, and under that fire Pablo Sam was glad to make his escape from alongside the school-ship.

The boat rocked away, the grinning black oarsmen pulling hard, and the mulatto, still shaking his fists, disappeared among the shipping of the harbour.

Jack Drake was breathing hard as he returned to his study.

The mulatto was gone; the threatened exposure had been staved off, at least. But Drake could guess what Captain St. Leger would do when his servant returned. Undoubtedly the sharper would visit the Benbow in person—less in the hope of collecting his money than to revenge himself upon the hapless junior whom he would regard as having "welshed" him.

Mr. Packe was still in No. 8 when Drake came in, and he was frowning portentously.

"Is the man gone?" he snapped.

"Yes, sir."

"Now kindly explain to me what this means, Drake. Was that man trying to obtain money here?"

"Yes, sir. He—he's a rascal!" murmured Drake. "I—I'm sorry now I didn't kick him off the ship at once."

"You should have informed me immediately, my boy," said Mr. Packe. "Bless my soul—I never heard of such

impudence! You have acted very weakly and foolishly."

"Ye-es, sir," murmured Drake meekly.

"If anything of the kind should occur again, you will report it to me at once, Drake. Have you seen that man ashore?"

"Oh, no, sir—I've never seen him till he came on board."

"It is extraordinary that he should suppose he could obtain money here," said Mr. Packe. "However, he is gone. I regret that he was not handed over to the harbour police. It is really extraordinary."

Mr. Packe quitted the cabin at last, to Drake's great relief. Undoubtedly the matter was extraordinary in Mr. Packe's eyes—owing to the circumstances that he didn't know the facts.

Drake threw himself into a chair, to try to think the matter out. He had staved off the exposure—but it must come! Nothing could save Daubeny now.

"What can I do?" Drake muttered, aloud. "What on earth can I do? If only I could——"

"Mass' Jack!"

Drake looked up quickly, as the black, smiling face of Tin Tacks, the coloured gentleman of Barbadoes, looked in at the doorway.

#### Tin Tacks to the Rescue!

"**M**ASS' JACK boddered about somefin'?" said Tin Tacks.

Drake smiled faintly.

"Yes, old fellow," he said. "You can't help me, though. Don't worry."

Tin Tacks came into the cabin, his back face very serious.

"You tell ole Tin Tacks, Mass' Jack," he said. "Ole Tin Tacks debblish clobber feller. Perhaps ole Tin Tacks help."

Drake shook his head.

"S'pose you want cash?" said Tin Tacks shrewdly. Perhaps the "debblish clobber" black gentleman guessed that many schoolboy troubles are due to shortness of cash. "You want cash, p'raps. You come to ole Tin Tacks!"

"Hallo! I didn't know you were rolling in tin, old nut," said Drake.

Tin Tacks winked.

"Ole Tin Tacks well-heeled, what do you tink?" he said. "S'pose you want hund'ed—two—t'ee hund'ed dollar—you ask ole Tin Tacks."

Drake stared at him. In his search for loans to help Daubeny out of his scrape, it certainly had never occurred to him to ask Tin Tacks, the carpenter, for assistance. He would never have supposed that the Barbadian coloured gentleman had much resources in the way of cash!

"Two or three hundred dollars!" he repeated.

Tin Tacks nodded and grinned.

"You bet your life, Mass' Jack," he said. He touched his belt. "Ole Tin Tacks hab cash, berry pleased to lend him to Mass' Jack. You only 'peak de word."

"My hat!" murmured Drake.

"You say 'Yes' sar?"

"Dash it all, why not?" muttered Drake, hesitating.

"Mass' Jack no too p'oud to borrow of ole Tin Tacks?" asked the coloured gentleman, his face falling.

Drake made up his mind at once, at that. He did not want the faithful

fellow to think that he was too proud to borrow of him.

"Not at all, old chap," he said. "Look here, Tin Tacks, I want some money; not for myself, but to get another chap out of a scrape. I want ten quids to put to what I've got. I shall get a remittance from home at Bolivar, and then I'll square you. Is that all right?"

"Tin Tacks t'ust Mass' Jack all life," said the coloured gentleman. "All right, Mass' Jack. Me got him, you bet."

Tin Tacks opened the leather pouch on his belt, and turned out two Bank of England notes for five pounds each; very crumpled and grubby, but as good as gold.

"Dat nuff?" he asked.

"Quite!" said Drake. "Tin Tacks, old man, you're a trump. You don't know how much this means to me—and another chap. I've got to pay a man on shore—quick——" He hesitated.

"I'll spin you the yarn, Tin Tacks, and you can help me out."

He explained hastily. It was drawing near time for morning classes, and there was no time to lose.

Tin Tacks nodded intelligently.

"Me get leave go ashore, and see dat Captain St. Leger," he said. "Me get Mass' Daub's paper, when pay money—you bet your life, Mass' Jack. No fool ole Tin Tacks. Him try skin game on ole Tin Tacks, me gib him one!"

The coloured gentleman clenched a gigantic fist, and Drake grinned. "You t'ust ole Tin Tacks—him debblish clobber ole rascal. All right!"

"Right you are!" exclaimed Drake. "Here's the tin, old chap—you know where to find Captain St. Leger—pay the rotter his money, and get Daub's paper—mind you get the right paper——"

"No know Mass' Daub's fist—s'pose you show me."

"Here he is—come in, Daub!"

Daubeny of the Shell, with a white and troubled face, looked into the cabin. Daub had seen the ejection of Pablo Sam from the ship, and he was thinking of what was to follow.

"The game's up, Drake," he said moodily, without heeding Tin Tacks.

"I may as well go to Vavasour and own up, and be sacked from the Benbow and sent home on the steamer. It's all up——"

"The game isn't up by long chalks," said Drake, with a smile. "There's a giddy guardian angel dropped in——"

"What?"

"A dusky angel," grinned Drake, with a nod towards Tin Tacks. "It's all serene now, old fellow!"

"I don't catch on!"

Drake explained hastily, and Vernon Daubeny listened in amazement. The Fourth-former put a pen into his hand.

"Now write a copy of the I O U you gave the captain, so that Tin Tacks will be sure to get the right paper. The rotter might try to keep it back!"

Daubeny mechanically did so.

"There you are Tin Tacks!"

"Just like dis?" asked Tin Tacks, taking up the paper.

"Just the same!" said Daubeny.

"Me get him—or dere be t'ouble for Mass' St. Leger. You t'ust ole Tin Tacks." The Barbadian looked very

curiously at Daub's pale face. "You name Daubeny?" he asked.

"Yes, Vernon Daubeny—it's written there."

"Me hear you call Daub—sometimes—no tink," said Tin Tacks. "Daubeny same name as bery grand gentleman dat I serve once. Dat gentleman bery big gun in England, I tink. Fine, tall gentleman—b'own beard—tall as ole Tin Tacks—him barrow-night in England."

"A baronet?" exclaimed Daubeny. "My hat! Is it possible that it's my father you're speaking of?"

Jack Drake gave a whistle.

He remembered Peg Slaney's curiosity as to the name of Tin Tacks' former master, and Slaney's knowledge of Daub's father, which had puzzled the dandy of the Shell.

"My only hat!" exclaimed Drake. "It's so, it must be. Daub's father is Sir George Daubeny, Tin Tacks, and Sir George was up the Orinoco years ago."

"Dat's de name—Sir George Daubeny," said Tin Tacks. "Me nebbber know, but you de son of my old massa, Mass' Daub. Be bery glad to serve you, if me not belong to Mass' Jack. Nebbber serve anybody but Mass' Jack now."

Daubeny smiled.

"I am glad to meet you," he said. "My father will be glad to hear about you, when I write to him. Hallo, there goes the bell. You—you'll be sure to get that paper back from St. Leger?"

"You t'ust ole Tin Tacks, Mass' Daub. Me bery glad to help ole massa's son out of a se'ape. Me go now."

"Good man!" said Drake.

The two juniors went on deck to their places in the Fourth and the Shell; and a few minutes later, Drake observed Tin Tacks stepping into a boat for the shore.

Neither Drake nor Daubeny gave very close attention to lessons that morning; they were keeping their eyes open for Tin Tacks' return. He came back just as classes were dismissed.

Drake and Daubeny hurried him down to No. 8 Study.

"Got it?" breathed Daubeny.

Tin Tacks grinned and laid a paper on the table, and beside it the copy Daub had given him.

"You t'ust ole Tin Tacks," he said. "Cap'n him bery rusty—but he glad to get money. Him swear, an ole Tin Tacks swear back, but him hand over Mass' Daub's paper, you bet. You t'ust ole Tin Tacks! Him debblish clobber!"

And Tin Tacks grinned again, and winked, and left the cabin. Daubeny crumpled up the papers, struck a match, and set the flame to them. And as they were reduced to ashes, a sigh of relief escaped him. A heavy load seemed to have rolled from his heart.

"Clear at last!" he said. "I sha'n't forget what I owe you, in a hurry, Drake—and Tin Tacks, too! Clear at last! And I'll take jolly good care never to get landed like that again."

And Drake could only hope that Daub would be as good as his word.

THE END.

Next week's ripping story of the school at sea will be entitled: "The Treasure Clue!" Don't miss this topping yarn!



# 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. Jack manages to win over some of the better players, but he sees that others are only a drag on the team. A bold idea strikes him, and he visits his old school, Rundle's, and asks three of his former friends to sign amateur forms.*

(Now read on.)

### The Three Signatures!

**A** DEAD silence followed the words, for the three chums could do nothing but look dazedly at one another. They were stunned, bewildered, unable to believe their ears.

"My—my giddy aunt!" gasped Craig at last.

"Jumping snakes!" was Jepson's contribution.

But Monty Selhurst was incapable of speech for a moment.

"Is—is this your idea of a joke, old man?" he asked at length.

Jack Denyer shook his head.

"Not a bit of it," he replied, his smile vanishing. "I am in deadly earnest; in fact, I have never been so earnest about anything in my life."

"But—but I don't understand, old man!" protested Monty. "Why should you want us to join a professional footer team?"

"Because," said Jack Denyer, with emphasis, "I happen to own one—lock, stock and barrel!"

Monty's monocle slipped from his eye, and he gave a low whistle.

"You—you own a football club?" he demanded. "You—a mere kid, really, you—"

He floundered; the statement was too much for him.

"Listen to me," said Jack quietly; and there was something in his tone which convinced his chums that he was in earnest. "As you know, I left Rundle's suddenly, and I don't sur-

pose any of you guessed why I went."

Monty nodded.

"We didn't, old man," he said. "The whole thing seemed blessed queer to us."

"Well, I was called away to see my lawyer, and, to put the matter in a nutshell, he told me that the only thing my pater left me when he died was a professional football club—Norchester United."

The youngsters' faces were alight with interest.

"Well," continued Jack, "I found that the club was being deliberately mismanaged by my uncle, Martin Denyer, and I promptly kicked him out and installed myself as manager. I had a pretty hard fight for it at first, but things have straightened out a bit by now, thank goodness! Even so, most of the players are very moderate performers, to say the most of them, but I can't afford to buy new blood."

