

A SPLENDID NEW SERIAL OF SCHOOL AND SPORT STARTS IN THIS ISSUE!

The Greyfriars

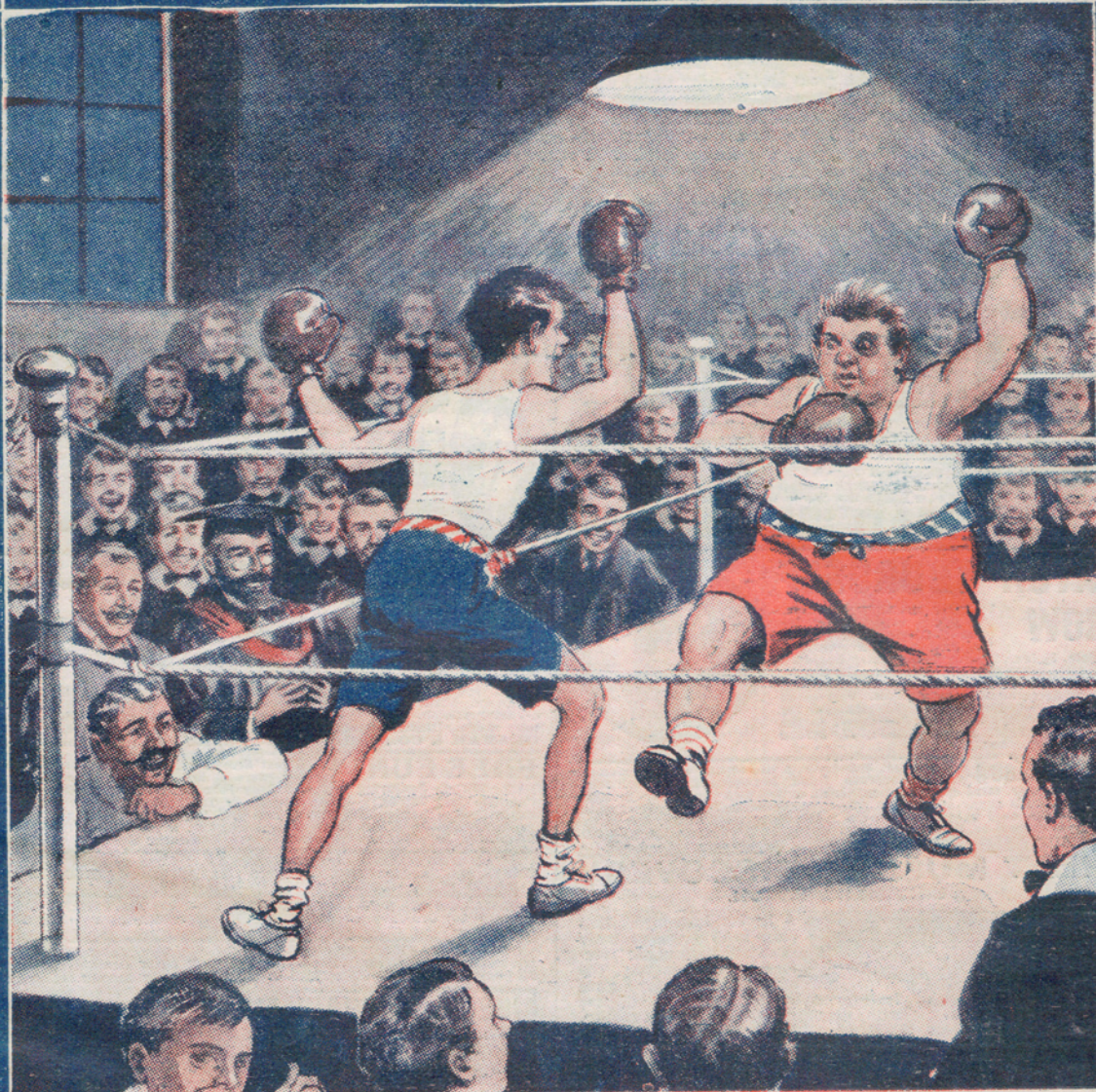


Herald

No. 57 (New Series)

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MORE ENERGY THAN SCIENCE IN THE SCHOOL BOXING CHAMPIONSHIP!

(See our grand new serial story which starts in this issue.)



Editorial

By Harry Wharton.

"THE FIGHTING BREED!"

MY DEAR CHUMS.—On page 7 of this issue you will find the first chapters of a magnificent new serial story by Andrew Gray. It is in the nature of every boy and girl to love a rattling yarn of school and sport, and if I am any judge at all, you will enjoy every word of "The Fighting Breed."

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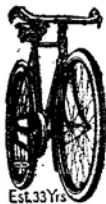
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HARRY.



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By OWEN CONQUEST

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

CHAPTER I.

Toodles, Too!

"ALL ready, Mass' Jack!" Tin Tacks, the coloured gentleman of Barbados, spoke in a whisper.

Jack Drake looked round cautiously.

The tropical sun was blazing down upon the wide waters of the Orinoco, on the little white town of Las Tablas, and on the forests beyond.

The river steamer, that plied on the Orinoco between Trinidad and Bolivar, was moored at Las Tablas. On the deck a crowd of Benbow juniors yawned under the wide awnings. The heat was heavy; under his mosquito-net, Mr. Packe, the master of the Fourth, was dozing.

Far down the river the Benbow was anchored, and Mr. Packe's little party of trippers were well on their way to Bolivar. During the stop at the riverside town of Las Tablas most of the fellows dozed or yawned; there really was nothing else to do in the tropical heat. They were anxious for sundown and the coolness of night.

"Nobody am looking now, Mass' Jack!" whispered Tin Tacks. "Me got Indian canoe—pay three dollar for him. S'pose you come now, all right! You trust ole Tin Tacks."

"Right-ho!" said Drake.

He made a sign to his chum, Dick Rodney.

At that moment Tuckey Toodles of the Fourth rolled out of a hammock under the awnings, and joined his study-mates.

There was a grin on Tuckey's fat face.

As a matter of fact, he had had his eye upon Drake and Rodney for some time, and was well aware that there was something "on."

"You fellows going off the steamer?" he asked.

"Hush!"

"Well, are you going?" asked Toodles. "I'm not going to give you away. In fact, I'm coming with you, old fellow."

Jack Drake compressed his lips.

If the chums of the Benbow were to get off the steamer unseer by Mr. Packe, it was necessary to use the greatest caution. The interposition of Rupert de Vere Toodles bade fair to spoil all.

"You can't come, Toodles!" whispered Rodney.

"Rot!"

"You don't want to, kid," said Drake. "Look here, we're going across the river in a canoe—"

"All right; I'll come."

"You fat ass—"

"Look here, Drake—"



Gripping the club, the Indian crept along the trunk, his eyes fixed on the juniors.

"We're going into danger!" muttered Drake.

"You fathead!" muttered Rodney. "I'm warning you. Look here, Daubeny and Egan and Torrence have cleared off in a canoe with an Indian, and we're going to look for them."

"And I jolly well know where they're gone, then!" said Tuckey Toodles coolly. "I've heard 'em talking about that treasure document. They've gone to look for Peg Slaney's treasure!"

"Yes; but—"

"And you're going after them, to have a paw in the treasure—I know!"

"Nothing of the kind. We're going to save their silly necks."

Toodles winked again.

"Berrer get off, Mass' Jack," whispered Tin Tacks. "I tink de steamer be starting again up de ribber soon. Den too late to go."

"Yes, yes! Tuckey, old man, don't play the goat now," said Drake.

"Keep your mouth shut, kid."

"All right; I'm coming."

"I tell you—"

"You fat duffer—" hissed Rodney.

"I'm jolly well coming!" said Tuckey Toodles determinedly. "I'm not going to be left out when you're looking for a giddy treasure, I can tell you! I say, you'll want me, too—"

"What the thump should we want you for, fathead?"

"To look after you, you know," said Tuckey Toodles calmly. "In fact, I'll be chief of the expedition, you know. You fellows remember how I looked after you in Trinidad—"

"Fathead!"

"Well, I'm coming."

"You're not coming!" hissed Drake.

The two juniors followed Tin Tacks to the side. The black man jumped into the Indian canoe that floated alongside. There was a stack of fruit in the canoe, and Tin Tacks had thrown in a length of canvas. The canoe and the fruit had been purchased from the Carib owner at a

cheap rate by the black gentleman, and all was ready for the start—if Tuckey Toodles could only be disposed of. But that was not easy.

Tuckey followed the chums of the Fourth, still grinning. They jumped into the canoe, and, if anyone on the steamer noticed the action, it looked as if they were only going down to examine the fruit stacked there. Tuckey Toodles coolly followed them.

It was impossible to kick him out without giving the alarm; and Drake was only too well aware of what Mr. Packe would do if he received warning of the intended escapade.

He suppressed his feelings as well as he could.

"Toodles, will you go back?"

"No, I won't!"

"We're going into danger—"

"Rats!"

"Me chuck him on to steamer, Mass' Jack?" asked Tin Tacks.

Tuckey gave a howl.

"Keep off, you black beast! I'll—"

"Quiet!" hissed Drake.

"I'm not going to be quiet if—"

"Shut up, I tell you! Come, if you like, and take your chance," said Jack Drake savagely. "If you get knocked on the head it won't be much loss."

"Rats!"

The juniors sat in the canoe, the steamer's side hiding them from Mr. Packe and the Benbow fellows.

Tin Tacks threw the canvas over them, and pushed off with a paddle.

Anyone looking from the steamer, as the canoe glided away, would probably have supposed that the canvas covered a stack of fruit from the sun's rays.

Tin Tacks paddled swiftly, and the canoe glided fast upon the wide waters of the Orinoco, heading across the great river.

Tuckey Toodles chuckled under the shelter of the canvas.

"This is prime!" he remarked. "I say, Drake, do you know where Daub and Co. are heading for?"

"Yes; the Rio Catalina, on the

other side of the Orinoco," growled Drake.

"Is the treasure there?"

"Fathead!"

"You can keep it dark, if you like, but I tell you I'm jolly well going to be on the scene when it's discovered," said Tuckey Toodles. "I'm not going to be left out of the divvy. No jolly fear!"

"Oh, dry up!"

"Yah!" snorted Toodles.

Jack Drake looked back cautiously from under the canvas cover. Las Tablas was a blur on the bank now; the steamer was a spot against the white of the town. The schoolboy adventurers were safe from recapture—by Mr Packe; though what Mr. Packe would do when he missed them they could not even guess. But that was not the chief thought in their minds at present. Their business at present was to overtake Daubeny and Co., and save them from the fearful peril into which they had so recklessly run.

And as Las Tablas and the steamer faded out of view behind, Jack Drake watched the Orinoco ahead, for a sign of Daubeny's canoe. Mile after mile of brown water vanished under the paddles wielded by the untiring arms of the Barbadian, and the sun was sinking deep behind the sierras in the west.

Round the canoe flowed the limitless waters of the Orinoco—lonely, vast, the current broken by floating logs and tree-trunks, and an occasional alligator, that looked like a floating log. Far ahead were the trees on the northern bank, where the little stream of the Rio Catalina joined the great river—the point that Daubeny and Co. were heading for. As the dusk fell, Drake and Rodney watched with deepening anxiety. And as they neared the bank there came through the thickening dusk a sharp, echoing sound, and they started. It was the sudden crack of a revolver!

A Fight For Life!

"I DON'T like the fellow's looks!" muttered Torrence uneasily.

Daubeny grunted.

"Oh, rot!"

"I tell you he looks——"

"Are you in a funk?" sneered Egan.

"No more funky than you are—not so much, I fancy, if it comes to that," said Torrence scornfully. "But——"

"Shut up—the man understands English!" grunted Daubeny.

Torrence of the Shell held his peace; but his uneasiness did not abate. The Indian canoe, hounded by fire out of a tree-trunk—a heavy and clumsy contrivance—floated under great overhanging branches by the side of the rolling Orinoco.

Daubeny and Co. were far from their schoolfellows now; the vast Orinoco rolled between them and the steamer at Las Tablas.

They sat in the canoe which lurched to the current, clumsily obeying the paddle of the brawny Carib.

High banks, thick with vegetation, were washed by the brown waters. Great boughs hung over the stream,

and black-faced monkeys grinned down at the canoe and chattered. Long streamers of Spanish moss hung suspended from the branches, and some of the trunks, massy as they were, were quite hidden by the network of lianas. It was impossible to look into the forest; trees behind trees, and tangled underwoods, shut off the view. All was dark and solemn and impenetrable.

Perhaps it was dawning upon Daubeny's mind that he had been rash and reckless in making this venture. The treasure clue was in his pocket; but unknown and unnumbered perils lay between him and the buried gold. Without counting the rivalry of Peg Slaney, the one-eyed seaman, there were innumerable dangers—poisonous swamps, poisonous serpents, wild Indians and wild animals—and among the first of the dangers was the Indian whose canoe Daub had hired to cross the Orinoco.

Torrence was watching the man with deep disquietude, as the clumsy log canoe floated in the deep shadow of the branches by the river. The Carib was a muscular man, with a heavy face and glinting, narrow black eyes. More than once his black eyes had turned on the Shell fellows with an expression that Torrence did not like.

"You've got the revolver, Daub?" he whispered, after a silence.

"Yes."

"Loaded?"

"Of course."

"Keep your eyes open for him——"

"Oh, for goodness' sake give us a rest!"

Torrence set his lips hard. Daubeny and Egan seemed to be thinking only of the treasure they were seeking—for which they had recklessly quitted the shelter of the steamer.

Daub called to the Indian.

"Close on the Rio Catalina yet?"

"No come yet, senor."

He pointed with his paddle ahead of the canoe.

