

"OUT FOR THE CUP!"

**GREAT NEW FOOTER
SERIAL STARTS TO-DAY!**

The Greyfriars Herald



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TRYING OUT THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER!

(An incident in our magnificent new footer serial "Out for the Cup!")



Editorial

By Harry Wharton.

My dear Chums,—I think you will all agree that this is a splendid number of the GREYFRIARS HERALD. Judging from the enthusiastic letters which I receive, our paper grows more popular each week. I need hardly say how much I welcome letters from my chums, for thus I am able to see just what your likes and dislikes are, and, as you know, it is my ambition to make this the finest of all boys' papers. Our new serials, "Out for the Cup!" and "The Fighting Breed," are now in full swing, and I am positive you are going to get a great deal of entertainment out of them. Personally, I regard them as two of the most gripping yarns I have ever read. I have heaps and heaps of surprises in store for readers during the coming weeks, so I want you to tell all your chums about our paper, so that they can all share in the good things. So if you want to do your Editor a good turn here is your opportunity. Your cheery pal,
HARRY.

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UP AGAINST SLANEY!

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By OWEN CONQUEST

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

CHAPTER I.

The Landing!

"YOW-OW!"

"Dry up, Toodles!"

"Wow!"

"What's the matter, you fat porker?"

"Yow! Another beastly mosquito!" groaned Tuckey Toodles. "I'm bitten all over. I'm covered with fearful wounds. Ow! Ow! I wish I hadn't come!"

"Hear, hear!" said Dick Rodney heartily. "I wish you hadn't, old chap."

"It's all your fault," said Tuckey Toodles, dabbing with a fat paw at another mosquito which had taken a fancy to his fat little nose. "You ought to have brought mosquito nets, Drake."

"Fathead!" said Drake laconically.

"You can't travel in South America without mosquito nets!" howled Tuckey Toodles. "The beastly Orinoco is nearly all mosquitoes and alligators and jaguars, and other beastly things. It's a beastly country, and a beastly river, and you fellows are beasts, too!"

And with that sweeping indictment of his surroundings and his comrades, Rupert de Vere Toodles sank back in the canoe and fanned himself with a big palm leaf.

There were grounds for Tuckey's complaints; certainly the mosquitoes were very numerous, and very hungry. And they had a special liking for the fat Fourth-former.

But the other fellows suffered, too. Only Tin Tacks, the black gentleman of Barbados, seemed indifferent to the nips of the mosquitoes. Tin Tacks paddled on industriously, regardless of such trifles. He seemed indifferent to the heat as well; and the heat was overpowering to the others. It was not only hot but steaming, and there were weird smells on the Rio Catalina, one of the thousand little tributaries of the mighty Orinoco. Rotting vegetation lay in heaps along the stream, under a burning sun. It was fortunate for the voyagers that the stream was narrow, and in most places the branches of the great trees on either bank met over the water, and gave a welcome shade.

Jack Drake and Dick Rodney bore their hardships philosophically, and Daubeny stood them pretty well. Egan and Terrence grumbled incessantly, though in that line Tuckey Toodles beat them easily.

Then Benbow juniors were beginning to think that they would have earned the treasure of the Orinoco—if ever they found it.

It was being borne in even upon



With the spring of a tiger, Tin Tacks was upon Slaney, and the two rolled over on the bluff together.

Daubeny's mind that he had done a reckless thing in leaving the safe shelter of the school-ship to undertake this expedition into the heart of the wilds.

But it was too late to turn back now—and not even Tuckey Toodles wanted to turn back.

For three days they had paddled up the little stream—or rather, Tin Tacks had paddled, while the rest fanned themselves and made remarks on the climate of Venezuela. Drake and Rodney sometimes relieved the black man at the paddles, but they were not expert; and Tin Tacks, too, seemed tireless. He would not allow "Mass" Jack to work if he could help it.

By deep primeval forest, by swamp and lagoon, they had pushed on; and three days in the wilds had made a great difference to the juniors. Mr. Packer would hardly have known them if he could have seen them now. Their clothes were tattered and torn, their skins burnt brown, and scratched by thorns; and they were almost tattooed by mosquito bites. Their small supply of provisions had run out; but there was ample game and fruit along the banks, so they had at least food in plenty.

Once, from a dense patch of chapparal on the bank a rifle-shot had whizzed over the canoe, warning them that Peg Slaney, their rival in the quest, was still keeping pace with them.

But for three days they had not seen the one-eyed seaman, who held the same clue to the buried gold of the Orinoco.

It was the fourth morning now—a hot, steaming morning, with a burning sun blazing down through the foliage that linked overhead.

Daubeny of the Shell sat in the canoe, conning over the copy of the treasure clue, while Tuckey Toodles

grouched at the heat and the mosquitoes.

He glanced up impatiently at the thick forest that covered the river bank on both sides.

"Confound it!" said Daubeny at last.

"A mosquito?" asked Drake, with a smile.

"No, no! But where are the stone bluffs mentioned in this dashed paper?" growled Daubeny.

Drake glanced at the paper, and read it through once more.

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

Vernon Daubeny gave a grunt.

"We've followed the Rio Catalina for three days," he said; "but we haven't sighted the stone bluffs yet."

"No sign of them, so far," said Drake, glancing along the wall of tropical vegetation on the bank.

Daubeny gnawed his lip.

"You're sure the copy's right?" asked Rodney.

"It was copied from Slaney's paper, which he stole from my father years ago. We translated it all right."

Tin Tacks glanced round.

"All right, Mass' Daub," he said, "me know."

"How do you know, Tin Tacks?"

Tin Tacks grinned his expansive grin.

"Pr'aps dat paper mean tree day in canoe with Indian paddlers," he explained. "Go faster dan canoe with only one black gentleman at de paddle."

Drake laughed.

"Of course," he said, "that's the explanation. We've got only one paddler, and a heavy load for him to get along. We shall come to the stone bluffs later, Daub."