Jack looked round at his listeners.

"And this is where you come in," he said slowly. "I want you to sign amateur forms with Norchester, and to turn out for the club as regularly as you can. I have already written to the Head about it, and, rattling good sportsman that he is, he says he won't stand in your way. Now, what do you think about it?"

He looked from one to the other, and he knew that he had not approached them in vain.

"You can count on me, old man!" said Craig heartily. "By Jove, what a rag!"

"And me!" said Monty, bubbling with enthusiasm.

"And me!" added Jepson, with a broad grin.

There was a suspicion of moisture in Jack Denyer's eyes.

"It's good of you chaps to stand by me like this," he said, a trifle huskily. "Lots of fellows would kick at the very idea of turning out for a professional eleven, and I wouldn't have thought of asking you to do so but for one thing."

"And what's that?" asked Monty interestedly.

"That I have made up my mind

that Norchester shall win the Cup!" returned the young player-manager. "My pater, who spent practically the whole of his money on the United, had set his heart upon it, but he did not live long enough to see his ambition realised. That being so," continued Jack Denyer, his voice taking a hard, determined note. "I think it is up to me to carry on—and carry on I mean to, in spite of the people who are working against me!"

Monty looked puzzled.

"Working against you, old man?" he echoed. "D'you mean that some johnnies are out to stop you lifting the Cup?"

Jack Denyer nodded.

"I do," he answered steadily.

"There are scoundrels who will stop at nothing to ruin the club—and me. But don't worry your little heads about that, my sons," he went on, with a quick change of tone. "The whole point is that you three are going to come into the Norchester forward line, and I want you to turn out against West Ham on Saturday."

Monty Selhurst whistled.

"That means getting a hustle on, doesn't it, old man?" he asked. "How long will it take to get the amateur forms through?"

"I've got the forms here," smiled Jack, taking his hand from his breast-pocket, and spreading the papers on the table. "All you cripples have got to do is to append your signatures to them, after which I shall buzz along to the F.A. offices with them, and you'll be full-blown players in a matter of hours, probably!"

The eyes of the three chums were sparkling with excitement; the novelty of the whole thing appealed to them.

"Ink! Ink!" cried Monty wildly. "My kingdom for the ink!"

Jack Denyer produced a fountain pen.

"Sign, please!" he said gaily. "Here we are!"

Then, one by one, and with due solemnity, the three schoolboys signed amateur forms for Norchester United.

**A Surprise for Martin Denyer!**  
**M**ARTIN DENYER'S heavy features flushed as he glared balefully at the big figure huddled up in the depths of the saddlebag chair. A newspaper was clutched in his twitching fingers and his whole demeanour was that of a man in the throes of acute excitement.

The lounging figure in the chair remained lethargic, however, a fact which brought an ugly glint into Martin's close-set eyes. He bent forward and waved the paper under the other man's nose.

"Don't you understand what it means, you dolt?" he demanded hoarsely. "Can't your fuddled little brain grasp the meaning of the whole thing? He's going to play schoolboys—mere kids—inky, unwashed little brats from his school! Think of it, Mills—think of it! For months we've been trying to queer his pitch, to smash the club and him, and now he's going to play into our hands, for he'll kill the United, for a certainty!"

Mills nodded his bullet head in a leisurely manner which exasperated the late manager of Norchester United.

"Perhaps you're right," he said slowly; "then again, perhaps you ain't!"

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Martin Denyer truculently. He was getting tired of Mills, who, once his tool, had lately been treating him with the cool insolence of an equal.

"What do I mean, Martin?" returned Mills lazily. "Just this, old man. We've got every reason to know that Jack Denyer, youngster though he is, has got his head screwed on the right way, and it don't seem likely that he's goin' to play our game and ruin his club by introducing three dud players into the forward line. No, Martin, it strikes me that these schoolboys may be mustard, an' I don't feel inclined to crow until I've seen 'em play."

Martin Denyer was silent for a moment, pondering over Mills's remarks.

As the suspended goalkeeper he said, Jack Denyer had proved to be shrewd and clever, and it certainly did seem extremely unlikely that he would do anything likely to ruin the United.

Furthermore, Martin Denyer knew that the young player-manager had set his heart upon winning the Cup.

Martin Denyer's mind went back to Jack's school, Rundle's, the most famous sporting school in the country, and he visualised the splendid, strapping youngsters who formed the first team.

Yes, they were all big and clever, there could be no denying that fact; but in professional football—well, that was another matter.

How could schoolboys hope to stand against the vigorous, hustling tactics of the professionals, who knew every trick of the trade? They would not last ten minutes; the very idea of their "making good" was ludicrous.

And the comforting thought brought a grin to the thick lips.

"Well, you have your way, and I'll have mine, Mills," he said at last.

"When do they turn out for the

United?" asked the suspended player. "On Saturday," Martin Denyer returned. "They're playing West Ham at Norchester."

Mills nodded slowly, and the two men were silent for a matter of minutes.

Then Mills spoke. "An' what if this new blood—"

he began. "You mean if it makes a marked improvement in the team?" anticipated Martin Denyer harshly. "You needn't ask me that, Mills, for you can bet your life that I shall find a way to stop the United if they look as though they've got an earthly chance of getting within seeing distance of the Cup. But they won't—they can't! How can you expect a pack of schoolboys to go far in professional football?"

"You never know," declared Mills, who appeared to be enjoying the other man's discomfiture. "Bah!"

Martin Denyer snapped his fingers derisively.

"Yes, I know all about that," persisted Mills. "But just suppose, for the sake of argument, that these youngsters turn out to be a success—what then?"

"In that case," said Martin Denyer, with deliberate emphasis, his eyes smouldering, "I shall stop at nothing—nothing, Mills!"

Mills looked into the evil, working features, and, callous rogue though he was, a shudder ran through his body.

It need hardly be said that the sporting press made the most of Jack Denyer's decision to play the public school amateurs in his attack, and the scribes were practically unanimous in declaring that the schoolboys would be a signal failure in professional football.

The obvious arguments were put forward—the boys had not the requisite "staying power"; they would not be fast enough for the pros.; they had small skill, etc.

Jack Denyer, cool and serene, read the reports, and smiled.

"After all," he declared, on the night before the game against West Ham, "it's my team, and I'm the skipper and manager, so I shall stick to my own opinion."

He was speaking to Mallison, who nodded in complete agreement.

"That's the talk, Jack!" he said heartily. "Stick to your guns, and if you're wrong, and those pals of yours let us down—well, you'll have to drop 'em."

Jack gave one of his confident smiles.

"Don't you worry about their letting us down, old man," he said. "I've played soccer with old Monty and Craig and Jepson for a good many seasons now, and I'm willing to bet sixpence—"

"Don't be reckless, Jack!" grinned Bickley.

"And I'm willing to bet," pursued the youngster, "that they're three of the best amateurs playing football today. They may have to give something away in the matter of weight—but weight isn't everything, you

know, even in professional football. Anyway, we shall see!"

And so Saturday afternoon found the teams lined up as follows:

Norchester United: Jackson, goal; Fender and Blayney, backs; Bickley, Bailey, Brown, half-backs; Craig, Mallison, Jack Denyer, Selhurst and Jepson, forwards.

West Ham put their faith in the following:

Hufton; Cope, Burton; McCrae, Kay, Tresaderu; Young, Watson, Puddefoot, Shea, and Simmons.

Norchester took the field at twenty-five past three, and every one of the forty thousand spectators craned his head forward to get the first glimpse of the "new blood."

Jack Denyer, with his men at his heels, had scarcely come into view than a tumultuous roar of welcome boomed round the vast enclosure, for the Norchester supporters realised that the youngster had his reputation as a player-manager at stake.

He had included the Rundle amateurs in the side, going against the advice of the sporting scribes and many other people who had warned him against the project.

The crowd admired him for relying upon his own judgment, and they hoped, above all things, that the new men would justify Jack's implicit faith in them.

Craig, Jepson, and Monty Selhurst appeared to be very slim and boyish beside the professionals, yet there was a self-possessed air about them which impressed the local supporters.

They exhibited not the slightest trace of "nerves" as Jack punted the ball towards an open goal, and Jackson, the goalkeeper, sprinted ahead and took up his position between the sticks.

He fished the leather out of the net, and, with a strong over-arm throw, sent the ball soaring towards Monty, who, standing in a nonchalant attitude, looked more listless than usual.

No sooner did the ball come in his direction, however, than he took two quick paces forward and essayed a first-time shot. Travelling but a matter of inches above the ground, the ball sped towards the goal-mouth, propelled by a powerful kick, the like of which the spectators had seldom seen at Norchester.

Not only was the shot terrific, but, in some unaccountable manner, it evaded Jackson, who had dropped on one knee to receive it!

The crowd roared its approval, and those near enough to see the rueful and amazed expression upon the big goalie's face roared with laughter.

"How did that happen, Jim?" he asked of Blayney; but the back could not enlighten him upon the point.

A renewed yell heralded the fact that the Londoners had appeared, and all eyes were turned upon the trim figures in their red-and-blue jerseys.

Cope, the West Ham skipper, won the toss, and he elected to take advantage of what little wind was blowing from the west.

An exchange of ends was made and it was to a dead silence that Jack Denyer answered the whistle, and tapped the leather to Mallison, who sent it slithering along the grass to Craig.



Contrary to expectations, the youngster did not try a run on his own account: instead, he swung round, and, with a strong left-foot punt, he sent the ball soaring across the field to Jepson, who was waiting, practically unmarked, on the opposite wing.

He had expected this to happen, and he snapped at the leather and started towards the Hammers' goal. He did not get far, however, for he was opposed to a particularly tenacious half-back, who forced him to transfer the leather to the centre, where Jack just missed it by a fraction of a second.

And he was robbed by the International, Puddefoot, who essayed a run through off his own bat.

He was doomed to failure, however, for Monty, without appearing to exert himself, relieved the famous centre with seeming ease, and tapped the leather forward to Jack Denyer. From Jack it went to Jepson, who travelled for a dozen yards and then centred—clean into the goal-mouth.

There appeared to be no particular danger, however, so that a roar of excitement and surprise went up when it was seen that Hufton, in jumping for the ball, missed his footing and came heavily to the turf.

The fall was his undoing, for Monty, slipping between the stalwart Cope and the long-legged Burton, brought off a really miraculous shot when he was practically upon one knee.

And even as the ball left his toe the two West Ham backs came together with an impact which brought an involuntary grunt from each of them.

And what a roar greeted the goal! The combined efforts of the two Rundle amateurs had been instrumental in notching the first goal of the game!

"Well done, the boys!"

"Bravo, the schoolboys!"

"Let's have another!"

Forty thousand spectators were elated at the early success of their pets—throats were hoarse with shouting, faces were alight with excitement and jubilation.

