

POCKET-MONEY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS! SEE PAGE 20

The Greyfriars Herald



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DAUBENY AND CO. TAKE FRENCH LEAVE!
(An incident in our splendid, long complete tale of the school at sea.)



The Staff

Editorial

By Harry Wharton.

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By OWEN CONQUEST

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

CHAPTER I.

A Trip on the Orinoco!

"THERE'S the steamer!" said Tuckey Toodles.

The sun was rising over the Orinoco forests, glimmering on the masts and furled sails of the old Benbow.

Early as the hour was, the deck of the school-ship was alive with juniors.

The Benbow was anchored off Barrancas, where the Rio Macareo joins the great Orinoco. Thus far the Benbow had ploughed her way up the great South American river, and here she was to stop.

From the anchorage a select party of the Benbow juniors were to go on further up the Orinoco, on board the steamer, and naturally there was great eagerness to be included in that party.

Most of the fellows wanted to get as far as Bolivar, if they could, and observe the cheery Venezuelan on his native heath, so to speak.

The steamer, which came up from Trinidad by way of the Rio Macareo, had stopped at Barrancas, where it enters the main stream of the Orinoco. And the Benbow party were preparing to go on board.

Mr. Packe, the master of the Fourth, had the trippers in charge, and he looked not unlike a worried hen with an army of troublesome chicks.

Looking after the merry Benbow juniors was a task that was not exactly a sinecure.

"Now, please keep together. Toodles, take that ridiculous sombrero off, and put on your school hat. Do you hear me, Toodles?"

"But, sir—"

"Silence, Toodles! Daubeny, what are you doing with that gun-case? Put it down at once!"

"But, sir—"

"Rodney, what do you mean by making that—that disrespectful gesture?"

"I, sir?"

"I distinctly saw you close your left eyelid, Rodney!"

"Did I, sir?"

"You did!" hooted Mr. Packe.

"You were winking, sir—winking at Drake—"

"I—I—I just closed my eye, sir—"

"Do you wish to be left behind, Rodney?"

"Oh, no, sir!"

"Then you had better be careful—very careful indeed. I am not to be trifled with," said Mr. Packe breathlessly. "I warn you all that I am not to be trifled with. Has each of you his passport?"

"Oh, yes, sir!"



Drake grasped the fat ankle with both hands, and Tuckey Toodles came into view, crimson and flustered.

"You must be very careful with them; the Venezuelan authorities are very particular—very particular indeed. If a passport is mislaid the officials will extort a bribe from me—and they are very extortionate—scandalously extortionate. I shall send back any boy who cannot find his passport."

"Here's the boat, sir," said Jack Drake.

"You may get into the boat, boys. Any boy who falls into the river will be caned, if—he is not eaten by the alligators! Be careful! Drake, how dare you leap into the boat in that reckless manner?" shrieked Mr. Packe.

"I'm all right, sir."

"You may be all right, Drake, but your conduct is all wrong! Another act of recklessness like that, Drake, and I shall send you back. Daubeny, I have already told you you are not to take that gun-case!"

"But, sir—" murmured Daubeny of the Shell.

"Do you hear me? It is enough to have the whole party stopped and turned back! Do you think, sir, that I have brought a whole bank-vault full of money with me, to bribe Venezuelan officials? Put that gun-case down at once!"

Vernon Daubeny reluctantly relinquished the gun-case. He had his own reasons for wanting to take it up the Orinoco with him.

But Mr. Packe was too sharp for Daub.

Mr. Packe had already suffered at the hands of the Venezuelan officials. That happy country, where the public life is run on a cheerful mixture of revolutions and bribery, had tried Mr. Packe's temper sorely. At the slightest excuse some bandit-like gentleman in a delapidated uniform would extend a brown hand for a bribe. Only the day before Mr. Packe had had to tip a lieutenant, a colonel, and a full

general, as well as several lofty Customs' officers. He was growing "fed" with the process.

The Benbow party were in the boat at last, safe and sound, and not one of them devoured by alligators.

Drake and Rodney and Tuckey Toodles were together, and near them sat Daubeny and Co. of the Shell. Sawyer major and Troop and Rawlings and a dozen other fellows were in the party. Tin Tacks, the black Barbadian gentleman, had slipped into the boat, too, resolved to accompany "Mass' Jack" on the excursion. Mr. Packe did not object to Tin Tacks; the black gentleman was well acquainted with the Orinoco, and useful as a guide.

The boat pulled across to the steamer.

The fellows left on the Benbow lined the side, and waved their hats in farewell to the trippers.

"Thank goodness we're off!" Jack Drake murmured to Rodney. "I really thought Packe was going to have a fit."

"Which would have put off the excursion!" grinned Rodney.

"It's rather rotten having old Packe along with us," grumbled Tuckey Toodles. "How's a fellow to go and have a look for a gold-mine with old Packe worrying around?"

"You ass! If you begin looking for gold-mines you'll have the merry Government on your track!" said Rodney.

"I'm jolly well going to. If old Packe—"

"Toodles!"

"Oh, dear! Yes, sir?"

"Were you alluding to me, Toodles?"

"Oh, no, sir!"

"I distinctly hear you say 'old Packe, Toodles!'"

"Not at all, sir!" gasped Tuckey.

"I—I said 'old Jack, sir!'"

"What?"

"I—I was talking to Drake, sir!
I—I often call him 'old Jack,' sir, as
—as we're so chummy!"

"Take care, Toodles!" rumbled Mr. Packe.

"Oh, yes, sir! Certainly, sir!"

The boat bumped against the steamer, and the juniors passed up the side. Again the operation was performed without the alligators claiming a victim. Mr. Packe breathed freely at last, when the party were safe under the awnings on deck, and the boat pulled back to the Benbow. With a whirl of the paddle-wheel the steamer puffed and glided out into the wide brown waters of the Orinoco.

Drake says "No!"

DAUBENY of the Shell joined Jack Drake as the latter stood watching the river banks. The steamer was gliding rapidly up the great river, with the Guinana sierras against the sky in the distance. On the banks stony bluffs alternated with stretches of grass-land and thick primeval forest. More than once, through the whirl of the steamer, the howl of some wild animal came from the deep forests to the ears of the Benbow juniors.

There were a good many passengers on the river steamer—planters, miners going to Callao, two or three American commercial travellers, and a number of Venezuelan soldiers. The latter accompanied the steamer in order to secure her from any attacks from wandering revolutionists—of whom there were plenty along the banks of the Orinoco. In Venezuela "militarism" flourishes in all its glory; there is plenty of war, and still more "preparedness" for war—so that the happy natives really have not much time for work, and a country naturally one of the richest in the world is actually one of the poorest.

"Something would be made of this country if it were colonised from England," Dick Rodney remarked to his chum. "Look at the difference between this and Trinidad—which is really a chip off the corner of Venezuela. I suppose that little island would be a more valuable property than all this big country, as matters stand. Look at that ass!"

"That ass" was the officer in command of the military detachment on the steamer.

He was strutting along the deck, under the awning, with an extremely important air, twirling a pair of big black moustaches.

His uniform was gaudy, but sadly in need of needle and cotton. He was evidently very proud of himself, and regarded his noble self as a very fine officer in a very fine army.

His men loafed about the steamer, smoking cigarettes. They had their bayonets fixed; but the bayonets were rusty, and the rifles looked as if they would be nearly as dangerous to the owner as to an enemy!

Drake smiled.

"That ass ought to be at work," growled Rodney. "What is he loafing around for, with a silly sword hanging on him, when there's so much to be done? Hallo, Daub!"

"I want to speak to you fellows," said Daubeny, in a low voice.

"Go ahead!" said Drake.

"I believe we get to Las Tablas about noon."

"I think so."

"Are you game to go ashore there?"

Drake stared.

"I don't think Mr. Packe—" he began.

"Blow Mr. Packe!" said Daubeny.

"I mean hook it!"

"What the dickens—"

"Peg Slaney deserted from the Benbow at Barrancas," said Daubeny.

"You know he's got a Spanish paper with a clue to a buried treasure on the banks of the Orinoco—"

"So he has bragged when he was squiffy," said Rodney.

"I've got a copy of it."

"Wha-a-at?"

"How the dickens—" began Drake, in amazement.

"Never mind how; we got a copy, and we've translated it. We're going for the treasure," said Daubeny. "It's ours—Slaney stole that paper from my father, as Tin Tacks knows. Anyhow, the treasure's as much ours as Peg Slaney's. I don't see why that one-eyed ruffian should have it, if we can bag it."

"That's so; but—"

"We've got the clue—Egan and Torrence and I—and we're going to hook it at Las Tablas, and take our chance," whispered Daubeny. "I know it's risky, but we're goin' for it. Will you come?"

"Phew!"

Drake and Rodney exchanged a glance.

"You can't say the treasure's his, anyhow," went on Daubeny. "It must have been buried by some of the gangs who are always fightin' one another in this dashed country. The owner—if it ever had an owner—is most likely dead. The successful party always shoots the other party in their dashed revolutions. Why—should Slaney bag it?"

"Well, he had the clue—"

"He stole it from my pater."

"How did your pater get hold of it?" asked Rodney.

Daubeny shrugged his shoulders.

"How should I know? He was here years ago, mixed up in a revolution run by some rogue named Ponce Garcia. That's all I know. It may have been the revolutionary funds that were buried; it may be gold from the old Spanish times. Anyhow my pater had the clue, and Slaney bagged it from him—and I'm goin' to bag the treasure, if I can. Torrence and Egan are with me."

"But—we can't go ashore—"

"We can find a chance."

"There'd be a fearful row afterwards."

"I don't care, if I come back rich."

Daubeny's eyes glittered as he spoke.

Drake looked at him curiously and uneasily. The greed of gold had taken possession of Daubeny.

All his thoughts were running on the buried treasure of the Orinoco, to which he held—or believed that he held—a certain clue.

That the treasure clue was by right his Daub also believed; but it was

pretty clear that he cared little on that point. To the victor the spoils was the law in that wild Western land, and Daub had quite entered into the spirit of it.

"Will you come?" he asked. "I'll take you two into the thing on equal shares. I've not forgotten how you stood by me in Trinidad, Drake. If you come, Tin Tacks will come, and he will be no end useful as a guide, and—and in a fight, if there's trouble. But that's not why I'm askin' you. I want you to come, and to share in the loot."

Drake hesitated.

The risk of the wild enterprise did not deter him; rather, it had an attraction for his adventurous nature.

But to take French leave from school, to plunge unarmed into the wild South American forests—was a reckless scheme enough.

And there was no proof that the treasure clue was really the paper Peg Slaney had stolen from Daub's father on the banks of the Orinoco long years ago, and that was a point that troubled Drake more than it troubled Daubeny of the Shell.

Daub watched his changing expression impatiently. He did not look at Dick Rodney; he knew that Rodney was opposed to the scheme. He did not care whether Rodney joined up or not. But he was very anxious to have Drake with him.

Once before he had found that his own comrades had proved a rotten reed to lean upon in the pinch of need; but he knew that Jack Drake was made of very different stuff.

Drake shook his head at last. Perhaps the expression on Dick Rodney's face helped him to make up his mind.

"You won't come?"

"I—I think not," hesitated Drake.

"You see—"

"Well?" snapped Daub.

"Dash it all, Daub, the treasure isn't ours, and Slaney had the clue to it—"

"What does that matter in a country like this—a country of swaggering military fools and thieves?" sneered Daubeny.

"Well, it does matter."

"There's one thing you seem to have forgotten, Daub," put in Dick Rodney quietly. "Slaney has the start of you, and knows the way. If there's a treasure to be bagged, he will have bagged it long before you can get on the scene."

"He may not have—who knows? He may have been nipped by an alligator or killed by a jaguar by this time, alone in the forests. Nothing's certain about that. He doesn't know we have the clue; he may not have headed straight for the place. Anyhow, he'll have to get some supplies to start. I wish you'd come, Drake. We're goin', anyhow."

"Better not, Daub. It's a wild-goose chase, and the treasure may be only a dream—"

"I'm goin'!" Daub gritted his teeth. "If you're funky, stay on the steamer, and be hanged to you!"

And Daubeny strode away with an angry brow.

Drake flushed crimson.

That taunt from Daubeny struck him hard. He made a step after the

the Shell fellow, but checked himself. Rodney was about to speak; but before he could do so there came a sudden and startling interruption. Crack, crack, crack!

The Attack on the Steamer!

RACK, crack, crack! It was a sudden burst of rifle-fire from a belt of forest on the bank of the Orinoco.

Bullets whizzed across the yellow waters, and crashed on the side of the river steamer, and whistled over the deck.

Drake spun round. "What the thunder—"

"Bless my soul!" came from Mr. Packe.

Crack, crack, crack! There was a terrified howl from Tuckey Toodles, and he dived below and vanished.

The passengers were all on their feet now, staring towards the bank.

Among the trees ashore ragged figures appeared, dodging and darting, loosing off rusty rifles at the steamer.

Crack, crack, crack! The Venezuelan officer on the steamer, whom Rodney had described as "that ass," was yelling orders in Spanish.