Some distance ahead a small stream poured into the Orinoco, so thickly shaded by great ceiba and cabbage-palm trees that the branches met over it in a leafy arch. The Indian was heading for the green arch, from beneath which a sluggish yellow stream flowed. A sickly odour of rotting vegetation was wafted to the juniors, and Torrence shivered, hot as it was.

"Yellow fever there!" he muttered.

"Dry up!"

The sun was sinking low, and shadows darkening on the Orinoco. From the deep forests on the bank came strange, echoing cries—the cries of wild beasts already on the prowl.

Daubeny and Co. watched eagerly as the canoe glided into the little tributary, finding little difficulty in fronting the sluggish current.

Under the arches of the trees, right across the little stream, the dusk was deeper. Forward, the shadowy stream was seen for a hundred yards or so, between heavy green banks, till it vanished in the shadows.

"The Rio Catalina?" Daub asked, looking at the Carib again.

The copperskin nodded.

Vernon Daubeny's eyes glistened.

"It's the first step towards the treasure," he muttered. "Danger or no danger, I'm going on—even death in the way shouldn't stop me! I'm going back to the Benbow rich!"

"If we get back there at all!" grunted Torrence.

"Oh, don't croak!"

"Look at the Indian!" breathed Torrence. "Your revolver, Daub—oh, heavens!" He broke off with a shriek.

The canoe was floating on the little stream now, and the broad Orinoco was behind the adventurers.

The Indian had taken his paddle from the water, and turned towards the juniors.

Without a word, without a warning, he made a sudden spring towards them, the paddle whirling aloft in his hand.

His murderous intention was only too clear.

He had brought the three juniors across the Orinoco, and turned into the little tributary—and there his obedience ceased. Out of the sight of any possible observer, the savage turned upon them.

But for Torrence's suspicious watchfulness, the Shell fellows would have been taken utterly by surprise.

As it was, the Indian was upon them almost before they could move.

Though it was Torrence who had been watchful, it was Daubeny who acted in time. He leaped up as the copperskin sprang on them, and before the whirling paddle could descend, Daubeny dodged under it and butted the savage in the chest.

The Carib reeled back with a grunt. Daub's action had been prompt and sudden—too sudden for the Indian, who had evidently expected to take the juniors entirely by surprise.

The ruffian reeled back, and the canoe rocked, and he lost his footing and fell heavily.

The fall of the heavy Indian into the bottom of the canoe set it rocking wildly, and there was a surge of water over the side.

The savage scrambled up again instantly, his black eyes glittering with ferocity. He had dropped the paddle, but his hand was clutching at the knife in his skin girdle.

"The pistol!" shrieked Torrence.

Egan did not speak or move, he sat where he was, frozen with horror.

Fortunately for the schoolboy treasure-hunters, Daubeny was made of sterner stuff.

He groped in his pocket for the revolver he had brought from the steamer, and dragged it out as the Indian scrambled up.

His face was deadly white, but he was cool, and he was determined. He knew that the fight was for life or death. To the savage Carib, the lives of the schoolboys were no more than the lives of the buzzing mosquitoes. He had brought them there to rob them, and to murder them was merely a step to robbery—a natural step to the savage of the Orinoco.

Crack!

The Carib was only a yard from Daubeny; knife in hand, when the revolver rang out.

The bullet struck the Indian in the shoulder, but he came on, and his full weight fell on Daubeny. But he did not stab. The brawny right arm had dropped useless, paralysed by the wound—the knife slipped from the nerveless hand and disappeared with a flash into the yellow water.

A savage hand tore at Daubeny's throat, two fierce black eyes blazed at him; he struck furiously at the Indian's face with the barrel of his revolver, and yelled to his comrades for help.

Torrence scrambled to his aid—Egan was still too terror-stricken to stir.

In the bottom of the burnt-cak log canoe a savage struggle raged, and, but for the fact, that the copper skin was wounded, it would have gone hard with Daubeny and Co.

"Look out!" shrieked Egan suddenly.

The wild rocking of the clumsy canoe capsized it suddenly. There was a rush of water inboard.

The next moment the four were struggling in the stream.

Fortunately, they were in the shallows, and the water rose only to their waists as they stood up. Daubeny and Co. scrambled spluttering to the bank.

They scrambled upon a fallen trunk that lay half on the bank, and half in the water, catching hold of the wily lianas to drag themselves into safety.

Panting and breathless, they sank down on the great trunk, which was seven or eight feet in thickness.

"Oh, gad!" groaned Egan. "Oh, gad! Where is he? Can you see him?"

"He's comin'!" breathed Torrence.

The Indian was scrambling on the end of the log. He stopped there, his black eyes blazing at the juniors. His right arm was useless; but with his left hand he tore a short bough from the trunk, and gripped it to use as a club.

Then he came creeping along the horizontal trunk, stealthy as a cat, his eyes fixed on the juniors.

"Shoot!" panted Torrence.

Daubeny levelled the revolver.

Click!
The hammer fell, but there was no report. The revolver was wet through from its immersion in the stream.

"We are lost!" muttered Egan.

The Indian came on, and Daubeny desperately clubbed his revolver. But he knew that it was futile—that the sweep of the heavy club in the Indian's brawny grasp would hurl him from the trunk, with a shattered skull.

"Back up!" he said hoarsely.

Crack!
From the shadows came a sudden ringing report, and the Indian staggered back with a fearful cry. For a moment he staggered blindly on the fallen trunk, and then slipped aside and crashed into the water.

Splash! There was a whirl of bubbles, and something that did not move a limb floated away on the water like a log.

Drake's Resolve!

"**JACK DRAKE!**" yelled Daubeny of the Shell.

In the excitement of the deadly struggle, neither the Shell fellows nor the Carib had seen a canoe that glided from the Orinoco into the sluggish stream under the forest branches. Jack Drake and Co. had arrived—only just in time.

Tin Tacks had laid in his paddles—a smoking rifle was in his hand now. It was the black man of Barbados who had fired the shot that had saved the life of the treasure-seekers.

He grinned at Daubeny, over the smoking rifle.

"Saved!" whispered Egan huskily.

The canoe glided on close to the fallen trunk. Daubeny and Co. stood on the trunk looking down on the newcomers, as Tin Tacks brought the canoe to a stop alongside.

"You here, Drake?" muttered Daubeny.



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"Lucky for you we came, I think," said Jack Drake.

"I—I asked you to come—I wanted you with us," said Daubeny. "I offered you a fair share of the treasure. I offer you the same now."

"We came to save your lives, if we could," said Drake. "The Indian turned on you, as we thought—"

"Yes. Did you shoot him, Tin Tacks?"

Tin Tacks nodded and grinned.

"Me pot him," he answered cheerfully. "Ole Tin Tacks gib him blazes, you bet. Now caymen get him."

He jerked a black thumb towards the middle of the stream. A hideous scaly head had risen into view, there was a snap of a pair of powerful jaws. For yards round the water was reddened, as the body of the Indian was dragged under by the alligator.

Daubeny shuddered.

"I—I—you've saved our lives, Tin

Tacks. Drake, can we come in the canoe?"

"Certainly; your own's gone under," said Drake, "you're coming back to the steamer!"

Daubeny set his teeth.

"No!"

"Don't be an ass, Daub," muttered Torrence. "We've lost our canoe—we can't go on."

"I'll follow the bank on foot, then," said Daubeny. "I tell you I won't go back. We'll never have another chance. Do you think Packe is likely to let us get away another time?"

"No; but—"

"It's now or never—neck or nothing," said Daubeny. "I tell you if all the savages in South America were in the path, I'd go on. Drake, come on with me—we'll share out alike. Now you're here, keep on to the finish. You're booked for a row anyhow for leaving the steamer—may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb. Come on and help me find the treasure."

Jack Drake hesitated.

He glanced at Dick Rodney, but Rodney, too, seemed undecided now. The appeal of the adventure and the treasure was very strong.

And it was evident that Vernon Daubeny would not return, and to leave him stranded, on foot and alone in the forest, was impossible—so it seemed to Drake.

"I say, I'm going on," said Tuckey Toodles. "Don't be an ass, Drake, we're after the treasure. We'll soon shut Mr. Packe up when we get back with our pockets full of gold."

"I'm not thinking of Mr. Packe," muttered Drake. "I'd come on with you, Daub—only—only—"

"Only what?" exclaimed Daubeny, impatiently.

"Only you bagged the treasure clue from Peg Slaney, and if anybody's got a right to the treasure, it's Slaney!"

"He's got the clue, too," said Daubeny. "It's a fair contest between us—and he stole the clue!"

"If you're so jolly particular, you needn't touch the treasure," said Egan cynically. Egan was recovering himself now.

Drake gave him a look of contempt.

"I sha'n't touch the treasure unless it's clear that I can touch it without robbing somebody else," he said. "Daub, I wish you'd do the sensible thing, and come back to the steamer."

"I won't!"

"What do you say, Rodney?" asked Drake. "We can't leave Daubeny here. It's death to strand him in the forest."

"Let's go on," said Dick Rodney. "The question of the treasure can be settled if we find it—which I doubt. Let's chance it, and go on, now we've come so far. We shall get into an awful row anyhow, and we may as well make the most of it."

"Yes, rather," said Tuckey Toodles.

"What do you say, Tin Tacks?"

The black seaman grinned. "Me foller Mass' Jack, whereber Massa' Jack go," he answered.

Drake made up his mind.

"We're in for it," he said. "Jump

in, you fellows—lucky there's room for all. We're going on."

"Good!" exclaimed Daubeny.

The three Shell fellows embarked in the canoe, and Tin Tacks pushed off from the tree-trunk.

"We go up stream, Mass' Jack?" he asked.

"Straight up the Rio Catalina," said Daubeny.

"Dis de Rio Catalina. Right!"

"It's three days up the stream," said Daubeny. "It's written in Peg Slaney's treasure clue. Drake, old man, I'm jolly glad you're with me." He pressed Drake's arm. "Jolly glad, old chap."

Drake nodded, with a smile. It was a wild adventure—a reckless adventure—but, somehow, Drake, who had tried to induce Daubeny to do the sensible thing, felt pleased that it was Daubeny who had induced him to do the reckless thing. Anyhow, the Benbow juniors were booked now for the treasure-hunt, and they resolved to banish all considerations from their minds—for the present, at least.

On the silent stream hardly a sound broke the stillness save the rhythmic beat of Tin Tack's paddle.

The black sailorman seemed tireless.

From the forest on either side of the stream came an occasional long-drawn howl.

"Jaguar!" said Tin Tacks, at once.

From a high branch swinging fairly over the gliding canoe, a fierce, cat-like face looked down, and a pair of glittering eyes scintillated at the juniors.

But the canoe glided on before the jaguar could spring, if it had intended to spring.

Back on the Orinoco, there was still a gleam of departing day; but on the little tributary, shut in by branches, the darkness settled down blacker and blacker.

Tin Tacks ceased to paddle at last. come up here once with Mass' Jack?" he asked.

"Yes, and the day after," smiled Drake.

"Golly! We camp to-night, den!"

"Where you think best, old chap."

"You know this stream, Tin Tacks?" asked Dick Rodney.

"You bet, Mass' Rodney. Me come up here once with Mass' Daubeny's father. Dat in de revolution, we hide from soldiers. Dat time Ponce Garcia gib Spanish paper to Mass' Sir George, dat paper which dat rogue Peg Slaney—him dey call Paquito—stole after. Me know him."

"You hear that, Drake?" said Daubeny. "I was quite certain the treasure clue was the paper Slaney stole from my father."

Drake did not answer that. He could not be sure of it, and he was well aware that in Daub's case the wish was father to the thought.

"We camp on island," continued Tin Tacks. "Safe from jaguar on island, Mass' Jack."

"Right-oh, you're guide, Tin Tacks."

A few minutes later the canoe bumped into soft mud, and the juniors scrambled ashore on a woody island in the middle of the Rio Catalina.

An Attack in the Night!

A FLARE of ruddy flame danced against the blackness of the night.

It had not taken Tin Tacks long to get the camp-fire going. There was wood in abundance, and a great fire was soon roaring away, a dozen yards from the water, under a great ceiba tree, that reared its branches in the midst of the little island.

"I say, I'm jolly hungry!" Tuckey Toodles remarked, in a plaintive tone. "I hope you haven't been ass enough to start on a journey like this without grub, you fellows?"

Drake shrugged his shoulders.

"We came after Daub," he said. "We expected to be back at Las Tablas to-night. You shouldn't have come, fatty."

"Look here—"

"We've got some grub," said Daubeny. "We filled our pockets and wallets with all the stuff we could get on the steamer. There's some potted stuff, and some dried fish, and plenty of rolls."

"Hand it out," said Tuckey Toodles eagerly.

"That little lot won't last us very long," remarked Rodney, when Daubeny and Co. had turned out their store of provisions.

Daubeny nodded.

"I know! We couldn't make proper preparations having to get off in secret as we did. I reckon we'd get some game in the forests—snare birds, perhaps, and then there's fruit—"

"I shall want square meals!" remarked Tuckey Toodles, with the air of a fellow stating a consideration that was far too important to be lightly overlooked.

"Shut up, Toodles."

"Me get food to-morrow, Mass' Jack," said Tin Tacks. "Me know how catch iguana—and birds—and lots of t'ings. You no go short while old Tin Tacks with you, Mass' Jack."

"Good old Tin Tacks," said Drake, laughing. "I don't quite know where this expedition would be without you, Tin Tacks. You've got to be guide, bodyguard, and universal provider."

Tin Tacks grinned.

"You put your money on ole Tin Tacks," he said reassuringly.

The juniors ate with a good appetite, though Tuckey Toodles was not suffered to make too deep an inroad on the provisions. Had Tuckey been given his head, little enough would have remained for the morning. Hot as the day and the evening had been, a chill crept over the forest and the river with the night, and the juniors were glad enough of the warmth of the camp-fire. Tin Tacks banked up branches and logs to feed the fire through the night.

