

SECRETS OF FORWARD SUCCESS!

BY SYD PUDDEFOOT
OF WEST HAM

IN THIS
ISSUE

The Greyfriars

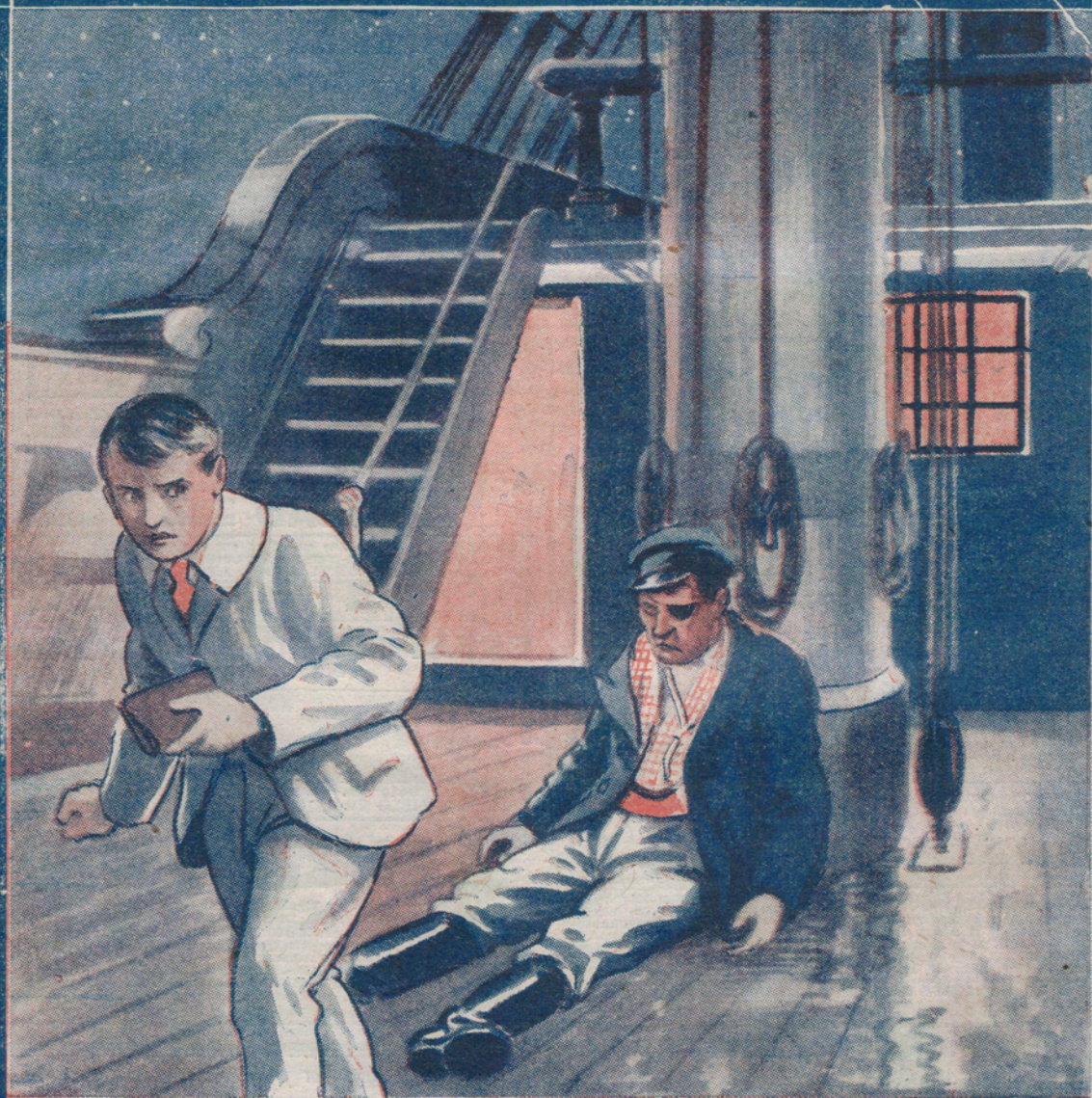


Herald

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THE THEFT OF THE TREASURE CLUE!

(A dramatic incident from our complete tale of the school at sea.)



The Staff

Editorial

By Harry Wharton.

INTRODUCING SYD PUDEFOOT!

My Dear Chums,—I hope you have all been following the very instructive series on "How to Improve Your Footer," in the pages of the HERALD. This week that crack centre-forward, Syd Puddfoot of West Ham, takes up the pen to reveal wrinkles of the forward game, and, whether you play among the forwards in your team or not, you will find the article helpful as well as entertaining.

By the way, you will notice as well, that Syd Puddfoot figures in our ripping football serial, "For Club and the Cup!" this week.

SPORTS AND HOBBIES!

An announcement which I know will please you all will be the introduction next week of two "corners" dealing with Sports and Hobbies, conducted by Vernon-Smith and Dick Penfold, respectively. Many letters have reached me lately asking for features of this kind, that I have again met the wishes of my chums.

TO CHUMS ABROAD!

Greetings to my cheery friends in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and other portions of our great British Empire. Although you are so far away from the Homeland, I am pleased beyond measure that so many of you keep in touch with me. I am always glad to hear from any chum abroad, and he—or she—can always be sure of a prompt reply from

HARRY.

Boys!



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THE TREASURE CLUE!

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

By OWEN CONQUEST

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

CHAPTER I.

Up the Orinoco!

"THE Orinoco at last!" said Jack Drake.

Trinidad had been left behind—the waters of the Gulf of Paria no longer washed round the timbers of the old Benbow.

Threading her way through the many islands of the Orinoco delta, the school-ship plunged her prow in the yellow waters of the great river of Venezuela.

"So that's the Orinoco!" said Tuckey Toodles.

"That's it."

Tuckey Toodles blinked at the great river, and the Guiana sierras in the distance, shimmering in the sun-blaze. The Benbow juniors were crowding the deck, looking about them with eager eyes.

"I can tell you fellows all about this," said Tuckey Toodles. "This is the place where Sir Thingummy What's-his-name—"

"Who?" asked Dick Rodney.

"Sir What's-his-name Thingummy—I forget the name exactly—"

"Sir Walter Raleigh, perhaps?" suggested Rodney, laughing.

"Yes, very likely—I'm not great on names. Well, he came here, you know, in the reign of Queen—Queen—Queen—"

"Victoria?" suggested Sawyer major.

"No, it wasn't Victoria," said Tuckey, wrinkling his fat brows in thought. "Couldn't have been Victoria. Queen Something—"

"Make it Elizabeth!" said Rodney.

"Yes, very likely. He came in search of El—El—El—something or other—"

"El Dorado?"

"Just so," pursued Toodles. "He never found it, and King James cut his head off. He never smiled again."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You needn't cackle, you fellows," said Tuckey Toodles. "I'm telling you all this so that you'll know something about the place. I'm pretty good at history. I don't mind telling you fellows. El Dorado means something in Spanish—"

"Not really?" asked Jack Drake, with deep sarcasm.

"Yes, really," answered Toodles, quite 'blind to the sarcasm. "It means something, you know, or something or other—"

"The Golden City, ass!"

"Exactly."

"We don't need Mr. Packe to take us in the history class," remarked Dick Rodney. "A talk with Toodles



The juniors watched curiously as the seaman turned his single eye on the distant trees, as though seeking some familiar landmark

is ever so much better. We learn such a lot of new things."

"Well, I know about these things, you know," said Toodles modestly. "I don't brag of it—I just happen to be well up in history, that's all. I've been thinking, you chaps—"

"Gammon!"

"I have, really. I don't see why we shouldn't find a gold-mine on the Orinoco," said Toodles. "It would be no end of fun to go back to St. Winifred's with our pockets crammed with gold from the Spanish Main, wouldn't it? When we go ashore I'm jolly well going to have a look! I've asked Peg Slaney to show me that document of his—I've heard him bragging in the fo'c'sle about knowing where to find a treasure, when he's had his grog—but he only swore at me. He's an awful beast, you know, and swears like a Hun! Wouldn't it be ripping to get on the track of El Dorado, like Sir Thingummy What-d'ye-call-um?"

"Topping!" said Jack Drake, laughing. "Slaney isn't likely to show you his document, though—and probably there's nothing in it, if he did."

"Egan thinks there's a lot in it," remarked Daubeny of the Shell.

"Hallo, there the fellow is!" murmured Toodles.

The one-eyed seaman came along the deck, and stopped near the group of juniors.

He did not look at them. His single eye was turned upon the distant forest, watchfully, as if seeking some familiar landmark.

The juniors glanced at him curiously.

When he had had his allowance of grog Peg Slaney was accustomed to talk freely of the mysterious document in his possession, which was sup-

posed to contain the secret of a hidden treasure, and to brag of the wealth which was one day to be his.

Certainly, if there was anything in it, he would have done more wisely to keep his secret; the Spanish document had been heard of by everyone on board the Benbow, from the fo'c'sle to the captain's cabin.

When he was quite sober Slaney was taciturn enough; but the grog loosened his tongue, and his secret was not much of a secret.

But in his most reckless moments he had never offered to show the mysterious document—though, as it was written in Spanish, it would have been a mystery to most of the school-boys.

Sawyer major gave the one-eyed seaman a gentle poke in the ribs, and Slaney turned quickly towards him, with a start.

"Thinking of your giddy buried treasure, old top?" asked Sawyer major affably.

Slaney squinted at him sullenly without answering.

"Of course, we're going to share it round, when you laud it," continued Sawyer. "We'll help you bring it on board when that time comes. I dare say the captain will lend us the long-boat. I suppose the quarter-boat wouldn't carry all the stuff, would it?"

Slaney scowled and lurched away, without a word, and the humorist of the Fourth chuckled.

"The dear man looks like a budding millionaire, don't he?" he remarked. "I don't think I'd give him more than fourpence for his buried treasure. Hallo, there's the bell for dinner!"

And the juniors crowded into the dining-room, while the school-ship surged on her way up the Orinoco.

Drake Declines!
DAUBENY of the Shell joined Jack Drake when lessons were over that day on the Benbow. Daub had an unusually thoughtful expression on his face.

"I want you to come along to my cabin for a jaw, Drake," he said, rather abruptly.

"Right-ho!"

"We can have a talk over tea, you know. I—I suppose you'll want to bring Rodney."

"Do you mind?"

"N-no; you'll tell him all about it anyhow, I suppose."

"About what?" asked Drake.

"What we're goin' to discuss."

"Oh, we're going to discuss something, are we?" asked Drake, looking curiously at the dandy of the Shell.

"Yes. It's really Egan's idea—"

Drake frowned.

He did not "pull" with the black sheep of the Shell.

"I don't think much of Egan or his ideas," he said bluntly. "If it's only that—"

"Well, give him a hearing, anyhow."

"Oh, all right!"

Daubeny walked away, and Drake joined his chum, Dick Rodney, under the awnings. They chatted and watched the distant sierras, as the Benbow surged on up the great river, till it was time to repair to Daub's study. Then they made their way to the Shell quarters.

They found Daubeny and Egan and Torrence in the study, and the Shell fellows greeted the Fourth-formers very civilly. Egan of the Shell evidently had his best manners on. He had never liked Daub's reconciliation with Jack Drake, and had done his best—or his worst—to prevent it; but just at present he seemed to desire to keep the peace all round.

Drake, who carried easy-going good nature rather to excess, was quite willing to accept the olive-branch, and it was a cheery and good-tempered party that sat down to tea. Through the open porthole they could see the Orinoco forests in the distance as the ship glided on. Canoes, with brown-skinned, stolid Indians in them, passed in the distance, and once a motor-launch came wheezing by, with an important-looking Venezuelan officer strutting thereon.

"The Benbow is going up as far as Tortola, I think," Egan remarked, after a time.

"Can she go as far?" asked Drake.

"I believe so. There'll be a trip on in a river steamer to Ciudad Bolivar later," said Egan. "Never mind that now. We're getting near to the regions where Sir Walter Raleigh fancied he was going to find the city of gold. There's been plenty of gold found in that region since his time."

"Lots."

"Are you thinking of looking for a gold-mine, like Tuckey Toodles?" asked Rodney, smiling.

"Not a mine," said Egan; "but I believe there's a treasure to be found, and I think we're the chaps to find it, if we stand together."

"That's the idea," said Daubeny, with a rather anxious look at Jack

Drake. "If we all go into it together—"

"You're thinking of Peg Slaney's Spanish paper?"

"Yes."

"That's his, not ours," said Drake curtly.

"The question is, is it his?" said Egan. "We know what the nigger Tin Tacks has told us. He was servant to Daub's father when Sir George Daubeny was on the Orinoco, and he says that Peg Slaney robbed his master of a valuable Spanish document. Does that speak for itself? The document he brags about belonged to Daub's father."

Drake nodded.

"It's quite possible," he said.

"Well, then, as it was stolen from Daub's father, it's justifiable to get it off that rascal by hook or crook."

"So that's the idea?"

"Yes."

"Don't you agree, Drake?" asked Daubeny.

"No. There's no proof that Slaney's paper is the one that belonged to your father. It's likely enough, but you can't take the man's property without any proof."

Egan gritted his teeth.

"The proof's clear enough," he said. "Tin Tacks says—"

"Tin Tacks may be mistaken. And it's years since Sir George Daubeny was in this country. Suppose the document isn't the same—it would be robbery to take it off Slaney."

"I agree with that," said Dick Rodney quietly. "You want jolly clear proof before you rob a man, I should say."