The loafing soldiers put out their cigarettes and grasped their rifles. A scattering fire answered the fusillade from the bank.

From the thickets at the water's edge a boat pushed out, with two dozen ragged, brown-skinned ruffians in it, armed with rifles and machetes. The boat cut across to intercept the steamer.

"Revolutionists!" said Rodney. "My hat!"

"Bless my soul!" "Look out, there!" yelled an American commercial traveller. "Lie down! Lie on your faces till we get past the circus!"

That advice was at once taken. Passengers and crew threw themselves flat on the deck, and the bullets from the shore whistled over them.

The steamer captain stood upright, however, rapping out orders. Probably he had been through little surprises like this before in his career on the rivers of Venezuela.

The engine was at full pressure, and the river steamer darted on at increased speed, swerving further out on the broad bosom of the Orinoco.

Crack, crack, crack! Splinters of wood flew on all sides, and the canvas awnings were torn in strips.

But in a few minutes the swift steamer was past the danger, and the boat was left labouring behind.

The ragged ruffians in the boat yelled to her to stop, and were answered only by the rifles on deck.

Drake, peering back as he lay, saw two or three of them collapse in the boat, with fiendish yells.

The others were firing savagely; but the bullets soon dropped behind as the steamer tore out of range.

The skipper lighted a cigar with perfect coolness, and put straight his peaked cap, which had been knocked askant by a grazing bullet.

"I guess that was a close call,"

Drake heard him remark in a nasal twang.

The juniors scrambled to their feet. There was a buzz of excitement among them. The Benbow trippers had looked for adventure on the Orinoco, but they had not exactly looked for an adventure of this kind!

"Gorgeous, ain't it?" remarked Sawyer major. "I wonder what would have happened to us if those fellows had known how to shoot!"

"Lucky they didn't!" said Drake, laughing.

"Now look at the ass!" whispered Rodney.

The "ass"—otherwise the Venezuelan officer—was well worth looking at.

He was strutting on the deck with the air of a conquering hero, twirling his moustaches till they almost poked into his eyes.

Evidently he was very proud of himself, and was thinking of the great figure he would cut at Bolivar when he would relate how he had foiled and defeated a desperate attack on the



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steamer by revolutionists. As a matter of fact, it was the steamer's skipper who had saved the vessel from capture, by putting on speed in time. But that detail was not likely to be mentioned by Don Pomposo in his thrilling narrative at Bolivar.

"Like a dashed turkey!" grunted Rodney. "Hasn't the fellow any sense of humour? If he could only see himself—"

"As others see him!" grinned Drake.

"Hallo, he's coming to speak to us. I hope he didn't see me grin," murmured Rodney. "I don't want to hurt even a silly popinjay's feelings."

The juniors looked as serious as they could as the Venezuelan came up. He saluted them gravely, and began to speak in Spanish.

Drake shook his head.

"Speak no Spanish, seniorito?" said the officer, with a smile. "But I—speak ze English—oh, good! You shall

see—you have seen—what? Oh, yes! Is it not so?"

For English, this was a little difficult to follow.

But Drake and Rodney nodded assent.

The Venezuelan, though undoubtedly he answered to Rodney's description as a prize ass, seemed a very good-tempered and polite young gentleman. It was also clear that he desired very much to impress the benighted foreigners.

"Me!" he said, tapping his chest. "I! Yo! You shall catch on? Is it not so? Me—Don Josef Cristofal Grandados y Palmillo y Garcias. El Coronel Don Josef Cristofal Grandados y Palmillo y Garcias. Yes!"

"A colonel, by Jove!" said Drake. They would never have taken the gentleman for a colonel. Colonels in the little island they came from never went about in trousers that wanted patching, or in coats open to the winds of heaven. But evidently the brown-skinned gentleman was a colonel, with a name that was sonorous enough to uphold the dignity of that rank, even if his clothes did not seem quite in keeping with it.

"You have seen—you shall see—yes!" he went on, still, apparently, speaking in English. "Oh, yes! Venezuelan soldier in battle—zat is what you see, you English. Ingleso—yes? Oh, yes! Brave—brave as one lion—yes! Lion—he nozzing to Venezuelan soldier in battle—you think? Oh, yes!"

"Yes, rather!" assented Drake. "Some soldier!" said Rodney.

"In Inghilterra you tell what you see—how Venezuelan soldier, he shall face enemy," said the colonel, beaming. "Oh, yes! Si, si! Once it is said zat Inghilterra she go war with Venezuela." He laughed. "You see how it shall happen to Inghilterra if she go war—what? Oh, yes! I guess! Wipe off face of ze earth—you think?"

With that the colonel strutted away—under the happy impression that he had deeply impressed the foreigners.

"My only hat!" murmured Rodney. "Jever see such a silly, conceited ass? Why, half a battalion of the Middlesex Regiment could wipe this country off the map! I've a jolly good mind to tell him so!"

"Let him rip!" said Drake, laughing. "He will wake up if Venezuela ever has a war with a European country. Where's Toodles?"

Tuckey Toodles had vanished below when the firing started and he had not reappeared. It was terrifically hot below the deck of the steamer, and Drake took compassion on the hapless Toodles, and went to rouse him out.

A fat leg protruding from under a stack of canvas sacks betrayed the hidden Toodles.

Drake gripped the fat ankle, and pulled.

There was a muffled howl from under the sacks.

"Leggo! Keep off! Yarocoh! Help! Mercy! I surrender! I'm a prisoner of war! Yarooooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Drake.

He pulled, grasping the fat ankle with both hands, and Tuckey Toodles came into view, crimson and flustered.

"Leggo! Help! Mercy! Spare my life!" howled Toodles.

"Wouldn't take it at a gift," answered Drake.

Toodles blinked at him.

"Oh! It—it—it's you!"

"Little me!" assented Drake. "All serene now, Tuckey—no danger."

"Sure?" gasped Toodles.

"Quite sure."

"Those beasts—"

"They're ten miles behind now."

"Oh, good!" gasped Tuckey, scrambling up. "I—I say, Drake, I wasn't frightened, you know—"

"Wha-a-t?"

"I—I rushed below to—to—to—"

"Hide?"

"Nothing of the sort," exclaimed Tuckey Toodles indignantly. "I'm not the fellow to hide in the hour of danger, I hope!"

"Not?" howled Drake.

"Certainly not! I rushed below to—to blow up the steamer if it was captured!"

"My hat!"

"That's the sort of man I am," said Toodles warmly. "As for dying in the explosion I never gave that a thought. I'm ready to die gloriously, I hope. I was going to blow up the steamer, and perish—"

"Under those sacks?"

"I—I—I was looking for the powder magazine—"

"You fat prevaricator," roared Drake. "Do you think there's a powder magazine on a river steamer?"

"I—I—"

"Hallo, here they come!" exclaimed Drake, looking up the ladder.

There was a wild yell from Tuckey Toodles, and he disappeared under the sacks again.

"They" were a couple of the steamer's hands, but Tuckey jumped to the conclusion that they were the enemy; as, perhaps, Drake intended that he should. He vanished under the sacks, palpitating, and Drake returned to the deck, chuckling.

Tuckey Toodles remained in safety—and terrific warmth—under the sacks, till the steamer stopped at Las Tablas. When he crawled out he looked like a newly boiled lobster.

Daubeny's Desperate Enterprise!

JACK DRAKE eyed Daubeny of the Shell uneasily, as the steamer lay off Las Tablas in the shimmering heat of the tropic afternoon. It was at Las Tablas that the Shell fellow intended to make his desperate attempt, and Drake was sorely troubled in his mind. It was something like insanity to desert from the steamer and plunge into the wilds of the South American forests without even a guide. Drake wondered that Egan and Torrence had the nerve for it. But the greed of gold was strong upon the Bucks of the Shell, and they were determined. Daubeny caught Drake's eye once, and shrugged his shoulders scornfully.

He was going, and he affected, at least, to attribute Jack's reluctance to funk.

That was hard enough for the Fourth-former to bear; but it was not that which chiefly troubled him. He was thinking of the fearful dangers into which Daub was about to plunge

with such utter recklessness. Owing to the sharp eyes of Mr. Packe, Daub had not even a gun with him, and to go unharmed into the wild forest was sheer folly.

Round the steamer a number of Indian canoes were paddling, with fruits and gewgaws for sale to the passengers. Daubeny had entered into talk with one Indian, who spoke a little English, and Drake could guess easily enough that he was bargaining for a passage to the shore.

There was no time to lose, for the juniors did not know how long the steamer was to stay at Las Tablas.

Daubeny and Co. were determined not to go on with the steamer.

Drake approached Daubeny at last.

"Look here, Daub," he began.

"Are you comin'?" asked Daubeny.

"No. But—"

"Then don't worry."

"It's madness," said Drake. "That Indian is going to take you to the bank, I suppose—"

"Yes!"

"He looks a frightful ruffian," said Drake, with a glance at the Carib in the boat—a muscular, dark-skinned man, clad in a loin-cloth made of a wild animal's skin, and nothing else. There was a big, unsheathed knife attached to the Indian's girdle.

"Oh, rot! He's going to take me across the river to the Rio Catalina, that's where we start."

"But—"

"No time to waste talking!" snapped Daubeny.

"You're not even armed!"

"I've got a revolver and some cartridges—one of the soldiers sold it to me. Anyhow, I'm goin'."

"Blessed if I don't think I ought to warn Mr. Packe!" muttered Drake.

Daubeny's eyes gleamed.

"You won't sneak, after I trusted you?" he muttered. "You—you couldn't! By gad, if you do—" He clenched his teeth.

"Don't be a fool, Daub; your threats won't make any difference to me, /and you know it," growled Drake. "I'm not goin' to give you away—though I feel that I ought to."

"That's enough."

Daubeny and Egan and Torrence dropped into the Indian's canoe, as if to examine the fruit he had for sale.

Only Drake took any special note of their movements.

They sat in the canoe for a time, and then slyly slid under a sheet of canvas that lay there, and which concealed them from view.

Evidently Daub had taken the Indian into his confidence, and the copper-skinned man was lending his aid in the attempt to elude the vigilance of the Form-master.

Drake watched with deep uneasiness.

The Indian pushed off from the steamer, and paddled the canoe out into the broad waters of the Orinoco.

The canvas hid Daubeny and Co. from sight, and no one on the steamer save Drake dreamed that they had departed.

Drake caught the expression on the face of the Indian as he paddled away. There was a strange grin on the copper face, a peculiar glitter in the black, narrow eyes.

He turned round, to find Dick Rodney at his side.

"They've cut!" he whispered.

"In that canoe?" asked Rodney, with a sombre look.

"Yes."

"The fools! The utter fools!"

"I don't like the look of that boat-man," muttered Drake. "Daub's thinking only of getting to the treasure; but—but that ruffian looks capable of sticking them, and pitching them into the Orinoco, for what they've got about them. They've got enough on them to make a savage Carib rich for life, I should think."

"Hasn't Daub thought—"

"He's thinking of nothing but that confounded treasure."

Rodney knitted his brows.

"Drake, those silly asses are going to their death!" he muttered. "We—we can't let them go! We ought to tell Packe—"

"We can't!" said Drake moodily.

"I suppose we can't; but—but—"

Look here, Drake—"

Drake read the thought in his chum's mind.

"Let's cut it, too," he said. "We may be able to make the silly asses come back—especially if that savage turns on them, as I believe he will when they're out of sight of Las Tablas. We—we can't let them go to their death, and I'm certain that ruffian means mischief. Are you game, Rodney?"

"Yes," said Rodney, with a deep breath.

"Then I'll speak to Tin Tacks."

Drake hurried along to where the Barbadian coloured gentleman was stretched under an awning, lazily killing mosquitoes. Tin Tacks jumped up at once and touched his hat. Drake explained hurriedly, and Tin Tacks' shining black face grew very serious as he listened.

But the simple black fellow had no idea of opposing any wish of "Mass' Jack's." He was there to obey "Mass' Jack's" orders, and he did not think of raising any objection.

"You leave it to me, Mass' Jack," he said. "I get a canoe from Injun—easy. Two dollar do dat. Me paddle—quicker dan Injun, I guess. You and Mass' Rodney be ready to drop in—all right, you bet!"

"You can handle a canoe, Tin Tacks?"

Tin Tacks grinned.

"You bet, Mass' Jack!"

"I'd like you to come, old fellow," said Drake. "But—but it may be dangerous—"

"Ole Tin Tacks no let Mass' Jack go into danger by hisself," answered the black man. "Ole Tin Tacks look after Mass' Jack. You go 'lone, me tell Mass' Packe."

"All serene, Tin Tacks—I want you, of course. It's a go, then!"

Tin Tacks hurried away to make his preparations, and Drake rejoined Rodney.

"It's settled," he said briefly.

They looked after Daubeny's canoe. It was little more than a spot now on the wide, sun-lit waters of the Orinoco.

THE END.

Next Tuesday's long, complete tale of the school-ship will be entitled: "The Treasure Seekers!"