"Good!" said Daubeny, much relieved. "I hadn't thought of that. Good for you, old snowball."

"Yow-ow-ow!" came from Tuckey Toodles.

"Shut up, Toodles!" roared Drake. "I'm bitten!"

"You'll be kicked as well if you don't make less row."

"Yow-ow! Why didn't you bring a mosquito-net, you ass?" groaned Tuckey. "You might have brought one, at least, for me."

"You ass, how could we have dodged away under Mr. Packe's eyes if we'd stopped for all the things we wanted?" growled Drake.

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"I warned you you wouldn't like the trip, when you barged in," said Drake. "Now you're landed in it, dry up, for goodness' sake, and give us a rest."

"Yah!" was Tuckey's reply.

The canoe glided on, as the sun rose higher and hotter. Perspiration streamed down every face. There was an incessant stream of gasps and groans from Toodles, by way of accompaniment to the splash-splash of the paddles.

Egan of the Shell started up suddenly with an exclamation, and pointed.

"Look!"

"The stone bluffs!" exclaimed Torrence.

"Good!"

Ahead of the canoe the forest fell away on one side of the stream, and the bank rose from the water in high, precipitous bluffs of grey stone. Daubeny's eyes gleamed with satisfaction.

"Right, after all!" he exclaimed.

"Go it, Tin Tacks!"

"Me go it, Mass' Daub, debblish quick," answered the Barbadian black gentleman cheerfully.

The canoe shot onward against the sluggish current, and the stone bluffs loomed nearer. Out of the shade of the trees, the sun beat down mercilessly upon the treasure-seekers.

Tin Tacks paddled along the bluffs, looking for a landing-place.

From the top of the bluffs, fifty feet above the stream, came a sudden puff of smoke and a flash.

Crack!

A bullet missed the black sailorman by a foot, and plunged into the water beside the canoe.

Down and Out!

"PEG SLANEY!" shouted Drake. From the top of the bluffs a savage, sun-scorched face, with a single squinting eye, glared down.

It was the one-eyed seaman of the Benbow, with a smoking rifle in his hand.

Drake shook his fist at the ruffian.

"Let's get away!" yelled Tuckey Toodles. "Paddle on, Tin Tacks, you black idiot! Yaroooh!"

Instead of paddling on, Tin Tacks turned directly towards the bank.

Another bullet from above splashed into the water behind the canoe.

Tuckey Toodles gave a loud howl as a splash of water caught him.

Tin Tack's object was soon apparent, however, even to Toodles.

Close up under the precipitous rocks it was impossible for the man on top of the bluffs to take aim downward at the canoe. The bulges of the rock sheltered the canoe from his fire. The canoe floated in safety close by the bluffs.

There was tense excitement among the treasure-seekers now. Vernon Daubeny had his revolver in his hand. Excepting for Tin Tack's rifle it was the only effective weapon in the party.

"The rotter's ahead of us," said Egan, between his teeth. "He's stopped at the bluffs to wait for us to come up. He reckoned he would pick us off in the canoe."

"He can't touch us now," said Drake, "and when we get ashore we'll deal with him fast enough."

Tin Tacks moved the canoe slowly along the bluffs till he came to a narrow opening in the cliffs.

He tooted the canoe into the little cove.

"We land here, Mass' Jack."

"Righto, Tin Tacks!"

There was a strip of sand by the cove at the foot of the cliff, and the juniors scrambled ashore.

"We hab to leave de canoe here, Mass' Jack." Tin Tacks pulled the light craft out of the water. "Dere not much for us to carry."

Drake laughed rather ruefully.

"Not so much as we should like," he said. "We shall travel light, anyhow."

"I say, Drake—"

"Well, fathead?"

"We can't climb these cliffs."

"We've got to, Tuckey."

"Well, I can't."

"Mass' Toodles stay in canoe, p'r'aps," suggested Tin Tacks, with a look of great disfavour at the fat junior.

Tuckey gave a howl.

"If you think I'm going to be left behind to be devoured by jaguars, and bitten by poisonous snakes, and gobbled up by alligators, you're mistaken, you black beast."

"Stay or climb, just as you like, old bean," said Drake. "Nothing else to be done that I can see."

"Can't you carry me up among you, somehow?"

"Ha, ha, ha! I don't think!"

"After all the trouble I've taken, coming with you fellows and looking after you—"

"Bow-wow! Lead on, Tin Tacks, old top."

"Dis way, Mass' Jack."

The treasure-seekers had landed a quarter of a mile from the spot where Slaney had fired on them. But they kept well on their guard as they essayed to climb the steep bluffs.

From the cove, a steep and rugged path was practicable up the height, and Tin Tacks led the way with the activity of a mountain goat, his rifle slung across his broad shoulders.

The juniors followed in single file.

Tuckey Toodles, with a deep groan, followed after his comrades.

Even Tuckey Toodles could not have expected a plunge into the wilds of the Orinoco to turn out as pleasant as a bed of roses; and certainly it was anything but that. Tuckey indemnified himself by grouching at every step, and he seemed somehow to con-

sider that his comrades were responsible for the heat, the scents, the mosquitoes, the steepness of the bluffs, and every other discomfort of the trip. But the clumps of the Benbow were used to the worthy Tuckey, and they did not mind.

"You've been this way before, Tin Tacks?" asked Drake, as they paused to rest on a ledge of mossy rock.

"Yes, Mass' Jack, long ago. Tin Tacks nebber forget. Tin Tacks debblish clobber ole feller."

"Hear, hear!" grinned Rodney.

"If we find that fellow at the top of the climb!" muttered Egan uneasily.

"We've got to take the risk."

"I know, but—"

"Come on," said Drake.

They climbed on.

From rugged rock to rugged rock, Tin Tacks led the way, with a lithe activity amazing in a black gentleman of his size and muscle.

He stopped when his head was nearly on a level with the flat top of the bluff.

"What now?" asked Daubeny.

Tin Tacks grinned.