Egan sneered.

"That means that you fellows won't come into the game?" he asked.

"Certainly."

"Keep out of it, then!" exclaimed Egan savagely. "My belief is that that paper belongs to Daub by rights, and Daub's a fool if he doesn't get hold of it. There's a treasure going for the fellow who's got the sense to bag it—and why should it be left to that drunken, squinting rascal Slaney?"

"If it's his—"

"The treasure can't be his, anyhow."

"Goodness knows to whom the treasure belongs, if it exists," said Drake. "We've no proof that it exists yet. But it doesn't belong to us, any more than to Slaney."

"Every man for himself in a country like Venezuela," said Egan sourly.

"Do you think there's a man in the country who wouldn't get his paws on it, if he could—whether it belongs to him or not?"

"Very likely. But in England we're a bit more particular than they are in Venezuela."

"We're not in England now. When in Rome, do as Rome does."

"There's a limit to that," answered Drake, rising from the table. "If that's the idea, I'm down on it. Prove that Slaney's paper was stolen from Daub's father, and I'm your man, fast enough. Until then I'm leaving it alone. Come on, Rodney."

The two Fourth-formers quitted the cabin.

Egan cast a dark look after them.

"I knew how it would be," he sneered. "I told you Drake wouldn't touch it, Daub—especially with that goody-goody cad Rodney along with him. You were an ass to want him to hear a word about it."

Daubeny shifted uneasily.

"He's right, you know—as far as that goes—" he muttered.

"What rot! I tell you it's every man for himself in a half-civilised country like this. Your father made his pile here. How do you know how he made it?"

Daubeny flushed angrily.

"Look here, Egan—"

"Never mind Daub's father," broke in Torrence pacifically. "The question is, are we going in for the stunt without Drake?"

"Yes, we are!" snapped Egan. "I am, at any rate—and if you fellows don't join in the risk you won't join in the loot, and that's flat!"

"I'm with you."

"What about you, Daub?"

Vernon Daubeny hesitated.

"You dropped all your cash on the races in Port of Spain," said Egan.

"You owe money right and left on the ship, and you're hard up. And you turn up your nose at handling what's really your own—almost certainly—"

"I'm with you," said Daubeny at last. "It's clear enough for me, and I'm with you, Egan!"

"Good!"

And for a long time the three Shell fellows sat in the cabin, in a haze of cigarette-smoke, with the door locked, discussing the plan of campaign. Right or wrong, Daubeny and Co. intended to gain possession of Peg Slaney's mysterious document—and now the only question that remained to be settled was how it was to be done. And that was the question that the three Shell fellows discussed long and earnestly—with the aid of innumerable cigarettes.

Robbed!

YOU want see me, Mass' Daubeny?"

Tin Tacks, the Barbadian coloured gentleman, looked into the cabin, with his usual expansive grin on his black face. Tin Tacks' grin displayed a dazzling set of white teeth, which contrasted queerly with his ebony complexion.

"Yes; come in, quick!" muttered Daub.

Daub was alone in his cabin.

It was a couple of days since the meeting there, when Egan's "idea" had been expounded, and had been turned down by Drake and Rodney.

Since that time nothing had been said on the subject to the Fourth-formers.

Jack Drake hoped that Daubeny had dropped the idea, but he did not know, for Vernon Daubeny had taken to avoiding him a good deal.

During the stay at Trinidad the former rivals of the Benbow had become very good friends; but now Daub seemed quite under the influence of his old associates again.

It was the lure of gold that drew him on. Egan firmly believed in the reality of Peg Slaney's treasure, and

Daub was hand-in-glove with the black sheep at last.

In those circumstances, he felt that the less he saw of Drake and Rodney the better.

He signed to Tin Tacks to come in to the cabin, and closed the door hastily when the Barbadian was within. The sun was setting on the sierras of Venezuela; the Benbow was gliding up the wide Orinoco, under the guidance of a half-breed pilot. Many a long hundred miles of the great river lay before them; but Daubeny and Co. were growing eager. The treasure document had to be in their hands, and as yet they had been unable to find a chance of catching Peg Slaney napping.

Tin Tacks looked rather oddly at his old master's son. There was a hurried mysteriousness in Daub's manner which surprised the negro, and made him a little uneasy.

"You want 'peak to ole Tin Tacks?" he asked.

"Yes, yes. You used to serve my father when he was on the Orinoco, in the old days," said Daub.

"Yes. Him berry grand gentleman," said Tin Tacks.

"He was a good master to you?"

"Berry good."

"You'd like to do me a service, for his sake?"

"Me serve Mass' Jack," said Tin Tacks. "Me Mass' Jack's man. Anything else I do for you, Mass' Daub."

"Good. You remember that Slaney stole a paper from my father?"

Tin Tacks' eyes gleamed.

"Me 'member."

"He's got that paper still," said Daubeny.

"How Mass' Daub know?"

"He's got a paper about a treasure, and it must be the same. I want you to help me get it from him."

Tin Tacks paused.

"Me ask Mass' Jack," he said.

"Never mind Drake now," exclaimed Daubeny irritably. "He's not in this. You're a strong fellow, and you can handle Slaney easily. If you could get him tipsy, you could get the paper off him without his even knowing it. Will you do it, Tin Tacks?"

Another long pause.

Then the black Barbadian shook his head slowly.

"If Mass' Jack say so," he said at last.

"Oh, rot! He won't say so."

"Then Tin Tacks no do it. Mass' Jack know best."

Daubeny set his teeth.

"Hang you! Get out of my cabin, then!"

Tin Tacks quitted the cabin without another word, with a cloud on his black face.

A minute later Egan of the Shell entered.

There was an eager expression on his face.

"Well?" he asked quickly.

"N.g.!" growled Daubeny. "The dashed nigger is too beastly particular. He won't take a hand unless Drake approves."

"Confound him!"

"Well, what's to be done, then?" growled Daubeny discontentedly. "I

don't see how we're to handle Slaney. We don't want a row on the ship, and to be hauled up before Mr. Vavasour or Captain Topcastle. They'd make us give Slaney back his paper fast enough."

"I wouldn't care if I'd got a copy of it," said Egan.

"You couldn't read it."

"Fathead! I could copy it out, and get it translated afterwards. We only want to get a sight of it."

"Well, how?"

"That dashed nigger could have done it for us easily enough—he's as strong as a horse," snarled Egan.

"But we've got to manage it ourselves. The thing's got to be done —" Egan broke off suddenly.

"Who the thunder's that?"

It was Torrence of the Shell who entered the cabin. He was grinning.

"Hallo, whispering together like a pair of dashed conspirators in a play!" he said, laughing. "What's the stunt now?"

"We were talking about Slaney."

"You can see him, if you like!"

deck. A mist was rising from the Orinoco, obscuring the light of the stars, that were coming out in the sky overhead. The sun was quite gone now. Forward there was a murmur of voices—and dimly, aft, he could make out some moving figures. But the Benbow juniors were all below.

Abaft the foremast, Peg Slaney lay extended on the deck.

The wretched man was quite unconscious.

His besetting vice had found him again. More than once severe punishment had fallen upon him for it, but he could not resist the rum when he had a chance at it. He lay with his head resting on a canvas sack, sleeping in the warm, tropical night—the deck round him wet from the "sousing" the irate boatswain had given him, in the vain attempt to bring him round.

Egan glanced round him with a white, guilty face. He was not observed. The mist was his friend.

He stepped softly to the side of the wretched seaman, and stooped over him.

With fingers as nimble as those of a pickpocket, he searched the insensible man.

In less than a minute his touch was upon a small leathern pouch, secured to a lanyard round the one-eyed seaman's neck.

He whipped out his knife and cut the lanyard; the next moment the pouch was in his pocket, and he was scudding away.

More than once he had seen the squinting seaman take the precious document from the greasy pouch, and pore over it. He knew that he had gained the prize.

With a white face, breathless but triumphant, Egan of the Shell darted into Daubeny's cabin.

He closed the door hurriedly, and locked it.

"Got it?"

Daubeny panted out the words breathlessly.

"Yes!"

"Oh, gad!"

Egan opened the pouch. There was a breathless ejaculation from all three as the Spanish paper fell out on the table.

The trio pounced upon it together. Eagerly they looked at it in the light of the swinging lamp.

"The right paper this time," said Egan huskily. "Look—there's the word 'oro.' That means gold. You know Drake saw the paper, and saw that word on it. Now for it!"

"We can't read it."

"Shut up a minute!"

Egan opened a fountain-pen and a pocket-book. With feverish haste he began copying out the Spanish of the mysterious document—word for word, though of the words he understood hardly more than one or two. His comrades watched him in breathless silence.

In a few minutes it was done. Egan put the copy into the pocket-book, and placed the latter carefully in an inner pocket.

"What are you goin' to do with this now?" asked Daubeny, touching the one-eyed seaman's paper.

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WONDERLAND WEEKLY 12

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grinned Torrence. "He's been at the rum again, and the boatswain has been sousing him with buckets of water."

"My hat! Where is he, then?"

"They left him on deck—drunk as a lord!" grinned Torrence. "He will be up before the captain in the morning. If you'd like to see him, he's there—abaft the foremast, snoring like a pig. Sawyer major had an idea of tarring his face, but old Piper cleared the fellows off."

Egan's eyes glittered.

"Wait here!" he said.

"But what—"

Egan left the cabin quickly. Torrence looked inquiringly at Vernon Daubeny.

"What——" he began.

"Quiet!" said Daub. "Just wait! Leave it to Egan. If he chooses to take the risk, more power to his elbow!"

Egan of the Shell stole softly on

"Chuck it through the porthole?" suggested Torrence.

Egan shook his head. "Slaney can have that back," he said. "Better for him not to know that we have seen it. He won't be on his guard against us then. Once we get ashore he would be as likely as not to stick a knife into us if he knew we were after the treasure."

"Oh, gad!" ejaculated Torrence. "Let him go on believing that he's got the secret all to himself," said Egan, with a sour grin.

He left the cabin. In a few minutes he returned, without the pouch.

"What have you done?" asked Daubeny.

"It's in his pocket now," grinned Egan. "He's still as senseless as a log. He will find the lanyard cut, but most likely he'll think he did that while he was squiffy. Anyhow, he can't know anybody has seen his precious document. Now we've got to set to work on this."

And until bed-time that night the three Shell fellows—regardless of prep.—were hard at work on the Spanish document, poring over Egan's copy with untiring attention, but getting very little nearer the hidden meaning of it.

The Clue!

DAUBENY and Co. had never been famous as "swots," but during the next couple of days they worked hard—at Dr. Pankey's Spanish class.

Dr. Pankey was a good-natured gentleman, quite keen to impart his knowledge of that musical language to the Benbow juniors, and some of the fellows were keen on it—Spanish being the language of the country they were visiting in the school-ship. Drake and Rodney, and Estcourt and Troope were careful pupils, but they were outdone now by Daubeny and Co. The three slackers of the Shell seemed to have bucked up wonderfully.

They wanted to know exactly enough Spanish to translate the copy of Peg Slaney's document—no more.

As for Peg Slaney, he seemed to have no suspicion.

He had been put in irons for drunkenness by Captain Topcastle, and threatened with instant dismissal from the ship if such an outbreak occurred again. He went about the Benbow more sullenly than ever now, squinting more sourly at the juniors and the crew with his single eye. But he did not give any more attention than usual to Daubeny and Co., and it was clear that he did not suspect them of possessing a copy of his treasured document. Certainly he must have found that the lanyard to the pouch had been cut through, but Slaney never knew quite what he did when the rum mastered him; certainly he did not guess what had actually happened.

Daub and Co. almost dismissed Slaney from their minds; they felt sure of getting ahead of him now. All their spare time was devoted to Spanish—with an eye to the mysterious document.

Dr. Pankey was always ready to help his pupils and when one or another of the three brought him a word

or a phrase to translate he did so cheerfully and at once. By that means nearly all the document was translated piecemeal, and Daub and Co.'s smattering of Spanish enabled them to do the rest. The good doctor certainly had no suspicion that his kind instructions were helping the three young rascals in what amounted to a theft.

Whether the document had originally belonged to Daub's father was a question they could not answer with certainty. It was more than probable, and at that they had to leave it. Under Egan's lead neither Daub nor Torrence was inclined to be over-scrupulous.

Daub and Co. gave little heed to the magnificent scenery through which the Benbow was gliding as it progressed up the mighty river. They were thinking only of the prize that had at last fallen into their greedy hands. It was a happy hour for them when at last the Spanish paper lay before them, translated into English to the last word.

They read it again and again, with breathless eagerness, again and again comparing it with the Spanish original, to make sure that every word was correctly rendered. In English it ran:

"From Las Tablas three days in canoe on the Rio Catalina. Land at the stone bluffs, and follow the Indian path by the Arrowac tree graves. The gold is buried under the great ceiba on the mesa."

Daubeny and Co. pored and pondered over that strange direction, discussing it eagerly.

"Even in English it's a bit of a twister," said Torrence. "Where is Las Tablas? Is it a town?"

"Yes, up the Orinoco, past Barrancas," said Egan. "I don't think the Rio Catalina is marked on the map—lots of the tributaries of the Orinoco are not marked."

"Three days in a canoe!" said Daubeny. "How the thump are we to get away from the Benbow for three days?"

"We've got to," said Torrence. "We shall find the stone bluffs all right, I suppose," said Torrence. "And the Indian path. But what the thump is a tree grave? Sure that's right?"

"Quite right. We shall find all that out."