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 Martin Denyer, and appoints himself manager and centre-forward. Jack introduces three old school chums as amateurs into the team. Martin Denyer makes a futile attempt on Jack's life and is arrested. Jack's former school chum, Monty Selhurst, distinguishes himself in a match against Scarsbrook, but on returning to the dressing-room he comes face to face with his aristocratic father, who berates him for playing in the company of professionals.

(Now read on.)

Another Convert!

MONTY SELHURST flushed to the roots of his fair hair as Sir Anthony's scathing words came to his ears, and he glanced round swiftly at the players, who were looking on with ill-concealed curiosity.

The expression upon the youngster's face hardened, and his lips set in a thin, straight line.

"I shall be obliged if you will refrain from insulting my friends, sir—" he began; and his father's eyes flashed anew at the words.

"Your friends, sir—your friends!" he said bitingly. "And since when have you cultivated the friendship of these oafs? It came to my ears that you had so far forgotten yourself and the name you bear as to sell your skill for money—to loan yourself to a professional team—but I would not believe it! I would not believe it! I said the thing was absurd, impossible; and yet—" He made a meaning gesture with his slim fingers. "It seemed incredible that a Selhurst could so far forget himself, could bring shame and ridicule to an honoured name! And yet I come here and find you on a par with these paid gladiators, the puppets and playthings of any lout who cares to pay sixpence to see you perform!"

Sir Anthony, who was seething with indignation, paused for breath, and it was at this moment that Jack Denyer

stepped forward and confronted him.

The young player-manager's face was pale, his jaw firm, and there was a steady look in his wide-set eyes which Sir Anthony found almost disconcerting.

"Well, my lad?" asked the baronet pre-emptorily.

"Excuse me, sir," said Jack Denyer, with icy politeness, "don't you think this unfortunate discussion might be carried on in a more suitable place—our dressing-room, for instance?"

The youngster gave a meaning glance round, and it was then that Sir Anthony became aware of the fact that he was surrounded by hundreds of curious, jostling people, who were eager to learn the cause of the disturbance.

He saw the wisdom of the lad's advice, and coughed somewhat nervously behind his gloved hand.

"Well—er—perhaps you're right—perhaps you're right," he concurred. "Where is your dressing-room?"

Jack turned without making reply, and led the way to the comfortable quarters in which the players changed. The team trooped in after their skipper, favouring the baronet with anything but friendly glances.

The party came to a halt, and a somewhat awkward silence ensued.

Sir Anthony looked at Monty, and his eyes hardened.

"Well, sir, what have you to say?" he demanded. "What paltry excuse have you to offer for your unworthy conduct?"

The youngster's face was pale, but his gaze was fearless.

"I have no paltry excuse to offer, sir," he answered, in even tones. "All I can say is that I don't regret anything I have done!"

His father almost gasped at the words, and his eyes flashed fire.

"Do you mean to be impertinent, sir?" he demanded, his whole frame quivering. "Do you dare to defy me—to insinuate that it is your intention to go through with this vulgar and discreditable business?"

Monty nodded his fair head.

"I shall play for Norchester United until Jack tells me that he has no further need for my services," he returned stubbornly.

Sir Anthony could not believe the evidence of his ears for a moment, and then he took a step forward and glared down into the resolute face of his son.

"You do defy me, then?" he demanded. "And who is the scoundrel to whom you hold allegiance?"

The clear voice of Jack Denyer answered the question.

"I am the scoundrel, Sir Anthony," said the youngster steadily.

"And who are you?"

"My name is Denyer—Jack Denyer—and I am the manager of Norchester United."

The enraged baronet peered into the clean-cut features of the youngster for fully a minute, and his eyes clouded.

"H'm!" he murmured at last, running his fingers through his grey hair. "Strange—very! Denyer, you say?"

"Yes, sir," answered Jack.

Sir Anthony paused. Then:

"And your father—was he John Denyer, by any chance?"

Jack nodded.

"Yes, sir," he returned. "He died some months ago."

A silence prevailed, and the baronet was lost in thought.

"But it can't be!" he muttered. "John's son could never descend—and yet—and yet—"

Again his eyes sought Jack's features, and regarded them intently.

"Did your father go to Rundle's?" he asked, all trace of anger having left his tone.

"Yes, sir—and so did I," answered the young player-manager.

"Then it is the same John Denyer!" cried the baronet, a smile appearing upon his stern features. "My boy,—he laid a hand upon the youngster's sturdy shoulder. "I knew your father very well. We were the greatest of friends at Rundle's—inseparables! We were known as Caster and Pollux! Tell me about him!"

Jack's eyes were moist as he looked into the baronet's face.

"There is a great deal to tell, sir," he said slowly; "and—"

The youngster looked at the assembled players, who were standing round in their playing clothes, not having started to change.

"Ah, I understand!" cried Sir Anthony, whose change of front almost staggered Jack Denyer. "You all want to change—eh? Quite right—quite right! You'll catch cold if you stand about there! Slip off, then—have a tub, and a rub-down, and a change! Splendid—splendid! Feel fit and glowing then, and ready for a hearty meal!"

He smiled round at the players, and then appeared to be struck by a sudden idea.

He slapped his thigh with a gloved hand.

"The very thing!" he cried delightedly. "What time do you leave for Norchester, my lad?" He turned to Jack Denyer.

"There isn't a train till eight o'clock, sir," answered the player-manager.

"And what are you going to do until then?"

"I've ordered dinner at the Railway Hotel, sir," returned Jack, who wondered what the baronet had in mind.

"Splendid! Splendid!" cried Sir Anthony, who appeared to be a schoolboy at heart. "I'll go along at once and arrange everything, for it's going to be my treat to-night! No arguments, sir! It's going to be my treat! I'll send a couple of taxis to take you to the hotel!"

He moved off towards the door.

"See you later! Good-bye, Monty! Good-bye, Jack! Bring the boys along!"

The next moment he had gone, and the players looked at each other and grinned.

"Well, I'm dashed!" said Jack, scratching his head in utter bewilderment. "If your guv'nor doesn't take the giddy cake!"

"He's always like that," answered Monty, adjusting his monocle. "He's always been dead against any form of professional sport, for he was a great sportsman in his day. Yet he forgot all about that when you mentioned your guv'nor's name. Anyway, my precious old beans, you can look forward to a really slap-up feed!"

"Then let's get at it!" grinned Mallison, slipping out of his jersey. "I'm as hungry as a hunter!"

It seemed that the other players were equally ready for a meal, for a combined rush was made for the showers.

Twenty minutes later, glowing with health and good spirits, the Norchester eleven trooped out of the dressing-room and made for the players' exit.

And once outside the gates they found that Sir Anthony had kept his word, for a couple of taxi-cabs were waiting at the kerb.

Laughing like schoolboys, the players clambered into the vehicles, and were soon bowling merrily through the streets, snatches of song brightening the journey to the hotel.

"I dream of the day I met you!"

warbled Mallison, whose repertoire was composed solely of sentimental songs.

And came Jackson's raucous voice from the other cab:

"On the old garden wall!"

The impromptu concert was still in progress when the taxis pulled up outside the imposing portico of the Railway Hotel.

A commissionaire, gorgeous in braided uniform, came bustling down the marble steps and opened the door of Jack's cab with a flourish.

The players tumbled out, and one or two of them gazed at the pretentious building with awe.

"Phew!" breathed Blaney, looking from the big building to the commissionaire. "The mayor's here to receive us!"

"This way, my bonny warriors!" cried Jack Denyer, and led the way up the steps to the entrance-hall.

A waiter came forward to meet him.

"Are you Sir Anthony Selhurst's guests, sir?" he asked respectfully.

On learning that such was the case, he asked the players to follow him to the cloak-room, and they were eventually ushered into a private dining-room, where Sir Anthony, looking the perfect host, greeted them.

"Make yourselves at home, my lads," he said hospitably. "The dinner is waiting."

The team did not take much time in sorting itself out, and no sooner was it settled than waiters appeared as if by magic, and very soon a hearty meal was in full swing.

And it was soon obvious that the baronet had mastered the art of standing a "treat," for he appeared to have ordered just those dishes which were likely to appeal to hungry youngsters.

Dish after dish appeared and fell before the vigorous onslaught of the players, and it was not until the cheese and dessert stage arrived, and that the fragrant odour of coffee drifted into the room, that the conversation became general.

Sir Anthony turned a beaming face to Jack Denyer.

"This has been a queer business all round, hasn't it?" he asked. "First I travel from town to disown my son, and to give the manager of his club my views upon professional sport—yet, somehow, none of those things have come to pass, and I am now the best of friends with you all!"

Jack gave a light laugh.

"It doesn't follow that a man must of necessity be a rogue and a bad sportsman because he turns out for a professional club, sir," he said, almost reprovingly.

"Agreed—agreed," said the baronet impulsively. "You fellows have knocked that idea clean out of my head. The fact of the matter is that I have been a keen—a rabid sportsman all my life, and the only sport that counted was that played by amateurs. Professionalism was anathema to me. I had all the old-fashioned ideas of professionals being bribed. I thought they were all mercenary creatures who had no true love for their game. But now I've met you, and these other splendid fellows—well, I am the first to admit that I've made a very grave

mistake, and I tender an abject apology to all of you!"

He looked round at the healthy faces which were turned in his direction.

"There, my lads—I can say no more than that, can I?"

A hearty, good-natured chorus answered the question, and Sir Anthony continued:

"But there is one other thing," he said, turning his twinkling eyes upon his son, who was peeling an apple with the deft touch of an expert in such matters. "I should like to know why you three Rundle's fellows have turned out for Norchester United. It can't be for the money, I know; and yet—well, I just don't understand!"

Monty's mild blue eye beamed through his monocle.

"I think Jack's the johnny to put you wise, guv'nor," he said with a smile. "He's the scoundrel who's responsible."

A laugh went up at this piece of chaff—a laugh in which the baronet joined heartily.

"Let me down lightly, Monty," he begged. "Now, Jack," he went on, turning to the young player-manager, "let me have the whole story."

"I will, sir," answered the youngster. And then, in simple telling phrases, he outlined the events of the past few months—of his sudden call from Rundle's; of his taking over the reins of Norchester United; of the uphill fight he had to put up against odds. He then touched upon his visit to Rundle's, and the outcome of his interview with the Head.

"Great sportsman—great sportsman!" declared Sir Anthony, referring to the headmaster of Rundle's. "Splendid—splendid! I'll drop him a line, commending his action. And things have brightened since Monty and the other two fellows joined the team—eh?"

Sir Anthony was interested and enthusiastic, for the story of Jack Denyer's trials had made a deep impression upon him.

"I think we shall do very well when we get to know each other's play a little better, sir," answered the youngster. "In fact, sir, I have every hope of lifting the Cup!"

A chorus of laughter went round the festive board.

"That's the talk, old son!" said Mallison.

"Hear, hear!" cried the other players.

"Now," said Sir Anthony, "there's one last thing I should like to say, and that is that should you ever be in need of a friend to stand by the club—should it be a matter of funds, or anything else—well, come to me."

Jack Denyer's eyes lit up.

"You mean that, sir?" he asked incredulously. "We're a professional team, you know!"

The baronet smiled, and touched a match to his cigar. He blew a cloud of fragrant smoke into the air before making reply.

"It may be a professional club, but primarily it is John Denyer's club—John, the whitest man and the best sportsman who ever breathed! And what was good enough for John is certainly good enough for me!"

Sir Anthony's voice was husky with

suppressed emotion as he spoke, for he had loved Jack's father as a brother. The youngster sensed this, and a lump rose to his throat.

"I will not thank you for your promise, sir," he said slowly; "but should the old club ever need a friend I shall come to you."

There came a momentary silence, and then Jackson spoke.

"I wonder what luck we shall have in the draw?" he hazarded suddenly. "It takes place to-day, doesn't it?"

Monty turned to Jack, and found a curious little smile twisting his friend's lips.

"By Jove, so it is!" he said. "And we'd forgotten all about it! I wonder what team'll be drawn against us?"

Speculation was rife upon the point, and a buzz of disconnected conversation filled the lofty apartment.

Then, at the height of the excited exchange of opinions, the door opened, and a waiter strode silently across the room. He held a silver salver in his hands.

"Anyone by the name of Denyer?" he queried, glancing round expectantly.

Jack turned his head and signified that he was the person in question.

"A telegram for you, sir," said the waiter.

The young player-manager took the telegram with a hand which was as steady as a rock.

"Excuse me, you fellows," he said. He slipped his thumb along the flap and extracted the flimsy telegraph-form.

He ran his eyes over the written words, and then rose to his feet. He looked at the eager faces, and his eyes sparkled with mischief.

"Gentlemen," he said, in his most impressive Parliamentary manner, "I beg to inform you that Norchester United has been drawn against Fulham in the First Round of the English Cup!"

A dead silence followed his dramatic and unexpected announcement, and then a shower of excited questions hurtled towards him from all sides.

"Is that a fact, Jack?"

"It isn't a leg-pull, old man?"

Jack Denyer laughed, and shook his head.

"Of course it isn't, my gentle idiots," he said. "Why should it be? I arranged to have the news sent from Norchester by Willis. We're going to play Fulham—and beat 'em, my hearties!"