"Dat fellow Paquito—ole Slaney—debblish cute," he said. "He know dis path—he know we come up. Him come dis way to watch for us. P'r'aps him waiting on top, ready to shoot soon as we put up head to be shot at. What you tink?"

"Very likely," said Drake.

Egan shuddered.

"What the thump are we going to do, then?" muttered Torrence. "We're goin' to be picked off like dashed partridges, as soon as we show ourselves, at that rate."

"You wait a bit," said Tin Tacks. "Me know. Ole Tin Tacks jolly clobber ole goat. You see."

The black Barbadian removed his hat, and placed it on the muzzle of his rifle.

Jack Drake and Co. watched him in silence.

The path ended in an abrupt edge of rock, over which the juniors would have to scramble with their hands; and to do so, with a watchful rifleman waiting above, was to ask for death. There was no sound to indicate the presence of Peg Slaney, but, if the one-eyed ruffian had reached the spot, it was certain that he would lie in wait with the stealthy silence of a puma.

Tin Tacks raised his rifle, with the hat on it, slowly, so that the top of the hat showed above the sharp edge of rock. From the top of the bluff it looked exactly like the head of a climber rising into view.

Crack!

A shot rang out, and the bullet cut through the hat, and, had there been a head inside, the climber would have fallen with the bullet in his brain.

As it was, two holes were bored in the sides of the hat, and the bullet went whizzing away in the tropical sunlight.

Before the report had died away, Tin Tacks, with a scrambling leap, was on top of the bluff.

Peg Slaney, six or seven feet away, was lying on the rock, his rifle covering the outlet of the steep path. He was reloading rapidly, but he had no time to ram in the cartridge before

Tin Tacks was upon him. Had the leading climber fallen dead, as Slaney intended, he would have had ample time to prepare for the second—but Tin Tacks was very far from dead.

With the spring of a tiger, he was upon the one-eyed seaman, and Slaney, with a roar of rage, grappled with him, and they rolled over on the bluff together.

"Come on!" yelled Drake.

He bounded up, his comrades at his heels.

Tin Tacks and Slaney were struggling furiously, but the one-eyed ruffian had little chance against the powerful negro. He was down on his back, with a brawny black knee on his chest, when Drake reached the spot, and the negro's knife flashed in the sun-blaze as he threw up his hand to strike.

A second more and the one-eyed seaman would have lain a dead man on the bluff.

Jack Drake caught the sinewy arm as it was descending.

"Stop!" he shouted.

The knife barely missed Slaney, as Drake dragged the negro's arm aside.

"Let go!" yelled Tin Tacks.

"Stop!"

For a moment the black face was savage and threatening; but the next, Tin Tacks remembered that it was "Mass' Jack," and his expression changed.

Slaney, helpless under the pinning knee, stared upward, his single eye glistening with terror, his scorched face blanched.

Drake held back the negro's arm.

"You can't kill him, Tin Tacks!" he panted.

"Me kill him stone dead, Mass' Jack. Him no good to live—him bad man, and try to shoot us—"

"Yes; but—"

"Let him alone!" shouted Egan, his head appearing over the rock. "Are you potty, Drake? Let the nigger alone."

Drake gave him a fierce look.

"Hold your tongue Egan!" he exclaimed savagely.

Egan scrambled up, followed by Torrence, and finally by Tuckey Toodles. Egan's face was furious. His nerves had been "rattled" all the way up, and, like most poltroons, he was savagely merciless to a fallen enemy.

"You fool!" he exclaimed. "You utter fool! The man's tried to kill us, hasn't he? And he'll try again!"

"That's so," said Torrence.

"He may be a murderous brute, but we're not," said Drake. "Tin Tacks, put back your knife, old man."

"But—Mass' Jack—"

Tin Tacks was keenly disappointed. It was only his deep respect for "Mass' Jack" that kept the knife from Slaney's breast; with a single jerk of his powerful arm he could have thrown the junior off.

He sheathed his knife, however.

"You be sorry for dis some day, Mass' Jack," he said.

"I—I say, Drake—" muttered Daub hesitatingly.

"Well, Daub?"

"It's madness to let him live, and try again—"

Drake's eyes flashed.

"We're not assassins," he said.

"We haven't adopted the manners and customs of this beautiful country to that extent, I hope!"

"But what are we going to do with the man?" demanded Daubeny. "We can't take a prisoner along on a journey like ours."

"No fear!" said Torrence.

Egan burst into a bitter, mocking laugh.

"We shall all lose our necks, owing to Drake's foolery," he exclaimed. "If that man lives, he will follow us and kill us if he can—"

"We'll see that he doesn't," said Drake.

"Fool! Fool!" hissed Egan.

"That's enough! If you want to be knocked down on your back, Egan, you've only got to keep on in that strain."

Egan choked back his rage with an effort.

Tin Tacks turned a deeply depressed face upon his young master.

"What we do with dis swab, Mass' Jack, if no kill him?" he asked.

"Fasten the brute's hands, for the present," said Drake.

"Berry well; you gib orders here, Mass' Jack."

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And when the black Barbadian had finished securing Peg Slaney, there was no doubt that the one-eyed seaman was safe enough!

Goals of Fire!

THE treasure-seekers camped on the bluffs, under a group of cabbage palms at some distance back from the river, where the ground was fertile and the forest recommenced. They rested in the shade, and ate their frugal meal, of which Slaney was offered a share. The one-eyed ruffian accepted it willingly enough, and ate with a good appetite, his hands being loosened sufficiently for the purpose. Slaney was evidently in a state of great astonishment. He would have shot down his rivals in the gold quest without scruple, and he had fully expected the same fate if fortune turned against him—as it had turned. Why Jack Drake had made the negro spare his life was a puzzle to the ruffian; but it is possible that he was touched with gratitude, in his own hard, rough way.

Dick Rodney was fully in support of Drake in the matter; but Daubeny and Co. were very dubious, excepting Egan, who was savagely angry at Drake's ill-timed squeamishness, as he considered it. As for Tuckey Toodles, he did not give the matter a thought. He was concentrating his attention on the entables.