Yet there were two men in the vast crowd who remained dumb, whose faces were set and hard, whose eyes were gleaming with venom. They were leaning over the barrier behind the visitors' goal, both regarding the well set-up figure of Jack Denyer as though the youngster fascinated them.

Black, seething rage robbed them of speech; it was action they craved for, to strike, to maim, to kill, perhaps!

The whistle shrilled for the kick-off, and a break-away by Monty brought the play into the visitors' half once more. A system of superb passing brought the leather into the penalty area, and it was from here that Jack Denyer scored the home team's second goal.

He had been left practically unmarked, for the Hammers were keeping a particularly watchful eye upon Monty Selhurst, and no sooner did he snap up Monty's pass than he darted away towards the corner-flag.

But here he found the stocky form of Cope awaiting him.

The back bore down upon the youngster with determination stamped upon

his set features, and it was then that Jack, with the ball dancing at his feet, hooked the leather clean over Cope's head with a deft touch of his toe.

And no sooner had the ball touched the turf than the young player-manager had trapped it and sent it speeding towards the goal-mouth.

It was a daring thing to do, but it paid, for Hufton, safe goalie though he is, was caught napping for once in his life.

He realised his danger when it was too late, but he made a spring at the twirling ball, which eluded his outstretched hand by a fraction of an inch, and curled under the bar.

The spectators—as is usually the case when a goal is in danger—had been looking on with wide-open eyes and bated breath, and no sooner did they see the goal scored than the tension snapped, and they rose as one man.

And the Londoners who had

Hammer persons from scoring at all!"

A couple of West Ham players overheard the youngster's remark, and they grinned good-humouredly.

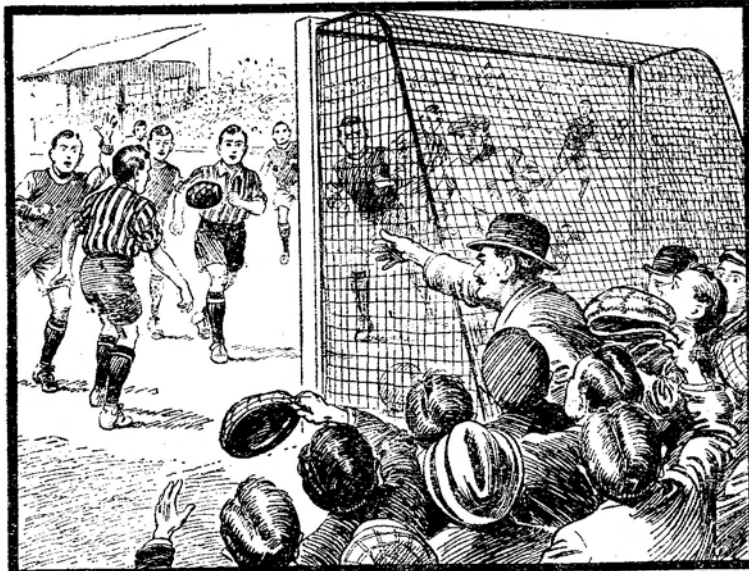
"You wait, young 'un!" said one of them, who was by way of being a veteran, having played half a dozen seasons with the Londoners. "We'll get a show later on."

"By Jove, old man!" said Monty heartily. "I jolly well hope you do! Anyway, we're havin' a toppin' game, aren't we?"

The teams lined up, and the whistle shrilled for the kick-off.

Puddefoot gave a quick glance at his inside men, and then touched the ball to his inside-left. This player essayed to take the pass, but before he could do so Mallison had forestalled him and sent the leather forward, where Jack Denyer pounced upon it.

He darted away like a flash of light, and almost before the crowd—and the players as well, for that matter—understood what was happening he was



Screaming something unintelligible, Martin Denyer flung the black object among the players in the goal-mouth.

travelled with the Hammers added their lusty shouts to the prevailing din.

"Good old Jack!" came the raucous cry from the embankments. "You're the boy for us!"

"That's the stuff to give 'em, Denyer!"

"Bravo, the young 'un!"

The Norchester players, who for most part were schoolboys at heart, swarmed round their skipper as he trotted away towards the centre-line.

"Well done, old man!" said Monty, gripping the youngster's hand. "Best thing you've done since you notched the winning goal against Markham's, when Rundle's played 'em in the final!"

Jack flushed, and shook his head.

"It was really your goal, old man," he protested. "But for your pass I shouldn't have stood an earthly."

"Rot!" declared Monty, jamming his monocle into his eye. "Anyway, the great point is that we're a couple of goals up—an' I shouldn't be surprised if we manage to keep these

inside the Hammers' penalty area, and had taken a pot-shot at goal.

The leather sped forward with a rush of air, and skimmed the cross-bar by a matter of inches.

It was a glorious effort.

A deafening roar of cheering made the stands sway; and mingling with the tumult of sound was a piercing cry—a mad shriek from the working lips of Martin Denyer.

He screamed something unintelligible, and then, bringing his hand from the capacious pocket of his overcoat, he poised a black object in the air, and then flung it straight into the crowd of players in the goal-mouth.

A demoniacal laugh escaped his lips, and a second later the black object struck the turf. Next moment there came a loud report, and a cloud of acrid, blue-black smoke enveloped the players and hid them from the startled gaze of the crowd!

Another long, exciting instalment of our great footer yarn next week!

# THE GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

A vivid account of the latest charges and convictions

## A BURNING SCANDAL!

Counsel Compared with Guy Fawkes!

There was quite a commotion in the court when Percy Bol-over, Harold Skinner, William Stott, Herbert Tre-ver, Fisher Tarleton Fish and Wun Lung stampeded into the dock, where they were wedged together like sardines.

Prisoners were grinning cheerfully, and when Mr. Robert Cherry (counsel for the prosecution) rose to make his opening speech they made pointed remarks concerning his face.

Prisoner Skinner: Another guy!

Prisoner Bol-over: Fancy seeing a face like that on a dark night!

Prisoner Fish: I guess it ain't his face at all—it's a mask! (Laughter.)

Magistrate: Silence, you mug-wumps, or I'll have you turned out of court!

Prisoner Stott: That would suit us down to the ground, your worship! (Laughter.)

Magistrate: What are these chop-headed chumps charged with?

Mr. Cherry: High treason, your worship. They were discovered in the woodshed, forming a deep, dark plot. They declared that they were fed-up with your worship—

Magistrate: What!

Mr. Cherry: And they conspired to take away from you the captaincy of the Remove, the editorship of 'The Greyfriars Herald,' and all the other offices you hold.

Magistrate: Did they, by Jove? Before hearing any of the evidence, I must bring in a verdict of guilty! Prisoners will be sentenced to—

Sizz-z-z-z! Bang, bang, bang!

At this juncture the prisoners ignited a number of fireworks, and hurled them towards the bench.

Magistrate: Yaroooch! Help! Fire! Murder! Where did that one go to? Fetch the fire-extinguishers, quick! Clap the prisoners in irons!

The members of the Greyfriars Special Constabulary were too helpless with merriment to intervene.

Prisoner Skinner (excitedly): Let's seize that guy of a magistrate, and burn him at the stake!

His worship was promptly over-powered, and carried out of the court, the prisoners chanting in chorus:

"Remember, remember, the Fifth of November,

Gunpowder, treason and plot!

We've collared the Justice, and all that we trust is

He finds that the bonfire is hot!"

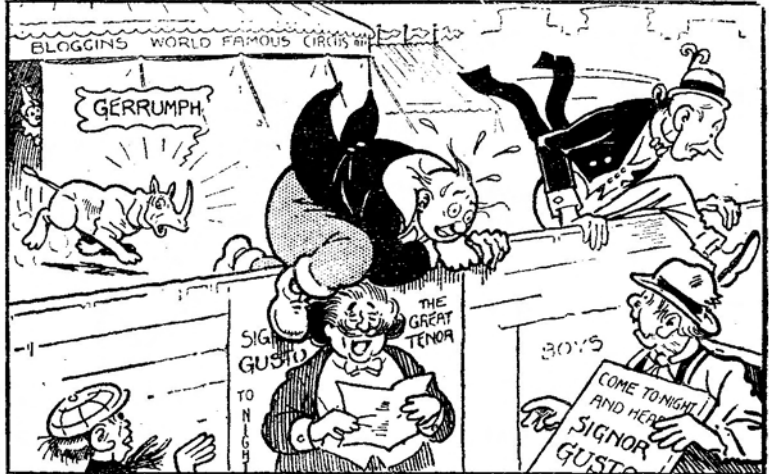
## REPORT IN BRIEF.

A merry young aristocrat named Sir Jimmy Vivian was charged with dropping lighted equibs down the jurymen's necks.

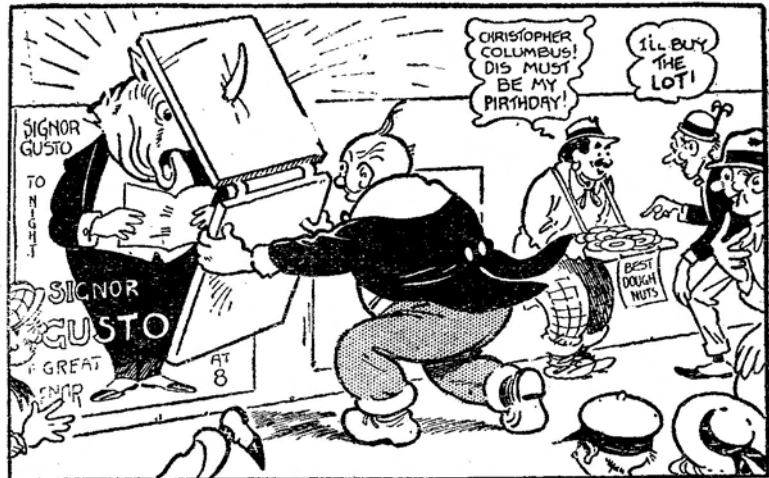
In the unavoidable absence of the magistrate, the foreman of the jury gave prisoner a severe "blowing-up."

# CHEERFUL CLARENCE AND FAT FRED, THE FAMO

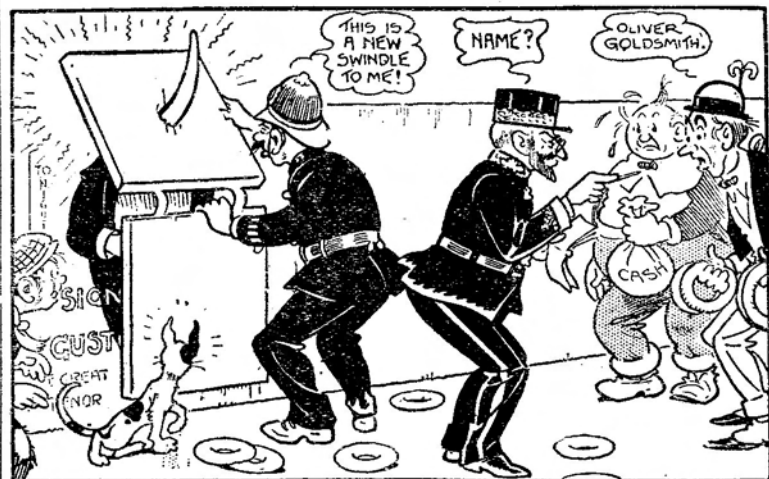
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1. Our aunt! Cheerful Clarence and Fat Fred nearly got it where the chicken got the chopper this week, chums all! Y'see, they were looking at the rhino in Bloggins' Circus and passing remarks about its face-piece when the animal got a bit riled. "I always thought a rhino was thick-skinned, Clarence!" burbled Fred as he and the Cheerful One took the fence like two champion hurdlers.