"Are we at home or away, old man?" asked Monty languidly, polishing his monocle with almost loving care.

The question was pregnant with interest, and the players awaited their skipper's reply with bated breath and shining eyes.

"We play away," announced Jack Denyer, with a smile. "At Fulham!"

Fire!

SIR ANTHONY SELHURST looked at his watch.

"I don't wish to rush you fellows," he said, "but I must warn you that your train to Norchester leaves in less than twenty minutes. How do you three rascals get back to Rundle's?" The last question was

addressed to Monty and his two chums, Jepson and Craig.

Monty answered. "We go through to town, and then change," he said. "We shall be at Rundle's before midnight."

Sir Anthony nodded.

"Well, you had better get your coats and things now," he said, "for time and tide and trains wait for no man."

The players, feeling jubilant and thoroughly contented with life, trooped out and made for the cloak-room.

A few minutes later they were standing on the steps of the Railway Hotel, waiting for the baronet, who was settling the bill.

Laughing and chattering, the party strolled towards the station, to find the Norchester train awaiting them.

Jack found an empty carriage, and the eight players bundled inside. A second later the whistle shrilled, and

"What's the matter with you, Willis?" he asked quietly. "You look as though you're going to have a blue fit, old man!"

Willis was the secretary of the club. "So—so will you when you hear!" he gasped excitedly.

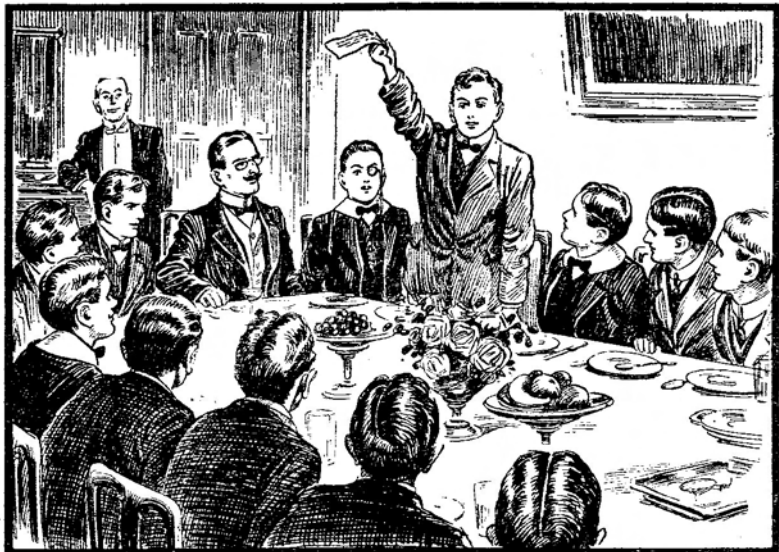
"Why—what—?" Jack began, thoroughly bewildered by the man's strange behaviour. "What's up?"

"The ground's on fire!" yelled Willis. "The stands and the club-house are blazing! They'll be a heap of cinders inside half an hour!"

Jack Denyer's face paled, but no cry escaped his lips. He was literally stunned for the moment; he could not grasp the full meaning of the secretary's words.

"Fire!" he repeated dully. "Stands and club-house on fire! But it can't be!"

"But it is!" protested Willis. "Come here!"



Jack rose to his feet with the telegram in his hand. "Gentlemen," he said, "Norchester United has been drawn against Fulham in the First Round of the English Cup."

the train commenced to move out of the station.

"It's been a topping day!" said Jack Denyer. "Everything in the garden's been lovely!"

"Splendid!" said Mallison and Jackson in unison; and the rest nodded a silent agreement. The conversation then turned inevitably to the coming Cup Tie, and the players were still discussing it from every standpoint when the train came to a gasping standstill in Norchester station.

The hour was late, and the platform was almost deserted.

"Well, I shan't be sorry to tumble into my little bed to-night," said Jack, as his party strode towards the barrier. "I'm dog-tired!"

"Same here," said the others. "It's bye-byes for us!"

They passed through the exit, and were walking through the booking-hall when a man, his face pale, his hair dishevelled, and his eyes with excitement, rushed up to Jack Denyer.

The youngster stopped dead in his stride, and gazed into the working features confronting him.

He walked to the door and pointed a shaking finger at a dull red glow. Tongues of flame and showers of sparks leapt up intermittently—and Jack Denyer was galvanised into action.

"A taxi!" he cried, and rushed towards the solitary vehicle standing by the kerb.

"The ground's on fire!" he said, addressing the startled driver. "Get there as quickly as you can! Drive like the wind!"

It was a short journey, and no sooner did the cab swing into the road which led to the football-ground than Jack Denyer realised the worst.

Great tongues of angry flames were leaping towards the black night sky; the air was thick with volumes of choking smoke—and the red glow threw into bold relief the look of tragedy upon the young player-manager's pale face.

For in that moment he knew that here was an end to all his cherished hopes and ambitions!

Another long instalment next Tuesday!

THE GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

A vivid account of the latest charges and convictions

A Farthing Damages For Loder!

A case which aroused great public interest came before Mr. Justice Wharton this week, when Gerald Loder sued George Tubb for doing considerable damage to the furniture in his study.

Mr. Harold Skinner, K.C., C.A.D., appeared for the plaintiff, and Mr. Robert Cherry, K.C., for the defendant.

Mr. Skinner: No words of mine can describe the terrible amount of damage that was done, your worship.

Magistrate: What damage did the defendant cause?

Mr. Skinner: He let his tame rabbits loose in plaintiff's study, and they chewed up the carpet. Defendant hadn't fed them for two months.

Magistrate: Great Scott! I must see that this is reported to the S.P.C.T.W.R.

Mr. Skinner: What on earth's that, your worship?

Magistrate: The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Tame White Rabbits, of course! What other damage was done?

Mr. Skinner: The hearthrug was burnt to pieces, your worship, and the face of the clock was smashed. The carpet originally cost twenty quid. The hearthrug cost ten, and the clock was not quite so valuable. We'll call it a tanner.

Magistrate: Was it an alarm-clock?

Mr. Skinner: Yes.

Magistrate: Then you put far too high a price on it! (Laughter.)

Mr. Robert Cherry, for the defendant, pointed out that his learned friend was guilty of gross exaggeration. The carpet and the hearthrug were bought as a job lot at a jumble sale, and the alarm-clock was thrown in for nix. As to the alleged damage, defendant's tame rabbits had not touched the carpet. They were very particular as to what they ate. (Laughter.) The hearthrug was burnt by plaintiff himself. He dropped a lighted cigarette on it. "If your worship upholds this absurd claim," concluded Mr. Cherry, "then your worship is an even bigger ass than I thought!" (Loud laughter.)

His worship held that the claim was grossly inflated, and he awarded plaintiff one farthing damages.

Defendant pleaded poverty, whereupon his worship remarked that the sum could be paid by weekly instalments.

REPORT IN BRIEF.

William George Bunter was charged with stealing a loaf of bread, the property of Mrs. Jessie Mible.

Magistrate: I have always maintained that you are a "loafer" of the worst type! You've not been properly "bred." Fifteen strokes with the court poker.



THE other evening I was wrapping up a pair of football-boots in a manuscript entitled "The Exploits of Puncher Pound, the Pugnacious Pug," submitted to the "Herald" by Percy Bolsover, when our esteemed editor tripped head over heels into the study.

"Why the dickens don't you get another doormat, instead of this crazy, lop-sided apology for one?" he grunted, as he nursed his twisted nose.

"Most chaps use it for wiping their feet on, not their faces," I replied soothingly. "Still, if you'll let me write a good series on 'How to be a Heavy-weight Champion, by One Who Knows,' for the 'Herald,' and give me a quid an article, with a couple of tins of sardines thrown in, I'll—"

"No, you won't!" interrupted Wharton. "If you were a Billy Beckett or a Joe Wells I'd let you have a page all to yourself, like Syd Puddefoot has. However, Smithy," he added, growing more amiable as he helped himself from a tin of toffee on my table, "many of the readers of the 'Herald' are so keen on sports and hobbies of various sorts that they are clamouring for special 'corners' dealing with these subjects. Dick Penfold is going to conduct the Hobbies department, and as you're the Sports Editor—although a pretty dud one—I want you to get busy writing up some interesting pars. on footer, boxing, ping-pong, and other violent winter exercises."

"Oh, I say, Wharton!"
Both Harry and I swung round as a fat head and a pair of little round spectacles appeared at the half-open door. Then the ponderous form of Billy Bunter inserted itself into the study.

"Oh, I say, Wharton," repeated the Owl of the Remove, "if you want a jolly good sports column, why not let the best sportsman at Greyfriars write it? Now, I'll do it, you know, if you keep me in doughnuts and—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Wharton. "I want a column dealing with boxing matches and so forth—not with pork-pie-eating contests! Buzz!"

But Bunter buzzed not.
"Look at the jolly fine literature I used to write for the 'Herald,'" he said, "like 'My Cricket Kollum,' which I did last summer."

"Yes, and look how you spelt the rotten stuff!" said Wharton. "F'rinstance, there aren't two 'k's' in 'cricket.'"

"No, but there are two 'jays' in this room!" retorted the Porpoise, looking at Harry and me.

"Well, look here, Billy," said Wharton, with a wink to me, "some of my reader chums have written saying that their footer-boots have gone cracked and hard, and demand a remedy for softening 'em; others say their boots are so soft they hurt their tootsies, and want to know how to harden 'em. Now, what do you know about such a subject? How would you tell whether a pair of footer-boots were in proper condition?"

"By the feel of 'em," replied Billy promptly.

"Well, is this pair hard or soft?"

And Wharton sent my damaged football-boots skimming across the room, straight at the intruder.

"Ooooh! Grooogh!" gasped the Porpoise, as he stopped them with a manly chest and collapsed into the passage outside. "Ow! You beast, Wharton—"

But without more ado the editor slammed the study door and drew some letters from his pocket.

"I was going to answer these through the post, Smithy," he said, "but as quite a number of Heraldites ask the same questions about sport, you can reply to 'em through the medium of your 'corner.'"

"Consider the job done!" I said cheerfully. "You shall have enough copy for three issues in half an hour. Meanwhile, send along one of those tuck hampers on account."

When Wharton had gone I settled into an armchair and looked through some of the letters he had left behind. There were all sorts of queries from readers, from such questions as: "How many goals did the Wigan Vampires score against the Oldham Oddfellows in 1847?" to "What was the name of the Hindu gentleman who once trained a team of elephants to play water-polo?" By bed-time my brain was in a whirl!

"Well, what about that sports' copy you were going to let me have to-night for the 'Herald,' Smithy?" asked Wharton when I saw him in the Remove dormitory. And I thought I detected a twinkle in his eye.

Then, before I could think of a suitable reply, Wingate, the captain of Greyfriars, put his head in and shouted:

"Lights out!"

I shall be only too delighted to hear from all chums interested in footer, boxing, hockey, or any other sport, and I shall always be ready to answer questions, settle disputes, and give advice on all sporting subjects as far as lies in my power.—VERNON-SMITH.





Our Hobbies Corner

Conducted by
DICK PENFOLD

My Weekly Interview

By the Special Representative of
"The Greyfriars Herald."
This week:
EPHRAIM TAGGLES

I WAS interrupted the other day by the door of Study 9 being kicked open, and the appearance of the Editor, who came staggering into the room with an immense pile of letters.

"It's got to be done!" he gasped.
"What's got to be done, chappie? Don't talk in riddles!"

Before replying, the great man bumped the letters on the table, then gave a sigh of relief. I waited for him to explain.

"For the last few weeks we've been bombarded with letters from readers, and almost every one of them are suggesting or asking for a special Hobbies Corner. You might read one or two of them, and get busy with this new stunt."

"Leave it to your Uncle Dick, old top!" I said.

Then, seating myself in the arm-chair, I commenced to scan the epistles. There were several asking for a Stamp Corner, and Miss Maisie Meggs, of Preston, wanted to know how to keep Persian cats and white mice. As far as Miss Maisie is concerned, I advise her to keep them apart!

H'm! That means Uncle Dick has something to work on! All right; I guess I can fix you up in next to no time!

Stamps—Chinese Dragons!

You've often seen them, the old type of Chinese stamps, with the quaintly drawn dragon in the centre panel; that's the chief characteristic of those old stamps. Even in the present issues they have still this old emblem, although the design varies in some of them.

The dragon, a fearsome-looking beast, was clearly seen on the first issues, which were much larger than those of to-day, and they were always to be found on un-watermarked paper.

The Chinese Imperial post was established in 1861. That was when the Customs put in their oars and took over the distributions of the mails by small coasting steamers. Later on, in 1878, they enlarged the organisation, and it became the Imperial Maritime Customs Post. There is no fun in stamp-collecting unless you look into the history of your specimens, but you need only do it in the small way, as I've shown you with the above.

Photography—The Cause of Double Outline.

To turn the subject of the conversation into a different channel. Have you ever discovered the reason of the double outline to details on many of the pictures taken with a very cheap camera? The cause lies in the movement of the camera itself or of the

object photographed. In the latter case the shutter has worked too slowly, and the camera was moved during the time the exposure was being made. Until you get used to them, small and light cameras are rather difficult to hold steadily, and the best way to do this is to press the camera against the body, and to hold your breath when releasing the shutter, rather than in the hands alone. Just you try this the next time.