"We've got to follow an Indian path here," said Daubeny, as he finished his lunch with a mango. "We

ought to find that easily enough; but what are we going to do with that ruffian, Drake?"

"Let him loose, to pot us from behind a ceiba," sneered Egan.

"We've got his rifle," said Rodney.

"Very likely he knows the Arrowac Indians in this part, and can set them on us," snapped Egan.

Drake wrinkled his brows in thought.

To kill the one-eyed ruffian was unthinkable; but to set him free was to add immeasurably to the dangers of the trip—already bristling with perils. The mention of the "Arrowac tree-graves" in the document showed that they were now in the country of wild Indians, and it was only too probable that Slaney had acquaintances among them, from his old life on the Orinoco.

"We can't let him go," said Drake.

"Luck's been our way, and we've nobbled the villain. We shall have to take him along with us, a prisoner."

"Hard enough without that," growled Egan.

"Well, we didn't come out here on a picnic, I suppose," retorted Drake.

"It's rot! The man's an attempted murderer."

"Very likely a murderer half a dozen times over," said Torrence.

"We're going to keep clear of bloodshed if we can," said Drake, quietly.

"It we have to fight for our lives, that's another matter. Slaney can come with us, loose enough for marching, but with his hands tied. He can't do any harm then."

"I call it silly rot."

"You can call it what you like, Egan, but that's the programme."

Egan's eyes glittered.

"Are you master here?" he demanded. "It seems to me that this is our expedition, and Daub's let you into it."

"Where would you be if we hadn't come along?" asked Tuckey Toodles. "We saved your lives."

"You didn't, you fat frog."

"Look here, Egan, you cheeky retter—"

"Mass' Jack massa here," interposed Tin Tacks. "Me 'bey orders of Mass' Jack and nobody else."

"That settles it," said Drake, laughing. "Tin Tacks is whole of the armed force, and the armed force says it is going to obey my orders. So I am military dictator, you see, Egan. But all the same, we're quite ready to step out and go back to the Benbow, and leave you fellows on your own, just as we found you, if you like."

"Of course, we don't want anything of the kind," said Egan, dismayed at the bare thought of being abandoned in the forest.

"Of course we don't," growled Daubeny. "Do ring off, Egan. I agree with Drake, and anyhow, he's boss of the show, if he chooses. We can yank that scowliag brute along with us, somehow."

"I guess if you'll let me put in a word, sir—" said Peg Slaney, speaking for the first time.

"Go it," said Drake.

"You've got me down," said the one-eyed seaman, "I own up to that, and you can lay to it. Here, I'm on my beam-ends on a lee-shore, and there's no getting out of it. I guess I'm

ready to join ~~your~~ party, if you say the word, on fair shares all round. There's enough for all buried under the ceiba on the mesa. After all, it's my clue you've got to the treasure." "Where did you get it?" snapped Egan.

"I guess that's neither here nor there," said Slaney. "I've as much right to it as you young gents have, anyhow."

"You stole it from my father?" said Daubeny.

Peg Slaney sneered.

"Suppose I did take it from Sir George Daubeny?" he said. "Where did Sir George get it? Ponce Garcia gave it to him when the game was up! Well, where did Ponce Garcia get it? He left a long knife between the shoulders of the man that had it before him."

The juniors shuddered.

Slaney spoke with a savage, sneering earnestness, and there was little doubt that he was stating the facts.

"And where did the gold come from in the first place, Slaney?" asked Jack Drake after a pause.

"I guess it was got together during the revolution, years ago, and it was going to be used to pay troops agin the Government; but the revolution petered out, and most of the leaders were shot, with their backs up agin doby walls," said Slaney. "Ponce Garcia was shot, too."

"I suppose the Government would have a claim to it," said Rodney.

Slaney laughed jeeringly.

"There's been two or three different governments since then," he answered. "Ponce Garcia's revolution was one out of a dozen."

"What a jolly country!" said Rodney. "I think I sha'n't be sorry when we say good-bye to Venezuela."

"I shall be glad to see some good grub on the Benbow again," said Tuckey Toodles, with a deep sigh.

"Waal, what do you say, Master Drake?" asked Slaney. "You saved my life, and I guess it's only you keeping the knife from my heart at this blessed minute. Let me join your gang, and I'll play the game square. You'll find me useful. I know the country, and I tell you—"

Drake shook his head.

"Your not to be trusted," he said. "If you could be relied on, I'd agree, but you couldn't. You'll have to come along a prisoner."

"I should jolly well think so," snapped Egan.

Slaney shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, I guess you're right not to trust a sea-lawyer like me," he said, without any show of resentment. "But I mean it fair and square. But if I'm not with you, I'm agin you, and I ain't goin' to be robbed of the treasure without a tussle for it."

Drake hesitated.

"I'm willing enough for you to share in the treasure, if we find it," he said. "You've as much right as we have. What do you say, Daub?"

"No!" yelled Egan.

"Dash it all, Drake!" muttered Daubeny.

"The fellow tried to kill us," muttered Torrence.

"Well, you got his treasure clue off him by a trick," retorted Drake. "You

couldn't expect him to take it smiling, I suppose. Nobody's a right to the treasure, if it comes to that—only the finder. We agreed to join in on condition the ownership of the treasure was settled fairly and squarely, if found. Slaney is a ruffianly brute; but he had the clue. I think it would be fair to let him take his whack."

"Same here," said Rodney, after a pause.

"I've agreed for you to be leader, Drake," said Daubeny. "Let it be as you say. There's enough for all, anyhow."

"Rot!" said Tuckey Toodles.

"You shut up, Toodles."

"I'm not going to—I—"

"I don't agree!" said Egan and Torrence together.

"You don't count," retorted Drake coolly. "Slaney comes in for his whack, if there's anything to be whacked out. He's going to be one of the finders, though, with his hands tied. And now we'd better be moving."