"And what's a mesa?" "Sort of table-rock; I dare say it's a plain landmark in that region."

"But I say, it's a wild region on that bank of the Orinoco!" said Torrence. "Hardly a settlement anywhere; Indians, and jaguars, and smugglers—what they call *contrabandistas*—and runaway revolutionists! I say, it doesn't sound much of a catch!"

Egan shrugged his shoulders. "If you funk it you can stay on the Benbow," he said.

"I'm goin'!" said Daubeny determinedly. "We'll all go. We shall land at Las Tablas, anyhow, and we can dodge off, an' hire a canoe and get away. We can risk a floggin' for this."

"Yes, rather!"

"The Redskins here have poisoned arrows—" observed Torrence.

"Bother the Redskins and their poisoned arrows. We're goin' after the treasure."

Upon that point Egan and Daubeny had made up their minds, and Torrence made up his mind, too. All three of them had now the completest faith in the strange document; it seemed to them that they were almost touching the store of hidden gold with their fingers. How it had been placed there, how long it had lain buried under the ceiba-tree, they did not know—could not guess. But it was there! Doubtless it was a treasure buried during some of the endless Venezuelan revolutions, possibly accumulated by some president to take in his flight when a new claimant of power drove him out—and political lives in Venezuela are very uncertain.

Eagerly now the Bucks of the Shell watched the progress of the Benbow up the great South American river, following the same track as Sir Walter Raleigh, in his quest of treasure, in the far-off days of Queen Bess. They were glad when the school-ship arrived at Barrancas, where the Rio Macareo joins the Orinoco, opposite the great island of Tortola. There they sighted the river steamer that comes from Trinidad by way of Macareo, on its way to Bolivar, the capital. At Barrancas the Benbow cast her anchor.

The same night Tin Tacks looked into No. 8 Study in the Fourth.

"Dat squinting white trash gone, Mass' Jack!" he said.

Drake looked up. "Slaney?" he asked.

"Yes, Mass' Jack. Him desert—go off in Indian canoe," said the black Barbadian. "Good riddance to bad rubbish, Mass' Jack, I tink."

"What's that?" It was Daubeny's voice in the passage. "Did you say that Slaney's gone, Tin Tacks?"

The black man glanced round. "Yes, Mass' Daub. Cap'n Topcastle say him no come back—gib him cat-o'-nine-tails if him show up on Benbow again."

"The villain! He's gone—after the treasure—" Daubeny checked himself as the juniors in No. 8 stared at him, and hurried away in search of Egan and Torrence to impart the news.

Rodney grinned. "Slaney's bolting seems to have upset Daub," he remarked. "I suppose he's after the treasure—if there is a treasure. I don't see it matters."

Jack Drake did not reply, but his brow was very thoughtful. He remembered the talk in Daubeny's cabin, and he wondered whether the chums of the Shell had succeeded, after all, in getting knowledge of the treasure clue. If so, it seemed likely to serve them little, with the squinting seaman first in the field. That was precisely the subject of a wildly excited discussion that was now going on in Vernon Daubeny's cabin.

THE END.

A fine, long complete story of the boys of the Benbow will appear next week entitled: "French Leave on the Orinoco!"



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 introduces three old school chums as amateurs into the team. While Norchester is playing West Ham a startling interruption occurs. Martin Denyer, from among the spectators, hurls a black object on to the field, and next moment there is an explosion and the players are enveloped in a cloud of acrid smoke!
(Now read on.)

MARTIN DENYER'S shrill laugh had scarcely died away than a score of strong hands gripped him. White-faced, with a fleck of foam upon his lips, his eyes still blazing, he pointed a shaking finger at the knot of players who were enveloped in a cloud of black, acrid smoke.

"Got 'em! Got 'em!" he cried, with a wild laugh. "That's the end of the cub—that's finished him! I vowed I'd have him—and Martin Denyer never breaks his word!"

Those in the crowd who had watched the flight of the small bomb waited in tense expectation for the groans which should inevitably have followed the explosion, but not a sound came from the players standing in the goal-mouth.

Indeed, when the cloud of smoke drifted away on the wind, it disclosed a number of bewildered and begrimed men who were regarding each other with frank surprise and consternation.

A glance round proved that none of them had received any serious injury.

Jack Denyer looked thoroughly bewildered, and a crooked smile twisted his lips.

"Well, what's happened now?" he asked, glancing from one face to another. "Earthquake or something?"

Monty Selhurst passed a hand over his lips.

"I don't know about an earthquake, old son," he said, with a wry smile; "but I can tell you that

I've jolly well swallowed about half of this beastly playing-pitch of yours!" "Oh, don't apologise, old man," said Jack easily. "You're quite welcome to it, and I understand that Norchester soil is supposed to be very nourishing!"

"Cut rotting, you chaps," said Craig, who looked somewhat shaken up. "What really happened?"

And even as he put the question, Martin Denyer's shrill voice came to Jack's ears.

The youngster paled and swung round on his heel, and the next moment his eyes met the maddened gaze of his uncle.

"You—you brat!" shrieked Martin Denyer. "You're the cause of everything, you're—"

His voice died away as two stalwart policemen ranged themselves beside him and linked his arms in a vice-like grip. One glance at Martin's features told them that he was on the verge of insanity, and they did not mean to take any risks.

They handcuffed him with the dexterity born of long practice, and then ran a wary hand over his clothing, thinking that he might have more bombs concealed upon his person.

But their search was in vain, fortunately, and they commenced to propel him up the asphalt embankment.

The touch of cold steel upon his wrists appeared to quell Martin Denyer's paroxysm of mad rage, and he was silent and morose as he was led away.

The players arranged around the goal-mouth watched the madman being escorted from the enclosure, and it was not until he had vanished from view that Monty turned to his chum and broke the silence.

"Your precious uncle, old man?" he asked, placing a friendly hand upon Jack Denyer's shoulder.

Jack nodded.

"It is," he answered, in a low voice. "And he's at the bottom of this rotten business, of course. He hoped to put me out with that bomb, and didn't give a thought to you other chaps."

The blood ebbed slowly from the

young player-manager's face as he realised how near they had all been to tragedy.

"Fortunately the bomb—or whatever it was—was comparatively harmless, otherwise I don't know what would have happened," Jack went on, his eyes upon the blackened crater in the turf. "It's too terrible to think about."

Monty was about to make reply when the referee called the players together.

"Are you chaps ready to go on?" he asked, glancing round at the begrimed faces of the footballers. "Any of you hurt?"

There had been no casualties, seemingly.

"Right," said the official briskly, when he received the replies. "The crowd's getting a bit restless, so we'd better get on. There'll be an inquiry into the whole affair later on, of course."

He picked up the ball and poised it in mid-air.

The whistle shrilled, the leather bounced, and a defender, seeing his chance, cleared with a punt which lifted the ball into mid-field.

Jack Denyer and Puddefoot raced for possession, neck and neck, and it was the Hemmers' "star" player who won by a matter of inches.

He took the leather on the run, and, swerving round in his characteristic manner, he headed straight for the home goal. Moving as though the ball was attached to his toe by an invisible agency, he beat man after man, and he was almost within the penalty area, with the Norchester players swarming round him, when he glanced across at Shea, saw that his man was on-side, and parted with the ball.

And Shea made no mistake.

With scarcely a glance at the goal, he got his toe to the leather, and the next moment a roar of "Goal!" went up from the thousands of spectators who were packed round the enclosures.

It had been a splendid effort, and the effort was Puddefoot's, although the perfect run through had been completed in masterly style by the redoubtable Shea.

"Another one, the Hammers!" roared

the West Ham spectators who had travelled North with their favourites.

"Good old Sid!"

"Now then, Danny! Another one for luck!"

"Let's have a draw, the Hammers!"

"Wake up, Norchester!"

"Let's hear from you, Jack!"

Confused cries came from all sides, and Jack Denyer smiled to himself as he trotted towards the centre-line.

"They'll go all out to get an equaliser, old man," he said, falling into step with Monty Selhurst.

"An' we've got to keep 'em out," smiled the new recruit.

It was not until Jack kicked off that the din died down, for excitement was running high, especially with the visitors' supporters, who hoped to make a draw of it at the very least.

The play from now onwards was clean, fast and clever; yet despite this fact, half-time came with the scores still standing at two to one.

Time and again it seemed that one side or the other would find the net once more, but Jackson and Hufton were defending their goals like men inspired.

Both were ubiquitous to a degree, and no matter where a cunning player planted the ball there would be the goalie—his safe hands ready to receive it.

There came a particularly thrilling moment when it seemed that Jackson was beaten beyond all possible doubt.

Puddefoot had managed to bring off yet another one of his solo runs, and he was in the penalty area when he let drive with a low shot which was a classic of its kind. It was a daisy-cutter, which was making straight for the corner of the goal, and it looked all Threadneedle Street to a china orange against the home goalie getting his hands to it.

But Jackson did so.

He threw himself bodily from one side of the goal to the other, and just managed to tip the shot round the upright, thus conceding a corner.

At half-time both sides were looking blown as they trooped off the field, and every player came in for a cheer all to himself. For the first half had produced great football, and the Norchester crowd was not slow to show its appreciation of the fact.

The West Ham eleven retired with a confident smile, and it was perfectly obvious that Cope and his men reckoned to level the scores up in the second-half.

And their confidence in themselves was justified, for it was in the third minute of the second-half that Shea netted his second goal.

His manipulation of the ball was superb, and he proved beyond all doubt that he is still the wizard of former years. He ran through the Norchester defence like a phantom player, and, working his way round by the corner-flag, he shot from what appeared to be an impossible angle.

Yet Shea knew what he was doing, and it was that very angle which beat Jackson. It was clear to all that the International had the Norchester custodian guessing, for Jackson hesitated perceptibly—and was lost.

The leather, in some unaccountable manner slithered through his outstretched hands and darted into the net.

It was a remarkable shot by a remarkable player, and Shea deserved the roar of applause which greeted his effort.

And that goal was the last of the match.

It was not that the players did not try to make a decisive victory one way or the other, for each man worked like a Trojan, and the ball travelled from one end of the pitch to the other with a speed which had seldom been seen upon the Norchester ground.

The final whistle shrilled at last, however, and the score stood 2—2. The outstanding features of the game had been the sparkling display by Puddefoot and Shea, and the clever, clean football of the Rundles' fellows, Norchester's "new blood."

Jack Denyer was smiling happily as he walked across the turf with his chums on either side of him.

"You chaps played up like good 'uns, as I knew you would," he said, linking his arm through Monty's. "You were all simply great, and by the time you've got to know the other fellows' play there'll be no stopping us."

His young voice was alive with enthusiasm as he spoke.

"And you think we shall have some chance of bagging the merry old Cup, eh?" asked Craig, with a grin.

Jack looked at him in well-feigned surprise.

"A chance?" he echoed, with wide-open eyes. "My dear old imbecile, don't talk about having a chance! Somebody's going to lift the pot—and that somebody's going to be Norchester!"

And the players, looking into the youngster's beaming face, knew that Jack Denyer, in his own heart, was confident of victory.

Time would tell, however.

The Luck of the Game!

FORTUNE was smiling upon Norchester United.

The club had started the season handicapped by ill-luck and bad management, and it was not until Jack Denyer installed himself as player-manager that things took a change for the better.

Jack had lost no time in cutting at the root of the evil, and though he knew that he was making a life-long and unscrupulous enemy when he kicked his uncle out of the club, he had done so fearlessly, knowing it to be his duty.

And from the moment Martin Denyer found himself outside the gates of the club he had schemed against the young player-manager's life with an assiduity worthy of a nobler task.

To harm Jack had become an obsession with him—he could think of nothing else; and the youngster's face came to him in his dreams, mocking, taunting.

Time and again had Martin made a bid for vengeance, and each time he had been frustrated by the youngster he hated.

And then had come the affair of the bomb, which, fortunately, had wreaked no havoc on the players or the club.

It brought one result in its trail, however, for Martin Denyer was now incarcerated in a lunatic asylum, having been declared insane.

And Jack Denyer, hearing the news, gave a sigh of relief.

"That's the best news I've had for a long time," he declared. "We can now go ahead for the Cup."

Norchester had started the season at the bottom of the League table, but the first week in December found the club three from the top.

From the moment their enterprising skipper had introduced the "new blood" into the side, Norchester had not lost a match, and had played with a confidence and a scientific understanding that had given the sporting scribes much to write about.

It was in the game against Scarsbrook Town—on the Town ground—that made football history.

Scarsbrook had done very well during the season, having lost but three matches up to date. Furthermore, the consensus of expert opinion declared that the club's defence was as near perfection as it was possible to get.

Yet, against these invincibles, Norchester had notched seven goals.

It was amazing, unheard of, and the Soccer enthusiasts who bought their newspapers on Saturday evening rubbed their eyes in wonderment.

Scarsbrook 0—Norchester 7.

Ridiculous!

But it was the cold truth, and from that moment Jack Denyer's eleven was the talk of the football world, for a team that could beat Scarsbrook Town by a clear seven goals was a force to be reckoned with, a team that might do anything—even win the Cup.

Jack Denyer was cognisant of the fact, and there was always a quiet, confident smile upon his face when he led his men into the fray.

The game against Scarsbrook started off in a very tame manner, both sides measuring the other's strength, much in the manner of boxers who spar for an opening.

The half-backs followed their respective charges like shadows, and every forward on the field was held in masterly manner. The play was clever and scientific, but it did not appeal to the crowd.

It wanted something spectacular—thrills and goals.