"Keep him goin', Mass' Jack," he said. "Kee off jaguar, and python, and odder snakes. Golly! Plenty bad snake along Orinoco. Heap poisonous, I guess. Hallo, what-dat?"

Tin Tacks grabbed up his rifle, and spun suddenly from the fire. His eyes glittered at the thickets outside the radius of the firelight.

"I heard nothing, Tin Tacks—"

"Me t'ink—look!"

The fire flared up, and a ruddy light

fell on a mass of bricly bush, a few yards from the camp. In the ruddy light, a face looked from the bushes—a face the juniors knew. It was a dark, sun-browned, evil face, with a single eye, that squinted malevolently.

"Peg Slaney!" shouted Rodney.

The face vanished the next moment. The one-eyed sailorman, their rival in the quest of the Orinoco treasure, was on the island—evidently on the same journey.

"Look out!" shouted Tin Tacks. "You take cover, Mass' Jack—lie low—t'row yourself down—him shoot!"

Crack!

"Good heavens!" muttered Rodney. "He means murder, Drake!"

Crack!

Another shot from the darkness, and it struck the ground within a foot of Drake, as he lay in cover in the grass.

The third shot was from Tin Tacks' rifle; he was firing at the flash of the enemy's shot.

There was a loud yell.

Tin Tacks thrust the rifle into Drake's hands.

"Where are you going?" panted Drake, as the black sailorman drew a knife from his belt.

"Me go look for Paquito!" he said, showing his white teeth.

Tin Tacks did not wait for Drake to speak—he vanished into the shadows. Drake shuddered.

He realised that he was in the land of merciless warfare now. By leaving the Benbow party, the juniors had left the last trace of civilisation behind them. In the forest of Venezuela, life depended on quickness with the trigger and deftness with the knife. If Tin Tacks came within striking distance of Peg Slaney—Drake shuddered again, and hoped that the one-eyed ruffian had made good his retreat.

The sound of Slaney's fierce cursing had died away in the night.

From the silence of the stream came a sudden sound of dashing paddles.

"He's gone!" whispered Rodney. "He had a canoe—I—I'm glad he's got away."

A few minutes later Tin Tacks came back into the light of the fire. There was a discontented scowl upon his black face.

"Him got canoe, Mass' Jack," he said. "Him clear off. Me get him nodder day, you bet."

"Perhaps we sha'n't see him again," said Drake.

"We shall see him," said Daubeny quietly. "He's after the treasure—on the same journey as ourselves. And—we want to see him. We don't want him to get to the treasure first."

The strokes of the paddle died away in the night; the one-eyed ruffian was gone up-stream, and he had vanished.

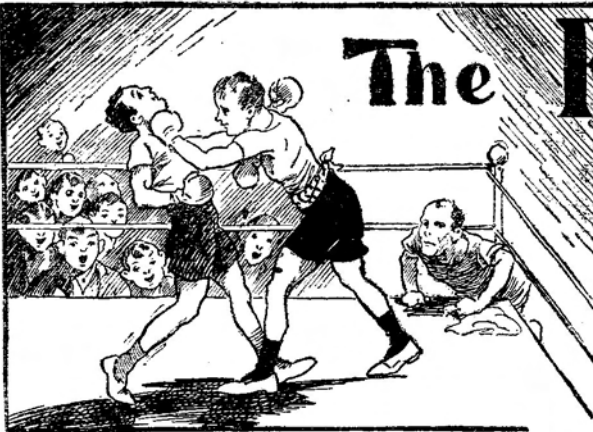
But a careful watch was kept in the camp on the island that night.

All were glad enough when the light of dawn filtered through the heavy branches overhead, and the sun of a new day flushed up over the forests of the Orinoco.

THE END.

Next week's ripping story of the boys of the Benbow will be entitled: "Up Against Slaney!"

STARTS TO-DAY! Our Great New Serial of School & Sport!



The FIGHTING BREED

By **ANDREW GRAY**

Boys! You must not miss a line of this magnificent story. It is one of the finest school and boxing stories ever written, and contains a startling mystery that will grip your attention.

CHAPTER I.

For the School Championship!

GO it, Timsey! Stick it, First! That's it; now you've got him! Hooray! Hooray!

Yells, howls and excited stamping of feet. It was hardly the kind of behaviour you expect from a select audience during the actual rounds of a boxing contest.

St. Bartlemys knew this, too; knew it was not the best of form. But this bout was so funny they simply had to let themselves go.

The afternoon was the finals of the School annual boxing competitions. In these, marks were scored for the Inter-House Challenge Shield, as for cricket and footer. Excitement and rivalry therefore were at fever-heat.

The crowd of lookers-on hitherto had managed to bottle down their feelings like sportsmen and gentlemen, though the applause after each victory made the gym. rafters quake and rattle.

But this final of the Lower School kids was different somehow. For one thing the Honourable Timothy Tamerlane, the red-headed urchin with the damaged nose and black eye, was plump as a prize pig. By contrast, his opponent, Barry minor, was skinny as a rat, with legs like pipe-shanks.

All form, moreover had gone to the winds in the excitement of battle. They clawed and cuffed, turning deaf ears to the commands of their scandalised instructor, Sergeant Cooley, to "break away!" They puffed and pounded.

At last even Dr. Dowler, the Head of St. Bartlemys, laughed incautiously. That started it. Up went a yell. The Hon. Timsey happened to be well on top at that moment. The First-form infants bounced to their feet.

"First! First! First wins!" they fairly screamed. "Timsey! Left! Oh, use your left, fathead! Now again! Another—"

But suddenly a tidal wave of ecstatic cheering had risen and swamped the Timsey supporters, leaving them gasping. It was Barry minor's side who were doing the yelling now.

"Bravo, Barry! Good one! Go it, young 'un! Into him!" rose the shouts.

Skinny he might be, he had the

pluck of a weasel. He was socking into the fat, and now exhausted Timsey with all his might and main. That young aristocrat stood his hammering gamely albeit he kept his eyes shut. Then down he flopped suddenly, not knocked-out, but simply too blown to keep his feet.

His seconds threw his towel into the ring very wisely, and that was the end of that. But from the cheering and yelling, you would have thought it had been a second victory of the Marne.

The two nippers having been plucked bodily out of the ring by that absolute peach of boxing instructors, Sergeant Cooley, two lithe figures of very different size and mould, modestly vaulted the ropes and sat themselves down in their respective corners.

Theirs was the last bout of the programme—the last and best! Jack Blundell and Guy Caldecott, both of the Sixth were to battle for the heavy-weights and title of champion of the School.

More than this, who looked on these two saw, without doubt, the future winner of the heavy-weight championship of the Public Schools' Competition, to be fought at Aldershot in only two week's time.

"Lick 'em? Who's to touch 'em?" was Sergeant Cooley's snapped out challenge, whenever any faint heart ventured to question the absolute certainty of St Bartlemys romping home.

And what "Kip" Cooley did not know about Public Schools' boxing was not worth a cent; seeing that for six years now he had been training St. Bartlemys champions against all the boy-world.

Kip Cooley, the Red Marine—one-time bantam-weight champion of both Army and Navy—that was the man. And a finer instructor and cleaner sportsman never donned gloves.

Kip was the idol of the boys. Ugly as a monkey, perky as a sparrow, straight as a ramrod, quick as a weasel, he simply held you and fascinated you by his personality and unbound vim.

To-day he was timekeeper, M.C., counsellor and comforter, and general boss in fact of the whole show. The Head was there, but he was nobody beside "old Kip."

"Now then, young feller-me-lad,"

said Kip, bustling across to Blundell's corner. "Mitts all right?" He felt the padding, and tucking in the laces at the wrists. "Well, don't forget what I told yer. It ain't for me now to say nothing to either of you. But if you don't fight up to the form I've booked you both down for, you've got to go through it with me. See?"

Jack Blundell nodded and grinned. He made a fine figure in the glare of the lights above the ring. Though only seventeen, he had the big bones and well-knit frame of a lad of twenty-one.

Jack came of a fighting stock, moreover. His dad, the veteran John Blundell, an ex-amateur heavy-weight champion in his day, was one of the pillars of British sport. As referee, there was none more sought after to officiate at the big championship fights.

Young Jack was the apple of the old boy's eye. He was going to win every boxing championship at his weight that ever was, or Mr. Blundell senior was going to know the reason why. Already his dad had had him up to the Imperial Sporting Club during the holidays, sparring with the professionals there, to see what they thought of him.

And the universal opinion was that young Jack was going to climb high. He had got to! His dad had set his heart on it.

Bob Caldecott, Jack's chum, and opponent to-day, was of different type; dark instead of fair; looking more of a scholar, though young Jack was clever, too.

"And you, Mr. Caldecott," added Cooley, turning to his corner of the ring. "You heard what I said. Public Schools' Championship week after next, remember. One of you've got to win it. If you don't, keep clear of Kip Cooley, that's all! Good! All ready when you are, sir!" he finished, advancing to the ring-side, where sat Dr. Dowler, the Head.

Crowns, coronets or headmasterships held no awe for Sergeant Cooley. He was always respectful, but always a man.

But instead of merely signing for the bout to begin, the Head rose and came forward to the ring-ropes. The row of House and Form-masters on either side looked surprised, as did the boys.

"What's the old man got to say now I wonder?" was the thought that flashed through every mind. Was it a slating for losing their manners over that last set-to? Yes, it was. Fair play was a jewel. The Head said so.

"And now we come to the last bout of the programme, I want you to see it out, round by round, in silence, keeping your cheering till afterwards," he reminded them.

"It promises to be a great fight," he went on. "Both Blundell and Caldecott are boxers any school might be proud of—clean fighters, good sportsman and, mark you, good scholars, too, for all their beef and brawn.

"Especially Caldecott," he added, with a wave in the direction of that blushing gladiator, who was his favourite, in class and out. "Caldecott, even if he leaves Blundell to pull off the Schools' Boxing Championship for St. Bartlemys—"

Wild cheers interrupted him here, for, decidedly Jack Blundell was the hero of the boys.

"Good old Blundell! Three cheers for Blundell! Blundell for ever!"

So they cheered for a full minute before allowing the Head to finish his say. Perhaps the Head did not like it. A shadow certainly flitted over his strong, bearded face while he waited for the lull. Then he resumed.

"I was going to add that I hope and trust that even if Caldecott is loser of the Public Schools' Championship, we shall see him winner of the big University Scholarship—"

Another outburst of cheering cut short the rest of his sentence, and he thereupon sat down.

It was not often the Head had to accuse himself of saying the wrong word in the wrong place. But he saw now that it was hardly fair to have picked out Caldecott for special praise, when, as these juniors reminded him, Blundell was in for the same scholarship, and therefore just as worthy of encouragement.

These boxing competitions had fallen awkwardly. Both lads, as a matter of fact, had had to be swatting up for examinations at the same time that they were training for the fights. The scholarship exam., which the Head had more particularly in view, was taking place in two days' time only. Caldecott should win it, no doubt, but Blundell would run him close.

So between the boxing-ring and the examination-desk, the two were about as keen rivals as it was possible to be. Yet there was no sign of it. Blundell was smiling frankly, while Caldecott was serenely cool and debonair.

Then the warning gong rang for seconds to get ready. Paston and Tubby Paterson, Jack's Form-mates, officiated in his corner.

"Now, don't forget," Paston warned him. "Watch out for squalls. Keep your wool. Wear him down and wait your time."

Jack smiled. He knew Caldecott. "Seconds out!"

His henchmen slid through the ropes taking basin and towel with them.

"Time!"

He felt the stool plucked from under him as he rose. He met his enemy in

friendly handshake, faced about to corners and began to spar.

Squalls, indeed! Paston was right. Caldecott went biff from the mark at top speed, as if the bout was for one round instead of three.

He was good, too; with a strong left-hand punch and a right always waiting to come over at you, like the kick of a racehorse.

Jack had scarcely started when he got a slam on the bridge of the nose, which made him see catherine-wheels. Another smote him on the mouth, while simultaneously he felt Caldecott's right whizz past his chin like a shell.

Jack only shook his head and grinned. It paid to let Caldecott get in one or two easy ones like this. It made him feel he had a soft job on.

Biff! Whack! Biff! Blow and counter, block and guard. The "slippery slip" of the quick shifting feet. Now another rush from Caldecott, a fierce, short rally, then a break away again. Still another rush, more prolonged; Jack on the ropes, and his opponent sending left and right to his ribs.

Caldecott was certainly excelling himself. By way of a finish he smashed his right to Jack's cheek, setting the blood trickling down with the force of the blow.

Clang! The gong and time! A fierce buzz of excitement arose. Paston and Tubby looked startled and resentful as their champion flung himself back in his corner.

"Going it, isn't he?" suggested Paston. "I told you he'd rush you."

"Oh, that's all right," laughed Jack, cutting him short. "Caldecott's all right. I'm watching him."

"Yes! Watching him," snorted Paston. He had no doubt that their man would win; but if Jack stopped to collect a few more like that last one, and one of them found the point—

"Oh, get out, you silly chump," laughed Jack, reading what was in his mind.

Knocked Out!

"SECONDS out!" Jack got ready to spring from his corner.

And then he noticed a stir down beside him at the ring-side. Mr. Jeeves, Form-master of the Sixth, had come hurrying in just then, and was stooping down whispering to the Head. Mr. Jeeves was tense with suppressed excitement; the Head heard him and looked suddenly grave.

"Gone!" Jack heard him exclaim with angry wonderment. Then the gong clanged again, and the second round began.

Caldecott, finding his rushing tactics pay so well, cut out the same savage pace again. He slipped straight into Jack with a beautiful, clean left, and though that young warrior countered heavily, Caldecott jabbed over a telling one to the jaw, and let drive a stinger to the ribs before his opponent could break clear.