He rose from the log he was seated on, and the discussion ceased. Tin Tacks was already seeking for the Indian path.

The Upper Hand!

THE sun was low in the west, when the adventurers resumed their journey; Tin Tacks, having, discovered the Indian path, a beaten track that led from the bluffs through the heart of the forest. The track, trodden by the feet of generations of Indians, was plainly enough marked, and there was no doubt about it, once it was found. It was with wary eyes that the adventurers followed it under the big ceiba trees, amid pendant masses of llianas and Spaniards-beard. There were no fresh tracks to be discerned on the path, but its existence showed that the wild Arrowacs were somewhere in the locality. Whether the Indians would attack them the juniors did not know; but it was extremely likely that the savages, if met with, would prove hostile. They had no cause to love the white man. The Venezuelan Government is not exactly a fatherly government to its savage subjects of the forest and the llano.

They were a good many miles from the Rio Catalina, when they camped for the night in the heart of the forest. Peg Slaney had marched in silence with the party, his hands and ankles loosely shackled, to allow him freedom in walking; but no freedom for escape. When they camped, the one-eyed seaman threw himself down in the herbage to rest. A fire was not lighted, the night was warm, and it was probable that a light would attract undesirable visitors.

When the heat of the sun was quite gone, however, cold set in, and Tuckey Toodles loudly complained of the cold. Tuckey wanted a fire, and as a fire was not to be had, he suggested that a collection should be made of all the coats in the party, to keep him warm. This cheerful suggestion was not acted upon. But Rodney made another suggestion which was acted upon, and that was, that a collection of kicks should be handed out by all the party—one each—for the benefit of Tuckey Toodles. This suggestion was acted upon with great promptness, and a

series of dismal howls from Rupert de Vere Toodles showed that he did not in the least enjoy taking a collection in this form.

There were very scanty coverings for the part that night, but under Tin Tacks' directions, they made beds of thick leaves, which were fairly comfortable. And, as Drake had remarked, they had not come there for a picnic.

Tin Tacks took a careful look at Slaney's bonds, when the juniors turned in. The one eye of the prisoner glistened at him savagely. Leaving the ruffian in his bed of grass, the black Barbadian took his rifle under his arm, to keep watch and ward.

The juniors were soon fast asleep; the fatigues of the day soon plunged them into slumber, in spite of discomforts.

Blackness surrounded them in the deep forest; broken only by the glitter of occasional fire-flies darting among the trees. Sometimes, from the distance came the howl of some wild animal, prowling in the woods for prey.

The camp was some little distance off the Indian path, and it was towards the path that Tin Tacks' watchfulness was chiefly directed. Once, in the night, a dim figure passed along the path from the river, and Tin Tacks' wary eyes watched him from the shadow. It was the figure of an Indian, with a grass-plaited game-bag slung on his shoulders. The black sailorman made no sound, and the copperskin passed on without dreaming of the camp close at hand.

Jack Drake, sleeping soundly in his leafy bed, was dreaming of home and England—of the old playing-fields and five-court at St Winifred's.

He awakened suddenly.

As he came out of the slumber with a start, he felt the pressure of a hand over his mouth.

He started violently.

For a moment he did not realise where he was, or what was happening. The next moment he would have cried out; but the rough hand pressing on his mouth kept back the cry.

"Silence!"

It was a fierce whisper in his ear. The blood thrilled through his heart, as he recognised the voice of Peg Slaney.

It was the one-eyed ruffian, whom he had seen lying bound hand and foot. Peg Slaney was free, and, Drake shuddered, as he felt the point of a knife pressed to his chest.

"Not a sound! Not a movement!" came the fierce whisper.

Drake lay still.

The point of the knife was over his heart; it needed only a movement of the ruffian's arm to drive it home, and still its wild throbbing for ever.

He gazed upward, silently.

Over him was a dark shadow, under the dark shadows of the trees; and from the shadow scintillated a single eye. Silent, with throbbing heart, he lay—at the mercy of the ruffian whose life he had spared!

THE END.

What happened to Drake will be told in next week's ripping story of the school at sea entitled: "The Treasure Trail!" Don't miss this topping yarn!

Our splendid new serial of a footer teams' great fight, starts this week!



This great new serial introduces an amazing character named "Stringer."

By WALTER EDWARDS

Every boy will soon be talking of "Stringer." Tell your chums about him.

CHAPTER I.
Stringer!

JACK DENYER, the young player-manager of Norchester United Football Club, rose from his comfortable armchair, walked across the managerial office, and took up an easy position before the wide-open grate in which blazed a cheery fire.

He had put in a particularly strenuous morning, and as a consequence he was aglow with that satisfied feeling which comes of something attempted, something done. The thought ran through his mind, and the suspicion of a smile parted his lips and displayed a glimpse of his white teeth.

"But I've not earned my night's repose—yet," he murmured. He glanced at the dial of the little Dutch clock on the mantelpiece.

"I'll have a bit of lunch later on, and then—"

His soliloquy was interrupted by a sharp, incisive rap at the door, and before the youngster could say a word the door opened and disclosed a figure which made Jack Denyer gasp in sheer amazement.

The newcomer was thin to emaciation, and was dressed in a suit of black which must have been made for him when he was quite a small boy. The tight trousers ended somewhere above his skinny ankles, whilst the sleeves of his coat just covered his elbows, thus displaying long, pendulous arms, from which dangled big red hands which looked like joints of meat.

The face was lean, gaunt, and hollow-eyed, and the mop of tousled hair which straggled from beneath the miniature bowler hat was of a vivid red hue which contrasted strangely with the pallid features.

Jack Denyer's astonished eyes travelled from the quaint hat to the newcomer's feet, to find that the latter had something in common with the red hands. The boots were enormous!

The newcomer followed the direction of Jack's gaze, and then spoke in a deep, rumbling voice which made the youngster start perceptibly. The volume of sound was so unexpected.