Pets—Position of the Rabbit-Hutch.

I was asked the other day by one of the fellows in what position it is advisable to place a hutch. I told him that a rabbit to be healthy must be hardy, so his hutch should stand where it can get as much fresh air as possible.

Cold will not hurt the rabbit when once out of the nest, nor will a little rain upon its fur, and it is very fond of basking in the sun. Nevertheless, it must have a dry bed and out of the way of draughts, and—still another important point—the hutch needs protection from the rough weather.

Entomology—Beetle Collecting.

To boys and girls entomology merely consists of the collecting of moths and butterflies, but there is another branch of this interesting study which has very few followers, and that is the collecting of beetles.

There are many more kinds of beetles than of butterflies and moths, and the collector has a splendid chance of making new discoveries and securing many rare and beautiful specimens.

One of the commonest beetles that can be seen on almost every country road is known as the Devil's Coach-horse. It is a black insect, and about an inch long, and when excited it has a peculiar habit of bringing its tail over its head. In this it apes the tropical scorpion; nevertheless, it is quite harmless.

In further chats I will deal with the setting and mounting of the Devil's Coach-horse, fretwork, the making of Meccano models, coin-collecting, and other interesting hobbies, as well as referring again to those already dealt with. Meanwhile, I shall be glad to hear from fellows interested in hobbies, and if they have any questions that puzzle them I will do my best to give them the information at my disposal.

Letters relating to hobbies should be addressed to "The Greyfriars Herald," The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, and envelopes marked in the corner, "Hobbies."

"SINGLE to Rylcombe, please!" I said, as I trickled into the little booking-office at Friar-dale station.

"First-class, sir?" asked the clerk.

"Yes, thanks! How are you?"

The clerk gave a snort.

"Are you travelling first or third?" he demanded.

"I shall travel first," I replied, "with a third-class ticket!"

The ticket was handed over, and I was soon being whirled along the iron way to Rylcombe, which is the station for St. Jim's. The editor had ordered me to go thither to interview Taggles, the porter.

Now, I had only seen Taggles once or twice, and he had seemed to me to be the prototype (good word, that!) of Goshing, our own porter. I remembered that he wore an ancient coat, and an ancient hat, and that he sported side-whiskers. I also remembered that he had a weakness for ginger-beer, strongly diluted with gin.

When I toddled up to the porter's lodge at St. Jim's, I saw Taggles leaning heavily on a broomstick.

But was it really Taggles? I begun to have my doubts. Somehow, the person I confronted didn't seem quite so tall as Taggles, and his side-whiskers appeared considerably longer. I chuckled softly to myself.

This, I reflected, is a jape. One of the St. Jim's fellows—Kerr of the New House, most likely—is impersonating Taggles. He knew I was coming to-day, and he hopes to spoof me. Well, he'll be jolly unlucky!

The individual, who was leaning on the broomstick, fixed me with a ferocious glare.

"Wot I says, is this 'ere—'oo are you, an' woder you want in this 'ere hestabishment for the sons of gen'l'men?" he demanded.

"By Jove!" I muttered. "This fellow Kerr is a born actor! His disguise is nearly perfect, and what's more, he can mimic Taggles' voice to perfection! Still, he's not going to pull the wool over the eyes of a cute customer like me."

Then, raising my voice, I said: "The game's up, old sport!"

"Eh? Wot game?"

I made a grab at the imposter's long side-whiskers, expecting them to come away in my hand. But they didn't!

And then I realised the awful truth. The face-fungus was genuine, and the fellow wasn't an imposter at all. It was Taggles! With a whoop of anguish, he raised his broom aloft, and brought it down with a series of sickening thuds on my anatomy. As I fled wildly to the school gateway I realised that I had been a little too smart for once!

THE END.





THE MYSTERY OF THE MIDNIGHT MAIL

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

W. MURRAY GRAYDON

A Desperate Struggle—Put to Flight—The Rescued Girl—Oliver gets some Interesting Information from Molly Garrish—Off to the Farm.

LEAN and wiry though he was Oliver was no match for the burly, powerful convict. He realised that at the first, and was afraid that he was going to get the worst of it. But the fight lasted only for a short time. Each clutching the other, the two scuffled against a flat boulder, and pitched headlong over it with such force that they broke apart. They scrambled to their feet, and the man was about to leap at the lad, his fists clenched, and his face distorted with fury, when Oliver darted back a couple of paces, and picked up a stone that was as large as his hand.

"Don't come any nearer or I'll smash you!" he bade fiercely.

For a moment the convict wavered, and then, judging discretion to be the better part of valour, he turned and plunged into the cover behind him. The dense thickets hid him from view, and as he raced up the slope, his rapid, floundering tread fading to silence, Oliver turned to the girl, who had now recovered from her terror. She smiled at the lad, and he regarded her curiously. He had never seen anybody quite like her before. She was a pretty elfin creature, a daughter of the moor, and attractive in spite of her shabby clothes. She had merry, brown eyes, and a face as brown as a berry, and her tawny hair hung loose on her shoulders.

"How brave you were!" she said. "Oh, how brave! You saved my life! If it hadn't been for you that escaped convict would have killed me!"

"There is no telling what he might have done," Oliver replied. "I hope he didn't hurt you much?"

"No, he didn't have a chance. I had been picking berries, and I saw the man in the bushes. I screamed, and then he jumped out and took me by the throat. I suppose he was afraid I would put the prison warders on his track."

"That was why he attacked you, I dare say. You shouldn't have come alone to this wild place. Who are you, and where do you live?"

"My name is Molly Garrish. My mother is dead, and I live with my father at Tor Farm, over towards Holne."

"You look as if you didn't have a very happy life, Molly."

"I haven't much to complain of. Father neglects me, and lets me run wild. But when he is sober he is kind enough, and when he has been drinking he don't bother about me. He hasn't been himself since mother died. That is what made him take to drink, and I wish he hadn't." The girl paused. "I'm sure you don't belong to Dartmoor," she went on. "What are you doing here?"

Oliver hesitated. He liked the child, and he felt that it might be to his advantage if he were to take her partly into his confidence. At all events, he reflected, it would not do any harm.

"No. I don't belong to Devonshire," he said. "Oliver Steele is my name, and I am from London. I have been searching for a chum of mine, a boy of about my own age, who disappeared more than a week ago. He was kidnapped near Newton Abbot, by a couple of men. They carried him off in a blue motor-car, and I am certain that they are hiding somewhere with him on the moor. But I haven't discovered any trace of the men or their car."

"That must be the car my father told me of last evening," Molly Garrish exclaimed. "He said it was found deserted on Dartmoor!"

"A blue car? Where was it found?"

"Somewhere in the woods off the

road that runs between Princetown and Postbridge. It must have been there for days, for it was damp and rusty."

This was interesting information for the lad, and he briefly considered it.

It was the same car. He hadn't a doubt of it. But that it had been found miles across the moor did not necessarily mean that Peter Chumleigh was a prisoner somewhere in the locality.

On the contrary, it was to be presumed that the men, Sleath and Flindt, had first taken the youth to the place they had in readiness for him; and then, not knowing what to do with the car, and fearing it might betray them, they had driven it to the spot where it had been discovered, abandoned it, and retraced their course on foot.

"I am glad you have told me this," Oliver continued. "I don't believe my chum is over on that part of the moor, though. He is more likely a prisoner in this neighbourhood, and at some house. Can you think of any place where he might be?"

The girl shook her head.

"The only people hereabouts except at the village," she answered, "are my father and I, and a man named Tom Cobleigh."

"Who is Tom Cobleigh, and where does he live?"

"Yonder in the valley of the Double Dart, in a little house that is a couple of miles from anywhere. It was built years ago as a fishing lodge by a gentleman from Exeter. He stopped coming there, and Tom Cobleigh took possession of the house, and nobody has interfered with him. He lives there alone. People say he is daft, and so he is. I am afraid of him. I run when I see him."

"What does he do for a living, Molly?"

"He catches fish sometimes, and sells them. But he must have had a bit of luck lately. He was twice at the White Horse Inn at Holne last week, drinking with father and others and spending money freely. I heard that the landlord changed a five-pound note for him."

"That's rather queer! Where did he get the money from?"

"I don't know. Father asked him that, and he wouldn't tell him."

"Well, I would like to find out. It may be that—"

Oliver broke off abruptly. He had

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. While Oliver is seeking the lad he rescues a girl from an escaped convict on Dartmoor.

just heard a sound like the rattle of a stone in the distance, and as he and the girl gazed beyond them, to the north, they beheld an exciting little drama. The convict had just appeared from the thickets near the crest of the hill, and as he reached the top of it there rose to view, sharp outlines against the skyline, the figures of three men who wore peaked caps and carried rifles. They were prison warders, and the next instant they flung themselves on the convict who offered no resistance. He threw up his hands as he was seized, and shortly afterwards the little party vanished down the farther slope.

"Oh, how glad I am that he has been caught!" Molly Garrish declared.

"Yes, so am I," said the lad, in an absent tone. "The warders must have traced him over here."

He was silent for a little time, pondering over the information he had received. He was strongly inclined to believe, from the fact that the man Cobleigh had displayed so much money at the village inn, that he was an accomplice of the men Sleath and Flindt, and that Peter Chumleigh was a prisoner at the lonely house in the valley of the Dart. He would make a search there, he told himself, and would drop Raymond Steele a line telling him of his discovery. But he would have to work slowly and carefully, and he must find some place to lodge while he was engaged in his task. An idea occurred to him.

"How far from here do you live?" he inquired.

"Only about a mile," the girl answered, "in the direction of the village."

"I want to stay somewhere in this neighbourhood. I wonder if your father would board and lodge me for a few days, while I am having a look round?"

"Of course he will. He'll be grateful to you for saving my life."

"Well, I'll go home with you and ask him. But first I must get my bicycle, which I left behind when you called for help. You wait here, Molly. I sha'n't be long."

And with that, leaving the girl by the stream, Oliver started up the wooded hillside, whistling as he went. He was in cheerful spirits, elated by what he had learned. He had discovered an important clue, and he was confident that it would not be long ere Peter Chumleigh had been found and rescued.

"I'll write to the gov'nor this evening, and post the letter at the village," he reflected. "I dare say he is at the Red Lion Hotel at Newton Abbot by now, and wondering why he hasn't heard from me."

Word From Oliver—Squire Chumleigh Pays a Visit to the Detective—The Letter From London—Steele Decides What to Do—Footsteps in the Passage.

RAYMOND STEELE did not give much further thought to Ralph Vanderling. He judged that he was staying somewhere in Newton Abbot, but he did not attempt to ascertain where. Though there were ugly suspicions in his mind, he was much less concerned about the gentle-

man from New York than he was in regard to Oliver.

More than a week had elapsed since he had heard from his young assistant, and his apprehensions increased during the day, after his return from Chumleigh Hall. He spent a restless night, and the next morning, greatly to his relief, he found a letter from the lad awaiting him when he went down to breakfast. It was brief, and not very satisfactory. The letter had been written at Tor Farm on the evening of the previous day, and posted at the village of Holne.

Oliver merely stated that he had obtained a fresh clue which was of an encouraging nature, and that he would be staying at the farm while he sought for the hiding-place of Peter Chumleigh and his captors. He also mentioned that a deserted car, blue in colour, had been found in a wood on the road between Princetown and

an impulse to learn where the man was staying if he could, and set a watch on his movements. But he was the more inclined to join Oliver at Tor Farm, and he had decided that he would do so, when, hearing a clatter of hoofs and wheels, he glanced from the window, and saw a smart trap stop in front of the hotel.

It was driven by an elderly gentleman with a florid complexion and grey whiskers, and seated behind was a groom in livery. The gentleman was Squire Chumleigh. A conservative of the old school, chary of modern inventions, he cordially detested motor-cars, and would have nothing to do with them.

"He must have some news for me," Steele reflected.

He was seen at the window by the squire, who descended from the trap, and hastened into the building. He had an envelope in his hand, and his



As Steele mounted the hotel stairs, he saw a man glide into his room.

Postbridge; and when Steele had finished his breakfast he went to the smoking-room, where he picked up a local newspaper that had just been published, and read a paragraph relating to the discovery of the blue car. Shrugging his shoulders, he dropped into a lounge-chair, and lit his pipe.

"A blind, of course!" he murmured. "Those clever scoundrels abandoned the car because it was a source of danger to them, and it is safe to assume that they and young Chumleigh are not anywhere near the place where it was discovered. I'll back Oliver to win. The clue he has picked up is probably of importance, and I can trust him to make the most of it. It might be advisable for me to assist him, though."

Two other persons who were in the room presently left, and nobody else came in. For half an hour the detective sat there, deep in thought, by an open window that looked on to the street. His suspicions of Ralph Vanderling recurred to him, and he had

cheeks were flushed with indignation as he entered the smoking-room.