"What—who—how—what in blazes does Blundell think he's playing at?" blurted Paston, his second, furiously indignant. He was letting Caldecott simply eat him.

Sergeant Cooley was no less non-

plussed. Jack was right off his form, that was plain. Cooley meant to "put him through the hoop" for it, after the fight.

The only two in that crowded hall who seemed proof to the tense excitement of the bout, were the Head and Mr. Jeeves. They had straightway risen and hurried out. Never so much as casting another glance at the ring.

The Head looked grey and grim; Mr. Jeeves half-frightened, yet malignant, as was his wont when there was trouble in the wind.

For the life of him Jack Blundell could not help letting his eye wander to watch them go. He sensed tragedy somewhere. Then Caldecott was at him again like a whirlwind piling on the points as the veriest novice could see.

And so that round finished, leaving Jack looking foolish, though by no means downcast.

"Nothing left now but a knock-out," Paston told him angrily. "He's been all over you so far. You could not pick up on points if you tried."

"Couldn't I?" asked Jack with cool unconcern as if it had nothing to do with him. Then his brow suddenly knitted. Paston was right.

He hated the knock-out. It was all right in a street-scrap, but not among pals. Yet it was coming to that. He had been taking it too easy. Sergeant Cooley was going to put him through it, he could see, for making such a rotten show.

The gong again. The two met in handshake for the last round. There was nothing casual about Jack now. Caldecott made to lead at him, but Jack was in with his blow first. A powerful left-hand punch it was, too, followed by a right hook which caught his opponent under the armpit and nearly knocked him on to the ropes.

Caldecott found his feet and came at him like a bull. Jack slipped and they fell into a clinch, putting in some half-arm work which made them both grunt and gasp.

Jack's cut cheek was bleeding badly now. He was not a pretty sight and looked uglier and wilder than he felt really. For he was slamming into his opponent now in his own true style. From attacking, Caldecott was driven to defending and cover up. Once he was felled to his knees, but only for a count of five.

It was a smashing rally. The encircling crowd of boys watched open-mouthed and goggle-eyed, scarcely daring to breathe. In and at each other the two darted, meeting with thud and crash, breaking away, then colliding again, buffeting and straining.

But it was Caldecott who was beginning to show signs of exhaustion. His knees were giving. Jack's seconds, crouching at their corner, squirmed with sheer agony of delight.

"He's got him! Jack's got him whacked," babbled Paston under his breath. "Now for it! Go it, Blundell! Into the corner! Nail him!"

Jack had fought his man into the far corner and got him penned. With left and right to body he drove Caldecott back on to the ropes. Caldecott clinched to save himself, but let go gallantly at the first command to

"break away!" He was past it really; he was done. You could see Jack measuring him for the knock-out blow.

And then, with electrical suddenness, he seemed to recover for an instant. He stormed into Jack, scoring on that cut cheek. Jack lashed out at him, but with a lightning duck Caldecott saved himself, dodging under his opponent's arm.

For an instant they hung thus; Caldecott all but escaping from the trap in which he had been penned, yet just lacking that last ounce of energy to stumble clear.

And then, with deliberate aim and sledge-hammer force, Jack brought his right across, full on the angle of the other's jaw.

The blow was obvious. There was Caldecott's face right open to it. Yet it looked cold-blooded and brutal. The victim was plainly done; his bolt was shot. The punch took him clean. It was like the clap of a mallet. Down he dropped like a log. He sprawled on his face like one dead. Jack stood away, waiting. Tense, quivering excitement filled the boys around.

"One—two—three"—the measured seconds were being counted off by Sergeant Cooley, who held the watch—"eight—nine—out!"

In a trice the whole encircling crowd of boys was on its feet, galvanised into life. They cheered and gabbled and cheered again.

"Bravo, Blundell! Good man, Blundell! Hooray! Jolly good fight! Bravo, Caldecott, too! Cheers for Caldecott! Go on, you beggars! Hooray!"

But still the fallen vanquished had not moved. Cooley was in the ring. He picked up Caldecott, big and hefty as he was, like a little child. Jack helped him. They carried the senseless figure to its corner, dashing water over the bruised face and heaving chest.

Cooley began to look anxious. Meantime the school-doctor, who was always in attendance at these displays, climbed into the ring.

He was no athlete himself. In fact, he looked rather askance at boxing. Privately he thought it brutish, and very obviously he was condemning Jack Blundell as an unmitigated savage, as he brushed past him now to get to his patient.

"Concussion of course!" the doctor snorted. "What else could you expect after a blow like that? Merciless! Killed an ox! Right on the temple, too!"

"Not the temple. It was a fair hit on the jaw," retorted Jack, firing a little.

The doctor wheeled round on him. "Silence!" he snapped. "Haven't I eyes? Your explanations can come afterwards. And I may tell you that they will probably be called for," was the sinister close. "Listen to that! Most serious!"

For Caldecott, was groaning and snoring like a pig in his unconsciousness. The cheering had all died away. There was a general feeling that though the blow was fair, Jack Blundell had overdone it.

"Saw red, I suppose. Didn't know how hard he was hitting," said one of the masters who had come to the

doctor's aid. But the doctor, what between alarm and his repugnance at the whole business, brooked no apologies.

It was just then that the Head came hurrying back into the hall, threading his way through the knots of now frightened boys. For Caldecott's snores were terrifying. It was a clear and bad case of concussion. Goodness knew how long it might not be before he came back to his senses.

"What's this? Nothing bad, I hope?" demanded the Head, also climbing up into the ring. Jack, still bloodstained and perspiring, silently made way for him. He heard the doctor snarling the words, "murder," "ungovernable temper," darting vengeful looks at him. The Head was paler than ever. They had already sent for a stretcher.

"One minute, boys!" commanded the Head, when he realised that some of the youngsters were starting to

have watching you at your sports, they have been stolen."

"Stolen!" A hundred voices repeated the word.

"The question papers were left in my desk," continued the Head in the same terrible voice. "Unfortunately, not realising that we were not all gentlemen here at St. Bartlemys, I failed to lock the drawer. Someone has since abstracted them. I ask whoever has been to my study during the last hour to stand forth and say 'yes.'"

Dead silence. No one scarce breathed.

"There is someone here who visited that room. I know it," the Head reiterated ominously. "I appeal to him to think well before it is too late."

Still silence. Boy glanced furtively at boy. Who was the old man driving at?

Meantime, the one person who looked as if all this in no way concerned him, was Jack Blundell.



The Head stood a tall and terrible figure in his long black gown. "One minute, boys!" he commanded sternly.

slink away. He stood, a tall and terrible figure in his long black gown, under the fierce electric glare lighting the ring. For St. Bartlemys staged its fights in true professional fashion. Sergeant Cooley saw to that.

"This unfortunate termination to an otherwise sporting programme must be inquired into," the Head ran on, making Jack start and wince. "There is a further matter, though—and one I would rather have left to another time and place. But you are most of you present and it is as well you should hear at once what I have to say.

"There has been black work, tonight, not only here but in connection with the scholarship examinations which takes place in two days' time."

Black work! What did he mean! The boys stared and gaped.

"The papers for these have been tampered with by someone," continued the Head. "While I have been seated

Wrung by the guiping breath and stertorous groans of the lad he had placed hors-de-combat, he had not been listening to a word the Head was saying.

Vast was his astonishment then when suddenly the master swung round, confronting him, and, with an accusing gesture, demanded:

"Blundell! Do you hear my question I ask that, whoever has been within my study within the last hour should own up. Am I to repeat the demand again?"

Jack seemed to suddenly wake from a dream.

"To your study, did you say, sir?" "Yes!" thundered the Head. "Are you going to deny that you have been there?"

Another fine, long, instalment of this ripping new boxing tale will be given in next Tuesday's "Greyfriars Herald." Please introduce your non-reader chums to this great yarn and oblige your editor!

THE GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

A vivid account of the latest
charges and convictions

Grave Charges Against Bolsover Major!

The shorthand-reporters nibbled their pencils in keen anticipation when Percy Bolsover blundered into the dock.

Prisoner offered the magistrate a stick of chewing-gum, which his worship declined, remarking that he would not be a party to bribery and corruption.

Magistrate: What is the charge against this hefty leut?

Mr. Robert Cherry, K.C.: He is charged with putting money on a horse, your worship.

Magistrate: Monstrous! Outrageous! Betting is a terrible vice—an appalling vice! I myself have lost quite a pot of money that way. (Laughter.) How much did prisoner put on?

Mr. Cherry: One penny.

Magistrate: But that's absurd! No bookmaker would accept so trifling a sum!

Mr. Cherry: Anyway, prisoner put a penny on a horse, your worship. I can get corroborative evidence—

Magistrate: How long did it take my learned friend to swot up the word "corroborative"? (Laughter.)

Mr. Harold Skinner, K.C., C.A.D., for the defence, cheerfully admitted that his client had put a penny on a horse.

Magistrate: You admit it?

Mr. Skinner: Yes, your worship. It was like this. There was a hefty cart-horse standing outside the post-office in Friardale, and my client, taking a penny from his pocket, placed it on the gee's back; thereby putting money on a horse. (Loud laughter.)

Witnesses having been called to bear out Mr. Skinner's statement, his worship remarked that the prosecution had put their foot in it—as usual! Prisoner had not been guilty of betting, and he would be discharged.

Prisoner: Many thanks, your worship! May I offer you a stick of chewing-gum now?

Magistrate: Yes. Shy me over a packet! I'm awfully glad you've not been indulging in the degrading practice of betting. You may go. Where's the Court Usher? Oh, there you are! Run out and get me an evening paper, will you? I want to see what won the four-thirty. (Loud and prolonged laughter.)

REPORT IN BRIEF!

Samuel Tuckless Bunter, a snivelling infant of the Third Form was charged with attempting to commit suicide by eating a rock-cake made by his brother, the great W. G.

His worship administered a severe lecture, which lasted about two hours and a half, and prisoner was bound over to come up for judgment if called upon.



"I SAY, Smithy," said Billy Bunter, poking his fat head round the door of my study, "here's a little article on homing pigeons you can use in your Sports' Corner. You needn't pay me anything for it. If you stand me a free feed in Courtfield one night, that'll do, old chap."

"D'you think I'm a giddy millionaire, you podgy gormandiser?" I demanded. "Besides, we don't deal in pigeons in the Sports' Corner—only football 'fouls' and cricket 'ducks.' Go and inflict your rotten, ill-spelt article on Dick Penfold!"

"But, Smithy, old top—"

"Seat!"

I picked up a football-boot threateningly, and Billy scatted!

CONCERNING FOOTER

Having got rid of the Owl of the Remove, I got out my pen and paper, and then glanced through a number of letters from Heraldites left with me by the editor.

The first was from a namesake, G. Smith, of Bradford, who wrote as follows:

"Dear Editor,—I should be obliged if you would tell me how to keep my footer-boots in good condition. Although I paid a good price for a pair a year ago, the leather is now all cracked, and the toes have gone soft."

Well, Smithy, my long-lost brother, I may as well tell you right away that it is not advisable for you to try and harden the toes of your footer-boots yourself. The very best thing you can do is to let a local boot-repairer see them.

If the boots are worth doing, he will re-block the toes for you, though you mustn't expect them to remain hard as long as those of a pair of new boots will if properly looked after. You can, however, do much towards preserving the hardness by keeping the toes filled with bran when the boots are not in use. Be sure to stuff the bran well in, though.

Now, as far as keeping football-boots in good condition is concerned, the most important thing is to see that they are properly dried before being put away after each game played on a wet ground. Damp ruins the leather quicker than anything. Dry the boots carefully—not directly in front of a fire—and afterwards rub them well over with dubbin, to keep the leather of the uppers pliable.

BOXING FOR BOYS.

"Fly-weight," of Bermondsey, has sent in three questions relating to boxing. I will answer them in the order given in his letter.

1. A splendid booklet on boxing is being given away with our companion paper, "The Boys' Friend," which is now on sale at every bookstall, price 1½d. This booklet is called "The Boys' Friend Illustrated Boxing Guide," and it is packed with splendid boxing pictures and articles dealing with the art of self-defence. Three of these ripping little supplements have already been presented with Nos. 1,013, 1,014 and 1,015 of "The Boys' Friend." Back numbers of "The Boys' Friend" can still be obtained for 1½d. per copy, plus 1d. for postage, by writing to the Back Number Department, The A.P., Ltd., 7-9, Pilgrim Street, London, E.C.4.

2. When buying a set of gloves for sparring purposes, get them about eight ounces in weight.

3. The shortest fight on record, to my own knowledge, was that between Bob Cherry and Percy Bolsover in the common-room the other day. It consisted of but two blows. Bob hit Bolsover, and Bolsover hit the floor!

CRICKET "DOWN UNDER."

An Australian reader, who resides at Sydney, N.S.W., and who signs himself "Cornstalk," sends me the following question in a letter which has taken nearly two months to reach the "Herald" office:

"What was the name of the English cricketer who ran out Clem Hill and Victor Trumper from successive balls in the Test Match on the Sydney Cricket Ground in February, 1905?"

Now you've stumped me!

VERNON-SMITH.

Questions relating to sports are heartily welcomed. Letters should be addressed to "The Greyfriars Herald," The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, E.C.4., and envelopes marked in the corner "Sports."





Our Hobbies Corner

Conducted by
DICK PENFOLD

FRETWORK—CHOOSING A WOOD.

THE chief complaint to be lodged against the average beginner is that he is inclined to be too ambitious at the outset. He wants to run before he has properly learnt to walk. He would be well advised to undertake some simple design, but at the same time useful and pleasing, and not commence a large, elaborate, and complicated one.

Another precaution he should exercise is the choice of the wood upon which he intends to make his first attempts at cutting.