"Size fifteen!" boomed the stranger, pointing towards his elegant

footwear. "Have to have them made for me."

Jack Denyer nodded dazedly.

"By a boat-builder, I suppose," he murmured.

He did not quite know how to deal with this strange fellow, who seemed to have escaped from a nightmare.

"Er—is there anything I can do for you, Mr.—er—" he began tentatively.

"My name's Stringer," interposed the gentleman in question.

"And what can I do for you, Mr. Stringer?" asked the player-manager, who was quite at a loss to understand the meaning of the visit.

"Colonel," said Stringer, striking an attitude vaguely reminiscent of a seedy actor, "I have journeyed far to offer you my services. I am yours to command!"

Jack Denyer gazed anxiously into the haggard face and sunken eyes, and a doubt as to the fellow's sanity crept into his mind. He decided to humour him, however.

"I don't quite understand what you're driving at, old man," he said. "What services have you to offer me? Do you understudy a flag-staff, goal-post, or something of the sort?"

Stringer gazed fixedly into the youngster's face for a moment, and then he thrust a big red hand into the air, and proclaimed in a voice of thunder:

"Colonel, I—Stringer—am the greatest goalkeeper in England! I am—"

"My hat!"

The schoolboy expression escaped Jack's lips involuntarily, for the mere idea of this emaciated weakling being a goalkeeper—and in bustling, strenuous professional Soccer—struck him as being ludicrous. The elongated Stringer looked for all the world as though a gust of wind would snatch him up and whirl him away.

Seeing that the stranger's expression remained grave and funereal, Jack Denyer took himself in hand. He was inwardly flabbergasted when he spoke to Stringer, however.

"Do—do you really mean that, Stringer?" he asked, incredulously. "Have you actually played football?"

The strange fellow gave his narrow shoulders a contemptuous shrug.

"Played football?" he boomed. "One of my ancestors invented the game!"

Jack nodded gravely, now thoroughly convinced that he was dealing with a harmless lunatic.

"But you—er—don't look at all like a Mr. Hercules or Sandow, or one of those strong johnnies—and professional footer's pretty strenuous, you know."

Stringer looked down at his frail form, and a smile—or rather the ghost of a smile—flitted across his features.

"Ah, that's it, is it, Colonel?" he asked slowly. "You think I'm not strong enough, eh?"

Jack nodded, and was about to make reply, when one of Stringer's hands grasped the heavy letter-press which stood at his elbow and lifted it as though it had been a feather. Slowly and steadily the press was lifted into the air, until Stringer had it poised steady as a rock above his head. It was a phenomenal feat of sheer strength, and Jack Denyer gasped like a fish out of water.

"My hat!" he ejaculated for the second time in a matter of minutes. His eyes started out of his head as Stringer moved slowly towards him, and then, grasping a handful of his clothing, held him out at arm's length!

And thus Stringer stood, sad-faced and immobile, with the letter-press above his head, and the young player-manager suspended from the floor!

Jack cast an apprehensive eye at the press.

"I say, Stringer, old bean," he gasped, "I shall be obliged if you'll cut this strong man act right out! I don't like the look of that thing above my head!"

The ghost of a smile rewarded the plea.

"Don't worry, Colonel!" boomed Stringer. "I could hold it up there for an hour or so! However," he went on imperturbably, "have I more or less convinced you that I'm not a weakling—an ailing child?"

The perspiration was standing out

upon the youngster's forehead, for he felt the indignity of being held at arm's length as though he was a dumb-bell. What was more, he dared not struggle to get down, a fact which did not add to his composure.

"I believe you, Stringer," he almost gasped. "And now put me down, you idiot!"

Slowly—irritatingly so—the youngster was lowered to the floor.

"Now for the letter-press, Colonel," boomed Stringer; and Jack watched with fascinated eyes as the heavy weight was lowered to the carpet and placed into position without a sound.

"Now, Colonel," said Stringer, who was breathing easily and appeared to be in no wise distressed by his exertions, "what about it? Do you give me a trial in goal?"

Jack Denyer hesitated for a moment, and then a smile crept into his eyes.

"You shall have a trial at once, old bean," he said, reaching for his cap. "The boys are having a kick about outside, so there's no reason why we shouldn't join them!"

"Excellent, Colonel, excellent!" said the amazing Stringer. "Lead on!"

"This way," said Jack. He opened the door, and, followed closely by the tall stranger, he led the way along the corridor and out of the building.

The sound of shouts and laughter—and the unmistakable boomph! of boot meeting ball—came from the direction of the playing-pitch, and a joyous light gleamed in Stringer's deep-set eyes.

"Boomph!" he boomed. "'Tis music to my ears!"

Jack led the way through the wicket-gate and strode towards the Norchester players, who were bombarding Jackson, the goalie, with shots.

Stringer gazed interestedly at Jackson for a moment or so, and then placed a big hand on Jack Denyer's shoulder.

"An amateur, a novice!" he said, alluding to the goalkeeper. "He should be keeping white mice—not a goal!"

The resonant voice carried upon the crisp air, and within a second all heads were turned in the direction of Jack and his companion. There came a dead silence for some moments, and then a subdued chuckle came from the players.

"My only hat!" gasped Monty Selhurst, who was playing a flying visit from Rundle's School. "What is it?" He jammed his monocle into his eye and regarded Stringer as though he had been a specimen of pterodactyl.

Mallison nodded his head. "It's—it's escaped from somewhere!" he declared. "Perhaps it does tricks!"

Jack Denyer had joined his men by this time, and he waved a hand towards his strange companion.

"Permit me to introduce you to Mr. Stringer," he said; at which Stringer removed his quaint bowler hat and treated the footballers to an elaborate bow.

"Charmed—charmed!" he boomed. "And now for the game, Colonel!"

The players were standing speechless; they could not tear their eyes

away from the queer figure which had descended upon them like a bolt from the blue.