3. Thus, after putting Fred wise to it, he bought up the whole stock, while the Fat One gave the sandwichman a bad shilling for the loan of his boards.

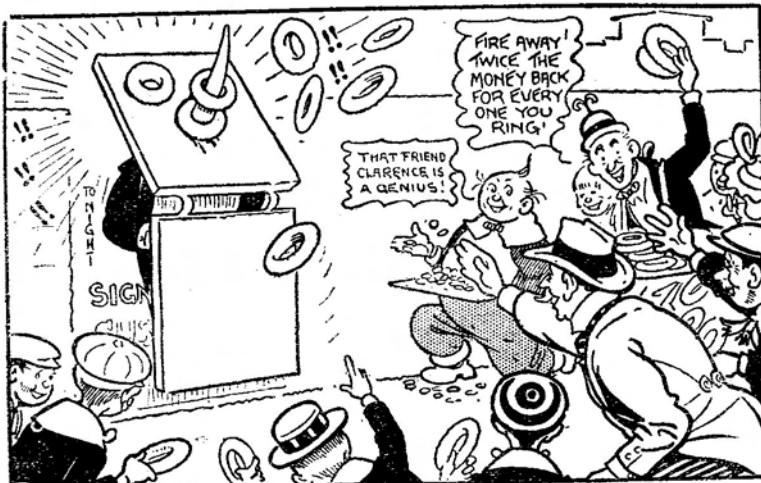


5. But up rolled P.c. Flybird and the Chief of the Government Highway Anti-obstruction Department to put the bikosh on our noble and resourceful pals. "H'm, this is a new swindle to me," snorted the interfering cop.

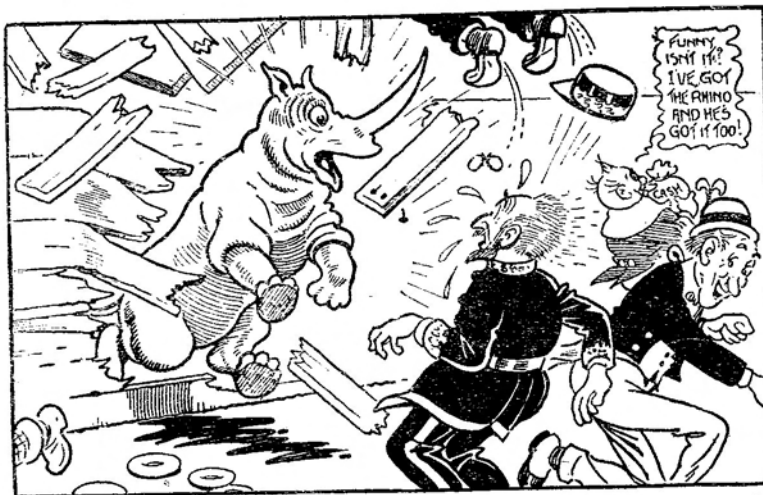
THE HEROES OF THE BLITTERGRAPH FILM COMPANY  
 the doings of these two gloom-dispellers! Introduce your chums to the noble lads!



2. And so much impetuosity had that rhino developed during his hundred-yard sprint that he got his handsome figurehead wedged in the useful old hoarding. "Crummy Caramboes!" puffed Signor Gusto when he saw the novel effect; "eet vass vot you call a libel, ain't it—no, yes?" Meanwhile, noticing the doughnuts on the street vendor's tray, Clarence was smitten with an idea.



3. "Now, then, roll up, sports and sportlets!" roared Clarence. "A penny a shot! Your money back every time you ring the peg. Try your skill!"



6. But, oh!—tee-hee!—just then the rhino switched on "full steam ahead" again and the cop departed out of the picture. "Toodle-oo!" chirped our chumps as they vamoosed! But they'll be back next week!

## My Weekly Interview

By the Special Representative of  
 "The Greyfriars Herald."

This week:  
**BAGGY TRIMBLE**

I KNEW where to look for "Baggy" Trimble when I arrived at St. Jim's.

The fat and greedy gormandiser of the Fourth spends all his spare time—and a good deal that is not spare—in the school tuck-shop. And to that establishment I wended my way.

There, sure enough, was the human bladder of lard.

The fat junior was perched on a stool, which groaned beneath his fourteen stone. On the counter stood half a dozen plates, piled up with pastries, and half a dozen glasses of hot peppermint cordial—for it was the sort of weather that makes you sh-sh-shiver and sh-sh-shake with kik-kik-cold! There was no sign of Mrs. Taggles, the tuck-shop dame. Only Baggy Trimble was to be seen, and he monopolised the view!

"I come," said I, "in the capacity of the special representative of 'The Greyfriars Herald.' I want you to tell me all about yourself."

Baggy chuckled. "That would take up quite a lot of time," he said, "and my time happens to be precious just now. But I'll give you a brief description of myself. Name, Bagley Trimble. Weight, fourteen stone and a bit. Plumpest son of Sir Obese Trimble, Baronet. Private address, Trimble Hall, Trimbleton. Telephone, One-blank-blank-blank. Telegrams, 'Rolling Stone,' Trimbleton. Favourite recreation, stowing things away. There! I think I've given you all the information you're likely to want."

Baggy Trimble waved a plump hand towards the good things on the counter.

"Pile in!" he said generously. "My treat, you know!"

I was feeling hungry after my long journey, and I promptly set to work on the pastries. My companion, too, cleared plate after plate. But presently, when I looked round for him, I found that he had cleared!

"That's jolly queer!" I muttered. And then six-furios and indignant juniors rushed into the tuck-shop. They were the Terrible Three, Talbot, D'Arcy and Blake.

Before I knew what was happening I was hurled violently to the floor, and punted out into the quadrangle.

It transpired that the pastries and the peppermint cordial had been purchased by Tom Merry and Co. And while they had popped round to the footer field, to see how a certain match was progressing, Baggy Trimble had entered the tuck-shop, and had helped himself to the good things.

Next time I meet Baggy Trimble there will be a dead porpoise lying in the gateway of St. Jim's!

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**

**The Flight of the Villains—A Close Shave for Raymond Steele—A Talk With a Farmer—The Lost Trail—Oliver and the Detective Separate.**

RAYMOND STEELE'S face was grey and twitching, and he was gasping for breath. Before the lad could catch hold of him he slid to the ground, and lay there limply, his chest heaving convulsively. Meanwhile, the two men had leapt to the driving-seat of the blue car, and sent it spinning away. They soon slid round a sharp curve, glancing back as they disappeared.

Oliver paid no heed to them. He was kneeling by his master, fearing he had been mortally wounded.

"Speak to me, gov'nor!" he urged. "Speak to me!"

Steele's eyes were open, and he was still fighting hard for breath. With difficulty he uttered a few incoherent words. But after a short interval, to the joy of the lad, he was able to rise to his feet. There was not a trace of blood on his clothing.

"Didn't that fellow hit you?" Oliver asked.

"Yes, certainly he did," Steele declared, wincing with pain as he spoke. "The shot bowled me over."

"But you aren't bleeding anywhere, gov'nor."

"I should be, my boy. I am afraid I am badly hurt."

Raymond Steele's breathing was easier now. He carefully felt the upper part of his body, and when the lad had called his attention to a bullet hole in the front of his jacket, on the left side of it, he drew from a pocket of his waistcoat, a cigarette-case of gun-metal that had been presented to him by one of his clients. There was a tiny hole in that also. The detective snapped it open, and a bullet that was lying amongst the cigarettes dropped into his hand.

"Ah, this accounts for it!" he exclaimed. "The cigarette-case has saved my life!"

"So it did," Oliver replied. "It was the closest kind of a shave. If it hadn't been for the case you'd have been killed."

"Yes, I should have been shot through the heart," Steele assented. "The scoundrel meant murder. It was Jason Flindt who fired at me, and Herbert Sleath was with him. Where are they?"

"They are gone, gov'nor. They jumped into the car, and drove off as

fast as they could. They are a mile away by now."

"Well, we must push after them. We will follow the trail as far as we can."

"You had better wait awhile, gov'nor. You must have a rest!"

"No, there isn't much the matter with me. My ribs are bruised and sore, and that's all. Come along, my boy!"

They went slowly forward, the detective walking with faltering steps; and when they had passed the spot where the car had been standing, and had gone several yards beyond it, they passed by a gate that led to a farmhouse. An elderly man with a grey beard, who was obviously the farmer, was striding down the garden path.

"I heard a pistol-shot a bit ago, sir," he said, addressing Steele. "What did it mean?"

"It was an attempt on my life," Raymond Steele answered. "I was fired at by one of two men who stopped close by here with a blue car. They are criminals, and we have been following them up. Perhaps you can give me some information about them. They must have been here for some considerable time. I dare say something went wrong with their car, and they had to stop to repair it."

"So they did," the farmer replied. "It was more than an hour ago that I heard them stop. I had just got out of bed—I am an early riser—and as

soon as I had dressed I came down to the gate. The car was standing yonder, and the two men were working at it."

"You did not notice if there was any person inside of it?"

"No, sir, I couldn't see, for the window-blinds were lowered. But I suspected that there was something wrong."

"What led you to think that?"

"It was because the men didn't want me about, sir. I offered to assist them, and they rudely told me that they didn't need any help. And when I moved towards the car one of the men ordered me away."

"Did you hear any conversation between them?"

"No, they didn't talk to each other while I was near. I stood watching them for a time, and then I went back to the house."

Steele did not ask any further questions. He had almost entirely recovered now, and when he had thanked the farmer for the information he pushed ahead with Oliver. They had been practically certain before that Squire Chumleigh's grandson had been kidnapped by Flindt and Sleath, and their theories had been corroborated.

"There was a third person in the blue car," declared the lad, "and that person was Peter Chumleigh."

"You are right, my boy," Raymond Steele agreed. "There can be no doubt at all, I should think."

"And the chances are that we will catch the scoundrels, and rescue young Peter."

"I trust we shall, Oliver. We can't be sure of it, though. The trail may run into some road that has recently been travelled, and if so it will be confused with other tracks. It was a pity we didn't get here a little sooner. If we had, the men would have been put to flight on foot, and they would have had to leave their prisoner behind. They must have just finished repairing the car when we came in sight."