And twenty-five minutes of ding-dong play reduced it to personalities.

"Wake up, the Town!"

"Pull yourselves together, Norchester!"

"Don't go to sleep, the old women!"

But the remarks had no perceptible effect upon the play, for both teams were determined to concede nothing. The United felt confident about making a win when they met Scarsbrook at Norchester, and if they managed to get away with one point to-day they were going to be satisfied.

That was the frame of mind in which Jack and his men took the field.

Monty had nodded lazily when Jack had outlined his plan of campaign, but he had vouchsafed no comment. He had merely yawned and polished his monocle with a silk handkerchief.

And once on the field of play he appeared to be doing very little. He

moved lazily, in a tired, listless manner, yet, strangely enough, he invariably managed to get his toe to the ball whenever he essayed to do so.

And his monocle remained in place all through the first-half.

Also, the particular inane grin which he wore on occasions never left his lips.

Quite naturally, the Scarsbrook players cast many a side-long glance at the youngster, who seemed blissfully oblivious to the interest they displayed.

Maybe his grin broadened, but that was all.

Once in their dressing-room, the Scarsbrook players burst into a roar of laughter.

"Jumping Jupiter!" exclaimed Miles, the home skipper. "If that feller don't take the biscuit! Ever seen such a dial in your life?"

"Never," grinned Bennett, the big right-back. "I wonder where they found it?"

"Probably it fell off a Christmas tree," opined a stocky little winger.

"I've always understood that Jack Denyer had his head screwed on the right way, and yet he's playing this dude!" Miles said. "Why he just moons round, and looks as though he's goin' to sleep!"

So spoke the Scarsbrook players, and many a hearty laugh was raised at Monty's expense.

And Monty, sitting quietly in the Norchester dressing-room, heard the sounds of hilarity, and guessed who was the subject of the joke.

And he smiled knowingly.

Lemon-time over, the teams trooped on to the field, to be met with much abuse and derision.

It was obvious that the crowd was in no mood for a repetition of the tame play which had characterised the first half, and the Scarsbrook skipper and Jack Denyer looked at each other meaningly.

Miles' glance said quite plainly that the home team meant to go "all out" to notch points, and Jack's quiet look returned, "So are we!"

The whistle rang out, and the Scarsbrook centre-forward punted the sphere straight out to his right-winger, who failed nobly.

It was Jepson who beat him in the dash for possession, taking the ball clean off the winger's toe.

The Norchester fellow began to forge ahead, looking for his inside man meanwhile.

Monty was ambling along a little in advance, his slim hand stiffing a yawn. Furthermore, he was unmarked, for the home players had decided that he was nothing more or less than a passenger—he was someone who made up the eleven.

Monty wanted them to think this, of course, and it was for this reason that he was surpassing himself as a character actor.

Jepson, in the brief moment, guessed what was up Monty's sleeve, and he sent the leather skimming over the turf.

And no sooner did it touch Monty's toe than it brought about a metamorphosis.

The inane smile vanished like a snowflake in the sunshine, the lazy, listless manner dropped away like a

cloak; the dull light in his eyes gave place to a flash of fire.

Then Monty was away—moving like a streak of lightning.

And in that moment he was unstoppable! To use sporting parlance he simply "cake-walked" through the home defence—that redoubtable, invincible defence that was famous throughout the world of Soccer.

Could it be possible that the flying figure with the ball at its toe was really the simpleton who had done little else than yawn throughout the first-half?

It was impossible, and yet—

A roar of "Goal!" split the skies, and the Scarsbrook players knew that their eyes had not deceived them, and that Monty, the limp dude, had sent in a shot which threatened to break the rigging!

But this was only the beginning, for Monty during the whole of the first-half, had employed his time in watching the play of the home side.



As the cloud of smoke drifted away, it disclosed the bewildered and begrimed players who were regarding each other in frank surprise.

Then came the debacle—the deluge of goals!

Time after time Monty bore down upon the home goal, playing as a man inspired.

The home team swarmed round the youngster, but, in a manner known only to himself, he always managed to cut his way through them, wriggling like an eel, being knocked off the ball occasionally, but only to regain possession a second later.

It was an exhibition of football par excellence, and the vast crowd gave throat lustily, chanting as each goal was kicked.

"One, two, three, four," it counted; and then, when the leather hissed into the net once again, came a concerted roar of hoarse shouts:

"Five!"

Five minutes later Monty netted his sixth goal, and almost on the stroke of time he ran through from the centre line and beat the goalkeeper with a shot which would have broken his wrist had he touched it.

And what a scene of pandemonium prevailed!

The crowd lost every vestige of control, and a mad rush was made for Monty Selhurst.

He gazed round through his monocle, and a slight tinge of colour mounted to his forehead.

"By Jove, this is goin' to be dashed unpleasant, old son," he said, turning to Jack Denyer.

He commenced to run towards the dressing-rooms, but the crowd, laughing good-naturedly, headed him off.

A second later he was perched upon the shoulders of a couple of brawny artisans, and carried in triumph to the dressing-room.

The big fellows set him on his feet at last, and Monty, laughing quietly, made as though to follow in the wake of his companions.

But he had scarcely taken a couple of steps than he halted dead in his stride, his face pale, his bloodless lips quivering.

Confronting him was a tall, grey-haired aristocratic-looking man in faultless morning-dress, who was regarding him coldly.

It was Sir Anthony Selhurst, Monty's father, to whom professional football was anathema.

He spoke at last, in hard clipped words.

"Shall I be too inquisitive if I ask the meaning of this disgusting scene?"

Monty flushed crimson, and shifted uneasily.

"I can explain everything, sir," he stammered. "But this is scarcely a suitable place. Perhaps—"

"Answer me, sir!" blazed Sir Anthony, his eyes glinting and the grip on his ebony stick tightening.

"Tell me why you are fraternising with these paid gladiators—these mud-died oafs—who are a disgrace to decent sport!"

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

THE GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

A vivid account of the latest charges and convictions

CONSTABLE BULL IN THE DOCK! His Worship Takes Prisoner's Part!

The first prisoner to appear in the dock was a burly constable named John Bull.

Magistrate: Are you an Englishman?

Prisoner (indignantly): Of course, fathead! Doesn't my name tell you as much?

Magistrate: How do I know that you're not an Irishman, or a Scotchman, or a Welsher—I mean a Welshman? For all I know, your real name may be Johnny MacBull, or Johnny O'Bull, or Johnny Lloyd-Bull! (Laughter.)

Prisoner (wrathfully): I'm plain John Bull!

Magistrate: Very plain! I'm afraid you'd never take a prize in a beauty contest—unless it was a booby prize! (Renewed laughter.)

Mr. Robert Cherry, K.C.: Prisoner is charged with desertion from the ranks of the Greyfriars Special Constabulary, your worship. I need hardly point out that this is a very serious charge.

Magistrate (to prisoner): Why did you desert?

Prisoner (excitedly): I'm fed-up with the force! I joined up ages ago, and I'm still a plain constable! It's not fair! If any fellow deserves promotion, it's me! Haven't I brought over two hundred offenders to justice at various times? Haven't I tracked down many hardened criminals, and sent them to the galleys? Haven't I stopped runaway horses, and controlled the hoop traffic in the Close? I've done all these things, and more: Why is promotion denied me?

Magistrate: Poor old chap! After that vehement outburst, I must see what can be done. What do you want, exactly?

Prisoner (eagerly): Three stripes, your worship!

Magistrate: Then you shall have 'em! Pass me the map-pole, somebody!

Prisoner received his three stripes, and his Bull-like bellows boomed through the court.

REPORT IN BRIEF.

A rotund youth named Samuel Tuckless Bunter was charged with begging in the Close.

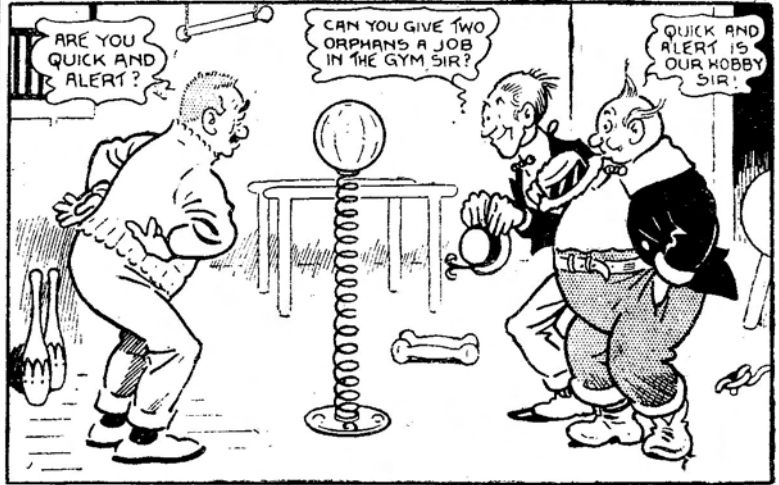
Magistrate: Ha! You were begging alms?

Prisoner: Nunno, your worship. I've got a small puppy called Jumbo, and I was begging in order to show him how it was done! (Loud laughter.)

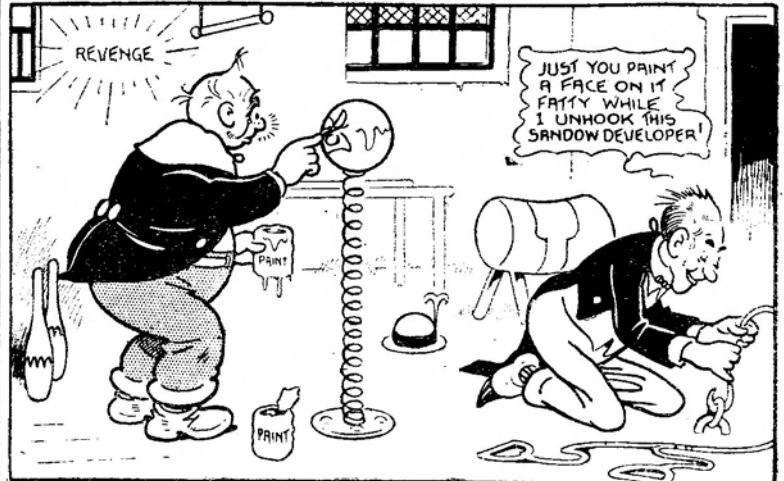
His worship remarked that prisoner was a well-known prevaricator, but on this occasion he should be given the benefit of the doubt.

CHEERFUL CLARENCE AND FAT FRED, THE FA

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



1. The other morn, those two merry merchants, Clarence and Fred, poked their handsome chivvies into Professor Tapchin's academy for the instruction of the art of solar plexus discolating, and asked for a job dusting dumb-bells.



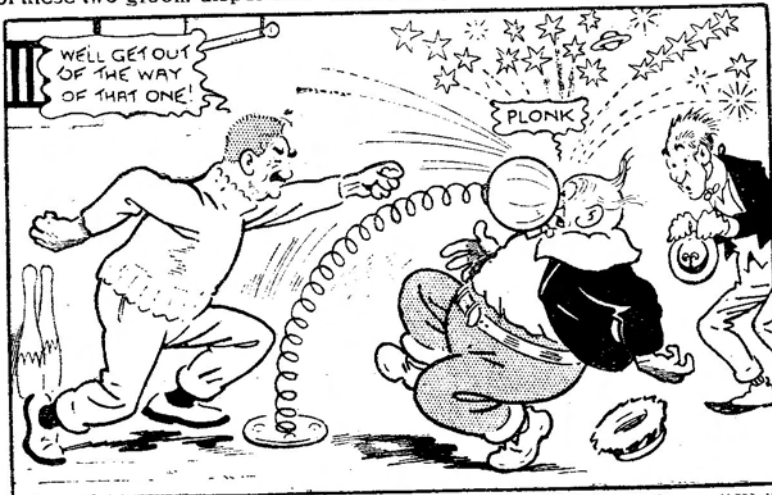
3. Then Tapchin went out of the gym to interview a client who had come back to look for an ear he had lost on his last visit. Whereupon our pair concocted a little plot for the robust professor's benefit.