I happened to be passing Study 2 when I saw Browney attempting to cut a design in a piece of oak, and a regular mess he was making of it! Before he had progressed far he was wishing he had not taken up fretwork as a hobby! If there is one wood that is hard to cut, it is oak—though, mind you, oak is undoubtedly a handsome species of wood.

For cheapness and easiness I would suggest two very suitable kinds of wood—satin walnut and birch. The former is one of the most popular used by fretworkers. The latter is a compact and close-grained variety, and is easy to cut.

COIN COLLECTING—ROMAN—NERO.

The study of Roman coins is very fascinating, and many fellows collect these in preference to other species of old coins. Thousands of small Roman coins have been discovered and unearthed in England, and their inscriptions and emblems are very varied, and give the collector plenty of work hunting up information in their books concerning them.

Nero, one of the most brutal of the Roman Emperors, was born in A.D. 37, and died A.D. 68. His coins bear the inscription, "Nero Claudius Caesar," and are very numerous, and different in shape and design.

One remarkable coin has on its reverse side the harbour of Ostia, with seven vessels, and the quaint figure of Neptune holding a dolphin. On other coins Nero was frequently represented riding on horseback, followed by horsemen.

I was looking in the window of a curio-shop in Courtfield last "half," when I happened to see a small brass coin of the Nero period exposed for sale. This coin I secured for one shilling.

Collectors should be careful when buying the larger brass Nero coins, as a great number of forgeries are being sold by unscrupulous dealers.

THE NOVEMBER MOTH.

I was deep in the chapters of a thrilling detective story which had been submitted to the "Herald," about the "Exploits of Juniper Trackemall, the Marvellous 'Tec," when the study door was suddenly kicked open, to admit the frail form of Alonzo Todd.

"Cheerio, old bird!" I said pleasantly. "What does the great Alonzo want now?"

"I heard from various sources that you were conducting the Hobbies Corner in the 'Herald,'" he began, "and I thought I would take the liberty to bring before your notice this moth which I happened to catch last evening."

He held in the palm of his hand a moth which I recognised at once as one I had often seen about. The colour of the forewings were dingy grey, crossed with several darker lines. The hind wings were paler, with two slender dark lines parallel with the hind margin.

"What's its name?" I asked.

"It is commonly known by entomologists as the *Larentia Dilutata*, or November Moth, of the *Larentiidae* family."

"Know much of its habits?" I asked, notebook in hand.

"Yes. It feeds on many trees, chiefly oak and blackthorn. Often this moth will fly into rooms, attracted by the light, when you can easily net it. The caterpillar is a most perfect insect. It is very variable in colour, but is generally of a bright green, with reddish or purplish spots on the back and sides."

"And the eggs?"

"Are flat, ovoid, and pitted over the surface with shallow depressions, and of rather a shiny, rosy red. These little caterpillars can be found on the twigs of oak and birch, and—"

"Thanks awfully, old top," I interrupted hastily, fearing he would go off into another very long explanation. "Leave that specimen on the table; I might feel inclined to take a snap of it later on. Thanks! Fare thee well! Close the door after you, old son!"

Next week Dicky will tell you how to make a toboggan for use on either grass or snow.



My Weekly Interview

By the Special Representative of
"The Greyfriars Herald."

This week:

SIR JIMMY VIVIAN

NOW, I cannot truthfully say, in the words of the song, "that where'er I go I fear no foe." But I'll say this much. There are exactly eleven fellows in the Greyfriars Remove that I could lick with one hand, and blindfolded into the bargain. I'll tell you who they are. There's Smith minor, Skinner, Trevor, Treluce, Stott, Fisher T. Fish, Dupont, Wun Lung, Billy Bunter, Alonzo Todd, and Sir Jimmy Vivian.

Sir Jimmy's not a bad little fellow, in spite of the fact that he was raised and reared in the slums. In his early days, they taught him how to drop his aitches; but they didn't teach him how to box.

Consequently, it was without trepidation that I made my way to Sir Jimmy's study, the sumptuous apartment which he shares with Lord Mauleverer and Piet Delarey.

As I advanced into the study, Sir Jimmy pointed to the door.

"'Op it!" he said.

The remark nettled me. And although I ought not to have taunted Sir Jimmy with dropping his aspirates, I simply couldn't help it.

"I ain't agoin' to 'op it," I said, mimicking his tones. "I 'ardly ever 'ave the opportunity of speakin' to such a 'aughty aristocrat, an' now I'm 'ere, I'm a-goin' to interview you or be'alf of the 'Erald.'"

Sir Jimmy spluttered with wrath.

"'Ow dare yer?" he exclaimed.

"'Ow dare yer?"

"Well, you asked for it," I replied.

"You shouldn't have told me to hop it."

"I'll tell yer again!" cried Sir Jimmy. "'Op it, quick, or I'll sling yer through the doorway!"

I grinned cheerily. Was not Sir Jimmy one of the eleven fellows that I could lick with one hand, and blindfolded?

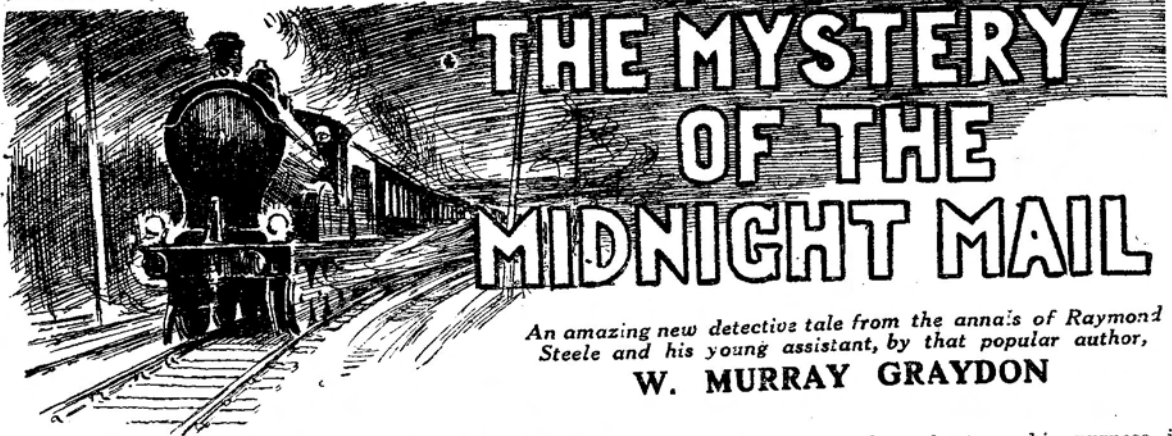
He advanced towards me with clenched fists; and I was about to pick him up and throw him at the bookcase, when Lord Mauleverer, whom I had supposed to be fast asleep, opened his eyes and rose from the sofa, with a business-like expression on his face.

"You worm!" he exclaimed, with unusual spirit. "It's like your cheek to come here and insult Sir Jimmy who's one of the best fellows breathin'! Take that—an' that—an' that!"

I took them. Indeed, I had no choice in the matter. The first was a straight drive to the nose; the second, a smashing blow in the chest; and the third, a terrific upper-cut, which lifted me off my feet, and sent me through the doorway as clean as a whistle.

As I remarked, there are exactly eleven fellows in the Remove that I could lick with one hand.

Lord Mauleverer is not one of the eleven!



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

W. MURRAY GRAYDON

A Race with Tom Cobleigh—A Shrewd Stratagem—Oliver Goes Back—A Daring Venture—Caught!

THE man who had so suddenly emerged from the cover, to Oliver's consternation, was as forbidding an individual as he had ever seen. He was a man of middle-age, wearing shabby clothes and gaiters, and his rough, clean-shaven features were of a brutal and sinister type. The lad felt that it must be Tom Cobleigh who had confronted him. He was sure it couldn't be anybody else. It was a surprise for both of them, neither having heard the other's footsteps owing to the roar of the stream. For a brief moment they stood gazing at each other, the lad keenly apprehensive, and regretting that he was unharmed. Steele never permitted him to carry a revolver except in cases of stern necessity. It was the man who spoke first. He took a step forward, raising a thick stick which he had in his hand.

"Who are you?" he gruffly demanded. "What business have you here?"

"I—I've been fishing," stammered Oliver, making the only excuse he could think of.

"Have you? Where's your rod?"

"I haven't got it with me. I left it yonder, and came this way for a likely place to cast a fly."

"You're a liar! I know what your game is! I wouldn't mind betting that you are—"

Oliver did not wait to hear any more. He whipped round and took to his heels. He heard a savage imprecation, and the stick lunged at him, grazing his shoulder. He dashed up the channel of the Dart, towards Venaford Brook, and as he ran he heard the man in hot chase after him. It was Tom Cobleigh who was in pursuit, and he suspected the lad's identity.

"I know you!" he shouted. "I know who you are! You are Raymond Steele's young whelp I was warned against! Stop, my boy, or it will be the worse for you!"

Oliver paid no heed, of course. He wished now that he had waited at the farm for his master to arrive. His imprudence had led him into an ugly scrape, and he was afraid that if he were caught his life would be in danger. He tore on as fast as he could, at reckless speed, floundering through the undergrowth, and scrambling

amongst big stones, as he held to the narrow margin of the river. Still the rapid, crashing tread rang to his ears from behind. He had gained a little on the man, however. By strenuous efforts he increased his speed, and continued to gain for a couple of hundred yards, until he was no longer in fear of being overtaken. He was well in the lead now, and he had no doubt that he would be able to elude his pursuer. But he wanted to do more than that. He had a shrewd idea in his mind, and the means of achieving it occurred to him when he had gone a little farther.

Stopping in his flight, he picked up a stone, and hurled it as far from him as he could. He heard it fall with a heavy thud, and at the same instant, swerving to one side, he dived into a shallow cleft between two large boulders. He crouched low there, peering in suspense from the thickets that concealed him. Tom Cobleigh was approaching. He burst from the bushes into an open glade, and, not glancing to right or left, he hurried on, and was lost to sight again. Oliver's ruse had succeeded, much to his relief. By craft he had got such an opportunity as he desired. He crept from his hiding-place, and listened for a few seconds, hearing the rapid steps of his pursuer beyond him.

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 comes face to face with a strange man in a gorge near the River Dart.

(Now read on.)

And then, bent on his purpose in spite of what risk there might be, he retraced his course down the Dart, moving as quickly as he could.

"I tricked that scoundrel neatly," he said to himself. "He believes I am somewhere ahead of him. He will push on for a time, and he may go as far as Venaford Brook before he turns back. I have my chance, and I'll make the most of it. I want to find out if Peter Chumleigh is at that house, if I can."

There was silence, save for the brawling of the stream, when he passed the spot where he had encountered the man. He judged that he had not much farther to go; but it was not until he had covered another quarter of a mile that a bend in the river brought him in view of his destination. His heart throbbed with excitement. Sheltered by a tree, he looked over to the opposite bank of the Dart. A wall of rugged masonry rose from the water's edge to a height of a dozen feet, and perched on the top of it, nestled against the precipitous hill, was a frame dwelling of one storey that was partly overhung with foliage. Three windows were visible, and one of them had closed shutters. There was no sign or sound of life. Not a wisp of smoke curled from the chimney that peeped from between the trees. For a short interval Oliver stood there gazing and listening, and then, remembering that Tom Cobleigh might be on his way back, he decided what to do.

"I am certain that Peter Chumleigh is a prisoner in that house," he reflected. "There can be hardly a doubt of it. And I don't believe anybody else is there. The men Sleath and Flindt have probably gone off somewhere. Perhaps not. They may be there, too. But it will be worth the risk to learn if they are or not, so I'll have a try. My word, won't the gov'nor be jolly pleased if I should rescue Peter?"

There was deep water in front of the lad. It was impossible for him to cross here. He went on for thirty or forty yards, keeping to the cover of the thickets, and came to a reach of the stream that was wider but shallow. Plunging into the current, he waded with ease to the opposite bank, submerged to the waist; and when he had stepped ashore, and squeezed his dripping clothes, he turned in the direction from which he had come. He presently

perceived a winding footpath on the right, and he stealthily ascended it, mounting higher and higher, until he emerged from the drooping foliage on a level space that was several yards in width. The dwelling was close in front of him with the steep hills to one side, and the sheer wall of masonry on the other. At the end of it, looking down the valley of the Dart, were a door and window. The door was wide open, and nobody could be seen within. There was no sound except the dull thunder of the river as it brawled through its narrow channel.

Oliver was half-inclined to retreat. He was pretty sure that Herbert Sleath and Jason Flindt were not in the house. Yet he might be wrong. He hesitated briefly, and then, at the thought of the youth, whom he believed to be a prisoner at this lonely place, he glided boldly forward to the doorway, peered within, and entered a small room that was the kitchen. There was nobody here and all was quiet. In the grate were the smouldering ashes of the fire, and on a deal table were the remains of a meal. The dwelling was a long and narrow one, and it was evident that the rooms communicated with one another. The lad hesitated again, his gaze bent on a door that was opposite to him.

"The men can't be here," he murmured. "I would be a fool to miss such a chance. I'll rescue young Peter, and get away with him, before that fellow Cobleigh returns."

As he went across the room, walking softly, he trod on a loose board that creaked. He stopped for an instant, and as he moved on the door was thrown open, and there appeared a tall man with a tawny beard and moustache. It was Jason Flindt. He gave a start, and stared at the intruder in bewilderment.

"What are you doing here, you sneaking young rascal?" he exclaimed angrily. "Who are you?"

Oliver did not answer. His heart was thumping against his ribs. He turned to run, and tripped over a chair that sent him sprawling headlong. He jumped up at once, and realising that he had no chance of escape, swung round on the man, who was by then upon him. Jason Flindt was in a boiling rage.

"You whelp, I know you," he snarled.