The first rays of the sun were now blazing above the horizon. The sky was cloudless, and a stiff breeze was blowing. For another hour Oliver and the detective pressed steadily on, still holding to the north, meeting nobody on the way. There was lonely and wooded country on both sides of them, and no sign of a habitation. They were on high ground, where the heavy rains of the night had washed the road clean, and the wind was drying it so rapidly that it became more and more

## 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. Suspicious of two rogues named Sleath and Flindt, who tried to kidnap Peter in New York, Gregg calls on Raymond Steele, private detective; and Steele, with his young assistant Oliver, go down to Devon on the midnight mail on which Peter is travelling. The train is wrecked, and a body which appears to be that of Peter Chumleigh is discovered. Steele and Oliver, however, believe Peter to be still alive and get on Sleath's trail. Near Dartmoor they come across a blue motor-car and two men, one of whom fires point-blank at the detective.*

(Now read on.)

difficult for them to perceive the tyre-marks of the blue car.

Steele and his assistant had to pause now and again to seek for them, and presently, when their course had veered a trifle to the north-west, they lost the trail on hard and stony soil. So they went slowly on for some distance, searching in vain for the lost tracks until they paused at a spot where the road forked. To right and left of them were plantations, and beyond them was a wooded hill.

"We'll have to give up," said the lad. "There is nothing to show which way the car went. Not a sign."

Steele shrugged his shoulders, and nodded vaguely. He lit his pipe, and leaned against a tree, while he considered the situation, his brows knit in perplexity.

"We may as well turn back," Oliver continued. "We can't do anything more."

"Perhaps you can," Raymond Steele answered. "We will separate here."

"Separate? What do you mean, guv'nor?"

"I have been thinking it out, my boy. From the fact that the chase has brought us to this part of the country, it is more than likely that the men are taking Peter Chumleigh to some wild and wooded part of Dartmoor, where they have a hiding-place in readiness. Assuming that such is the case, the car would have gone by the road to the left. It leads to Ashburton, which is near the borders of the moor, and you will go there and make inquiries."

"What will you do?" the lad asked.

"I will return to Newton Abbot," Steele replied, "and try to find out whose body it was we saw in the burning carriage. If I fail I will return to London and inquire there. I will then come back to Newton Abbot, and then pay a visit to Chumleigh Hall, and tell the squire that I believe his grandson to be alive and a prisoner, should you not have learned anything at Ashburton to put you on the scent of Flindt and Sleath."

"And what if I were to get some sort of a clue there?"

"If you do you will try to discover where the men are in hiding. But you must be careful, and not run any risk. I dare say the scoundrels think I have been killed, or at least badly injured, and that will be to our advantage, as they will be less on their guard. If you meet with any success you will send a telegram to me in town, and also one to the Red Lion Hotel at Newton Abbot. If I don't hear from you I will take it for granted that you are searching for the men, and I will remain at Newton Abbot until I have some word from you."

"Right you are, guv'nor. I'll go to Ashburton, and if I get any information there I will send a wire to both places."

"Very well, my boy. You will come to a wayside inn a mile from here. You can get something to eat there, and I will stop for breakfast at the farmhouse which we passed."

Raymond Steele gave the lad some further instructions, and then the two separated, Oliver striding briskly along the road to the left, while the detective retraced his steps in the direction of the railway-line. He had

full confidence in his clever young assistant. He had entrusted more than one difficult task to him, and he felt pretty sure that he would get information of some kind at Ashburton, perhaps a clue that would put him on the track of the two daring abductors.

"There is no need to worry about young Chumleigh," he reflected. "No harm will be done with him. I will leave the search to Oliver for the present, and will try to find out who it was that perished in the burning carriage. Though I am convinced that it was not Peter Chumleigh, I would wish to be absolutely certain of that before breaking the good news to the old squire."

**A Strange Awakening—Peter Overhears a Conversation—A Daring Escape—In the Toils Again.**

**W**HEN Peter Chumleigh came to his senses, by gradual degrees, he felt a heavy languor, and there were dull pains in his head. He was lying on a narrow bed, with

rolling round an embankment, and the tremendous crash and shock that followed. There was a gap after that, and a blank period which he could not fill.

His next memories were of being driven rapidly in some closed vehicle, bound and gagged, with the dusky figures of two men to right and left of him. He had shouted for help, and one of the men had at once seized him by the throat, and pressed to his mouth and nostrils a cloth saturated with some pungent drug. He had lost consciousness again, and how long an interval had elapsed, and where he now was, he had no idea. It was obvious to him that he had been kidnapped, however, and he was at no loss to account for it.

"Those men, Sleath and Flindt, must have been on the train," he said, to himself, "and after the wreck they carried me off while I was unconscious. They must have brought me a long distance, for it wasn't much more than midnight when the accident happened, and it is daylight now. I hope Oliver and Gregg haven't been



Pursued by the three villains Peter plunged into the shallow stream, and waded, knee-deep, to the opposite bank.

his wrists bound behind him. His mind was blank at first. He could not collect his thoughts.

For a little time he lay there, while a roaring noise throbbed incessantly in his ears; and then, sitting up, he gazed around him in semi-darkness. To his right was a door, and to his left was a shuttered window. The pallid light that streamed through a crevice of it, revealed a small room containing only the bed, a rude dressing-table, and a couple of chairs. There was no carpet on the floor. The lad was in his shirt and trousers, and his jacket and waistcoat were hanging over one of the chairs.

Memory slowly returned to him. He recalled the railway journey with Oliver and the servant, the train plunging from the line, the carriage

killed. I am afraid they have been, though; and also Mr. Steele, as he was driving the engine. As for myself, I am in a nice scrape."

Peter Chumleigh was a plucky lad, of an impetuous disposition. There was not a shadow of fear in his mind. He felt a burning sense of indignation and anger against his captors.

But for the sake of his grandfather, whom he knew would be greatly distressed, he was most anxious to escape. His wrists were not very tightly bound, and after several strenuous efforts he succeeded in slipping his hands through the cords. His head pained him less now, and he felt little or none the worse for his ill-treatment.

Rising to his feet, he glided to the window, and peered through a chink

in the shutter. He had a glimpse of woods across from him, and of dark, rushing waters beneath him. He loosened the catch of the window-casement, but he could not budge it; for it was held in its place by the stout shutter, and that was evidently secured on the outer side.

Finding the task to be impossible, the lad strolled warily over to the door, and discovered that it was locked. He heard murmurs of conversation, and, putting an eye to the keyhole, he gazed in a smaller room where he could see three men at the table at breakfast.

Two of them were well-dressed, and as the one had a tawny beard and moustache, and the other a black moustache, there could be no doubt as to their identity.

The third man, who of middle age, was of a different type. He wore shabby clothes and gaiters, and he had clean-shaven features of a brutal and cunning type.

"They are Sleath and Flindt, of course," Peter reflected, "and I dare say the other fellow is the owner of the house I was brought to in the night."

He had recognised Herbert Sleath, who had been his father's butler; and he was satisfied, from his appearance, that the man with the beard and moustache was Jason Flindt.

The men were talking in very low tones, but presently they raised their voices, and the lad could distinctly hear what they were saying. They were discussing him.

"I don't like this business," declared the third man, looking uneasy at his companions. "I said so at the first, and I am sorry that I agreed to help you. I wouldn't have done so if you hadn't promised to pay me well."

"We will give you more money later on," Herbert Sleath replied. "You have made the bargain, and you must stick to it. There won't be any risk, Cobleigh."

"No, not a bit," remarked Jason Flindt. "You need not be afraid of that. No one would dream of searching for the youth here."

"No, I suppose not," assented the man who had been addressed as Cobleigh. "But how long do you expect to keep him here?"

"I can't say exactly," Herbert Sleath answered. "It will be for a week or so, though, until we can settle everything. It is a matter that can't be hurried."

"Well, only so I don't get into any trouble. Will you gentlemen be here yourselves?"

"We shall be for a part of the time. We are leaving shortly, as I told you before, and we will probably return to-morrow."

Peter did not stop to hear any more. His suspicions had been confirmed. He was in the power of the two men who had tried to kidnap him in New York, and he knew what their motive was. He was resolved that he would make an attempt to escape, and he believed that he could do so.

He crept softly away from the door, and waited by the bed for some minutes, until he heard the three men leave the adjoining room. It would have been wise to wait a little longer,

but he was too impatient for that. Only by one means could he gain his freedom.

"Those fellows will hear me," he thought, "but it can't be helped. There is nothing else for it."

Seizing a chair, he swung it aloft in both hands; and, exerting all his strength, he drove it against the window. It was a loud and smashing blow. Wrenched at once from their fastenings, casement and shutter flew wide open with a tinkle of falling glass.

In a trice the lad was over the window-ledge, hanging from it. He let go and dropped, and landed unhurt in a clump of bracken a few yards below him. Above him was a grey, clouded sky, and to his right and left was a stream that flowed rapidly, boiling amongst rocks and ledges, through a narrow ravine that was shut in by high and wooded hills.

Without an instant's delay he took to his heels, and as he ran down the channel of the stream and close to the water, it flashed to his mind that he must be somewhere in the vast waste of Dartmoor, which he knew to be not a great many miles distant from his grandfather's home.

"That's just where I am," he muttered, "and this must be the River Dart."

Shouts were ringing to his ears above the sullen roar of the stream, telling him that his escape had been discovered. Looking over his shoulder, he had a glimpse of the house, which was perched on a supporting wall of masonry that rose from the level of the valley, and was almost smothered in foliage. It was a small frame building of only one storey. Glancing behind him again, Peter saw to his dismay that the three men were in chase of him. They had already descended the rugged slope, and were twenty or thirty yards in the rear, the man Cobleigh a trifle behind the others. The lad realised now how foolish he had been. He was in a wild and lonely region, and there was no chance of assistance. He should have waited for a better opportunity, at least until Sleath and Flindt had departed, as he had learned was their intention. Yet he did not lose hope. He was young and agile, and that was to his advantage.

"Stop, you brat!" Jason Flindt called to him savagely. "Stop, I say, or it will be the worse for you!"

Peter paid no heed. He ran the faster, tearing on and on as fast as he could, leaping over projecting scarps of stone, and floundering amongst fern and bracken, and tangled weeds, while the crashing tread of his enemies drew nearer and nearer behind him.

"They'll get me!" he panted. "I'm sure they will."

He was almost in despair, breathless and tired. He gained a little by a strenuous effort, and held his own for another short stretch.

And then, coming to a spot where the stream rippled over a bed of rock, he plunged into the shallow water and waded, knee-deep, to the opposite bank. His strength was nearly spent. The men had followed on his course, and he could hear them splashing on after him. In his haste he slipped, and

fell heavily, just as he scrambled ashore. He was quickly on his feet, but he had badly bruised his knee, and it was impossible for him to mount the wooded slope. Quivering with pain, he tottered to an upright boulder, and turned at bay with his back against it. He saw his pursuers within a couple of yards, wading towards him.

"You cowards!" he gasped. "Let me alone, or you'll be sorry for it!"

Next moment Sleath flung himself upon the lad, seizing him by the throat; and as the two fought the other men waded ashore.