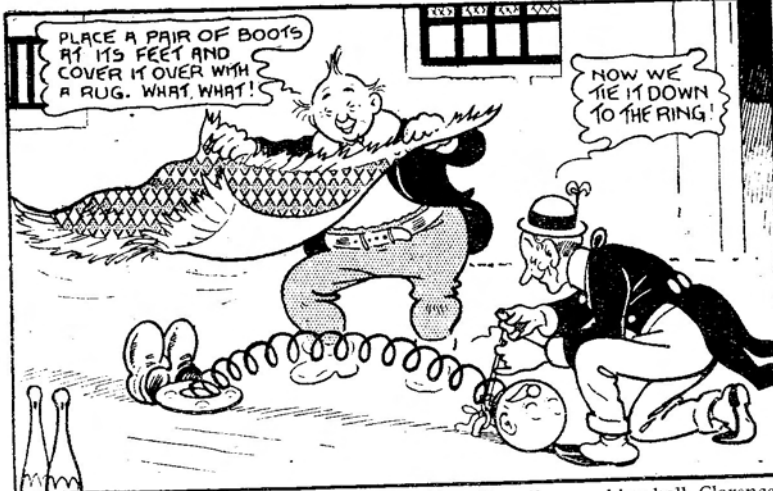
5. "Ha, ha! What's this?" grunted Tapchin on his return. "An accident, eh? Well, I want no hospital cases in my gym. Clear him out of here!" Then, with his little penknife, Clarence severed the string attached to the ring beneath the punching-ball, and—

HEROES OF THE BLITTERGRAPH FILM COMPANY

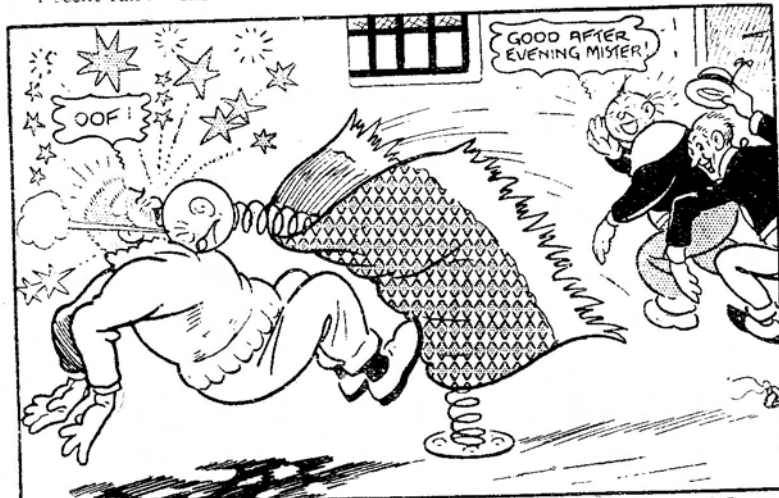
Joinings of these two gloom-dispellers! Introduce your chums to the noble lads!



2. "Quick and alert are you, my chirrupy, chirpers?" wuffed the professor. "Well get out of the way of that one!" But our agile old chump, Fred, was taken unawares, and he stopped the merry punching-ball with his priceless proboscis.



4. After Fred had painted a living likeness of himself on the punching-ball, Clarence tied the mechanical biffer to the Sandow developer ring in the floor. "Tee-hee! I scent fun!" chortled the Cheerful One.



6. Whoost!!! Professor Tapchin received it full on his handsome, carved figure-head. "Oogrooogh!" he gasped, as he saw the wonderful daylight Brock's firework benefit. "Cheerio, old buffer!" chirped our cheery chumps, as they vamoosed out of the picture.

My Weekly Interview

By the Special Representative of "The Greyfriars Herald."

This week:

TOM MERRY

"IT'S a remarkable fact," said the editor, "but you haven't yet interviewed my friend and rival, Tom Merry. Go over to St. Jim's—"

"I'm sick and tired of going to that place!" I growled. "Every time I set foot inside the gates of St. Jim's some dire calamity befalls me. I'm bound to collect a couple of black eyes if I go there again. I might even get a broken head or a fractured spine."

"I'll see that you have a handsome funeral," said the editor reassuringly. "Now run along, there's a good fellow. The foreman printer keeps bellowing for your next article."

After further argument I set out for St. Jim's.

"Tom Merry's quite a decent sort," I reflected, "so p'raps my interview will have a happy climax for once!"

When I arrived at St. Jim's a scene of the wildest commotion was taking place in the quadrangle.

Tom Merry was standing with his back to the school wall, hitting out right and left at three burly fellows who were attacking him.

One of the three attackers was George Alfred Grundy. I didn't know the names of the other two. Anyway, Tom Merry had all his work cut out to keep them at bay.

I took off my coat, rolled up my sleeves, and strode towards the group of combatants. As I did so there was a shout from Manners, who was standing in the background.

"Stand clear, you chump!"

But my determination to rescue Tom Merry never wavered. I dashed into the fray, and caught Grundy a terrific blow in the chest which doubled him up. Then I turned my attention to the other two. They were so surprised at my intrusion that they put up a very feeble show, and I soon overpowered them, and they went sprawling in the mud.

Then, panting from my exertions, I turned to Tom Merry.

"You—you—" he spluttered. "You've spoilt the whole show!"

"Why, what do you mean?" I gasped in surprise. "I saved you from those bullies—"

"Ass! Chump! Dolt! Imbecile! They weren't bullying me! They were only pretending! We were having a sham fight, and Manners was filming it for the local cinematograph show!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"Chuck him out!" roared Grundy, bounding to his feet.

And I went whizzing through the school gateway like a stone from a catapult.

How did I know that it was a beastly cinematograph stunt? Ow!



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

A Moment of Peril—Peter Makes a Futile Appeal—Cobleigh's Warning.

"I'VE a good mind to do for you!" said the man in a venomous tone. "A broken nose and two teeth knocked loose! You damaged Tom Cobleigh properly, and he ain't the person to forget a grudge! Now I've got you at my mercy!"

He leaned over the bed, his eyes as evil and glittering as those of a snake. Peter drew a deep breath, and an icy shiver ran down his spine. But he betrayed no sign of fear, though he was sure he was in deadly peril. He clenched his teeth hard and waited in suspense. The man drew a loaded cane from his pocket, hesitated for a moment, and then, to the lad's relief, replaced it.

"No, I daren't do it," he said, shaking his head. "No hanging for me."

He chuckled hoarsely as he spoke, and a fatuous grin spread over his brutal face. He appeared to be not altogether in his right mind, but if so he had the craft and cunning of the half-witted, as was soon to be seen.

"I'd be a fool to kill you," he muttered. "I've had gold from those fine gentlemen, and there's more to be had."

Peter clutched at a ray of hope.

"Where are the men?" he asked.

"They've gone, haven't they?"

"Yes, they're gone," Tom Cobleigh replied. "They'll be back in a day or so, though."

"I know what their game is," the lad continued. "I know why they brought me to you."

"Then you know more than I do, boy!"

"There's no use in lying to me. I'll bet those scoundrels have told you that I am the grandson of Squire Chumleigh of Chumleigh Hall, and that I am heir to a million pounds, and that they kidnaped me so they could force my grandfather to pay a big price for my release."

"Maybe they did. What of it?"

"I'll tell you what, Cobleigh. If you will set me free, and come with me to Chumleigh Hall, I'll promise that the squire will give you a lot of money, and that he won't have you arrested. You have the chance now that the men aren't here. Will you do it?"

"Not to be thought of. I couldn't trust you."

"Yes, you can. My grandfather

will be so glad to see me that he will do anything I ask of him."

"No, no, Squire Chumleigh's a hard man, and he'd send me to prison. I know him. I'll be true to my fine gentlemen, and when they've paid me what they promised I'll clear out of this part of the country, and go up to Lunnon to see the sights. That'll be in a couple of weeks, I reckon, and meanwhile—"

Tom Cobleigh paused, and reached into the pocket where the loaded cane was. His face was harsh again, and there was a savage menace in his eyes.

"You'll be in my care for a time," he added, in a rasping tone. "I'll have to see to you, and give you food and drink. If you make any trouble for me, or try to escape, or call for help, I'll wring your neck. Mind that, boy. I mean it."

The man turned and was gone. He clumped heavily over the floor and into the next room, slamming the door shut behind him. Peter's last hope had failed him. He struggled desperately to loosen his fetters, and struggled in vain. Exhausted by his efforts, he lay for a long time thinking of his grandfather, of the faithful Gregg and young Oliver, until drowsiness crept upon him, and he sank into restless sleep with the brawling swirl of the Dart droning in his ears.

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. Peter is imprisoned in a building on Dartmoor, and there he is visited by a paid local ruffian named Cobleigh, who advances on him menacingly.

(Now read on.)

Word From Oliver—Steele's Reply—Back to Devonshire—Squire Chumleigh's Visitor—Ugly Suspicions.

RAYMOND STEELE was unable to get information he wanted at Newton Abbot. The charred remains of three persons had been discovered in the burnt carriage. Two of them had been identified as a married couple who had been on their way to Penzance, and Gregg had made it known, of course, that the remains of the third person were those of Peter Chumleigh. The detective, however, was not in the least inclined to believe anything of the sort. He remained in Newton Abbot for two days, hoping to learn something; and then, repressing a desire to call on Squire Chumleigh, he went up to London to pursue his investigations there. At his chambers in Welbeck Street he found a letter from his young assistant, posted at Ashburton on the day after the disaster. It ran thus:

"Dear Guv'nor,—Here I am, quartered at the Golden Dragon, and in the assumed name of Jack Robinson, which is as good as any other. And now for my news. It doesn't amount to much, though. Early this morning a closed blue car with the blinds drawn, driven by a man who had black hair and a moustache, was seen to dash rapidly through Ashburton, and out on the road that runs across the moor to Dartmoor and Princetown.

"But other roads branch off from that one, so my task will not be easy. I am thinking of hiring a bicycle, and riding and tramping over the whole of Dartmoor if need be, searching and making inquiries, until I get on the track of Peter Chumleigh and the two scoundrels who have kidnaped him. I wouldn't mind betting that they are hiding somewhere in this part of the country, and not a great many miles from here. If you approve of my idea, drop me a line, and send me some money, as I am almost stony broke. Awaiting instructions, yours always, a chip of the old block—OLIVER."

The news was satisfactory to Raymond Steele. He had been pretty sure before that Sleath and Flindt had gone with the kidnaped youth to some hiding-place that had been in readiness for them, and he was the more certain of it now.

Having gone round to his bank in Oxford Street and cashed a cheque for thirty pounds, he wrote a short letter

to Oliver instructing him to do as he had suggested, and sent it by registered post with the money enclosed. He then set about his quest, which, with other business that he had to attend to, kept him in town for a week.

It was at Paddington, from a railway official, that he finally got information which disclosed the identity of the person in blue serge and brown boots who had perished in the burning carriage. It left no doubt at all in Steele's mind that Peter Chumleigh was alive and a prisoner. He was glad the question had been absolutely settled for he need not hesitate now to break the good news to Squire Chumleigh.

The same day he travelled down to Newton Abbot, and went to the Red Lion Hotel, where no word awaited him from his young assistant. It was to be presumed that Oliver was engaged in his search, and that he had not met with any success as yet. A week had elapsed since Steele had written to the lad, but he was not inclined to be uneasy in regard to him. He was familiar with Dartmoor. He knew that it covered an area of hundreds of square miles, and that if the men were concealed there it might take a long time to discover them.

"I dare say they will lie low for a time, and will not venture to use their car," he reflected. "They will be on their guard. They probably learned while they were in London that I was protecting young Peter. They suspected that it was I who came up with them on the road that morning, and they must know that I was not killed by the pistol-shot."

After breakfast the following morning Steele set off from the hotel on foot, and a walk of three miles by shady Devonshire lanes in the autumn sunshine brought him to the residence of Squire Chumleigh, which was about three miles to the south of Newton Abbot.

A small grey car was standing empty by the entrance gates, the stone pillars of which were surmounted by carved lions supporting the Chumleigh coat-of-arms. From the gates a straight drive that was a quarter of a mile in length, and bordered by elms, led to Chumleigh Hall. It was a typical dwelling of the country gentry, of the Elizabethan period; a rambling old place of yellow brick, ivy-clad and gabled, with tall chimneys and turrets.

With a careless glance at the car, Steele passed through the gateway, and went up the drive; and he had got to within twenty yards of the house, when the door was opened, and a gentleman came out.

He was a well-dressed man of about forty, with a dark moustache. He wore a fawn coloured overcoat and a bowler hat and carried a gold-mounted stick. As he and the detective approached each other they both involuntarily stopped, their eyes meeting.

Steele gave a slight start, and the ruddy colour seemed to fade from the other's cheeks for an instant. No words were exchanged. The stranger moved by at once, and when Steele had gone a little farther he looked over his shoulder, and saw that the gentleman was glancing back at him.

"By Jove, I believe I know that fel-

low!" he said to himself. "And it is evident that he is interested in me."

A few more yards brought him to the Hall, and he stood there watching the man, who did not look back again. He went steadily on to the bottom of the drive, got into the grey car, and drove away.

"I believe I know that fellow," the detective repeated. "It was he who spoke to me on the night the mail was wrecked, and inquired if it were the squire's grandson who was in the burning carriage. But he had a beard and moustache then, and now he has only a moustache. Moreover, he is differently dressed."

If it were the same man—and Steele hadn't a doubt that it was—what object could have brought him here? and why had he cut off his beard during the past week? William Gregg had declared that he was a stranger to him, and that he was sure that he

a comfort to me in my declining years. He was all I had. He and I were the last of the family, and after my death this ancient estate will pass into the hands of strangers."

"It is a sad affair, sir," Steele replied. "You have my sympathy. As for the boy's inheritance, the million that was left to him by his maternal grandfather, I understand that it goes to his uncle, Ralph Vanderling of New York?"

"That is quite right. By the way, I have just had a visit from the man."

"Indeed! So it was Mr. Ralph Vanderling I passed in the drive just now! How does he happen to be in England?"

"An account of the wreck of the mail, and the death of my grandson, was cabled to New York, and it appeared in a newspaper the next day. Mr. Vanderling read it. He sailed by a fast boat the next day, landed at



The girl swayed against one of the boulders, while the convict swung round to face the young detective.

did not reside anywhere in this neighbourhood.

The detective was puzzled and suspicious. He presently rang the bell, and the door was opened by Gregg, who greeted him warmly. Steele had a brief conversation with the servant, whose eyes filled with tears as he spoke of young Peter. He then led the visitor to the library, and introduced him to Squire Chumleigh, who was a sturdy, elderly man with grey whiskers and a florid complexion. Grief had left its traces on his face, and he looked older than he was. Gregg withdrew from the room, and the squire clasped the detective's hand.