Evading a blow the lad aimed at him, he seized him by the throat, and the two got to grips. They fought desperately, scuffling to and fro, reeling from wall to wall, until at length they fell. The struggle did not last much longer. Oliver was no match for his assailant, and his strength soon failed him. A heavy blow on the jaw partly stunned him, and when he recovered he found that he had been lifted to his feet, and flung into a chair. He was bruised and dishevelled, and his head was throbbing with pain. Jason Flindt was standing by him, binding his wrists together with a piece of cord.

"You'll be sorry for this, you sneak!" he declared. "I know who you are! You are Raymond Steele's whelp! I know that, so you needn't deny it! Where is your master?"

"He isn't far off," the lad defiantly replied.

"I don't believe it!" said Flindt. "He wouldn't have let you come here alone! Where is he?"

"You'll find out soon enough, you scoundrel!"

"Where is Raymond Steele? Will you tell me?"

"No, I won't! I'll tell you nothing!"

Footsteps were audible now, and a moment later Tom Cobleigh burst into the room, panting for breath, and stared in amazement at the scene that he beheld.

"So you've got him!" he cried. "This is Steele's brat!"

"Yes, no doubt of it," Jason Flindt assented. "How the deuce did he contrive to find his way here?"

"I've no idea what put him on our track, sir. I met him down the valley yonder, and he took to his heels before I could grab him. The cunning young fox tricked me. He hid until I had gone by him, and then he doubled

Taking a handkerchief from his pocket as he spoke, Flindt tied it firmly across the lad's mouth, and hauled him roughly to his feet. The two men grasped him by the arms, and as he was led towards the adjoining room he heard a husky shout for help, and he knew that it must be the voice of Peter Chumleigh.

"A nice scrape I've got myself into," he thought. "I wish I hadn't been so careless. The gov'nor won't know where to look for me, for I didn't give him any information in my letter. Molly Garrish may tell him about the man Cobleigh, though, come to think of it."

What Raymond Steele Saw From the Bathroom—A Change of Plans—Searching for Ralph Vanderling—Shadowed to London—A Meeting Outside of Bonner's Hotel—Steele Overhears Something of Interest.

RALPH VANDERLING in the detective's room? What could it mean? Or was it somebody else—an ordinary thief who had been



Taking a handkerchief from his pocket, Flindt tied it firmly across the lad's mouth.

back. I wonder where his master is? Has he told you?"

"No, he won't open his lips. But I'll force him to speak. We have nothing to fear from Steele at present, I am certain."

Tom Cobleigh's eyes were venomous, full of hatred. He shook his fist at Oliver.

"I'd like to kill him!" he muttered.

"I dare say you would," Jason Flindt replied. "Don't let me have any talk of that sort. If you could have had your way with the other boy you would have robbed us of fifty thousand pounds."

"I have a grudge against both of them. This fellow fooled me, else he wouldn't have got here. What are we to do with him, sir?"

"We'll keep him a prisoner, of course. That will give us a hold over Raymond Steele, and be to our advantage."

waiting for an opportunity to steal? Possibly it was not the gentleman from New York, yet Steele did not think he was mistaken. He crouched there in shadow for a few seconds, debating what he should do; and then, as stealthily as a cat, he crept to the top of the stairs. To the left was the door of his bedchamber, which was open to the width of several inches; and opposite to it, with the door standing half-open, was a small bathroom.

Steele slipped in there, and, concealed at one side of the entrance, he peered across the corridor into his own room through the aperture in the doorway. At the first glimpse he distinctly saw the intruder's face, and it banished what vague doubt had been in his mind. The man was Ralph Vanderling, and it was obvious that he was searching for something.

He glided noiselessly to and fro, now visible and now hidden from view, going here and there. He

glanced into a wardrobe, and felt in the pockets of a coat that hung from a peg; examined the contents of the drawers of a dressing-table, and opened and rummaged in the detective's kit bag, which was on a chair at the foot of the bed. His movements were deft and rapid, and he had soon finished with his task. He withdrew from the chamber, shrugging his shoulders in disappointment, and closed the door behind him. And when he had descended the stairs, Steele crossed over to his room, and sat down to consider the matter.

There were two constructions to be put upon what he had witnessed. As he had suspected at the first; this American, who was the heir to his uncle's fortune in the event of Peter Chumleigh's death, had crossed the Atlantic on the same boat as the youth, and with designs on his life. Having recognised Steele when he encountered him in the grounds of Chumleigh Hall on the previous day—photographs of the famous detective had more than once appeared in the New York newspapers—Vanderling's curiosity had been roused. He had subsequently inquired for Steele at Newton Abbot and learned that he was staying at the Red Lion Hotel. He had been on the watch this morning, had seen Squire Chumleigh arrive at the hotel, and had listened to his conversation with the detective from outside of the smoking-room window. Thus he had discovered that young Peter was alive and a prisoner, and he had ventured into the detective's bedchamber to seek for the letter from Oliver which Steele had mentioned to the squire.

That was one chain of theories. On the other hand, it was possible that Ralph Vanderling was in league with the men Sleath and Flindt, which would as readily account for his trying to find the letter. Steele did not know which to believe, though he was inclined to have more faith in the former theory than in the latter. After brief reflection he decided that he would alter his plans, and not go to Tor Farm at once.

"I'll leave Oliver to work on his own for the present," he said to himself. "I had better find Vanderling, and keep a watch on him on the chance of his meeting Herbert Sleath and Jason Flindt somewhere."

When the detective was engaged on a case, and travelling about, he was always prepared to alter his appearance. And he had not neglected the precaution in this instance, having brought down from town with him such things as he might need. Taking from his bag a make-up box, he touched his cheeks with a stick of grease-paint, and adjusted a false moustache to his lip. He discarded the suit of blue serge he was wearing, and put on grey tweeds; and then, looking like a different person, he left the hotel and set off on his quest.

It was now between ten and eleven o'clock, and for nearly an hour he wandered about the little town, going from one hotel to another, and making fruitless inquiries. When he had exhausted the list, with one exception, he was feeling discouraged. He was

afraid that his man had already departed from Newton Abbot, but as he drew near to the Globe Hotel; the one he had not yet been to, his heart gave a throb of relief. Mr. Ralph Vanderling had just emerged from the building, a stick in one hand, and a bag in the other. He was evidently in a bad temper, for there was a savage, moody expression on his face. He strode by the detective without a glance at him, and when he had gone for a short distance, Steele turned and followed him. He was now inclined to pin his faith to the former of the two theories he had considered.

"The fellow appears to be greatly upset," he reflected, "and I think I can account for it. He has no connection with Sleath and Flindt, else he would not be in such moody spirits. No, he is disgusted because he learned, by listening to my conversation with Squire Chumleigh outside of the window, that the boy Peter is alive and a prisoner, and that he has lost the fortune he believed to be in his grasp. That is probably the true state of affairs."

One thing was certain. Ralph Vanderling was not concerned in regard to the detective, for he was totally unsuspecting. He did not once look behind him to see if he was being shadowed. He walked straight to the railway station, where he booked for London taking a single first-class ticket. Steele, who was close by, did the same. The two waited on the platform for a quarter of an hour, neither paying any attention to the other; and then, a fast express having come in from Plymouth, they seated themselves in different compartments of the same coach. Steele was in a smoker, and he was comfortably settled in a corner, with a pipe in his mouth and a magazine in his hand, when the train pulled out of the station. He could not be quite sure that his theory was right. There was still a shred of doubt in his mind, else he would have gone to Tor Farm to assist Oliver in the search for the kidnapers, instead of accompanying Ralph Vanderling on the journey.

"I had better watch him," he thought. "In all likelihood he has discovered that he has no claim to his uncle's million, and he intends to return to New York. Yet it is possible that he is in the plot with Sleath and Flindt, and that he is worried because he has discovered that I have a clue to the whereabouts of those scoundrels. And if such is the case it is to be presumed that he will communicate with them."

It was not much more than twelve o'clock, and there was a dining-carriage on the train. Ralph Vanderling and the detective had luncheon there, sitting apart from each other, and then they went back to their compartments. The express thundered rapidly on during the afternoon, crashing through the peaceful countryside, and flying at dizzy speed through Taunton and Westbury, and at a few minutes past three o'clock it ran into the vast terminus at Paddington.

There was a scene of bustle and stir and confusion. From out of the crowd Ralph Vanderling detached

himself, with the detective in close pursuit. He hailed a cab, and got into it with his bag; and as the vehicle started, Steele stepped into another cab near-by, and gave brief instructions to his chauffeur.

"I hope I sha'n't lose my man," he murmured. "I want to keep an eye on him for a day or so."

It was a long chase. The two vehicles rolled from street to street, in the autumn sunshine, the space between them now lengthening and now contracting. They went by the Edgware Road to the Marble Arch, down Park Lane and Hamilton Place to Piccadilly, and thence to Ryder Street, St. James, where the leading cab stopped in front of Bonner's Private Hotel. Ralph Vanderling got out and entered the building, and when Steele had driven past it, he reached for the speaking-tube in front of him, and bade the chauffeur take him to Welbeck Street. He had located his man, and this was sufficient for the present.

"I'll go home and have some tea," he said to himself, "and this evening I'll drop in at the hotel, and see if there is anything doing."

For a couple of hours he sat in his chambers, smoking and thinking, and at length, glancing at his watch, he rose and entered his bedchamber, where he put on evening-dress. He retouched his face with pigment, and changed his false moustache for one of a different size and colour, and with a dark overcoat on his arm, wearing a crush-hat, he left the building.

He was in no hurry. He strolled through Mayfair to Piccadilly, and between seven and eight o'clock he walked into Bonner's Hotel in Ryder Street, and paused in the big, luxuriously furnished lounge to gaze around him. Opposite to him was the staircase. Over to the right was the office, and to the left, by a couch, was a door that led to the dining-room. The door was open, and Steele, peering in, had a glimpse of the American at a table. Having stepped to the desk to scan the register, and observe Ralph Vanderling's name, he sat down on the couch, as if he were waiting for some guest at the hotel.

The time wore on. Finally Ralph Vanderling came out of the dining-room, immaculately attired in evening-dress. He stopped close to the detective to light a cigarette, and at the same moment there descended the stairs a tall man in a brown suit and a bowler-hat, with smug, clean-shaven features. He crossed the lounge, and paused abruptly at the sight of the American. He stared for an instant.

"Mr. Vanderling!" he said, in a sharp tone.

The other turned to him, and gave a quick start. "By Jove it's Sleath!" he exclaimed.

"Hush, not so loud! Call me Wilmerdale! I had no idea that you were in England!"

"I knew that you were here, though, and you are the very man I've been wanting to find!"

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

3. Secrets of Forward Success

ANOTHER of the principles which should be borne in mind by outside forwards, who want to make goal-scoring openings for the inside men, is that it is easier to direct a ball which they have to meet, than one which they have to run after.

Play on the Wings!

Let me illustrate just what I mean. Suppose the outside wing man has the ball and gets clear of the defenders. If he swings the ball into the middle in such a way that the inside men have to race after it and head it the same way that the ball is going, they will find it extremely difficult to give any sort of momentum to the ball.

On the other hand, if the outside wing man runs on until he is pretty near to his opponents' goal-line, and then crosses the ball backward into the middle of the field, his colleagues will be in the position of meeting the ball.

In this position they are much better able to get it under control or to send in a well-directed first-time shot. Moreover, there is another distinct advantage in the slightly backward pass, because, as my young readers know well enough, a forward cannot be offside if he is behind the ball when it is last played.

In the same way, it always seems



When a wing man doubles back with the ball, the defenders naturally follow him, and the poor centre-forward finds himself offside.

advisable for each of the extreme wing men to swing the ball well over—that is, the outside-right should drop in his centre somewhere about the position usually occupied by the inside-left. The idea of this is exactly the same as in the case of the back-



ward pass—the forward can meet the ball fair and square with either head or foot, and has a much better chance of making a direct shot, than is the case if he has to run after the ball.

Hustle the Full Backs!

Turning for a moment to the duty of the centre-forward, particularly, this player should never lose sight of the fact that it pays to hustle the full backs, and sometimes even the goalkeeper.

In regard to the full backs, it is an easy matter for them to make a big and well-directed clearance, if they are given plenty of time and scope in which to do it. But the best of full backs make mistakes sometimes, if they are continually hustled and worried by the attentions of the centre-forward.

It is with the object of getting the full backs making mistakes, that the centre-forward should be always up and at them, as it were.

Especially have I found that this hustling pays, when the ground and the ball are on the slippery side.

The Unexpected in Footer!

I remember last winter, getting quite an unexpected goal in one of our matches, as the result of following up what seemed like a forlorn hope. The ball was kicked well forward beyond me, to one of the opposing full backs, and for him the clearance seemed to be so easy that for a second or so I wondered whether it would be worth while to go after the ball at all. However, I made up my mind to chance it, and it was as well that I did so, for the ball slipped off the boot of the full back when he tried to clear, and left me a goal-scoring chance which I could scarcely have missed.

Of course, the danger about this constant "right up to the backs" policy, is that, the centre-forward will find himself in an offside position

unless he is particularly careful. In the best class of football, there are quite a lot of full backs, who are expert at the business of throwing forwards offside, but I don't suppose my young footballer readers are as much worried with this problem as I am.

Still, it would be just as well, if I explain here, that there are ways in which even masters of offside tactics can be defeated.

Defeating Offside Tactics!

In the first place, the centre-forward must try as hard as he can to watch the positions of the two full backs, or, alternately, to keep behind the man in possession of the ball.

To help him to miss this offside



Adopt hustling tactics, for the best of full backs make mistakes at times.

trap, his colleagues should be careful not to indulge in the twisting back game, when they are in possession of the ball. Sometimes they have to do it, of course, in order to get themselves out of a tight corner, but, whenever it is possible, they should remember that they are forwards and that their motto should be "forward."