Exhausted though he was, his knee paining him terribly, Peter offered a desperate resistance. It was three to one, but for a few moments he held his assailants off.

Hard blows were rained on him, and finally, after a brief and desperate struggle, he was overpowered, and had to give in. He sank to the ground, faint and dizzy, and as he lay there Jason Flindt tied his wrists together, and bound a handkerchief across his mouth.

"Look what he's done to me!" snarled Sleath, who was boiling with rage, and clutching a damaged nose.

"Don't touch him," bade Flindt. "He put up a good fight. I didn't think he was so strong. Come, let us get him back as quickly as we can."

Peter was too exhausted to speak. The three men picked him up, and, having carried him over the stream, they retraced their course to a zigzag path that mounted the hill, and led round to the front of the little dwelling. The lad was taken to the room where he had been before, and when he had been placed on the bed, his ankles were securely bound, and the handkerchief was removed from his mouth.

"I'll give you a chance to breathe," Herbert Sleath remarked to him. "Mind you hold your tongue, and don't make any noise. But it wouldn't matter if you did, for there would be nobody to hear you."

"Not a soul, my lad," said Jason Flindt, with a mocking laugh. "You are miles from anywhere."

The men withdrew after they had closed the shattered window-casement and the broken shutter. Peter lay there for some time, aching in every limb, chafing with rage. Realising how helpless his predicament was, he thought sadly of his grandfather. He heard confused voices in the adjoining room, and presently there were retreating footsteps.

An interval of silence followed, and then the door was quietly opened, and the man Cobleigh came into the bed-chamber. He shuffled over to the bed, and stood gazing down at the prisoner, one hand thrust in his pocket. His brutal features were sullen and menacing, and there was an evil glitter in his dark eyes. He looked as if he meant murder, and the lad believed that he did. He felt a chilling tremor of fear, but only for an instant.

"Hands off!" he cried.

Heedless of the warning, the man stepped nearer, his yellow teeth showing between his parted lips.

Another long, powerful instalment of this great detective serial will appear next Tuesday!

# HOW TO IMPROVE YOUR FOOTER!

By **JOE McCALL**

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

## No. 3.—The Half-Back Game

**I** PROMISED you that I would say something more in these notes about how to part with the ball before I had finished. Well, here goes!

We have seen that the centre-half, whose place is somewhere about the middle of the field, must pick out from among his forwards the man in the best position for receiving and making good use of a pass.

Turning to the wing half-backs, I should say that the greatest mistake made by them is that they seem to think that it is their duty to feed their own wing only. By that I mean that the right-half will often confine his passes entirely to the men on his own right ring.

In the ordinary way, this is not a bad policy, and I am convinced that for the wing half-back occasionally to swing the ball right out to the other wing is a paying policy.

### Play on the Wings!

The way it works is this:

When the play is on one wing, there is a natural tendency for the defenders to veer over to that wing with the object of putting an end to the attack. When they do that, they naturally leave the forwards on the other wing more or less "out in the cold," as it were, and it is then that a swinging pass to these uncovered colleagues may leave them with an easy chance to score a goal.

So to wing half-backs I would say, don't be a slave to your own wing, remember that there is another wing on the other side of the field, and that to open out the game is often a very good policy.

### Should a Half-Back Score Goals?

I have often been asked whether the half-back should be expected to score goals? This is not an easy question to answer, but perhaps I can lay down some general prin-



ciples which will serve as a guide. In the first place, let me say, that the half-back who makes a habit of shooting is likely to do his side more harm than the occasional goal which he scores will do good. It will simply mean that he is wasting effort in trying to beat the goalkeeper from thirty or forty yards out when he really ought to be passing the ball to his own forwards, whose duty it is to get goals.

On the other hand, there does occasionally crop up a chance for the half-back to get a goal. Suppose, for instance, that the half-back is twenty-five to thirty yards out when he receives the ball, and that there is no colleague to whom he can usefully pass. In such a case the half-back cannot do any harm in letting fly at the target.

### Corner Kicks!

Following a corner-kick, too, there is often a chance for the half-back to test the goalkeeper.

The proper position for the half-backs when corner-kicks are being taken is on the edge of the crowd of players surrounding the goal. If the ball is cleared directly from the kick, and

comes to one of the half-backs, he may chance his luck with a shot, and the probability is that it will succeed if well directed, simply because the goalkeeper is unsuspected by the crowd of players between him and the man who shoots.

On this head, then, the general principle is that the half-back should not shoot wildly, and not at all if he sees a good opportunity of passing the ball along to a colleague.

### When to Dribble!

More or less the same line of argument can be put forward in regard to the half-back who dribbles. The man who does too much of it is a nuisance.

The half-back's game is to push the ball along to his forwards. But sometimes he must dribble to get himself out of a tight corner, and a run-through by the half-back is often effective in stopping defenders from playing the offside game.

If his forwards are offside it is no use the half-back passing to them, but if instead of doing this he dribbles through on his own he will probably take the defenders by surprise. They will be relying on their offside tactics to stop the forwards; but, of course, the half-back who goes right through is not offside.

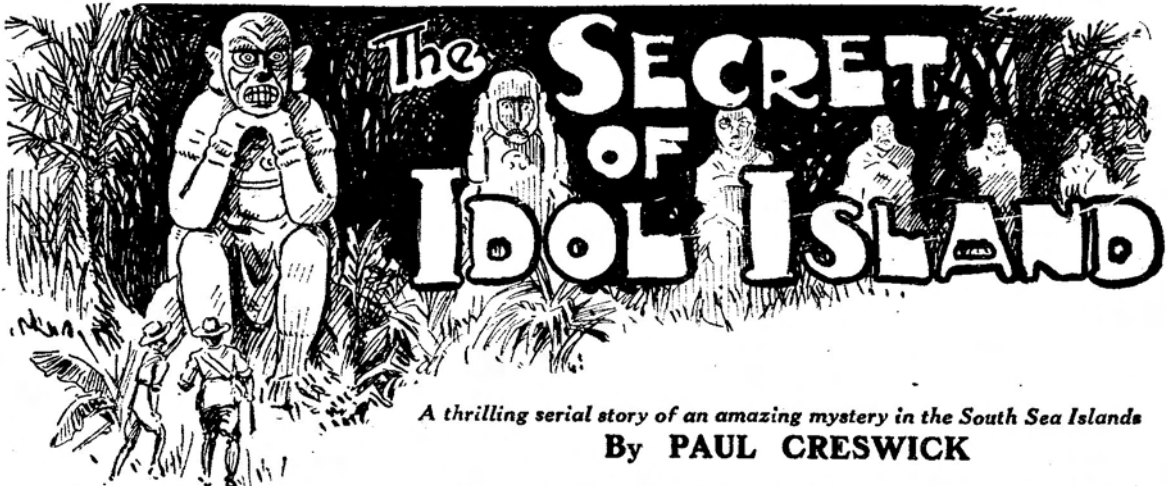
Don't get into the habit of dribbling too much, you half-backs. And whatever else you do, don't dribble in the defensive part of your duties. Get rid of the ball, quickly, when your team is being hard-pressed. The defender who dribbles is asking for trouble, and he generally gets it.

*Joe McCall*

A splendid instructive series of articles by S. C. Puddefoot will appear in next Tuesday's "Greyfriars Herald." Please tell all your chums!—Editor.



When the play is on one wing, and the defenders have veered over to put an end to the attack, the half-back should be on the look-out for the chance to swing the ball to an uncovered colleague on the other wing.



### The Tidal Wave!

**T**HE sea was white with surf under the unnatural darkness of the morning. The smell of burning vegetation mingled with poisonous fumes of sulphur.

The wind whistled and roared through every crack and crevice it could find; the heat grew almost unbearable.

They lit a candle and finished their breakfast by the dim, flickering light. The professor tried to make a plan of Idols' Parade from memory, and failed. After an hour's infernal uproar, the din quietened a little, and they ventured to pull away one of the packing-cases from the entrance. Instantly gusts of salt spray blew in, almost deluging them.

"Some rain, what?" cried Curly, laughing it off.

The professor wiped the water from his glasses.

"This is the sea," he announced.

"High-water mark is a couple of hundred yards below us, sir," said Armstrong. "It can't be the sea."

A stream of water came running under the packing-cases into their haven, as if in reply. A noise entered into the hubbub of the elements—the booming of the surf.

"A tidal wave," said Professor Cordwell. "Exactly as I expected. It will wash over the island and entirely settle the idols. All my journey here will be in vain. It is really very vexing!"

"Never mind the idols, daddy. What about us?"

"Pile up the rest of the packing-cases against the others. We shall get jolly wet, of course."

The sea came pouring in over the top of the cases, and their barricade moved threateningly. They worked like slaves to make it secure, the wind screaming through the interstices like a Banshee.

But the cases held together by sheer weight; and, when it was seen that the sea's worst onslaught had passed, the four of them moved into Cordelia's quarters, which were dry and comfortable. The hours passed anxiously. Every now and again one of them had a look at the barricade, and measured the puddles of sandy water which had formed in the outer apartment. The sea washed in continually under the

cases, but the puddles grew no worse after midday.

"The danger has passed," said the professor. "Danger by drowning, that is to say. I think we can risk it. I'm getting stifled in this hole."

They moved one of the cases cautiously; then another and another. Just as they were congratulating themselves on regaining fresh air and freedom, a sudden wash-up of the sea swept the packing-cases right and left and flooded out the place. The professor was carried off his feet, while Armstrong and Curly were rudely flung against the wall of the Stone House. Cordelia jumped into the other room, and stood there gasping for breath.

No one was hurt, and it proved to be the last effort of the great tide. Soon afterwards they were able to emerge and survey the danger. The wind still tried to lift them off their feet, but they held on to each other, and shouted, in between the gusts, when they wanted to talk.

First thing that met them was the idol they had so laboriously up-ended in front of Big Chief, on Idols' Parade. The tidal wave had washed him right up to No. 1, Stone Houses, and he now squatted malevolently on the shore before them. He grinned impishly at them, so it seemed, as if threatening all the punishments and tortures in the world.

"I have a good mind to cart him off to Valparaiso, when we return," said the professor.

Most of the wireless mast of Bluff

Point was strewn along the beach, upon which the surf still foamed and boomed.

A glance at Palm Tree Hill showed them that the eruption had eased down. Earth tremors were much more plain, now that they were outside the solid rock of Stone Houses, but these convulsions were slight and ever diminishing in force.

The sky was a mass of black, hurrying clouds. Thunder rattled occasionally, following the vivid lightning which streaked the sky in all quarters. The rush of the howling wind never ceased; it was a problem to keep on one's feet.

"Guess the Bolshies have had a high old time of it," Jack Armstrong shouted to the professor, who merely shrugged his shoulders.

"They have their submarines," he answered. "High-tides don't affect under-seas boats. We haven't done with our friends yet, I fear."

Meanwhile, Curly was busy salvaging the wireless machinery. He perceived that, although knocked about, the mast was possible to repair.