"I'd better explain, chaps," said Jack Denyer, suppressing a grin, for he had an idea that the laugh would eventually be upon the players. "Stringer tells me that he's a goalkeeper—"

"The greatest in England, Colonel," emphasised Stringer.

The players grinned and decided, as Jack had done, that the stranger was a harmless lunatic. However, they thought Jack was right in humouring him.

"Well," Jack Denyer continued, "the fact of the matter is that Stringer wants us to give him a trial between the sticks."

The young manager turned to Jackson, who was leaning against the upright.

"Do you mind Stringer having a go, old man?" he asked; at which the goalie smiled derisively.

"Not at all," he declared. "Here you are, Stringey, old buck—creep in here!"

Stringer took four tremendous strides towards the goal and then addressed Jack Denyer.

"One ball won't be a real test for me," he said, almost contemptuously. "That's all very well for the novice—but for me—"

"How many do you want then?" demanded Jackson, a trifle truculently. "Half a dozen?"

Stringer's ghostly smile was again in evidence.

"Six will be ample," he boomed.

It so happened that three spare balls were lying behind the goal, and these Jack commandeered.

"You'll have to be satisfied with a bombardment of four balls, old man," he said. "What do you want us to do? Just slam them at you?"

"Exactly, Colonel!" said Stringer. "Shoot from any and every angle, and don't imagine that you will score—for you won't!"

The players entered into the spirit of the thing, and a moment later Stringer was defending his goal like a man possessed. Shots rained upon him like hail, yet he managed to get at every one of them.

His enormous feet and hands appeared to fill the goalmouth, and the manner in which he contrived to tip the leather over the bar and round the posts was positively wonderful.

More than this, Stringer was possessed of an eagle eye, and he moved his ungainly body with the speed of light.

Despite the intense bombardment—despite the cunningly-placed shots—despite the stunning force with which the balls hurtled towards him, he remained cool and imperturbable, efficient, and—unbeatable!

Such a display of goalkeeping skill was a revelation to Jack Denyer, and his eyes sparkled with admiration.

Stringer—the lean, hungry-looking stranger who had walked into the office but half an hour before, was a genius—a natural goalkeeper—a man

who would prove a tremendous asset in Norchester's fight for the Cup.

This thought flashed through the youngster's mind as he watched the quaint figure stalling off the attack with a certainty and skill which made the extraordinary performance look simplicity itself.

The youngster called a halt at the end of ten minutes.

"Ease off a bit now, you chaps!" he grinned. "We must let the merry Stringer have a blow!"

The players obeyed their skipper, and, by common consent, they gathered round the newly-found goalkeeper, who was breathing easily.

"You're mustard, old man!" said Mallison earnestly. "Never seen anything like it in my life!"

"Great, simply great, old bean!" averred Monty Selhurst.

And praise showered from all sides, making no apparent impression upon Stringer, however.

"I am the greatest living goalkeeper," he declared; "that is all that need be said upon the matter. And now, Colonel, do I sign on for you or not?"

Jack Denyer laughed. "Sign!" he cried happily. "My hat! Of course you sign, my cheery old bird!"

Then, in a flash, the smile died from Jack's face, and he turned his eyes towards Jackson, the present goalkeeper. The youngster knew that here was a situation which would need all his diplomacy, for Jackson was a good fellow and a loyal player, and yet—He was as safe between the sticks as most goalies in professional Soccer, but nobody could close their eyes to the fact that Stringer was his master.

The young player-manager was about to speak, when Jackson strolled across the turf and put a hand upon his skipper's shoulder.

"Jack," he said slowly, and in a low voice, "I understand quite well. Stringer's a genius—streets ahead of me—and from now onwards my place is in the reserve eleven. I understand, so say no more!"

A suspicion of moisture showed in Jack Denyer's eyes as he clasped the goalkeeper's big hand, for Jackson had exhibited a fine sense of self-sacrifice.

Thus did Stringer join the ranks of Norchester United, the team that was out for the Cup!

Stringer Gets Busy!

IN replacing so sound a goalkeeper as Jackson for this unknown quantity, Manager Jack Denyer is making one of those bold, audacious moves, so characteristic of him. We can only hope that his judgment will again stand him in good stead, especially as the Cup-ties are ahead of us. Stringer, Norchester's new custodian, will turn out for the United on Saturday next, when we receive a visit from Bickingham Town.

"The fact that a great number of the club's supporters disapprove of Manager Denyer's latest 'bombshell' cannot be denied, for Jackson, by reason of his prowess and loyalty to

Next Tuesday's "GREYFRIARS HERALD" will be better than ever. Order your copy early!

the club in its past vicissitudes, has established himself in the hearts of the Norchester partisans.

"It can only be hoped that Stringer will justify Manager Jack Denyer's choice."

Thus spake the Norchester Argus, and Jack Denyer smiled quietly to himself as he read the printed words.

Stringer had presented his elongated self on Monday morning, since when Jack had rushed his papers through, thus making it possible for the new man to make his debut against Bickingham Town.

Saturday brought ideal football weather—a clear sky, a nip in the air, and the possibility of a mellow January sun later in the day.

The turnstiles began to click merrily quite an hour before the time for the "kick-off," and an endless stream of sportsmen passed into the spacious enclosure.

The Norchester partisans take their football seriously, and little groups of earnest men foregathered to debate the question of Stringer's inclusion in the team.

"Who is he?" asked a mechanic, a rabid supporter of Norchester.

"Where does he come from?" The speaker was recognised as an authority upon professional Soccer, and his listeners shook their heads in perplexity and waited for words of wisdom to fall from their friend's lips.

"I'll give you my private opinion," continued the mechanic, happy now he had gained an audience. "I reckon he's playing another one of those kids from his school; that's about the strength of it."

"An' what about it, anyway?" demanded a gruff voice at his back. "Ain't the kids you mention—Selhurst and Craig and Jepson, the 'goods'? Ain't they a worthy acquisition—"

"Acquistration," suggested the speaker's friend, trying to help him out with "acquisition."