"I'm glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Steele," he said. "It is very kind of you to call on me. I have heard all from Gregg. You were protecting my grandson from those villains, Sleath and Flindt, and you would have brought him safely here but for that terrible disaster. I haven't got over it, and I never will. It was a crushing blow to me. I loved the boy, and I hoped he would be

Southampton, and travelled down to Devonshire."

"And with what object, sir?"

"He said that he came to condole with me, but I don't doubt that his motive was to obtain legal proof of Peter's death. I don't like the fellow. He inspired me with mistrust, though I don't know why."

"Where has he gone now?"

"Up to London, I believe. I didn't have much to say to him. I got rid of him as soon as I could."

Squire Chumleigh's statements were of an amazing nature. If Ralph Vanderling had sailed from New York the day after the disaster, he could not have been the man who had been at the wreck in a soft hat and a plaid overcoat, and with a beard which he had since cut off. Steele knew that he had lied, however. He was absolutely certain that it was the same man he had met on the drive, and there were sinister thoughts in his mind. He was silent for a short time, pondering a very startling suspicion that had occurred to him.

"I have made a curious discovery, sir," he said at length, "and one that will interest you. You must not be too sure that your grandson is dead."

"Not too sure?" exclaimed the squire, drawing a quick breath.

"No there may have been a mistake in identity."

"You—you think there has been? Pray don't keep me in suspense!"

"Can you bear good news? Are you prepared to hear that—"

"Tell me, Mr. Steele! Tell me at once!"

"It was not Peter who perished in the burning carriage, sir. I have ascertained that it was an orphan youth of the name of Harry Brendon, who was on his way to Plymouth to sail for South Africa. Your grandson is alive and well. He was kidnapped on the night of the wreck by Herbert Sleath and Jason Flindt. They carried him off in a car, and I am convinced that they have him in hiding somewhere on Dartmoor."

Squire Chumleigh uttered a gasping cry, staring incredulously. He sank down in a chair, speechless with joy and bewilderment.

"Thank Heaven!" he said fervently. "Thank Heaven!"

Assured that there had been a mistake in identity, he soon grew calmer; and, Steele, seated by his side, related the whole story to him from beginning to end.

"There can be no doubt at all, sir," he continued. "Peter is in the clutches of those scoundrels, but you need not be worried about him. I will find and rescue him one of these days, and before very long. My young assistant is working on the case, and he has obtained some slight clue. I will engage in the search myself, and meanwhile you must not repeat to anybody what you have learned from me. It will be to our advantage to keep the secret for the present. You may receive a letter from the men demanding a large sum of money for the boy's release, and if you do you will at once communicate with me. Write to the Red Lion Hotel at Newton Abbot, where I expect to be for a day or so. I am going now, Mr. Chumleigh," he added. "Remember my instructions. You can depend on me to do all that is possible."

In a faltering voice, with tears in his eyes, Squire Chumleigh thanked the detective, and clasped his hand again. Steele had meant to break the good news to Gregg also, but on second thoughts he concluded that he would not. The servant let him out of the house, and in a grave and thoughtful mood he passed down the drive, and walked back to Newton Abbot. He was disturbed by his encounter with Ralph Vanderling, and by what he had learned of him.

The detective had his luncheon at the hotel, and then he went into the smoking lounge, where he lit a pipe, and sat down in a quiet corner to consider the situation. The sinister suspicions were still in his mind, and he could not banish them.

Why had Ralph Vanderling come over to England before the wreck of the mail? Had he followed Peter Chumleigh? Had he crossed on the same boat with him in disguise? Why had he shaved off his beard? Why had

he gone to Chumleigh Hall? Why had he lied to the squire? Had it been his intention to get rid of the lad himself, so that he should inherit the million pounds, or was he in a league with the men Sleath and Flindt? Were they working on their own for ransom, or had Vanderling arranged with them to kidnap the squire's grandson? If such was the case, and there was a strong likelihood of it, Peter Chumleigh's life was in danger.

"I don't know what to think," Steele reflected, shaking his head. "It is an ugly state of affairs. I am alarmed for the youth's safety, and I am also worrying about Oliver. I wish I knew where he was. It is possible that he had been reckless, and has fallen into the power of those two ruffians. It is strange, at all events, that I've not had any word from him."

No Luck—On the Moor—A Cry For Help—Oliver to the Rescue—A Girl in Distress!

RAYMOND STEELE'S young assistant had not had any luck at all. His quest of the blue motor-car and its occupants had been a failure. Nobody had seen or heard of it, apparently, since the morning when it had passed rapidly through Ashburton, the little town that lay eight or nine miles to the north of Newton Abbot.

It was more than a week ago that Oliver, having received his master's letter containing money and instructions, had hired a bicycle, and departed from the Golden Dragon at Ashburton. He had scoured the vast realm of Dartmoor from side to side, from end to end, riding a great many miles, and walking almost as many more.

He had been to Okehampton and Lydford, to Tavistock and Princetown, to Moretonhampstead and Postbridge, and even down to Yelverton Junction. Trundling his bicycle, he had penetrated on foot through wild places, traversing deep and wooded glens, and climbing over rugged and undulating wastes.

The lad had led a free and wandering life when he could, and sleeping at farmhouses and cottages, and at village inns, and in the shelter of hayricks. He had been nearly everywhere he could think of, and he was still utterly at fault, no wiser than he had been before after all these days of searching and inquiring.

He had strayed a couple of miles from a road one afternoon, and was far out on the moor, lying on the grass in the shade of a dwarf wood that grew around him. He was irritated by his failure, but he was not discouraged. From the very fact that he had learned nothing of the blue car he was the more inclined to believe that Peter Chumleigh and his captors were somewhere in this dreary part of the country, in snug concealment. He had not written to Steele since he had begun his search, and he had no intention of doing so at present, though he felt lonely, and would have been glad to have his master with him.

"I'm not going to give up yet," he said to himself. "There are plenty of places I haven't been to yet. I am

sure those scoundrels are hidden somewhere on Dartmoor with their car, and I mean to stick to it until I find them, or, at least, until I am on a hot scent. Then I will send word to the gov'nor, who is probably at the Red Lion Hotel at Newton Abbot waiting to hear from me. I think I'll drop him a line to-morrow, though, as he may be feeling a bit uneasy."

He was tired after long tramping, and it was very pleasant to lie resting here under the stunted trees which kept off the warmth of the September sun.

The day was wearing on, clouds dimmed the sinking sun, and a grey mist swept over the high tors, and dipped into the basin of the hills. The air turned chilly and Oliver was thinking of leaving, and was wondering where he should seek shelter for the night, when a shrill cry floated to his ears.

He leaped to his feet in amazement, and stood looking and listening. He could see nobody, for the stunted timber obscured his view. Again, and yet again he heard the sound. It came from somewhere below him, at no great distance, and he was certain now that it was a cry of distress.

"My word, what can it mean?" he muttered. "Who can be in trouble at this lonely spot? Somebody has met with an accident, perhaps."

He waited no longer. He set off as fast as he could, and at the risk of neck and limb he scrambled down the steep and rugged slopes, floundering amongst slippery stones and tangled vegetation, tearing the thickets aside. On and on he went, straining every muscle, hearing nothing more except a faint scuffling noise.

He was nearly at the bottom of the hill now. Panting and breathless, he burst from the dense cover into the open, and beheld a startling and unexpected scene. He took it all in at a glance—the great boulders by the stream, a margin of golden sand between them strewn with berries that had been split from a basket, and a slip of a girl struggling with a man who had her by the throat with both hands, and was apparently trying to choke her. He was a man with a pallid clean-shaven features and cropped head, wearing coarse clothes that were stamped with broad arrows. An escaped convict, of course, from the big prison across the moor!

His back was towards Oliver, who hesitated for a moment; and then, fairly boiling with rage, he sprang at the man, and grasped him by the shoulders.

"Let her go, you scoundrel!" he cried. "Let her go!"

The convict swung round on the young detective, a surprised exclamation on his lips. The girl swayed against one of the boulders and crouched there, looking on in speechless terror while the two got to grips and fought desperately, reeling to and fro on the sandy margin of the stream.

Another long, thrilling instalment of this powerful detective tale will be given in next week's "Greyfriars Herald." Order your copy in advance!

HOW TO IMPROVE YOUR FOOTER!

By SYD PUDDEFOOT

The Famous Centre-Forward of West Ham United who has also led England's Attack in International Matches

I. Secrets of Forward Success

COMBINATION is the essence of all successful forward play. No matter how brilliant the individual players of a line may be, goals cannot be scored against anything like sound defence unless the whole of the five men who play in the forward line have a proper understanding with each other, trust each other, and pull all together for the good of the side.

I want you to keep the above statement in mind very specially, because, in no department of the field is there so much temptation to be selfish, and in no department of the field is there less room for selfish players.

For the Good of the Side!

The good of the side all the time should be the motto.

Take the vital matter of goal-scoring, which is part of the duties of the forwards. In big football, it always seems to me that too much fuss is made of the man who actually kicks the ball into the net, while the player who does the work—that is, makes the openings for the other man to score a goal—may go unrecognized by the spectators.

The Real Goal-Scorer!

I recall an incident some little time ago which struck me quite forcibly. One of the teams we were playing against had in it a centre-forward with a great reputation for scoring goals, and in the course of the match he did score one goal. But it was really the outside-right who, by brilliant play which beat all the defenders, enabled the centre-forward to shoot through from an easy position.

When the centre-forward scored, and though all his colleagues rushed round to offer their congratulations—to shake him by the hand. But he pushed them away, and pointed to the outside-right.

"Shake hands with him," he said, "if you want to do any hand-shaking. He made the goal."



This is the real spirit, and you can also see, if you like, a real lesson in this incident.

The lesson is this: It doesn't matter who gets the goals so long as the goals are got. Each individual member of the forward line, when in possession of the ball near goal, must ask himself whether he will best be serving the interests of his side if he tries to score himself, or whether it would be better if he passed the ball along to a colleague?

The Man Who Did Not Score!

All my readers will have heard of "Billy" Meredith the famous outside-right who has played in over fifty International matches. He has been playing in first-class football for over twenty years, and yet the number of goals he has scored is very small indeed.

In fact, I think I am right in saying that at one period of his career, he went two seasons without once getting the ball into the net. But that didn't worry him, because all that time he was beating his opponents on the wing, and dropping the ball into the middle of the field for his colleagues to score the goals.

The "Official" Goal-Scorer!

Although I have issued what I consider to be necessary warning about the danger of selfishness

in the forward line, I don't want my young readers to rush off to the other extreme and spoil the effectiveness of their forward play by a mistaken idea of the necessity for unselfishness always.

Quite a lot of teams lately seem to have got into the habit of expecting one particular forward to score the great majority of goals which is credited to that side. This forward is probably a crack shot, and in their unselfish way the other forwards strive to provide him with goal-scoring opportunities. This is all right in principle; but my experience is that it is apt to be carried too far. In striving to make openings for their "official goal-scorer," the other forwards fritter away quite a lot of opportunities which they might well have accepted. There are several drawbacks to this one goal-scorer idea.

In the first place, the reputation of such a player soon gets noised abroad, and you can bet that his opponents will repeatedly develop the habit of watching him so closely that he won't get too many chances of scoring goals. His opponents will leave the other fellows to make sure of rounding out the "official goal-scorer" when he is anywhere near the post.

Watch the Form!

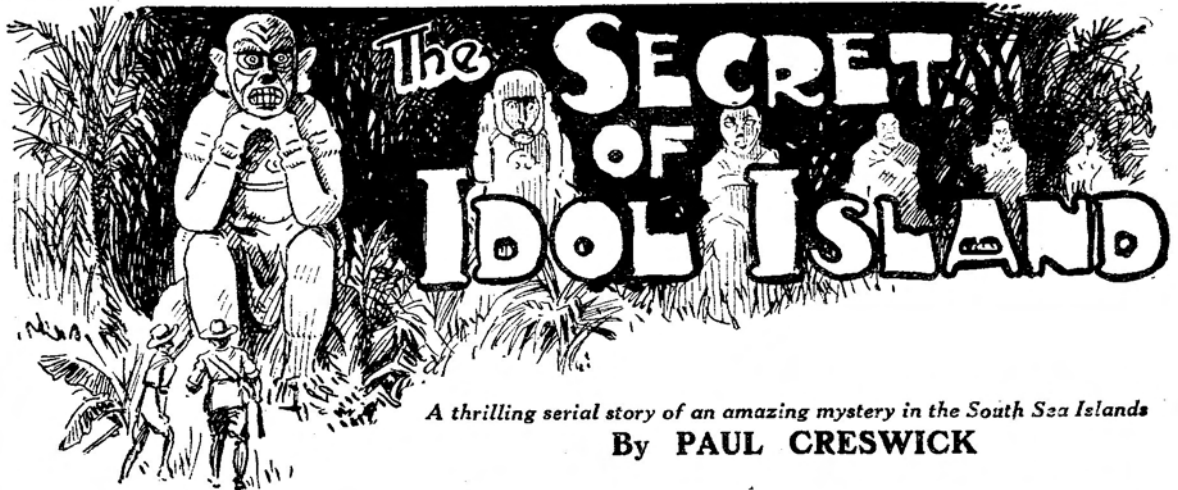
Then again we all know that there is such a thing as football form, and this affects goal-scorers as it does other people. Here is the danger, then: If the player to whom all the others look to score goals happens to strike a bad patch, there won't be many goals scored by that particular team during the afternoon, will there? His colleagues will have come to rely on him to score their goals; if he can't do it they won't be able to switch off these tactics and start scoring themselves.