When the wing men double back with the ball, the defenders naturally follow them, and then the poor centre-forward who has been waiting for the pass, finds himself in an offside position when the ball is eventually sent to him.

Sydney B. Puddefoot

A splendid new series by a famous full back will commence in next Tuesday's "Greyfriars Herald." Order your copy in advance!



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 Norechester 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. After a match at Scarsbrook Jack learns that his team is to meet Fulham in the first round of the English Cup. In high spirits the players return to Norechester. As they approach their home ground in a taxi, they discover, to their consternation, that the club-house is on fire!

(Now read on.)

The End of a Scoundrel!

SCARCELY had the taxi come to a standstill than Jack Denyer leapt from his seat beside the driver and was forcing his way through the vast crowd that had gathered to watch the deprecation of the roaring flames.

The red glow in the night sky was a beacon that could be seen all over the town, and people had flocked from all quarters. Furthermore, the resonant clanging of the fire-engine gongs had brought the inhabitants of Norechester to their front doors, and had thus helped to swell the procession which hurried towards the football ground.

Fighting and struggling, Jack Denyer used his strong shoulders to make his way towards the ground; but it is doubtful whether he would have attained his goal had not someone in the crowd recognised him.

"Make way, there!" cried the artisan, a staunch supporter of the club. "Make way for Jack Denyer!"

No sooner did they hear the shouted words than the crowd made a gangway for the pale-faced youngster; and a moment later Jack was striding across the road towards the door which usually admitted spectators to the enclosure.

He was about to pass into the ground, when a strong hand descended and gripped his shoulder.

Jack swung round sharply, angrily. "Not so fast!" growled a big policeman. "You can't go in there! Nobody ain't allowed to go inside—least of all a bit of a kid!"

Jack Denyer flushed hotly and he shook himself free with an almost fierce movement of his shoulder.

"Don't talk rot!" he snapped at the surprised officer of the law. "I'm the manager of this club, so it's not for you to tell me what I can do! My place is inside—and I'm going!"

Then, leaving the constable open-mouthed, the youngster vanished through the door, and was lost to sight. And he had not taken half a dozen long strides than he came to a standstill, a sigh of relief upon his lips, for it was at once obvious that, unless something unforeseen happened, the fire could be confined to the club-house alone, the stands not having been touched. They stood there, stark and black against the night sky, intact.

But the danger was not over, by any means, for white-hot sparks and blazing debris were falling on all sides. There was a sporting chance, however—a fighting chance—and it seemed that the firemen were winning their grim battle.

Gallons of water drenched the blazing club-house, and slowly, almost imperceptibly, the licking, vicious flames died down, to give place to dense volumes of smoke and steam, and cascades of hot sparks.

Five minutes later Jack Denyer could have cried aloud with joy, for he knew that the fireman had triumphed.

And the stands were saved!

His first boyish impulse was to rush up to the men and grip them each by the hand; then, realising that he was the manager of the club, and not an irresponsible schoolboy at Rundle's, he walked across to the superintendent, who had watched the operations from a safe distance.

"Your men have done splendid work!" said Jack Denyer; and the superintendent, recognising the

youngster, smiled with pardonable pride.

"Yes, Mr. Denyer," he said, "the trouble's over now, and you can thank your lucky stars that the stands escaped."

"I do," answered the youngster fervently. "The destruction of the ground would have meant ruin to the club, for we're not overburdened with money at the moment."

The official nodded his grey head.

"Let us see the full extent of the damage," he suggested, and walked towards the smouldering skeleton of a building that had once been a palatial club-house.

The place was in semi-darkness now, the only light radiating from the red embers of charred wood, and the firemen were completing their work by means of torches. Two or three of them had ventured inside the place, and it was at the moment when Jack and the superintendent came up that they reappeared, bearing something between them.

The dull glow lit up their faces, and Jack saw that each man was deathly pale—pallid, horror-stricken.

"Hallo!" said the superintendent, as his subordinates placed their burden on the ground. "What have you got there?"

One of the firemen looked up, and, instead of replying, he produced a torch and directed the rays upon the object at his feet.

Jack and his companion took a couple of steps forward; and then the youngster recoiled, with a cry of horror upon his bloodless lips. For he found himself looking into the blackened and mutilated face of Mills, his arch-enemy, the man who had so often attempted his life!

Jack Denyer remained speechless for many long seconds, and then he moistened his parched lips.

"He—he was inside?" he queried, in a voice which he scarcely recognised as his own. "You found him in there?"

He suppressed a shudder as he nodded towards the club-house.

"We did, sir," answered one of the firemen grimly.

"But—but I don't understand!" said the youngster dully. "What was he doing there at all? I wonder. He'd no right to be there!"

"We found him lying on the floor," volunteered one of the men. "And there was an empty tin beside him—a petrol tin," he finished significantly. "There was also an empty whisky-bottle there."

Jack's smooth brow puckered, and his eyes clouded.

"You think—" he began, not wishing to put his suspicions into words.

"It certainly looks as though he broke in and set fire to the place," said the superintendent, who was a hard-headed, matter-of-fact man. "What's more, it seems that he took a bottle of spirits, to fortify himself, and that he took a drop too much." He turned to the player-manager. "Had this fellow anything against you? Was there any reason why he should have set fire to the place?"

Jack was silent for a moment, during which time he endured the inquisitorial gaze of the superintendent.

"His name is Mills," said the youngster at last, "and he used to be a member of the team. He hated me, and vowed that he would ruin the club. Of course—"

"Ah!" said the official, with a wealth of meaning in his tone. "That explains a lot! I didn't recognise him at first, but now you say he's Mills—well, he's always been a bad lot."

Jack kept his eyes away from the charred thing that had once been a man.

"He may have been a bad lot," he said slowly; "but, like most bad lots, he has paid the penalty in full, and I forgive him."

His eyes were moist as he spoke; and then, with twitching lips, he turned and walked slowly away.

The Game Against Fulham!

ALL roads led to Craven Cottage on the occasion of Fulham's Cup Tie game against Norchester United, and all roads were traversed by football enthusiasts, most of them walking, others in motor-cars, some on cycles—but all in holiday mood.

Piano-organs were doing their worst at almost every street corner within a quarter-mile radius of the ground, and itinerant vendors of refreshing fruit and succulent acid-drops were as thick as blackberries in September.

The local club's colours—green-and-white—could be seen on every hand, although the red-and-white of the visitors was not entirely absent, for a special Cup Tie train had been run from Norchester.

Laughing and talking, worries and trials swamped by the Cup Tie fever, the mass of people flocked towards the clicking turnstiles, and the continuous chink of silver coin must have been as music to the club's directors.

It was soon obvious that there would be a record "gate," for the Londoners had watched the meteoric rise of the Norchester team with fervid interest, and were eager to see the "school-boys" perform.

Half an hour before the kick-off, when every available inch of space was filled, the gates were closed—in the gloomy faces of thousands of disappointed enthusiasts. However, they decided to make the best of a bad job, and to remain outside and hear the game!

A January sun beamed down upon the packed enclosure, and the turf, which was in perfect condition, looked as smooth as an ironed billiard-cloth.

A local band trooped on to the field, and proceeded to enliven the proceedings with popular airs, and one staid old gentleman in the grand-stand was heard to declare that he was "ever blowing bubbles," and an individual on the embankment, who made a precarious livelihood by selling fly-papers, so far forgot himself as to mention "shop," and warbled to the effect that he was cognisant of the migratory habits of flies in the winter-time!

Exactly five minutes from the ad-

when Jack Denyer, his face flushed, and his eyes bright and clear, led his men on to the field, and the huge crowd rose to the youngster as one man.

A roar of genuine welcome rang round the ground, for Jack's prowess with the leather had long since travelled south.

"Denyer!" yelled the Norchester partisans. "Jack's the boy for us!"

"Good old Monty! Mind your monacle, lad!"

Much good-natured laughter rumbled round the ground as Monty jammed his single glass into his eye and gazed vacantly round the packed enclosure.

"That Johnny was deuced personal!" he murmured; and his crummates grinned delightedly.

Jackson, the Norchester custodian, loped across the springy turf and took up his position in the vacant goal, and a second later he was tested and



The players stumbled over the line with the ball in their midst—and Norchester had notched another goal!

vertised time for the "kick-off" the discordant singing gave place to a roar of cheering which threatened to rip the roof off the stand, for every eye had caught sight of the green shirts and white knickers of the Fulham eleven.

They looked very spick-and-span as they trotted towards a vacant goal, and Reynolds was soon being bombarded from all angles. He was in no way worried, however, and saved shot after shot in a masterly manner which proved that he was at the top of his form.

The spectators were busy naming their favourites, and anyone in the crowd who might have been too poor or disinclined to buy a programme would have had no difficulty in learning that the home club was represented by the following players:

Reynolds between the sticks; Worrall and Chaplin in front of him; Bagge, Marrable and Torrance in the half-back line, and MacDonald, Banks, Morris, Crockford and Penn in the attack.

It wanted three minutes to "time"

beaten by a roaring daisy-cutter from his skipper.

There was a rueful expression upon Jackson's rugged features as he fished the ball from the back of the rigging, and he inwardly thanked his lucky stars that he was not the home goalie, who would have to face Jack's lightning drives during the game.

The referee glanced at his watch and whistled the skippers to the centre, where the trio gripped palms.

Then—up went the coin, and the home captain, having the luck of the toss, decided to play with his back to the sun. A further blast of the whistle brought the players into position; and then, amid a breathless hush, Jack Denyer tapped the leather to Monty Selhurst, and the Cup Tie game had started.

Marrable tackled Monty at once, and the Rundle's fellow back-heeled to Brown, who, in turn, swung the leather across to Craig. It was an unexpected move so far as the Fulham players were concerned, but Craig was on the alert. He snapped up the pass and darted down the wing towards

the home goal. Torrance was in grim pursuit, and moving like the wind. And the Fulham player gained possession just as Craig was about to centre.

He charged the youngster, and sent him rolling over and over upon the turf, and the next second he had cleared, with a punt which sent the ball into Norchester's territory.

And Banks was there to receive it.

He swooped down on the sphere like a bird of prey, and, turning upon his heel, he streaked between Monty and Jepson, punted the leather forward, and beat Brown in a mad race for possession.

And it was then that he found himself confronted by the massive form of "Baby" Blaney, who came ambling towards him like a miniature tank. The big back's jaw was set determinedly, and there was a look in his steady eyes which spoke of cast-iron resolution.

Banks saw the look, and played for safety.

He shot a swift, all-seeing glance at Jackson's goal, took a pot-shot—and scored!

It was a wonderful effort, a grave risk, perhaps, and it gave Fulham an early lead. The ball shot just under the crossbar, out of Jackson's reach; and long before the referee's rigid finger pointed to the centre pandemonium was rife. Hats and sticks and caps were flung high into the air, and a concerted roar of "Goal!" escaped every lip, and split the skies asunder.

And the enthusiasm was infectious, for the Fulham players simply hugged their man as he literally fought his way to the centre-line. He was thumped and beaten and patted until he looked almost dazed, and he had scarcely regained his breath when Jack Denyer kicked off for the second time in a matter of minutes.

The young player-manager looked grave and determined as he touched the ball to Monty. Monty, for his part, remained as imperturbable as ever, and a suspicion of a smile twisted his lips.

Yet no sooner did he feel the ball at his toe than the smile vanished, and gave place to a look of grim determination which transformed his features. The sleepy, listless youngster was transformed into a thing pulsing with life—a human machine, swift-moving and ubiquitous; a forceful, determined player, charged with goal-getting electricity!

And in that moment it seemed that nothing human was capable of impeding Monty, who was moving like the wind, the leather appearing to be glued to the toe of his boot.

He left the Fulham forwards standing, outpaced Chaplin, swerved towards the home territory, and pushed the leather through Reynolds' legs as the goalie dashed out in an effort to save.

That goal had to be, however, and Monty, gaining possession, tapped the ball into the net—and the scores were even!

It had been a great and meritorious effort—something which happens but infrequently—and Monty Selhurst received his full meed of praise. The crowd cheered whole-heartedly, whilst

the Norchester fellows mobbed their man, wringing his hands till he had to beg for mercy.

"I say, you asses, cut it out!" protested the youngster, glaring through his monocle "I promise not to do it again!"

The players laughed unrestrainedly at this quaint remark, and they were all wearing broad grins—with the exception of Monty, who was making a minute examination of his fingers, as though searching for broken bones, when Morris set the ball rolling for the re-start.

From now onwards it was war to the knife, and the spectators were treated to a display of bustling, clever football, with few infringements. Every player on the field was going "all out," and giving of his best, and the ball travelled from one goal-mouth to the other with incredible speed.

Often did the crowd hold its breath in anticipation of a goal; but both Jackson and Reynolds were playing as men inspired. No matter from what angle they were bombarded, they always contrived to be in the line of flight, their hands safe, their judgment perfection itself.

And thus the game progressed—an exposition of "class" football packed with thrills, and half-time found the scores even—Fulham, 1; Norchester United, 1.

It had been a glorious first half, and the teams were cheered to the echo as, tired and flushed, but alive with the spirit of combat, they trooped towards the dressing-rooms.

Monty Selhurst gripped Jack's arm. "I expect the fellows at Norchester are excited," he said with a smile. "They'll get a telephone message through in a matter of minutes."

Jack nodded. "Yes, the lads should know very soon," he returned. "I wish we were a goal up."

"There's plenty of time, old son," said Monty cheerily. "We'll scramble home somehow, never fear!"

"I hope we do," said Jack fervently.

Lemon-time passed all too quickly for the players, but they roused themselves at once when the imperative blast of the whistle summoned them to the field of play for the second half.

Phoop!

A second later the ball was upon Penn's toe, and the winger was off down the touchline like a flash of light, his boots veritably twinkling as they covered the ground. He was unstoppable at that moment, and he had slammed a perfect centre across the visitors' goal before he was brought down.