"You were right, Mr. Steele!" he cried angrily. "Quite right! My grandson was not killed in the disaster to the mail! He is alive and a prisoner, in the clutches of those villains, Sleath and Flindt! I have heard from one of them this morning! He has had the audacity—the infamous audacity—to write to me demanding a preposterous sum of money for the release of the boy!"

"From where, sir?" Steele quietly asked.

"From London! They've got Peter up there! And they want fifty thousand pounds, confound them! Of all the brazen impudence!"

"It is just what I expected, squire!" "They won't get it! Not a penny, be assured! By heavens, it is enough to make my blood boil! Fifty thousand! But we'll have them trapped, you and I! There is a fast train to town at noon, and—"

Squire Chumleigh paused, his voice choked with rage. He sat down, and

gave the letter to the detective who read it aloud. It bore a London post-mark, and it ran thus;

"Dear Sir,—You will be greatly relieved and surprised to learn that your grandson is not dead. He is alive, and in our power. He is receiving the best of treatment, and he will be set free on the condition that you pay to us the sum of fifty thousand pounds in cash. It will be no loss to you, as the boy is heir to a million, and his guardian will doubtless cable the amount to you if you communicate with him. We mean business, and we will not abate our demand. It would be useless for you to try to find us, and we warn you not to inform the police. If you do so your grandson's life will be in danger. Should you be willing to agree to our demands—you will be very foolish if you don't—write to me to Number 87, Foxley St., Lambeth, London, S.E. You will then receive another letter from us giving you implicit instructions as to the payment of the money. We warn you, also, for your own sake and the sake of your grandson, not to let Raymond Steele, the private detective, know that you have heard from us. All dealings must be strictly between you alone and ourselves. Faithfully yours,
"ALEC PRIEST."

Such was the letter which had been posted in the Lambeth district. The detective read it again, and nodded to Squire Chumleigh, whose wrath broke out afresh. He shook his fist, and thumped the arms of his chair.

"Fifty thousand pounds!" he spluttered. "The audacity of it! The daring miscreants! They shall suffer for this!"

"Keep cool!" bade Steele. "There is nothing to be gained by losing your temper."

"I know that! But I can't help it! I wish I could get my hands on those scoundrels! The writer of the letter, who signs himself Alec Priest, must be either Herbert Sleath or Jason Flindt, I suppose?"

"One or the other. It is certain that they are the men who kidnapped young Peter."

"Yes, so you told me yesterday. By the way, what led them to warn me not to have any communication with you regarding the affair?"

"I can account for it. While Gregg and the boy were in London the men watched them, and thus they discovered that I was to protect your grandson on the journey down to Devonshire. Moreover, they had a good look at me, and knew who I was, the morning Oliver and I followed the tracks of their car, and the shot was fired at me."

"Well, it is fortunate that I have had this letter," said the squire, who was somewhat calmer now. "It will be an easy matter, I should think, to have the villains arrested. We will set a trap for them, and once they are in custody they may be willing to tell us where Peter is."

"I am sorry to shatter your hopes, sir, but you are wrong," Steele replied. "There is no chance of trapping the men."

"Indeed! Why not?"

"Because they are too clever to run any risk. They have laid their plans

carefully. They no doubt have an accomplice who is helping them. He wrote the letter, and the address he gave you is probably a small shop in Lambeth where sweets and newspapers are sold."

"And what of it, Mr. Steele?"

"Simply this. The accomplice is not known at the shop. No information about him can be had there. He will be on his guard watching the place, and should a trap be set for him he would discover it and keep away. He would not call at the shop for any letter addressed to Alec Priest."

"I understand. Yes, I dare say you are right!"

"I am sure I am, sir. The letter will not be of any assistance."

Squire Chumleigh shook his head gravely, and gazed at the detective in blank consternation.

"What is to be done?" he asked. "Must fifty thousand pounds be paid to those ruffians?"

"No, not by any means," Steele sharply declared. "Ignore their demand. The situation is not discouraging. I have just heard from my boy Oliver. He is at a farm on Dartmoor, and he has a fresh clue which he regards as promising. I shall join him to-day, and help him in his task."

"You think Peter and his captors are somewhere on the moor?"

"I am convinced that they are, and I am hopeful of finding them before long."

"And the letter I have received? Am I not to reply to it?"

"Not for the present, at least. Be guided by my advice. Leave all to me, and don't worry about your grandson. His life is not in any danger, and it won't be."

"But if the men should not hear from me they may—"

"It won't make any difference, squire. But they will do no harm to the boy. They expect to play a waiting game. They are not so stupid as to think that you will at once agree to pay them such a huge sum of money."

There was some further conversation, and then Squire Chumleigh departed in more cheerful spirits, comforted by the detective's assurances, and by his promise to write to him if he should have anything to report. He got into his trap and drove away; and Steele, tapping the ashes from his pipe, left the smoking-room with the intention of packing his bag, and hiring a cab to take him to Tor Farm.

He ascended the stairs, his footsteps being muffled by the rumble of a motor-lorry that was passing the hotel. He had nearly reached the top when he paused, and crouched low. He had just seen a man glide into his bedchamber.

"By Jove, I believe that was Ralph Vanderling!" he said to himself.

"What the deuce can his object be in going there?"

At Tor Farm—Oliver Sets Forth on His Quest—In the Gorge of the Dart—A Startling Encounter.

ON the morning of that same day, while Raymond Steele was reading the letter from his young assistant at the Red Lion Hotel at

Newton Abbot, Oliver awoke from slumber in a cosy bedroom that seemed unfamiliar to him.

When he had got out of bed and dressed, he descended the stairs, and sat down with Molly and her father to an appetising breakfast, to which he did full justice. Jacob Garrish presently went out to feed his cattle, and a little later, having had a talk with the girl and obtained instructions from her, Oliver left the house and set off on his quest on foot, leaving his bicycle behind.

"If the gov'nor is at Newton Abbot, he has had the letter by now that I posted last evening," he reflected. "I dare say he will come over here in the course of the day, and meanwhile I'll try to learn something. I must be very cautious, though. If that fellow Tom Cobleigh were to see me prowling about he would be suspicious, and the game would be spoilt. I'll have a look at his place, and that's all. I won't venture too near."

The weather on Dartmoor is capricious and uncertain. The sun was still shining, and there was no breeze. But in half an hour a chill wind sprang up, and drifted across the sky. It brought no mist with it, however, to the lad's relief.

He had gone a mile from Tor Farm, heading to the west, with the tiny village of Holne to the south of him, and on all sides the desolate, uninhabited waste of the moor. In another half-mile he reached what was called the Venaford Brook, and then he climbed down into a little valley, and followed the brawling stream amidst a leafy solitude. It led him for a considerable distance before he came to where it emptied into a larger stream, and here, as he had been told by Molly Garrish, he bore to the right.

He was now in the valley of the Double Dart, which was formed by the two rivers of that name, and flowed to the south-west. It was the wildest and most solitary region on Dartmoor, and it stirred a feeling of awe in Oliver, though he had been in many other wild places.

It was shrouded in purple shadow. The black water swirled rapidly along, now gliding smoothly, now boiling and foaming, now dropping from ledge to ledge into the eddying pools flecked with creamy froth, and now hurling itself against jutting boulders, and twisting this way and that, and shut in by heaps of grey crags, and densely-wooded hills that towered high, and were almost as sheer as precipices.

There was not much room for the lad to walk. For nearly a mile he went slowly on with the sullen roar of the river dinning in his ears, keeping to a narrow margin that was thickly clothed with undergrowth, forcing a passage through it with difficulty. At length, when he felt that he must be drawing near to Tom Cobleigh's abode, he was startled by the snapping of a twig. And the next instant, before he could take to hiding, the bushes close in front of him were parted, and a man appeared to view.

Another long, thrilling instalment of this great detective yarn will appear next Tuesday.

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

2. Secrets of Forward Success

HAVING made myself very clear about this goal-scoring business, we can now proceed to talk about some general principles of how goals are got.

In the first place I should say that the most goals are got by the players who send in the most shots. That isn't such a very obvious statement as it sounds, because I can assure you that there are plenty of quite good teams which are simply throwing away their chances of winning matches by hesitancy in front of goal.

The men won't trust themselves to shoot until they see the goal yawning in front of them, and the consequence very often is that while they are working for a chance which simply can't be missed, a full-back chips in and boots the ball up the field.

The Surprise Shot!

Personally, I don't like to miss a chance of letting fly at the goalkeeper. Sometimes the unexpected nature of the shot will take him by surprise.

I remember a few weeks back I scored a goal in a rather important match simply because I "chanced my arm," as the saying goes.

When the ball was sent across the field to me, I happened to have my back to my opponents' goal, and I could see that I was going to be in a difficulty in getting that ball under control and beating a back who was already on his way towards me at top speed. So, on the spur of the moment, just as the ball dropped at my feet, I swung round and let drive at the goal.

Mind you, I had previous little idea where the goal was, and I spent no time at all in directing my shot. But I had the pleasure of seeing the ball go straight as a die for goal, and it went whizzing into the net with the goalkeeper beaten by the unexpected nature of the shot. Of course, that was a lucky goal—there's no denying that.

But the point about it is just this: If I hadn't tried my luck with



a first-time drive I should probably have lost the ball anyhow.

A Steve Bloomer Reminiscence!

Naturally, when I did let fly at the goal I ran the distinct risk of sending the ball high among the spectators, but that could not have been helped, and the main principle in regard to shooting goals seems to me to be on the old copybook lines: If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again.

You must never forget that the best of goalkeepers are not infallible, and in this connection I remember a very good story which is told in regard to the first appearance of Steve Bloomer in a big team.

Steve had as his partner one Archie Goodall, who was also a far-famed player, and during that first match of Bloomer's Goodall scored a goal with a shot which could not by any stretch of imagination have been called a tip-topper. In fact, it was rather a weak effort, but somehow the goalkeeper misjudged the ball and allowed it to go into the net.

As the players were returning to the centre-line, Bloomer, in his youthful way, said to Goodall: "That was a poor sort of shot to get a goal with, wasn't it?"

Goodall, who had had a long experience of football, turned to his youthful companion.

"Steve," he replied, "when you have been in football as long as I have you will know that the best shots are the ones which get the goals!"

There was a great deal of truth in that reply, and I quote the story to illustrate my point that to shoot hard and shoot often should be among the mottoes of the forwards.

In the ordinary way, the greatest number of goal-scoring chances will come to the centre-forward, because he is in the middle of the field, where he ought to get good passes from the men on either side of him.

Don't Play to the Gallery!

It is the duty of the outside wing men, especially, to swing the ball into the middle quickly and often. One of the biggest mistakes made by outside wing men is that they are inclined to take too long in getting in the pass to the middle of the field. Some of them dodge about hither and thither, entirely forgetting that all the time they are dodging about, the defenders are steadily packing their goal in such a way, that when the outside man does eventually swing the ball into the middle, the inside forwards are so hopelessly covered by defenders that they haven't a dog's chance of getting through.

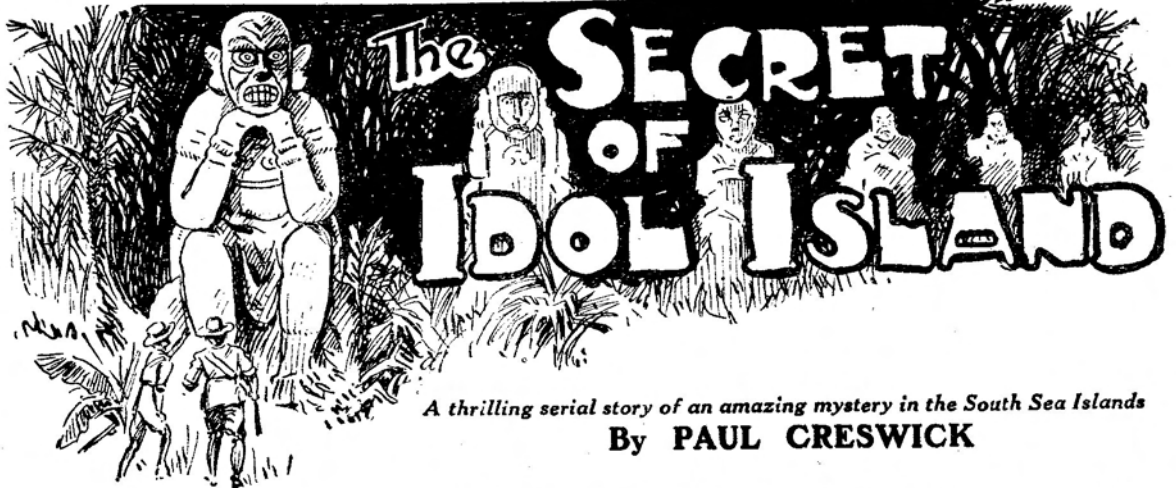
You have all heard and read about particular players "making rings round an opponent." Well, making rings round opponents doesn't pay—especially for the outside wing men. What he should do is beat his man once if necessary, then swing the ball into the middle at the earliest possible moment. Then suddenly dash down the wing, and the quick centre will probably find the defenders well scattered, and the way to goal left comparatively easy for the inside men.

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.