Sydney C. Puddefoot

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



The centre-forward who had just scored, pointed to the outside-right. "Shake hands with him," he said, "if you want to do any hand-shaking. He made the goal."



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

By PAUL CRESWICK

The Rescue of Temple!

CURLY and Cordelia ran along the beach to where the lights appeared to be swiftly descending. The noise of the engines grew shrill, then stopped altogether.

"It's coming down in the bay!" cried Cordy.

They heard a series of splashes; then a sudden flame ran along the outlines of the plane, a quick, bright, flame which disregarded the water altogether.

"Hope he has got free. Can't we do anything for him, Curly?"

"Only wait and—hope," Curly replied, in a tense whisper.

The sad wish-wash of the surf was the only sound which now accompanied the warm night.

"If we only had your boat!" breathed Cordelia.

"The Bolsheiks have that, or did have it. I say, what rotten bad luck seems to follow us!"

"We have been saved every time—but listen, Curly, do you hear anything?"

"Somebody calling." Curly raised the long, weird cry agreed upon betwixt the two chums. "That will guide anybody swimming—if he hears it."

Curly called again and again. The rush of water over a swimmer's ears rendered him almost unable to hear anything else. But this swimmer did hear Curly's call and it directed him shorewards.

Cordelia and Curly shouted unceasingly. The professor and Jack, startled out of their sleep, came from No. 1, Stone Houses. They quickly grasped what was toward; and the four of them shouted in unison.

There was only a faint starlight; it was too early for the moon. Dimly in the surf they distinguished a gallant struggler, and rushed down to help him. Soon he was safe on shore, dripping with the sea and much hampered with his heavy flying clothes. It was Temple—pretty nigh done for.

"If you hadn't called me I should have been done!" he gasped, as Cordelia helped him up the beach.

Once in the stone house, and divested of his heavy coat he presented a likeable figure.

His engine had crocked and—

"Well, I just had to come down!" "Are you hurt?" asked Cordelia anxiously.

"A few burns on my hands. Nothing much. There has been a fight. I guess you heard something of it? Our boats did in a couple of submarines and a dinky little destroyer. She went up sky-high!"

"We saw it," said the professor; "but never mind all that now. You're all right, in our haven of refuge—No. 1, Stone Houses. Get what rest you can—there's plenty to be done tomorrow!"

At the Idols' Cave!

PROFESSOR CORDWELL was a prophet. Ere daybreak came fresh alarms. Sounds of firing awakened them all from their sleep.

Jack Armstrong ran to the doorway and peered out. The angry voices of many men rose above the ceaseless wash of the surf.

The Bolsheiks were seeking our adventurers, and in no very friendly mood.

"They're searching the Stone Houses, and firing at random," said the professor. "We had better get away while it's dark."

"Where to, daddy?"

"Idols' Parade. We can put up a fight there. Get all the cartridges you can carry, and see you all have something to shoot with."

Cordelia caught up some biscuits and tinned beef. With bulging pockets she joined them in a forced

march to Idols' Parade. They pushed along with the old dog at their heels, and presently heard their pursuers afar off.

They gained one hour or more by this prompt flight. The Bolsheiks spent their energies fruitlessly in searching Stone Houses, and it was full dawn ere they gave up the attempt.

The Russians bivouaced on the beach, quarrelling among themselves. They seemed leaderless, and out to do mischief to all and sundry. Whether these were the remnant of those saved from the cruiser, or the original lot, didn't much matter. They were a bad lot, anyway.

Temple told his new friends that the battleship from which he had flown would be following him in a few hours. There was trouble in the world everywhere. The Bolsheiks had agents in nearly every town, and unlimited money.

"They are selling the Russian Crown jewels, you know," he told Armstrong. "Some of the finest are supposed to be with the beggars here. There's the Orloff diamond. We are patrolling these seas to deal with their submarines. They've declared an undersea war on everybody."

"Pretty tall order, what?" Curly inquired.

"We had news of a regular nest of submarines hereabouts."

"I recommend that we go into the cave behind Big Chief Idol," said the professor. "Then down to the underground dock. We shall not be easily discovered there."

It was a good plan. They crept along the back of the raised platform on which the idols grinned and waited—as it seemed to Cordelia—until they came to Big Chief.

He was erect, immobile, sinister—watching and waiting, as he had watched and waited for centuries. They stood looking at him, for a moment, in silence.

"Do you think he will like us to go into his cave?" began Temple impressed beyond measure by the monstrous figure.

A harsh laugh answered the question. They all turned sharply towards the cave.

Standing grimly at the circular entrance was Dumnoff.

A glance showed them that the

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 Bolsheiks have installed themselves on Idol Island. After many adventures the four make the acquaintance of a British airman named Temple. One night Curly and Cordelia hear the buzz of an aeroplane. The former notices a queer note about the engine and remarks on it. "You're right, Curly!" cried Cordy. "It's going to crash!"

giant Russian was alone and unarmed. As Jack covered him with his revolver, he held up his hands.

"Do not shoot," he said, with a savage grin, reminding Cordelia much of the idol behind her. "I am finished—all is finished. The great fight for Freedom for all is at an end."

"Where are your comrades?" asked Armstrong sternly.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Who can claim comrades?" he answered with sneering emphasis. "They are slaves all. Slaves by tradition—by education—by their own wish. Hear them, how they fight each other—to find a new master!"

"Meninski has betrayed you?"

Dumnoff crossed himself. "Meninski is dead. He was a faithful one—the true fire burned in his breast." His expression softened and he looked human, for once. The sounds of firing along the beach suddenly ceased. The sun rose in all his majesty above the bank of pearly grey clouds in the east.

"Put down you hands, comrade," said Armstrong, lowering the barrel of his pistol.

The Russian obeyed as he stepped out of the cave. He was truly a pitiable sight—haggard, unkempt, his face scarred with recent wounds; his clothes torn, dirty, and soaked with the sea.

They grouped themselves a little below the outer edge of the idols' platform, where they could be seen without being seen. The Bolsheviks were straggling back towards the Foreland in groups of threes and fours. The faint and decreasing sound of their voices was soon lost in the ever-booming surf.

"They have given us up as lost," said the professor.

The strangely assorted party sat down to the breakfast provided by Cordelia's foresight, which, though dry, was very acceptable—especially to Dumnoff.

He began telling them about the body of the sea-beast having choked the outlet from the Foreland Pool, and the impossibility of removing it until decay had set in. As he had supposed, the exit through the cleft in the cliffs had been covered up by the rise of the sea in the inland pool.

"It was an accident—strange, unexpected. I do not understand this accident. It is as the hand of Fate."

"But what made your men open fire on the cruiser?" asked Armstrong.

"That was a mistake. They were in fear, all of them; so they see an enemy on every side. The boat shell us and kill Meninski. He is my friend. So, when I get out of that place, I sink the boat. That was right and good, yes?"

Dumnoff's way of looking at life was certainly a trifle crude, but any comment from his listeners was cut short by a new alarm. The Bolsheviks were returning to the Stone Houses.

Cordelia saw them first, and almost at the same moment the Russians spied the party on Idols' Parade. Possibly one of the sailors had spotted them from higher ground, just as the Comrades of Truth and Freedom were giving up the chase.

They came running back, with shouts and threats, firing at long range. One of the bullets struck the great idol and glanced off sideways. Dumnoff gave a sharp cry.

"Are you hit?" called Armstrong anxiously.

"It makes nothing. Go quickly into the cave. I will follow and pull down the stone!" He began to hustle the professor into the circular cave behind Big Chief.

It was their only hope, and had to be adopted at once. The professor's hesitation ended when another bullet came splashing against the rocky cliff. He caught at Cordelia who had picked up the old dog. They were the first to descend into the blackness of the hole at the back of the round cave.

Curly followed the airman, while Jack and the giant Russian exchanged shots with the ruffians already climbing over the edge of the platform. Whilst doing so they backed slowly

was nothing to show how the little party had evaded their vengeance.

But in the passage it was hopelessly dark and stifling.

They joined hands, with Armstrong taking the lead, feeling his way very carefully. Then the professor came to the rescue.

"Wait an instant. I have an electric torch in my belt."

He found it, and under its guiding, welcome rays they moved along quickly. Very soon the branching passage was discovered, and was followed eagerly. Downward they went until they came to the iron door where Armstrong and Dumnoff had met and fought.

Strange that he should now be under their protection.

The door was open. A faint glow irradiated the huge underground cavern, showing faintly the machinery partly erected by the Bolsheviks, and



A harsh laugh sounded. There, standing grimly at the entrance to the cave beside the great stone idol, was Dumnoff!

into the cave, where Curly had half-climbed back, in order to loosen the earth around the stone lid until it lay ready to topple down over the hole.

It was a very close shave for all of them. Dumnoff rushed forward to meet and overthrow the foremost of their assailants; then dashed back.

Jack Armstrong slipped in the black darkness of the passage, and Dumnoff followed so violently that his feet were actually on Jack's shoulders.

The Russian, by standing upright beneath the hole, could put his head through it. He fired a last shot at the Bolsheviks and then plucked at the stone lid with desperation. It fell sullenly over the hole as he ducked his head, and the furious, drink-maddened Comrades saw nothing but dust and emptiness when they rushed the cave.

It was unaccountable to them, this complete disappearance of their prey. They could not credit it; and when the dust and loose earth had settled there

now deserted. It was typical of their half-hearted efforts.

In the centre of the pool lay Dumnoff's submarine, grey and ghostly. At his call a figure appeared by the conning tower, and stood to attention. He called out something which Dumnoff could not, at first, understand.

Presently the Russian turned to Armstrong.

"He says that the water is departing—that already my boat is—how you say?—aground. We are trapped!"

"It's the tide," said the professor. "Water must stay at its own level. If the tide is out, then the water sinks on this place to sea-level. It stands to reason."

"We must wait until the tide comes in," began Temple.

"A thousand demons, no! I must leave this place it is of an urgency extreme that I depart." Dumnoff shook his fist at the icy black water, and was literally beside himself with rage. "Is it that I permit myself to die like a rat? Never!"

He ran down the plank placed, when the tide was up, from the submarine's platform to the rocky edge of the underground dock. The plank was at a perilous angle now. The giant Russian missed his footing, uttered a frenzied shriek, and fell headlong into the water. He made a wild grab at the plank, pulled it down, then struggled blindly to save himself.

If only he had not been so infuriated all might have been well. As it was he could not keep his feet on the slimy weed-covered rocks beneath the shallow waters, and fell again and again.

All was so dim and uncanny that one could not divine how to act for the best, but Armstrong sprang down to Dumnoff's aid and succeeded in keeping his head above water. The fellow on the submarine threw a rope, and Jack got this tied about Dumnoff's waist. Another of the crew came up to the boat's platform to help his mate haul their leader aboard. Jack climbed to the dock's edge, Curly helping him up.

It seemed to them that the cavern was full of queer noises and echoes. A thought crossed the professor's mind that the Bolsheviks on the Parade had discovered the hidden passage, and were following them. It was likely enough, and he moved to the iron door to shut it, so that no light might enter the passage and serve as a guide.

The water in the pool began to be disturbed as soon as the door was closed. Big air bubbles appeared on the surface, a sense of change in the atmosphere was apparent.

The submarine lifted clear of the bottom within a few minutes, and floated at ease. The fellows tending Dumnoff on the platform threw a rope to Curly and Jack, and they pulled the craft, little by little, close up to the rocky bank.

The professor was pleased, but puzzled.

"If my shutting that door stopped a vent from this place then, physically, the water should be unable to rise," he declared. "But on Easter Island all things seem to be the contraries which prove the rule. Let me have a look at Dumnoff—he is very quiet."

It was true. On examination he was found to have been badly wounded by the bullet received at the mouth of the cave—that chance shot which had glanced off Big Chief Idol.

"Under the air pressure in the submarine he will get worse," said Professor Cordwell. "It will be most risky. Yet what else can be done?"

They decided to leave the cavern directly the water was deep enough to fill the channel to the sea.

The arched top of this could be faintly distinguished. The sea rose gradually until the crown of the arch was blotted out.

"Now for it," said Armstrong. He made a sign to the men to carry their leader below, but Dumnoff began to struggle and groan the instant he was touched. The professor returned to the submarine platform to help with Jack and the two sailors in carrying Dumnoff down the narrow stairs.

It was impossible. The man was at the point of death, and suddenly realised the dread fact. He put his hand weakly to his breast and tried to speak.

Cordelia understood that almost mute request.

"He asks that you take his pocket-book. That you shall promise to give it to the King."

"The King?" echoed Temple, half stiffening to attention.

"Yes, yes! Our King. Tell him, Jack, that you will do it," cried Cordelia, with tears on her cheeks.

"Promise him all that he wishes." Armstrong knelt beside his one-time foe.

"I promise," said he simply. He gently unfastened the ragged tunic and found the pocket-book. It was bulky with papers, and bulged in one place as though a pebble was inside. The big Russian—now so weak—lifted his eyes to that of the young Englishman. He whispered painfully.

"For the great King. The little father of your land."

A violent convulsion seized him. Jack took his head upon his knees. The pocket-book fell to the iron deck and slipped down the angled platform of the submarine towards the black waters. The professor hastily stooped to save it—bungled the business.

A sullen splash sounded. The professor stood up, confused and angry. Jack held up his free hand, and the professor was silent. He lifted his hat, and stood bareheaded. Those on the rocky platform, vaguely aware of all that was passing, bowed their heads.