"If only the apparatus is intact off the Bluff, we shall be able to get through a message of sorts," he told Cordelia. "You can radio with all sorts of makeshifts, provided the main batteries and coils are in order."

It was pleasant to be out in the fresh air even though it was boisterous. They came back to Stone Houses and had as good a meal as the tinned stuff would provide. The water at the back was drinkable again and the storm was passing rapidly.

Later in the day, they went to Idols' Parade. To the professor's great joy they discovered that the tidal wave had done more good than harm. Apart from washing the solitary image up to their very door, it had, somehow, put back most of the other idols. They were in their old places—practically—including the Big Chief.

The wave had lifted him clear of the cave and earth-slip, and had put him again in his old sentinel position, crouching in front of the circular hole in the red rock!

"I shall have to pretend that I have done this," said the professor. "Certainly I did expect the tidal wave. I wonder how the river is behaving? Upon my word, now the sun's out you would scarcely believe the troubles

### 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 Bolshieviks have installed themselves on Idol Island. After many adventures the four return to their home in Stone Houses, when an eruption of the island volcano takes place. Then gradually the wind increases in violence.

(Now read on.)



we have passed through. Easter Island is a queer, uncanny place."

He stepped forward to peer into the circular cave. All the debris was cleared out; it almost invited one to step inside.

But Curly was keen to investigate Bluff Point.

"If all this 'as you were' has been going on here—why not at old Station Double-O-Seven?"

They laughed at this notion as they proceeded to the Bluff. Here they found desolation, indeed. All the handiwork of man had been sliced off, swept away, and utterly demolished. Curly hunted around for the batteries and coils, in vain. One would not have believed that Station Double-O-Seven had even existed.

"The idols wouldn't put up with it, I reckon," said Professor Cordwell. "No matter, we have the Bolshie station, and must seize that, somehow."

They went around the Bluff. This part of the island had escaped the fury of the elements. The high granite cliffs of the Point had shielded it. The sea was smooth here; the surf merely frothed and bubbled in the sunshine, taking a thousand prismatic colours, or sparkling like molten gold. The wind could not get at the small bay to ruffle it overmuch.

"And it is hereabouts that we shall find your underground dock?" asked the professor.

"I don't want to find it any more, please," said Cordelia, with a shudder. "Somebody does, if you do not," her father retorted. "See yonder!"

The long, grey hulk of a battle-cruiser appeared round the southern point of the bay. It was cutting angrily through the waters, a trail of rolling, black smoke blew aft from its slanting funnels. It seemed to sense the four watchers before they could grasp the fact and meaning of its appearance. It fired point-blank at them, and the shell whistled over their heads almost before they saw the quick puff of smoke from the guns.

They dropped flat on the sandy beach with one accord. A second shot came screaming at them, passed them by and smashed a hole in the cliffs behind. The splinters of the shell were driven back and upwards about them in all directions.

The cruiser covered the quartette, and no one dared stir. A steam pinnace put off, and came splashing through the waves to where they were stretched out. An officer stood in the bows with his revolver ready to wing them if they attempted escape. He fired instantly, and viciously, when Professor Cordwell ventured to peer at him.

"The Bolshies have got our cruiser, and us!" muttered the professor to himself.

**On Board the Cruiser!**

THE pinnace grounded a few yards away from them and the officer sprang ashore. Any doubts which might have been in Jack Armstrong's mind, at the outset of this new adventure, were instantly settled by the newcomer's first words and deeds. He kicked the professor roughly, and called out:

"Stand up, English dog!" The professor complied in his usual deliberate manner. He eyed the little foreigner with a grim toleration.

"What is it you require, please?" The other scowled disagreeably. "You are the Herr Professor Cordwell, is it not?"

"That is my name!" Armstrong and Curly had already got to their feet. They helped Cordelia to rise. The Bolshiek officer glared at each of them in turn.

"You are known to have been with Comrade Dumnoff and Meninski. By them you were entrusted with a duty important. Why is that duty not fulfilled?"

"We were attacked by other comrades," answered the professor, calmly brushing the sand from his trousers. The officer made an angry gesture with his pistol.

"It is incredible! I do not believe it!"

He waved them towards the pinnace. "Enter, without further lies! You shall render account of all—so soon as

is understood that he returned in the submarine shortly after the rising of the natives. He will answer for himself, and for us."

"Direct us to this inland pool of which you speak," said the captain of the vessel. "Then we shall know what is to be done!" He spoke with sinister emphasis. "It is strange that we have heard nothing from Comrade Dumnoff after he left this vessel."

Armstrong was able to direct the boat exactly to that part of the island, wherein the inland pool lay concealed. The cruiser was a fast boat, and the decks were still cleared. She seemed to have been in action, from the look of her—although not much knocked about. They were soon steaming slowly in front of the small entrance to the Foreland pool.

**Torpedoed!**

THE Bolshies on shore apparently did not welcome those on the cruiser. A sharp puff of smoke was seen from somewhere followed by a



The professor and the others held on grimly to the sides of the ship's grating, and endeavoured to make their way towards the shore.

you have shown me where the body of Comrade Dumnoff is hidden."

There was nothing to be done but to comply with the order.

They were hustled through the surf to the pinnace which immediately put about. In a few minutes they were under the grey side of the cruiser—an enormous boat when seen at close quarters.

The professor remained placidly polite when cross-questioned by the other officers. He told them quite frankly, that Dumnoff and Meninski had gone away from the inland pool, and had left them all at work, that the natives had attacked the "comrades" in the early morning; that they had had to fly for their lives, when this attack took place.

"It is lies, and still more lies!" interposed the little officer, who had escorted them from the pinnace to the chief cabin of the cruiser. "You have murdered Comrade Dumnoff, with some of your machines infernal!"

"Comrade Dumnoff will be found at the inland pool," said Professor Cordwell, without any loss of temper. "It

shell, which hurtled its way venomously to the cruiser and landed very neatly on one of the slanting funnels, crumpling it out of shape.

An angry shout from the crew answered the rattle of the explosion, and before the captain could even issue a command, the cruiser had replied.

A brisk battle at once ensued, and Armstrong and Professor Cordwell were forgotten in the turmoil. They slipped back to the cabin, where Curly and Cordelia were waiting for them in no little trepidation. Jack Armstrong took the lead.

"We must watch our chances. These fellows here are quite out of hand—they do not obey their own officers. If we can get in a boat together—when they go ashore—perhaps, then, we could manage something!"

The cruiser's big guns were firing. They shook the ship from stern to stern. The four peered through the port-holes, trying to see what was going on.

The cruiser put in as near as she dared, and again her big guns roared. The cliffs echoed the din and crumbled

under the hail of shells. A well-placed shot tore into the body of the sea-beast, which was blocking the entrance to the pool and broke it up.

Instantly a submarine slid out from the pool, and then another. They had been imprisoned by the body of the sea-beast blocking the entrance. The tide washed out, after then a series of rapids.

"Of course, the land exit was covered by the water rising through the rain-fall and the tidal wave," cried the professor. "What extraordinary bad luck for Comrades Dumhoff and Co. No wonder they didn't bother us. They simply couldn't!"

The submarines were very hostile to those on the cruiser, for all that she had inadvertently freed them from what must have been a most pestilential prison. The first boat had submerged in the deep water; the second boat was just going under when a shell from the cruiser struck her fair and square.

She rolled over and sank in a cloud of steam and scalding oil.

Almost at the same instant a torpedo from her consort took the cruiser amidships. An appalling explosion followed, and the boat quivered like a wounded thing. All in the cabin were thrown to the floor, the stricken vessel shuddered, and began to settle rapidly.

"Out of this!" called Jack Armstrong. "We must swim for it, if there's nothing else."

They got upon their feet, dizzy and sick, and made a rush for the deck.

Everyone was working for himself amongst these untrained, undisciplined Bolsheviks—the officers fighting with the crew in a mad haste to save themselves. Pistol shots rang out; the stokers came climbing out of the hold. The ship took a heavy list forward and seemed likely to go down, nose first, before any of the scrambling struggling men could lower a single boat.

On the top of all this confusion came a second torpedo crashing into the doomed vessel. The roar of the explosion had scarcely passed ere the cruiser sank, pell-mell, anyhow—smashed like an egg. The surface of the sea was strewn with bodies, living and dead, piteous cries rang out in all directions.

Jack Armstrong had managed to seize Cordelia, and went down with her clear of the ship. Curly and the professor had seemed to follow them. There was no time for thought; all had to be action—prompt and decisive!

#### Saved From the Sea!

**A** FEW moments of stunning uncertainty, then Armstrong found himself shooting upward through the thick glaze of water. He had still retained his hold of Cordelia, and had enough presence of mind to understand that he must prevent her, at all costs, from clinging to him and drowning them both.

But Cordelia was accustomed to the sea, so she, too, had her wits about her. They came up to the surface with a gasp and mutually broke away, treading water and steadying themselves with a quick paddle of their outspread hands.

The sea was alive with wreckage—

human and otherwise. Loud cries sounded around them, and they knew that they must keep clear of the Bolsheviks if they desired to save themselves. They saw now that one or two boats had got clear of the cruiser, even at the instant of her end, and these were crowded with the crew, and in peril of being capsized by those drowning wretches who were seeking to climb aboard them.

Both Armstrong and Cordelia knew of the other frightful danger, but neither gave utterance to their thoughts. They spluttered and splashed while endeavouring to make their way towards the shore—now looking very remote and hopeless.

A shout hailed them, and next moment they saw the professor and Curly clinging to a ship's grating which had washed away from the wreck. They swam to it, and all four held on

Still, they did contrive to push and swim and cling to this impromptu raft until the tide caught them and swirled them irresistibly round the Foreland.

"Steer it somehow, Curly!" shouted Armstrong. "The tide will take us —" A mouthful of salt water stopped the rest and left him spluttering. But Curly and the others had got the idea. If they could be lucky enough to get round the point of the Foreland without mishap, all sorts of possibilities presented themselves.

They could be really grateful to the dead sea-beast now; he had effectually cleared off the sharks.

Little by little they came to the Foreland. The tide was running strongly for Easter Island, and carried them, grating and all, with a rush abreast the Point, and swirled them round and round into the shallow waters of Stone Houses bay. In a few more moments they were in the surf along the sands, being bowled over and over, until flung breathless on to the sands.

It was a wonderful escape—brought about mainly because all four of them had managed to keep their wits and make the most of the good chance offered by the grating. They hauled that in, and then sat down on the sands, practically dead to the world.

Curiously enough, it was Cordelia who first recovered.

She staggered to her feet, then knelt to help her father. He seemed to want to go to sleep, but she pulled at him until he roused himself. They decided to make another effort, the four of them looking very much like drowned rats.

It was now about five o'clock. They dragged their weary bodies to their old refuge, where they received a hearty welcome from the dog, who had found his way back. The professor took his spectacles out of his pocket, put them on, and was himself once again. The cat came purring round his knees.