Some forwards dash hither and thither, entirely forgetting that all the time they are dodging about, the defenders are steadily packing their goal.

**CONCLUSION!****The Great Orloff Diamond!**

THE professor, helped by Jack and Curly, carried Dumnoff easily now down the narrow, steel ladder, and laid him upon his bunk.

The sailors had seen the pocket-book pass to Armstrong, and had also watched the professor's attempt to save it as it apparently fell out of the old man's hand into the water. They came back to the platform, muttering to each other.

Armstrong and the professor stepped off the platform of the submarine at the request of one of the two sailors, and joined the others on the ridge. Instantly the submarine was thrust away from the dock-edge. The two Russians ran down the hatchway and closed it. The boat commenced to submerge.

They could do nothing but stare blankly through the half-light at this rapidly departing means of escape. They heard it beating up toward the tunnel to the sea; saw the sudden flare of its searchlight seeking the exact channel. It was gone in a minute more, and the blackness that followed its departure was the blackness of despair.

The oily wash of the disturbed waters gradually stilled itself.

"Put on the torch, professor, will you?" said Armstrong.

The old man's voice sounded dimly:

"I'm sorry—I've dropped it into the sea."

"You've dropped that, too?"

Armstrong couldn't help a strain of bitterness coming into his voice.

"Dumnoff's trust in us was doomed to be short lived," he added. "I'm sorry. Especially, as I gave him my word."

Professor Cordwell said nothing.

"Couldn't we have a try to recover the pocket-book?" questioned Curly.

"You mean the torch," said Professor Cordwell. "I've got Dumnoff's pocket-book."

"You said you had dropped it into the sea, daddy!"

"No, my dear, I didn't. But something had to go over the side of the submarine, or those sailors would have murdered us. They weren't going to let us have all their secrets. So I just managed to let them believe my little torch was the pocket-book."

"Good man!" cried Temple. "Splendid work!"

"Well, we haven't quite got it to the King yet," the professor answered, "and the riddle remains—how are we going to get out of this safe, but not too pleasant place?"

"Open the door again, and, if the water falls, we can get through the arched channel, perhaps," suggested Curly.

"Perhaps," said Armstrong with a sigh. He felt ashamed of having misjudged the professor, and couldn't be happy until he had found the old chap's hand and given it a hard squeeze. "Sorry, sir."

"My dear lad," said the professor, "of course, by all means. I quite understand!"

Curly had opened the door, and the draught of descending air freshened the place. They thought it well to explore the passage anew, even though it was so hopelessly dark. They proceeded as before, in single file, each holding one hand of another, while Armstrong felt his way, as leader, along the wall.

At the branching of the passages they turned, as they thought, sharply to the left; but almost at once a faint light filtered down to them. Proceeding over the sharply-rising, sandy floor with cautious steps Armstrong espied a small opening ahead. Coming to it, they found themselves emerging on the sloping heights above Idols Parade.

They were a full hundred feet above the Parade, with no chance of climbing down to it. Cordelia whistled for the old dog, who had kept close to her, all through. He wagged his stumpy tail as he appeared out of the hole into the cliff. Then he gave a short bark and began to worry his way up the cliff, along a faint track in its steep side. He showed them what might be attempted.

"Old Fidget has four legs, you know," Armstrong reminded them.

But the dog appeared to find no great difficulty in getting to the top. He barked joyfully, and Curly decide to follow.

"I'm lightest," he said.

They had to take the risk. It was not so dreadful, after all.

"Don't attempt to look down," the professor counselled. "Just plug away upward."

The five of them were presently on the high ground near-by their old Bluff Point. There was a grand view of the island and the sea.

"Palm Tree Hill is shutting down its volcano," said the professor.

"And there's a British battleship coming for us," added young Temple. He pointed northward, where, on the horizon, was a line of smoke. It steadily increased.

"We can signal them in about half an hour," said the airman. "I know it's my ship."

His confidence cheered them all.

They sat down on the short grass of the breezy headland. Professor Cordwell produced the pocket-book.

"We had better make an inventory of its contents," he said. "First let us examine these papers." But, as he spoke, the bulky object rolled out of the book. It seemed to be a marble rolled up in tissue paper.

The professor slowly unwrapped the papers until the kernal lay revealed. A huge white stone sparkled in the sunlight, flashing and dazzling their eyes with a thousand lights and colours.

"The Orloff diamond!" gasped Temple.

The Last of the Bolshies!

THE professor turned the wonderful crystal over and over in his hand. It seemed a ball of iridescent fire.

"If this is the Orloff diamond," said he, thoughtfully. "The great Orloff diamond, then we have here the treasure of the world! There is no more valuable diamond known than this one of the poor Czar Nicholas! Is this the secret of Idol Island? All the world would fight for it; lie for it; and murder for it—"

"Not all the world, daddy," Cordelia put in.

"Most of the world," returned her father grimly. He passed the gem from hand to hand, then gave it to Armstrong. "You will have an anxious time until you get rid of this, young sir. I suppose the fact that Dumnoff had it brought those others along in their cruiser? That is why they wanted his body from us—his supposed murderers."

"I still think that the idols are the secret of this island," said Curly

Walker. "I can't explain why, exactly; but those images do seem to know things—and do things. Didn't they conjure up the sea-beast? And the eruption and tidal wave? And make the Bolsheviks fight between themselves?"

"It may be so," answered Professor Cordwell. "There are more things in this world than we, in our philosophy, dream of. So says our great English poet, Shakespeare. But here comes your battleship, Temple. How are you going to signal her?"

"Dash it! I was forgetting I had lost my wireless when I lost my 'plane," said the young airman.

"What about your little jigger, sir?" Armstrong asked of the professor.

"Yes, we must get back to Stone Houses, I think," the old gentleman decided. "How does the land lie? What of our Bolshevik friends who were so anxious for our blood?"

They stood up and surveyed the surf-ridden beach in front of Stone Houses. It was desolate. Each way of the island seemed quiet, as if going to sleep once again. Then suddenly came the boom of a gun. All turned sharply towards the battleship, now standing into the bay.

Flashes of fire heralded quick smoke-puffs from her side. Answering flashes came from the sea.

"The submarines are attacking," cried the airman. "My word—they're asking for trouble!"

Armstrong took the precious pocket-book from the professor and put back the diamond. He carefully bestowed the book inside his tunic. They all stood for a few minutes watching the fight at sea. It was a strange business—in which the odds seemed at first on the undersea craft.

But Temple had no such doubts.

"Look—look! She's going to ram one of them. By Jove, she's on it! Cut clean in halves. And there goes another—middle stumped! What a grand shot, eh?" He almost danced in his excitement. "Oh, that I were in my little 'bus, with a few depth-charges!"

The light of battle shone in his eyes; but Cordelia was afraid.

"It's so dreadful. So awfully cruel."

"It's our side or theirs, my dear," her father told her. "Think of the helpless liners these pests have sunk, without mercy and without attempting to save a soul!"

"Another!" called Temple. "And up goes my chum, Freddie Hope, in his 'bus. He's a marvel. You'll see the end soon enough, now!"

An aeroplane had risen from the deck of the battleship. It was just a speck falling into the sea, and then rising marvelously from it. They saw it lift, and hover over the blue, sun-lit sea, hesitate a little, then flutter almost like a bird.

"There goes a charge!" Temple shouted. "Oh, bravo, sir! Bravo! First time does it!"

An upward spout of water from the sea—and it needed no imagination to understand the fate of the submarine.

One of them got home a torpedo. The great battleship's nets saved her. The fish-like missile exploded viciously

under the bows of the big moving warship.

The end was nearer even than Temple thought. The firing died down. The aeroplane circled and circled, and dropped two more depth-charges. Another hit was scored.

"Let us go back to No. 1 Stone Houses and get in a signal," said the professor. "Otherwise we shall be overlooked. It is pretty evident that we and the natives, and the idols, are now the only inhabitants of Easter Island!"

Homeward Bound!

THE professor's little wireless set at Bluff Point managed to tap that on the big battleship.

A few brief words in Morse explained matters sufficiently. The professor looked round upon his little party.

"They're sending a boat," he an-



The professor slowly unwrapped the papers. Then a huge white stone rolled out and sparkied in the sunlight.

nounced. "Get ready, all of you. They're rather in a hurry. I understand they are trying to hunt down the leader—the big man behind this Bolshevik plot."

"I wonder who he is?" queried Curly.

Professor Cordwell pointed to the restless sea.

"Who he was," he said quietly. He added, "I fancy we can tell them!"

"Dumnoff?"

"That was one of his names, I reckon." He addressed himself to Armstrong. "I should pass that pocket-book on to the captain of the dreadnought, out yonder."

"My own idea, sir!"

Twenty minutes later a boat put in for them.

"My hat, we are a company of scarecrows!" said Curly. "And don't I want a bath!"

They received the heartiest of welcomes from the captain of the big British warship. Landing-parties made a thorough search of the island.

No Bolsheviks were left—as least no living ones. Many were found dead by the Foreland pool, and were reverently buried. The natives remained peaceful and indolent. The idols on the Parade were photographed.

"There's not much change on Easter Island," the weather-beaten captain of H.M.S. Endymion told them. "I have known, the island for twenty years, and it remains just the same. Silent, brooding, and an eternal riddle!"

"It has been very wide-awake for the last few days," said Jack Armstrong.

They told the captain and his officers of the eruption, the volcano—the tidal wave.

"They have left no traces, then," said one of the officers.

Soon the party had bathed, eaten, and generally restored themselves to everyday life. Temple had lent them clothes—Cordelia had been suited somehow.

"Well, we must get along with our lawful occasions," said the captain.

"We have to hunt out the leader of this Bolshevik gang."

"A big, bearded fellow?" asked Professor Cordwell.

"Tremendous, yes. Dumnoff's one of his names. He has some stolen property on him which we are rather keen on recovering."

"Jack has it!" cried Cordelia.

The pocket-book was examined. "You are in luck, young gentleman! This pocket-book contains all that we seek, and, more. It shall go to the King, I pledge you my word. I shall recommend you for a substantial reward, also."

"So that was the secret of Idol Island!" exclaimed Curly. "By jingo, I'm glad it wasn't the idols!"

Professor Cordwell smiled.

"Perhaps they helped," he said.

"Who knows?"

Cordelia put out her hand.

"Congratulations, Jack. I'm so very, very glad."

Armstrong glanced from one to the other of his friends.

"We're all in this equally!" he declared positively.

THE END.

Don't miss the first chapters of the magnificent new School-Boxing serial which will appear appear next Tuesday!—Your Editor.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The views of my readers, given below, Are not necessarily mine, you know.—Ed.

Colossal Check!

The following precious communication has come to hand from an enterprising native of the Gold Coast:

To the Editor of "The Greyfriars Herald."

Most Adored Sir,—I have perused your beautiful paper this long time with much instruction and delight, and I see on front page your handsome name and photograph. So I write to say what I think of your wonderful journal, which I esteem and prize and great amusement derive from which.

If you will ask your friends to send me their valuables—such as gold watches and electric torches and pen-knives—I will in return send them postcard pictures of my native land in which I do myself the honour to live.

Tell your beautiful friends to despatch their toys and trinkets without delay, and I also without delay will send pictures for the adornment of their lovely albums.

I worship your amazing paper, and I hope every success will come from which.

I beg and pray to subscribe myself, in the good health which leaves me at present,—Your humble servant the honour I have which to be,

OBADIAH TOMKINS.

P.S.—I with eagerness shall look forward to the valuable properties you without delay will send me which.

(Our grasping friend will look forward in vain! He seems to be imbued with the same business instincts as Fisher T. Fish. But if he imagines we are willing to part with our "valuable properties" in exchange for a few paltry picture-postcards, he imagines a vain thing!—Ed.)

A Fag's Grievance!

To the editor of the greyfriars herald.

Dear wharton just a few lines hoping you are absolutely fed-up as it

leaves me at present i have been fagging for lodger of the 6th and i find him a hard taskmaster he's allways lamming me with his ashplant only the other day he put me akross the sofa in his studdy and i received a duzzen strokes with it i don't think it's fare do you and i hope you will use yore inflewense to get fagging abolished its a crool shame that we should have to run abowt from morning till nite and never get any rest or lezzure i spoke to yung tubb abowt this and he agrees with evverything I say and we hope you will use yore best endevvers to get us eksempt from fagging and if you do this we shall be yore oblidged and greatfull servent

DICKY NUGENT.

(One of the members of our editorial staff read this letter aloud and he was quite out of breath by the time he had finished because Master Nugent hadn't put in any punctuation marks and when one gets a letter like that it is difficult to tell where it begins and where it ends with regard to the question of abolishing fagging we regret to inform our young friend that we are unable to take any steps in the matter and we should advise him to carry on and not keep making complaints which it is not in our power to rectify. Phew! —Ed.)

A Howl From Highcliffe.

To the Editor of "The Greyfriars Herald."

Dear Sir,—With regard to the footer match which was played between your school and ours on Saturday last, I and several other chaps are of the firm opinion that your victory was a howling fluke!

Bob Cherry's winning goal was screamingly funny. He made a wild kick, intending to pass the ball to Wharton, and instead he fluked it into goal!