The conclusion of this fine adventure serial will be given next Tuesday.

AT DEAD OF NITE

A narrative in a nutshell

By BILLY BUNTER

THE other day, deer reeders, I had a reelly brilliyunt brane-wave. I hit upon an eggsellent plan of getting tuck by nite without leeving the dormytry.

I sort out my brother Sammy, and diskussed the detales. "Sammy," I said, "the cook has maid two rabbit-pies to-day. At ten o'clock you are to steel downstairs—"

"What am I to steel downstairs?" "The rabbit-pies, of course! You will keep wun yoreself, and the other you will send up to me in the Remove dormytry."

"But I can't brake into the Remove dormytry during the nite! I should be spotted."

"I'm not arsking you to brake int the dormytry. Shortly after ten o'clock I will lower a rope from wun of the windoes. You are to attach wun of the pies to it, and then I'll hawl it up. See?"

So at ten o'clock, when the Remove dormytry was rapped in slumber, I lowered a rope from wun of the win does, and grate was my joy when I felt the rope become taught, for I new that Sammy was down below, attaching wun of the rabbit-pies. Then I began to pull up the rope, leaning over the windo-sill as I did so.

When the pie was about ¼-way up a serprizing thing happened. I saw a hand shoot out from wun of the lower windoes, and grasp my preshus pie! I kontinewed to hawl the rope up, but their was nothing on the end of it!

"Sum theeving rotter," I muttered, "has bagged my pie!"

Of course, I was awfully furyus about it, and neckst morning I went and told Quelchy about it.

"I hope you will find out who it was, sir, who pinched my pie, and give him a jolly good licking!" I said. "I wonder whose hand it was that protroded from a lower windo?"

Quelchy's anser farely parralized me. "It was mine, Bunter!" he said grimly. "You are a greedy, glautternus boy, and I will kastigate you severly!"

The poet has observed that the best-lade skemes of mice—and porpusses—gang aft agley. I don't no what he means by that; but he's kwite rite, anyway!

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When answering advertisements will our readers kindly mention this paper.

THE CASE OF THE LOST CHORD!

Our Great New Series dealing with
the Amazing Adventures of

HERLOCK SHOLMES
DETECTIVE

Written by

PETER TODD

I.

AMONG the most perplexing cases upon which my amazing friend Mr. Herlock Sholmes was engaged during the period of our residence at Shaker Street was the one which I am about to relate—the mysterious case of the Lost Chord.

It is safe to say that in all his astounding career Mr. Herlock Sholmes had never been set so difficult a task.

As a detective who knew the ropes, he was, of course, the very man to find a chord, if it could be found.

But for the impatience of the hapless composer, I have no doubt that my amazing friend would have discovered the lost article, and restored it to its owner little the worse for wear. But we must not anticipate.

A wild-eyed, long-haired young man rushed from the room as I entered one morning. As he flew downstairs I heard him mutter in distracted tones:

"Was it the dominant nineteenth in K major? Was it an unresolved diminished discord in Z flat—"

I heard no more.

I turned inquiringly to Sholmes.

"A musician?" I asked.

Herlock Sholmes nodded.

"You have guessed it first time, Jotson," he replied. "Doubtless you observed that he appears to be on distant terms with his barber. A very curious case, Jotson."

"But what—"

"It is Mr. Twidley Bitz—one of our most promising young composers," explained Sholmes. "His work is the very latest sample of the newest of the new school of modern composers. Richard Strauss is an ass to him, Wagner a stale joke, a saw-mill in full action is scarcely his equal. Earthquakes and volcanic eruptions are trifles light as air compared with an orchestra engaged upon one of his latest productions. He has had a terrible loss!"

"And that?"

"A lost chord!" said Sholmes impressively.

I started.

"I appear to have heard, somewhere, of a Lost Chord before," I remarked thoughtfully.

"It seems," continued Sholmes, "that, seated one day at the organ, he was weary and ill at ease—"

"And his fingers wandered idly—"

"Over the noisy keys," said Sholmes.

"He knew not what he was playing?" I inquired.

Sholmes shook his head.

"Nor what he was dreaming then?"

"No. But he struck one chord of music like the sounds from a cattle-pen," said Sholmes.

Herlock Sholmes knitted his brows thoughtfully, and laid down the knitting-needles.

"That chord is lost, and it is up to me to find it. It may be, of course, like your umbrella, Jotson—past recovering."

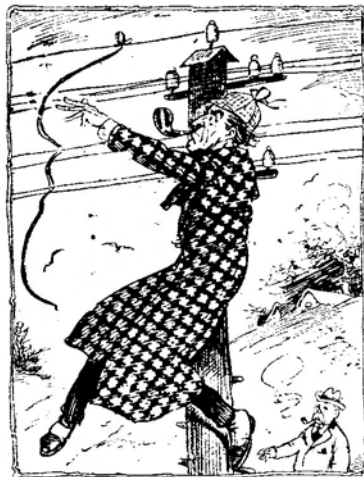
"Not to you," I said with conviction. "If you switch your powerful brain upon the subject, Sholmes, I am assured that you will succeed in finding even the Lost Chord."

Herlock Sholmes smiled.

"I shall do my best, Jotson, to save this unhappy young man from despair."

My amazing friend lost no time in getting to work.

I was very busy with my medical practice at this time, and was unable to render Herlock Sholmes the aid he



Sholmes swarmed up the telegraph-pole.

was sometimes kind enough to accept from me. In my interest in my amazing friend's work, I had, indeed, somewhat neglected my practice of late, and several of my patients showed signs of recovering.

By steady application to my work, however, I soon produced a change for the better. In this remark I refer to the practice, not to the patients.

Being so busy with these duties, however, I unfortunately missed the first details of one of Sholmes's most interesting cases.

Later, however, I went in search of my famous friend, and came upon him closely examining the ground with a reversed telescope, near to the building from which presumably the chord had escaped.

Not wishing to disturb Sholmes, who was obviously on the scent, I calmly waited until the great detective should notice my presence.

Instead, Sholmes looked aloft towards the wires strung between two telegraph-poles. There, entangled in the wires, was a long strand of some black material!

With a cry of triumph Sholmes leapt to his feet and swarmed up the nearer telegraph-pole. But even as his hand reached out to clutch the substance entangled in the wires a groan escaped his thin lips. Instead of the lost chord it was but the string of a kite!

It was a bitter blow to my famous friend, but he did not lose heart. For six weeks he was on the trail of the Lost Chord. Once a clue led him into Boggins's Circus, which arrived in the neighbourhood, but, alas! he only discovered the missing link on view to an open-mouthed audience.

The disappointment played havoc with the nerves of my amazing friend.

Sholmes returned to Shaker Street, gave Mrs. Spudson a bad half-crown, and sent her out for a quart of the best cocaine.

"My dear Sholmes," I remarked, "doubtless the strain of recent work has affected even the superlative grey matter stored in your cranium. Softening of the brain should be dealt with in its incipient state. I will treat you myself, and—"

"Grrrr!" growled Sholmes.

Never had I known my remarkable friend to be in such a bad humour.

That, given time, Sholmes would have succeeded in his quest I have not the slightest shadow of doubt.

And Mr. Twidley Bitz, as a musician, should surely have known the value of time. His own happiest time, I believe, was two in a bar.

"The case is ended, Jotson," said Herlock Sholmes one evening. "I have received a check."

"Then let us cash it at once," I suggested. "Will it run to fish-and-chips?"

"I have not received that kind of cheque, Jotson. It will not run to fish-and-chips," said Sholmes. "Mr. Twidley Bitz lost his patience—"

"I can feel for him, as a medical man," I remarked. "I frequently lose mine."

"In a short time," continued Sholmes, "I have not the slightest doubt that I should have found the Lost Chord. But it is too late! Despairing of finding it, the unhappy Twidley Bitz retired to his room, locked the door with the key of C major—"

"Good heavens, Sholmes!"

"And hanged himself with the chord of the dominant seventh," said Herlock Sholmes sadly.

He wiped away a tear, and hid his emotion in the cocaine cask.

THE END.

Another laughable adventure of Herlock Sholmes will appear next Tuesday. Tell all your chums about this ripping series.



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

The Reason!

Patrick Casey: Be jabbers, Oi'll wurk no more for that man Dolan!
Mrs. Casey: Indade! And for phivy?

Pat: Shure, 'tis on account av a remark that he made to me.

Mrs. Casey: Phwat did he say?

Pat: Sez he, "Pat, ye're discharged!"—Sent in by E. Crompton, Wharfe House, Longport, Staffs.

He Piped the Pipe!

A Scotchman and an Englishman were travelling by train to London together. There was a long silence, and then the Scotchman, producing a pipe, turned to the Englishman and asked for a fill of tobacco.

The Englishman eyed the other's tremendous pipe with a twinkle in his eye.

"Sorry, old man," he replied, "but I've only got a couple of ounces with me!"—Sent in by C. Lane, 13, Albany Avenue, Westcliff-on-Sea.

B-ready Retort!

Boy (to a stout lady who was boarding a tramcar): If they'd given you more yeast, mum, when you was young, you'd have been able to rise better!

Stout Lady (indignantly): And if you had been given a little more, my boy, you'd have been better bred!—Sent in by F. Grimley, 7, Burnley Road, Luddenden Street, near Halifax, Yorkshire.

The Family Orchestra!

"Are there any musicians in your family?" asked Jones.

"Rather!" replied Brown. "Why, my father is an adept at blowing his own trumpet; mother is equally expert at harping with one string; ma-in-law has to play second fiddle; uncle spends his time wetting his whistle, and I'm a bit of a lyre myself!"—Sent in by H. Thorley, 4, The Crescent, Prestwich, Manchester.

Rank Awkwardness!

At a parade of a company of recruits the drill instructor's face turned purple with rage as he slated one of the raw recruits for his awkwardness.

"Now, Rafferty!" he roared. "You'll spoil the line with those feet of yours. Draw them back at once, man, and get them in line!"

Rafferty's dignity was hurt.

"Plaze, sargint," he said, "they're not mine—they're Micky Doolan's in the rear rank!"—Sent in by J. Cornish, Craigmole, Aghalee, Lurgan, Ireland.

OUR TUCK-HAMPER PRIZE STORYETTE

A STAR SHOT!

Pat O'Flannagan, who was employed as a cleaner at an observatory, one day noticed the astronomer looking through an exceptionally large telescope. For some moments he watched in silence, and then he saw a shooting-star fall.

"Begorra!" muttered Pat to himself; "that chap's a crackshot, shure!"—Sent in by R. C. Morris, 26, Barforth Road, Peckham Rye, London, S.E.15, to whom a hamper crammed full of delicious tuck has been despatched.

Billy the Coughdrop!

William George Bunter, entering Uncle Clegg's tuck-shop, asked for an ounce of coughdrops. These were duly handed to him, but Billy altered his mind over the purchase.

"Do you mind changing them for peppermints, Uncle?" he asked.

The obliging Uncle Clegg did so, and then, as the fat junior turned to leave the shop, he called after him:

"You did not pay for those peppermints, Master Bunter!"

"I gave you the coughdrops for 'em!" exclaimed Bunter indignantly.

"But you did not pay for the coughdrops."

"Certainly not," said Billy Bunter. "I am not going to pay for those; you had them back!"—Sent in by H. Hogarth, 9, Cumberland Street, Preston.

Then He Hooked It!

A man strode into a fishmonger's shop and asked for a salmon, whereupon the fishmonger handed him a small sprat.

"What does this mean?" demanded the man angrily.

"Sorry, sir," said the fishmonger, "but we have run out of salmon. Magnify the sprat, and it will look like a salmon."

After a moment's hesitation the customer asked the cost of his purchase, and when the fishmonger informed him that it would be two shillings he extracted a threepenny-piece from his pocket.

"Here, magnify that, and it will look like a two-shilling piece!"—Sent in by D. Tilling, 101, Oak Tree Road, Bitterne Park, Southampton.

That Capped It!

Irate Shopkeeper (to Horace Coker, who cannot make up his mind as to the type of cap he wants): What kind do you like, pray?

Horace Coker (stroking his chin thoughtfully): Well, you see, I have just bought a motor-bike, and I shall want one with a peak at the back!—Sent in by Edwin Brown, 10, Steep Hill, Lincoln.

His Weighty Remark!

Whilst wandering aimlessly round Friar-dale village station, Billy Bunter spotted a weighing-machine, and he thought he would try to get the thing to work without putting the necessary coin in. After a struggle he managed to perch himself on it. Immediately two curious village urchins rushed up to see what the result was; but the machine would not work properly, and it only indicated ten stone. One boy turned to the other in astonishment, and said:

"My hat, Bill—he's hollow!"—Sent in by Miss Molly Gearing, 50, Sedgeford Road, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12.

If He'd Only Known!

Billy Bunter (grudgingly): Here's your pocket-money for this month, Sammy.

Sammy Bunter (in surprise): Oh, I'd clean forgotten all about it! Thanks!"

Billy Bunter (in great wrath): Why didn't you tell me that before, you born cuckoo?—Sent in by Alex. Arthur, 3, Paton's Lane, Dundee, Scotland.

Why the Cat S-catted!

Little Boy (looking over the fence into the next garden): Please, Mrs. Scroggs, may I have my arrow? It has dropped into your garden.

Mrs. Scroggs: Certainly, little man. Where is it?

Little Boy: I—I—I think it is sticking in your cat!—Sent in by Thomas H. Jackson, 9, Stone Row, Turzell, Beamish S. O., Co. Durham.