Cordelia went into the inner room: the others had the sunny beach. They stripped and dried themselves, and the professor's dependable packing-cases yielded each a suit of pyjamas. Their clothes were spread out in the sun to dry. Cordelia, back in her old clothes, presently made them coffee. They ate biscuits and drank the cheering beverage almost in silence.

Then, banishing all care; they slept till the island was dark under the warm shades of night.

The whirring of an aeroplane awakened Curly. He listened for a few moments, then decided to dress.

He went down to the beach and searched the sky for some visible sign of that intense and increasing beating of the propeller.

Cordelia came out.

"Is it Temple, do you think?"

But Curly was engrossed with the machine in the sky.

"Just listen to that 'plane," he said. "It seems to me to be in trouble. There's a queer note about the engine—"

"There go the lights! You're right, Curly—it's going to crash!"

Another instalment of this fine adventure tale will be given in next week's issue.

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grimly to the sides of this slender chance of salvation.

The professor was without his spectacles, and quite at a loss. Armstrong tried to get the older man on to the wooden grating, but this was soon found impossible. It was an awkward piece of ship's furniture to deal with, although very solid. The water came spurting up the through the grating each time they pressed it down in the attempt to push Professor Cordwell fairly on to its flat top.

Meanwhile, those of the crew who had survived the sinking of the cruiser were making for the shore, heedless of the reception which might be waiting for them. They rowed away, overladen, and quite callous so far as their less fortunate comrades were concerned.

The submarine which had caused the disaster came to the surface and watched them with cool indifference.

The four clinging to the grating were not inactive. They arranged themselves two at either side, and pushed it slowly shoreward, holding on every few minutes to get a rest and recover their breath.

The sea was warm, but their clothes were naturally a great hindrance.

# THE CASE OF THE GUNPOWDER PLOT!

Our Great New Series dealing with  
the Amazing Adventures of

**HERLOCK SHOLMES**  
DETECTIVE

Written by

**PETER TODD**

I.  
"PROBABLY, my dear Jotson, you have heard of Guy Fawkes?" Herlock Sholmes remarked to me, as I returned one day from a post-mortem on one of my patients.

I reflected.

"The name seems familiar, Sholmes."

"Please to remember the Fifth of November," suggested Sholmes. "The gunpowder treason and plot." "True!" I assented. "I see no reason why gunpowder treason should ever be forgot."

"Exactly. It is many a year now, Jotson, since Guy Fawkes attempted to blow up the House of Commons by storing barrels of gunpowder in the cellars under the chin-wag department. But he has found an imitator in these latter days—"

"Sholmes!" "It is true, Jotson," said Herlock Sholmes gravely. "The ancient gunpowder plot was a failure, owing to a warning conveyed, I understand, to a lady upon whom Fawkes was spooned. The present plot will owe its defeat to—"

"To Herlock Sholmes!" I exclaimed.

"Just so."

"But the plot—it is known?"

"The suspicions of the police have been aroused, Jotson, by the sight of a number of masked men stacking barrels of dynamite under the windows of the House of Commons. I must compliment them upon their unusual sagacity—for once Inspector Pinkeye has been wide awake. My services have been called in to discover the arch-conspirator, the author of this fearful plot, which, if successful, would have deprived the country of six hundred of its most active and untiring chins."

"Terrible!"

"Terrible, indeed, Jotson. The explosion was apparently timed to take place when our greatest non-stop orator was addressing the House—that great and justly celebrated statesman, Jotson, who won the war, slaying, like Samson, his thousands and tens of thousands, and with the same weapon, the jawbone of an ass!"

I trembled. The thought of those six hundred tongues being stilled—of half the chin-wag in the kingdom being silenced at one fall swoop—was terrible.

"Sholmes!" I gasped. "You must save them!"

"I will!" exclaimed Herlock Sholmes. "They shall be shaved—I mean saved! Come!"

He took me quickly by the nose and led me away.

II.

HERLOCK SHOLMES paused as he led me into Shaker Street, still with that powerful and friendly grasp on my nose.

"Have you a ten-pound note, Jotson?"

"I have."

"Then we will take a taxi—we have half a mile to go."

"Mr. Sholmes!"

"Ah! It is our friend Pinkeye!" said Herlock Sholmes, with a smile.

"What luck so far, Pinkeye?"

The Scotland Yard inspector shook his head.

"None, Mr. Sholmes. We are relying on your aid—"

"But you are searching—"

"All the criminals known to be in London have been tracked out and examined," said Inspector Pinkeye.

"Is that all?"

"All the anarchists—"



Sholmes emerged leading a benevolent old gentleman.

Sholmes shrugged his shoulders.

"And you expect to find the gunpowder plotter among criminals and anarchists, Pinkeye?" he asked sarcastically.

The inspector stared.

"Inspector, I am about to look for the gunpowder plotter," went on Herlock Sholmes. "Not, however, in the parlous of crime—not in the haunts of anarchists. Come, Jotson!"

"You need my assistance, Sholmes?" I asked.

"Undoubtedly. The taxi must be paid for."

We took the taxi, and—doubtless on the principle that one good turn deserves another—the taxi took us.

We arrived at our destination—a building which bore a brass plate, with the inscription "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Bipedes."

"Wait here, Jotson."

Herlock Sholmes disappeared into the office of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Bipedes.

I waited.

In a few minutes my amazing friend emerged.

He did not come alone. He was leading a benevolent-looking old

gentleman by the arm, and upon his prisoner's wrists the handcuffs clinked.

"Make room for the gunpowder plotter, Jotson," said Sholmes, with a smile.

"Sholmes! How—"

"We will hand over our prisoner to the good Pinkeye," said Herlock Sholmes. "Let us mizzle."

We mizzled.

III.

"SHOLMES!"

My amazing friend smiled as he stretched himself on the sofa in our rooms at Shaker Street, and rested his feet on the mantelpiece in his easy, graceful manner.

"A few words will explain, Jotson," yawned Herlock Sholmes. "The plot was laid to blow up the House of Commons on the Fifth of November—and our friend Pinkeye sought for the gunpowder plotter among anarchists and criminals."

"But surely—"

"Not at all. Had the plot been laid to blow up any other building, Jotson, Pinkeye's methods might have been right. But you must remember that it was the House of Commons—the Mummy of Parliaments—that was to be blown. That famous building, Jotson, where the flow of chin-wag, the tide of jawfulness, ceases not, and only ebbs in the small hours. With my usual perspicacity, Jotson, I grasped the truth at once. It was the work, not of an anarchist, but of a philanthropist."

"A philanthropist, Sholmes!"

Sholmes nodded.

"Exactly. Some tender-hearted man had asked himself the question, why should not the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest? For centuries, Jotson, that tide of talk has swelled, and swelled, and never ceased; generation after generation that unending prattle has dinned in the ears of humanity, till it has become a weariness of the flesh. Eloquent orator after orator has spouted and spouted. War, famine and pestilence may come and go, but the spouting goes on for ever. To stop it might seem, to the philanthropic mind, the greatest possible boon and blessing to men. I left Inspector Pinkeye, therefore, to look among the anarchists, while I looked among the philanthropists."

I gazed at my amazing friend in speechless admiration.

"I had a painful duty to perform," said Sholmes rather moodily. "For once my sympathies were with my prisoner. Perhaps he was carrying a philanthropic kindness to his fellow-men too far. But his intentions were good. But be that as it may, Jotson, I have done my duty, and the House of Palaver will not be blown up on the Fifth of November."

Herlock Sholmes was right.

It wasn't!

THE END.

Next week's screamingly funny case will be "The Case of the Lost Chord"



# OUR TUCK HAMPER

## AND Silver Shilling Feature

Prizes for all Contributions printed on this page.

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.

**For Shame!**

An old Scotswoman with kindly intentions went to see a friend who had been laid up for some time. In her arms she carried a parcel of dainties for the sufferer, who, to her surprise, was sitting up in a chair by the fire. "An' hoo are ye the day, laddie?" she asked.

"Oh, Ah'm quite weel the noo, thank ye, Mrs. McFadden. Only a wee bit weak, ye ken."

"Quite weel!" echoed Mrs. McFadden excitedly. "And after me fadden come sae far to see ye, too!" —Sent in by P. J. Sharman, 5, Alexandra Avenue, Frimley Road, Camberley, Surrey.

**Bunty, the Swell!**

Harry Wharton (to Mark Linley, who was off for a cycle-ride around Pegg): "I say, Marky, one of the fishermen at Pegg said there was a heavy swell along the South Parade at Pegg this morning."

William George Bunter (who had just returned from Pegg, interrupting): "Oh, I say, Harry, old boy,

that's a compliment, if you like! Did he know my name?—Sent in by K. H. Fraser, Landscape Lodge, Reading.

**An Idea of Proportion!**

Frank Nugent (representing the Anti-Gorging League): "I say, Porpoise, can you give me an idea of how many jam tarts and doughnuts you can consume at one sitting?"

Bunter (vaguely): "Well, I can't exactly say. You see, some days I may eat four or five dozen, and another day I may have a good few, and another time I might have quite a lot!" —Sent in by A. Polaston, 256, Wolverhampton Road, Walsall.

**OUR TUCK-HAMPER PRIZE STORYETTE**

**A LARGE ORDER!**

Billy Bunter (to Mrs. Mumble the tuck-shop proprietress): "Two-pennorth of nuts, please."

Mrs. Mumble: "Will you have them mixed?"

Billy Bunter: "Yes; put a few coconuts among 'em!" —Sent in by Lewis Hopton, 32, Aketon Road, Castleford, Yorkshire, to whom a hamper crammed full of delicious tuck has been despatched.

**The Explanation!**

"Now, George," said father, "have you secured a good place in class this term?"

"I'm thirty-fifth, father."

"And how many are there in the class?"

"Thirty-five of us," answered the young hopeful.

"H'm! I'm not at all satisfied," said the stern parent.

Week after week the same questions elicited the same answers, until one day George said he was thirty-sixth.

"How is that?" demanded his father.

"Well, you see," replied George, "a new boy has just joined our class!" —Sent in by Miss Caroline Mance, 28, Geraldine Road, Wandsworth, S.W.18.

**Wicket Designs!**

During a cricket match in Australia a player had the misfortune to get several of his teeth broken while playing against a certain fast bowler. In the return fixture the player faced the same bowler, but ere the ball was delivered in the first over he shouted:

"Hi, there, old chap! I hope you're not after my teeth again!"

"No, me lad," came the quick reply; "it's your stumps this time!" —Sent in by M. Dyer, High Street, Wickwar, Gloucestershire.

**Not His Gamp!**

"Sir," exclaimed the injured man, "you stuck your beastly umbrella in my eye!"

"Oh, no, sir," replied the genial idiot, "I assure you you are mistaken."

"Mistaken!" screamed the other, dancing with pain. "I ought to know when my own eye is hurt!"

"Doubtless you do, sir," replied the genial one soothingly; "but you don't know my umbrella. I borrowed this one yesterday!" —Sent in by E. Gibbs, 26, Bassalleg Road, Newport, Mon.



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