His run was doomed to come to naught, however, for Jackson had cleared with a mighty punch before a Fulham forward could get his head to the ball.

"Well tried, Penn!" roared the crowd. "Pretty play, sir!"

The leather dropped almost at Mallison's feet, and the inside-right snapped it up, twirled round, and put it along the line to Craig. Off went the Norchester winger, and repeated Penn's performance of a moment before!

Beating all opposition, he managed to get to the corner-flag without mis-

hap, and his centre was a gem of its kind. Square into the goal-mouth it soared, and the players clustered in front of Reynolds made a concerted jump for it.

It was obvious that it was going to be a tussle between Mallison and one of the Fulham players, and they leapt upwards, shoulder to shoulder.

Then, at the moment one of the bobbing heads caught the descending leather and deflected it towards the corner, there came a staccato sound, and Mallison crumpled up in a heap, temporarily stunned.

The referee shrilled his whistle, and the game was stopped.

A moment later the trainer was running across the grass, and his rough-and-ready methods soon restored the Norchester player. Mallison grinned up at the Fulham forward, who was rubbing his head ruefully.

"You won!" he said whimsically.

"All right now?" asked the referee; and Mallison nodded.

"O.K.!" he answered; and the official picked up the ball and glanced round at the swarming players.

He blew his whistle, the ball bounced once, and a second later there was a scramble royal in the home goal-mouth. Reynolds was dancing about like a cat on hot bricks, doing his best to keep his eye upon the elusive leather. And then, almost before he knew what had happened, the solid phalanx of footballers bore down upon him, and he had to give ground.

The players, inextricably mixed, stumbled over the line with the ball in their midst—and Norchester had notched another goal!

And that goal was destined to be the last one scored during the titanic struggle for victory. The Fulham players worked like Trojans, but all their efforts were in vain, defeated by the dogged play of the visitors.

Raid after raid was made upon the Norchester goal, only to find that Bob Fender and Blaney were playing the game of their lives; whilst Jackson, between the sticks, displayed a cool and daring judgment.

And thus did the minutes pass—minutes which seemed like seconds to the Fulham supporters. Anxious eyes were cast at watches, and the crowd began to fidget with impatience.

"Buck up, Fulham!" came a shout from the embankments. "Make a draw of it!"

As a matter of fact, the home eleven were working like heroes, and on the run of play a draw would have been a fair score. But Fortune had smiled upon Norchester for once in its stormy career, and their luck held good, for the final whistle found Jackson being literally bombarded with shots, but his goal remained intact.

Norchester United had won their Cup Tie by the odd goal in three! Jack Denyer's team had placed its foot on the first rung of the ladder which led to the Cup!

A special football express, bearing the victorious Norchester eleven, and the supporters who had travelled to

THE CASE OF THE CORN-PLASTER!

Our Great New Series dealing with the Amazing Adventures of

HERLOCK SHOLMES
DETECTIVE

Written by

PETER TODD

I.

HERLOCK SHOLMES was deep in thought in the arm-chair, when I came into our rooms at Shaker Street one evening.

I glanced at him inquiringly.

"A new case, Sholmes?" I asked.

"I am undecided whether to act in a certain case, Jotson," answered Sholmes. "I am going to ask your advice. Being in perfect health, my dear doctor, and not in need of medical attentions, I feel that I can ask your advice with perfect safety."

This was one of Sholmes' rather inscrutable remarks, which I did not quite follow.

"Come here, my dear fellow," added Sholmes.

I approached him.

Sholmes laid his hand on my shoulder, and I grinned the grin of affectionate friendship, taking this for one of his rare signs of attachment. He sat down again.

"Where is your handkerchief, my dear Jotson?" he asked.

I felt in my pocket.

"Upon my word! I must have left it inside my latest patient," I ejaculated in alarm. "I have been performing an operation, Sholmes. I remembered, too late, that I had sewn up some of my instruments in him by error; but I was not aware that my handkerchief was also missing. This is rather serious!"

"For the patient?"

"I was not, for the moment, thinking of the patient, Sholmes. Handkerchiefs are very expensive now. I cannot afford—" I broke off. "Excuse me, Sholmes; I had better return at once to my patient and re-open the matter!"

"Calm yourself, Jotson," drawled Sholmes. "Here is your nose-bag."

To my great amazement, Herlock Sholmes held up my handkerchief.

"My dear Sholmes! How—"

"I am glad to see that I have not lost my old skill, Jotson," said Sholmes. "I simply picked your pocket, my dear fellow, to test my deftness. I find it is unimpaired."

"I never knew you exercised any other profession before you became a detective, Sholmes?"

"Tut, tut!" said Sholmes. "Now, Jotson, Inspector Pinkeye is very keen on my lending my aid in the case he has now in hand. I am dubious."

"Any advice I can give—"

"Exactly! No doubt you remember a war that occurred some time ago, Jotson, with Hunland. This case deals with one Smith, who lost a leg, as is alleged, in the war. The Pittance Department has to shell out the enormous sum of— I forget how many

halfpennies to Smith. That is to say, it will have to shell out the halfpennies, unless it can be demonstrated that the loss of the leg was not due to the war. As you know, these tiresome claimants for halfpennies have to appear before a Medical Board—so called because it is composed of bored medicos—and if it cannot be proven that the loss of the limb is merely a figment of the man's imagination, the halfpennies have to be handed over. Naturally, care must be exercised. Economy must be considered."

"But—"

"You see, Jotson, money is urgently required for more important objects. Four ex-Lord Chancellors are entitled to pensions of five thousand a year each, for instance. You would not see a retired lawyer run short of a few thousand pounds, merely for the sake of a man who has fought for his country!"

"But—"

"The case of Smith seems to be



Inspector Pinkeye held up a small, circular object.

fairly genuine. The leg is undoubtedly gone. But it may turn out that this loss was not due to the war. Smith may have suffered from shin trouble or housemaid's knee, before the war, and if the pittance can be saved, Jotson, it helps on national economy, the man then simply comes on the rates. Now, with my vast abilities, there is no doubt that I could discover enough to deprive Smith of his allowance of halfpennies, but—" Sholmes paused. "I know it is absurd, Jotson, but I have a feeling that if a retired lawyer is worth five thousand a year a disabled soldier ought really to be allowed some coppers. It is a weakness, I know; but—"

The telephone-bell rang, and Sholmes took up the receiver. The voice of Inspector Pinkeye came through.

"No!" said Sholmes. "I have decided not to take the case, Pinkeye—"

"I think we shall manage, Sholmes," answered the inspector,

with a trace of irony in his tones. "In fact we have managed!"

"Indeed!"

"In order to prove to you, Sholmes, that we can get on sometimes without your aid, I will call, and show you what I have discovered."

Sholmes rang off.

II.

INSPECTOR PINKEYE was smiling with satisfaction when he came in. Evidently he was pleased to be able to demonstrate that the official police could get on—occasionally—without the aid of my amazing friend.

"Well?" said Sholmes, rather grimly.

"I have succeeded, Sholmes." The inspector purred with pleasure. "Smith loses his twopence-halfpenny."

"The loss of the limb was not due to the war?" I inquired. I felt interested from the point of view of a medical man.

"Evidently not," answered Inspector Pinkeye. "I have searched the man's house, and made a discovery."

"Of what nature?" asked Sholmes.

Inspector Pinkeye held up a small, circular object.

"A corn-plaster?" I exclaimed.

"Exactly! And Smith could not deny that it was his property, and bought before the war," smiled the inspector. "He had corns—the plaster proves it—and the official theory of the Pittance Department therefore is, that the loss of the leg was doubtless due to this complaint, and not to the bomb which struck him on the knee." Pinkeye replaced the corn-plaster in his pocket. "Good-evening, Sholmes, we have done without you for once, my boy."

Sholmes crossed the room and shook hands with the inspector as he turned to go. Inspector Pinkeye left us, still smiling.

"So poor Smith loses his halfpennies, after all, Sholmes, just as if you had taken up the case," I remarked.

Sholmes smiled.

"Perhaps not, Jotson."

"But the inspector—"

"You observed that I hook hands with him before he left?"

"True, but what difference does that make?"

"Lots, my dear Jotson. Remember the incident of your handkerchief."

"Sholmes!"

Herlock Sholmes laughed, as he unclosed his hand, and revealed a circular object in his palm.

"Dear old Pinkeye will miss his precious discovery, when he arrives at Scotland Yard," yawned Sholmes. "I am sorry to deprive him of the only triumph in his career. But I really think Smith ought to go on drawing his halfpennies, even if retired lawyers have to be cut short of a bottle or two of port."

And Herlock Sholmes, with a smile, tossed the corn-plaster into the fire.

Next week's laughable adventure will be "The Case of Podgers, M.P."



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

A Doubtful Compliment!

The superintendent of a lunatic asylum was strolling round the grounds soon after his appointment, when one of the inmates coming up to him, exclaimed:

"We all like you better than the last one, sir!"

The new official beamed over this appreciative remark.

"Thank you," he said pleasantly, "and why?"

"Well, sir," replied the lunatic, "you seem to be more like one of us!"—Sent in by N. Walker, Lent Rise, Burnham, Bucks.

Nice For Father!

Little Charlie had been well brought up, and one of the points which his stern parents had impressed upon him was never to remain sitting if a lady had no seat. One day whilst travelling in a crowded carriage on the Underground railway, Charlie was sitting on his father's knee, when a young lady entered. In an instant the little boy was on his feet, and, with a cunning little smile flickering on his chubby face, said politely:—

"Please take my seat, miss!"—Sent in by Miss E. Satchell, 24, Claremont South Avenue, Gateshead-out-Tyne.

FOR CLUB AND THE CUP!

(Concluded from page 18.)

London to see their "pets," pulled up at the station with a grinding of brakes, and Jack Denyer and his men leapt to the platform.

And no sooner had they done so than they were surrounded by a mob of cheering, excited men, who were all wearing the familiar red-and-white colours of the team.

"Here they are!" roared a giant of a fellow. "Here are the lads!"

A rush was made for Jack and the other players, and, almost before they understood what had happened,

The Home of "Grub"!

Mr. Quelch: Tell me, Bunter, which is the most useful tree in England?

W. G. B. (without hesitation): The pantree, sir!—Sent in by A. J. Holborn (page), Ilchester Mansions Hotel, St. Petersburg Place, Bayswater, London, W.

OUR TUCK-HAMPER PRIZE STORYETTE

MY HAT!

Mike O'Donnell, having washed his face and hands, prepared to leave the house for an election meeting, when Bridget, his wife, shouted:

"Mike, take your stick wid yez, and don't return this time with a split head!"

"Don't ye be afraid," retorted Mike reassuringly. "O'ive a stick av dynamite under me bowler, an' sh'ud any av the bhoy's hit me on the cranium, they will be blown to smiddereens!"—Sent in by J. Carmichael, 32, Windsor Street, Glasgow, Scotland, to whom a hamper crammed full of delicious tuck has been despatched.

Needed Training!

A certain train driver had pulled the train up beyond the platform, and when he shunted back, he found that the train was still too far for the passengers to alight. As the driver was about to make another attempt to rectify his error of judg-

they were swung upon burly shoulders and were being carried in triumph from the station.

"Bravo, the United!"

"Good old Jack! Jack's the boy!"

Flushed and happy, the young player-manager tried to wriggle his way to his feet, but his captors held on to him like grim death. They marched across the yard to where a taxi-cab was standing, and in the twinkling of an eye, Jack found himself planted on the top of the vehicle, with the roar of "Speech! Speech!" coming from all sides.

"Chaps," cried the young player-manager, his face aglow with enthu-

ment, a porter was heard to exclaim:

"Hi, Bill, half a mo', and I'll bring the blessed platform along to you!"—Sent in by Miss K. Moore, Beech Tree Lane, Cannock, Staffs.

Very Abstract!

The grammar lesson was in full swing in the Remove Form-room at Greyfriars. Mr. Quelch was vainly trying to impress upon the boys what an abstract noun was.

"An abstract noun," he said, "is a thing we can think of but cannot touch. Now, Wharton, give me an example."

"Billy Bunter's postal-order, sir!" was the prompt reply.—Sent in by H. C. Sidebottom, 12, Burley Lodge Road, Burley, Leeds.

Plum-per Now!

Harry (just returned from a holiday in the country): I say, George, I've gained weight since I've been away!

George: How much have you gained then?

Harry (jestingly): I swallowed a plum and gained a stone!—Sent in by W. G. Roker, 37, Raynham Road, Upper Edmonton, N.18.

Done Brown!

"Now," said the teacher to his class. "I want to find out which of you boys is the smartest. I will give a penny to the boy who answers the questions I put to him the best."

All attention was keenly fixed on teacher as he continued.

"Now, Johnny Jinks, tell me what invisible green is?"

"A field covered with snow," replied Johnny.

"Robert Lightfoot, what is invisible blue?"

"A bobby when there is a row going on, sir," was the reply.

"Billy Biggins, what is invisible brown?"

"That penny you promised us, teacher!" was the quick reply. And he got it!—Sent in by George Baylor, Walker's Hill, Fermoy, Co. Cork.

A Capital Joke!

Dr. Locke: Bunter, why do you spell "Bank" with such a large "B"?

Billy Bunter: Because, sir, my father said a bank was no good unless it had a large capital!—Sent in by Ronald Higgs, 23, Kenninghall Road, Clapton, E.5.

siasm, "from now onwards we're out for the Cup!"

"Say, lads," roared the burly fellow who had carried Jack shoulder-high from the station, "what are we out for?"

And the vast crowd raised its voice and yelled.

"We're out for the Cup!"

THE END.

NOTE.—A thrilling sequel to this ripping footer tale will commence next week. It will be entitled: "Out For the Cup!" And will deal with Norchester's struggles in reaching the highest pinnacle of football fame.