You Greyfriars fellows can account yourselves extremely lucky to have won the match.—Yours defiantly,

"SPORTSMAN."

(It seems to us that our correspondent has hardly chosen a suitable nom-de-plume!—Ed.)

EXTRAX FROM MY KORRISPONDENSE

BY BILLY BUNTER

I.

"Dear Aunt Prudence,—I hope you are kwite well as it leeves me at present with a sinking feeling in my interior.

"I no you will be greeved to here that I am wasting away to a shaddo, and I shall soon be a walking skellington unless I have plenty of nurrishing food. So please send by return a tuck-hamper, krammed with good things. Please put the hamper on rale at wunce, or it will arrive too late to save—Yore luvving nevvev, "W. G. BUNTER."

II.

"My dear William,—I am greatly alarmed to learn of your condition, and I hasten to send you a liberal supply of Porker's Patent Food for Fattening Frail and Feeble Folk. You should take two tablespoonfuls directly after meals, and a change for the better will soon be manifest.

"That you will soon begin to put on flesh, and become a bonny, bounding boy again, is the sincere wish of—Your devoted

"AUNT PRUDENCE."

III.

"Dear Aunt Prudence,—I took a dose of the fattening food, and it's a wonder I'm alive to tell the tail. I've never tasted such beestly stuff in my life. Groo!

"What I wanted was a hamper of good, wholesome tuck, such as cossidge-rolle, doe-nuts, rabbit-pies, and so fourth.

"I am suffering feerful panes as I rite, and I hope you will come kwickly to my reskew with the tuck-hamper.—Yore luvving nevvev,

"W. G. BUNTER."

IV.

"My dear William,—I have been in communication with your headmaster, and he tells me that the 'feerful panes' you are suffering are the result, not of being underfed, but of over-eating. I have therefore requested Dr. Locke to place you on short commons for a week, and I trust that a course of frugal fare will soon relieve you of any feeling of internal discomfort.—Your devoted

"AUNT PRUDENCE."

That was the finnishng tuck!—W. G. B.

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THE CASE OF THE CHARLADY!

Our Great New Series dealing with the Amazing Adventures of

HERLOCK SHOLMES
DETECTIVE

Written by

PETER TODD

I.

WITH his usual politeness Herlock Sholmes removed his feet from the table as the ringing of our bell in Shaker Street announced a caller.

"A client," remarked Sholmes. As a creaking on the stairs sounded, Sholmes rose to tidy the room for the reception of our visitor. Having covered the cocaine cask with the heartlug, he went to the window and gazed out on the rain-swept expanse of Shaker Street.

A moment later Mrs. Spudson entered with a buxom member of her own sex in tow.

"Mrs. Clutterbuck," announced our landlady.

"Pray be seated," murmured Sholmes without turning. Then as Mrs. Spudson withdrew and closed the door, he added: "It's a bad morning for shopping, isn't it, madam?"

The lady sank into an armchair with a gasp.

"How—"
"But it is better than the hot weather for a lady of your proportions, eh, Mrs. Buttercluck?"

"Clutterbuck! Clutterbuck is my name," said the visitor, with a touch of annoyance in her voice. "But how on earth, Mr. Sholmes, did you know I had been shopping, and—"

"In need of a course of weight-reducing exercise?" Sholmes turned from the window with a smile. "It was simple. My supersensitive nasal organ detected the presence of a haddock in the string-bag you are carrying, madam. From the creaking of the springs of the armchair as you sat down, I deduced you were a woman of —er—comfortable proportions."

This display of my amazing friend's acute perspicacity had its due effect on our client. She fanned herself with the bag containing the haddock for some seconds without speaking.

"And now, madam," said Sholmes settling himself in an armchair opposite the lady and placing the tips of his fingers together, "you have come here for the purpose of consulting me."

With an effort Mrs. Clutterbuck roused herself.

"You are right, as you invariably appear to be, Mr. Sholmes," she said. "I want your help in unravelling an extraordinary mystery that has baffled my husband and me for the past month."

"The past month!" echoed Sholmes. "What steps did you take

prior to calling here towards solving it?"

"We called in the aid of the police."

Sholmes eyed Mrs. Clutterbuck severely.

"I said what steps did you take towards solving it?" he said. "However, first explain the nature of this baffling mystery."

"It concerns the family linen, Mr. Sholmes," said Mrs. Clutterbuck. "Each Tuesday morning this is washed and hung in the back garden to dry by Mrs. Scrounger, a charlady who visits me daily. On the last four occasions when the washing has been brought in from the garden the pillow-cases, shirts, handkerchiefs, and other articles have been in threads. They looked as though some fiend armed with a sharp rake had been at work on them. With linen at its present price, Mr. Sholmes, my husband and I have been nearly distracted."



Sholmes and Jotson peered round the glass-doors.

Mrs. Clutterbuck wrung her hands in her agitation.

"And neither you nor Mrs. Scrounger have any suspicions as to how or by whom this destruction has been caused?" said Herlock Sholmes.

"I haven't, but Mrs. Scrounger believes that some neighbour with a grudge against me destroys the clothes."

"How long has Mrs. Scrounger been in your employ?"

"A matter of six weeks, Mr. Sholmes," said Mrs. Clutterbuck.

"Surely it's very unusual for a charlady to stoop to the washing tub?" said Herlock Sholmes.

"It is," replied our client, "but Mrs. Scrounger is a paragon among charlades. Of course, she uses the best drawing-room for her washing operations, and neither my husband and myself are allowed in there during the process. Mr. Clutterbuck and I consider ourselves extremely lucky to have the use of her services."

"So I presume," said Sholmes, "that on the first two occasions that Mrs. Scrounger did the washing, the laundry was quite O.K."

"Quite—beyond the fact that the linen looked as though it had been dragged through a duck-pond. Anyway, it was not torn at all."

"Have you any enemies among the neighbours as far as you are aware?"

"Absolutely none."
"You have not a baby in the house?"

Mrs. Clutterbuck and I looked at Sholmes in amazement.

"A baby! What has—"

"Answer my question, Mrs. Clutterbuck," said Sholmes severely. "There is no baby in the house."

"Have you a cheap American piano?"

"We have no piano of any sort."
"A gramophone, perhaps?"

"We have a phonograph," admitted Mrs. Clutterbuck. "But we never play it until after eleven o'clock at night—and then only the most popular jazz music. We have received several offers for that phonograph, Mr. Sholmes, the neighbours on both sides have expressed a desire to possess it."

"So I should imagine," remarked Sholmes drily. He rose to his feet. "By the way, where was Mrs. Scrounger employed before she came to you?"

"The Disham Steam Laundry at Disham."

"Ah," said Sholmes. "Well, I must bid you good-morning, Mrs. Clutterbuck. I am busy at present on the case of the missing link, and my dear friend Jotson must attend to a few of his patients, who show alarming symptoms of recovery. Leave your card with me. You may expect a visit from me next Tuesday."

II

SHOLMES preserved a complete silence concerning the case of the charlady. He did not even seem to occupy his mind with the matter. My eager inquiries merely elicited from him the remark that the case was really too simple for his metal.

On Tuesday morning he was particularly cheerful.

"Come, Jotson," he said cheerily, "we have an engagement at Mrs. Clutterbuck's residence to-day."

Linking his stick affectionately in my ear, he led me into the street.

Instead of going to the front door of the Clutterbuck's suburban house, Sholmes led the way over a garden wall at the back of the house. Steam was issuing from between the open glass-doors of the drawing-room.

"Prepare for the dénouement, Jotson," said Sholmes cheerfully.

Together we made our way to the glass-door and peered in. There, before a large wash-tub, with her sleeves rolled up, was a large woman, without doubt, Mrs. Scrounger, the charlady.

(Concluded at foot of next page.)



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

Left Him Stoney!

At a tavern in a small country village a commercial traveller leaned against the bar eyeing the men gathered round.

"I say," he exclaimed suddenly, addressing one and all. "I'll bet a sovereign that I have the hardest name in this tavern."

"Done," returned one of the men, a hawny farmer. "What's your name, lad?"

"Stoney!" answered the commercial traveller.

"Ho, ho!" roared the farmer, slapping his sides. "My name's Harder. Pay up, please!"—Sent in by J. E. Wood, 40, Station Road, Langley Mill, Netts.

Phew!

Binks: What's the difference between a gardener, a billiard player, a gentleman, and a verger?

Hinks: I'm afraid I'll have to give that one up.

Binks: Why, the answer is obvious. A gardener minds his peas, a billiard player minds his cues, a gentleman minds his p's and q's, and a verger minds his keys and pews!—Sent in by George Bernard, 7, Inverleith Gardens, Edinburgh.

THE CASE OF THE CHARLADY!

(Continued from previous page.)

In her hand she held a heavy studded roller with which she was pounding a wet tablecloth laid out on a washing-board full of brass nails. By her side was a curious collection of gear, including a curry-comb, a bottle of sulphuric acid for removing fruit stains, and a sledge-hammer for the demolition of superfluous buttons on shirts.

"Now, my dear Jotson," said Sholmes. "We will communicate our discovery to Mrs. Clutterbuck, who, though retaining Mrs. Scrounger for ordinary charring purposes, will doubtless deem it advisable to relieve her of her laundry duties."

The Poor Worm!

Fond Mother (to her only son):

Do you admire my new dress, Bertie?

Bertie: Yes, mamma, it's beautiful.

Fond Mother: And, Bertie, all the silk was provided by a poor little worm.

Bertie: Do you mean dad?—Sent in by Horace Jervis, 59, Bankfield Avenue, Rusholme, Manchester.

OUR TUCK-HAMPER PRIZE STORYETTE

HIS TAKING WAY!

Judge: Constable, what is this man charged with?

Constable: He's a camera fiend of the worst kind, your worship.

Judge: But he should not have been arrested because he has a mania for taking photos.

Constable: It wasn't the photos he took, your worship—it was the cameras!—Sent in by A. George, 44, Clive Terrace, Byker, Newcastle-on-Tyne, to whom a hamper crammed full of delicious tuck has been despatched.

It Spreads!

Mr. Quelch: An epidemic is something that spreads. Now, Bunter, give me the name of an epidemic?

Billy Bunter: Please, sir, jam!—Sent in by F. G. Harmer, 56, Acacia Road, Bournville, Birmingham.

An hour later, in our rooms at Shaker Street, I sought an explanation from my amazing friend.

"My dear Sholmes," I exclaimed. "What gave you the clue that Mrs. Scrounger was the culprit who destroyed the linen?"

Sholmes rolled the cocaine cask towards him and smiled serenely.

"The mystery was no mystery to me, Jotson," he said, "when I learned that Mrs. Scrounger had been employed in a steam laundry. By inquiring at the Disham Laundry, I discovered that some of the instruments used in their washing process had been missing for several weeks. I immediately deduced that Mrs.

What a Sell!

The inspector was asking Standard Seven a few questions. He had been giving them fairly easy ones, and had received quite good answers.

"Now," he said. "How do bees dispose of their honey?"

Up shot several hands. "Well," he asked, indicating the top boy.

"Please, sir, they cell it!"—Sent in by H. H. Bryant, 36, Paynton Road, Silverhill, St. Leonard-on-Sea.

Couldn't Catch Billy!

William George Bunter was taking little interest in his work, and Mr. Quelch was desperate.

"Bunter," he suddenly demanded, "are you listening?"

"Yessir," answered Bunter.

"Then, perhaps you'll tell me where Nelson was killed?" asked Mr. Quelch grimly.

"Trafalgar Square," piped Bunter, promptly.

"Indeed," was the sarcastic reply. "then, I suppose Wellington was killed at Waterloo Station?"

"No, sir," said Bunter innocently, "that was Napoleon."—Sent in by H. Forster, 14, Marco Road, W.6.

Do It Quietly!

A tramp was sitting on a seat in the park trying to go to sleep. The bell for closing-time had just rung, and the irate gatekeeper, noticing that the tramp made not the slightest attempt to move, went up to him and touched him on the shoulder.

"Now then, hurry up there. I want to close the gate."

"Right-ho, old sport!" came the calm and sleepy rejoinder. "Don't slam it!"—Sent in by C. Smith, 9, Woodend Road, Walthamstow, E.17.

Lost All Right!

Little Tommy went home the other day with a nice new golf ball in his possession.

"Father," he cried joyously, "look at this lost ball I found on the links."

"But, are you sure it was a lost ball, Tommy?" asked his father.

"Oh, yes," said little Tommy. "I saw the man and his caddy looking for it!"—Sent in by F. Johnson, 1, Ena Crescent, Ena Street, Boulevard, Hull.

Scrounger had taken them home with her. For two weeks she did the Cutterbucks' washing without mechanical aid, but, missing the help these afforded, she afterwards brought some of the instruments she had previously used in the steam laundry to the home of the Clutterbucks. The result; my dear Jotson, was as our client described.

Sholmes drowned a sigh in the cocaine cask.

THE END.

Another laughable adventure of Herlock Sholmes will appear next Tuesday entitled: "The Case of the Corn-plaster!" Tell all your chums about this ripping series.