"Anyway," went on he of the gruff voice, a carman, "ain't them kids nippy and clever?"

The mechanic flushed a trifle and looked confused.

"I'm not saying anything against them, mate," he said peacably. "I was just giving my opinion to my friends here."

"That's all right, then," growled the carman. "Though I'd jest like ter warn any gentleman present that it ain't 'ealthy to say nothin' against Jack Denyer and his young pals!"

Stringer's name was upon every lip, and five minutes from the scheduled time for "kick-off," all eyes were upon the little door under the grand stand from which the players would emerge.

There was a mystery about Stringer, for not one man in that vast concourse had ever heard of him.

Then the watching eyes were rewarded by the sight of the red-and-white jerseys of the home side, and a roar—which must have been heard all over Norchester—greeted the local "pets."

Jack Denyer, carrying a ball, trotted on to the crisp turf, and, judging the distance to a nicety, he punted the leather towards a vacant goal; and

the din increased when it was seen that he had netted.

All eyes were not for the young player-manager to-day, however; Stringer was the man of the moment—Stringer, the lean, emaciated lamp-post of a man who towered head and shoulders above his club-mates!

The vast crowd remained aghast and speechless when they set eyes upon him, for a person more unlike a footballer it was impossible to conceive.

The short knickers accentuated his pipe-stem legs, and the sleeves of his white woollen jersey, rolled up above the elbows, revealed his thin arms and the enormous red hands, which swung by his sides as he trotted slowly towards the vacant goal.

The crowd found its voice at last, and gave tongue in no uncertain

from the back of the goal and returned it to Jack Denyer, than the player-manager got his boot to it and sent in a shot which flashed through the air with the force of a projectile.

Stringer was standing in the centre of the goal, and the ball looked as though it must hit the upright. But it did nothing of the kind, for Stringer's enormous hand shot out with the speed of light and gripped the ball—and held it as in a vice!

It was a remarkable feat—something unheard of, unprecedented—and the crowd gasped in sheer wonderment.

Stringer held the leather for a second, and then, without the slightest sign of effort, threw it from him—high in the air. It described an arc, and bounced at the farther side of the centre-line!



"I—Stringer—am the greatest goalkeeper in England!" said the strange fellow. "But you don't look at all like a Sandow," replied Jack. Slowly Stringer lifted the heavy letter-press in the air, and then he grasped Jack and held him out at full length. "Have I convinced you that I am not an ailing child?" he asked.

fashion. A riot of shouting and laughter made the very air vibrate, and the birds which had perched themselves comfortably upon the trees which surrounded the ground uttered frightened cries and disappeared into the heavens.

"Another hothead!" roared a hoarse voice from the embankment, a remark which elicited a yell of laughter.

"Don't turn sideways, Stringer," implored a voice behind the goal. "If you do we sha'n't be able to see you!"

Remarks—both personal and humorous—showered upon the new man from all sides of the ground, but they made not the slightest impression upon the goalkeeper. He was imperturbability itself, and he took up his position between the sticks with impassive face and cool demeanour.

No sooner had he fished the ball

And again the crowd gasped.

And it was still gasping when, a moment later, the referee's whistle shrilled upon the keen air and summoned the opposing skippers to midfield.

Then came the handshake, the spin of the coin—and the luck went to Jack Denyer.

He decided to take advantage of the slight breeze.

Again the whistle sounded, and the teams lined up.

The game had commenced.

"Stringer," the amazing goalkeeper is going to create a stir. Soon his name will be on the lips of every boy. Tell your chums about "Stringer." Another ripping, long instalment of this great new footer tale will appear in next Tuesday's "Greyfriars Herald." Please order your copy in advance.—Editor.

THE GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

A vivid account of the latest
charges and convictions

BILLY BUNTER'S CLEVER RUSE! He Defeats the Ends of Justice!

William George Bunter was charged with purloining a plum-cake, the joint property of the occupants of No. 1 Study.

Magistrate: Bunter again! He always takes the cake!

Mr. Cherry, K.C.: What's more to the point, he always scoffs it, your worship. On this occasion, not a crumb remained to tell the tale.

Magistrate: Then how was prisoner's guilt discovered?

Detective-Inspector Penfold: I was liding in the cupboard in No. 1 Study, your worship, disguised as a sardine, when prisoner opened the cupboard door. With commendable promptness, I placed him under arrest.

Magistrate: Splendid! At your elbow, my friend, you will find a box. It contains funds for the Institute for the Weak and Wary. Help yourself liberally, my dear fellow!

Witness: But there's nothing here, your worship!

Magistrate: Take it, and go! (Laughter.)

His worship, summing up, said that he had a personal interest in the plum-cake which had been pinched, pirated, and purloined by the podgy prisoner. He had purchased the cake himself from Mrs. Mumble.

Magistrate (to prisoner): You are a horrible fat toad, and you will be sentenced to—

Voice from the doorway (apparently the voice of Lord Maul-everer): I say, dear boys, who's comin' along to the tuckshop to have a free feed at my expense?

Jurymen and barristers and constables promptly rushed away towards the tuckshop. To their dismay, however, there was no sign of Lord Maul-everer. And then it dawned upon them that they had been the victims of Billy Bunter's ventriloquism. Their hopes of a free feed had vanished as they returned to the court—and so had the prisoner!

REPORT IN BRIEF!

There was quite a sensation in the Court, when a well-dressed youth named Herbert Vernon-Smith, was arraigned on a charge of wilful murder.

Magistrate (in tones of awe): Whom did he kill?

Detective-Inspector Penfold: I found him loitering in the Close, your worship, and asked him what he was doing? He said he was killing time. I therefore arrested him on the capital charge. (Loud laughter.)

Magistrate: I'm awfully glad this has turned out to be a hoax. My black cap hasn't returned from the laundry! (Laughter.) Prisoner is acquitted.



BY VERNON-SMITH

SO often have I heard the natives of the Land of the Porridge and Pibroch referred to in terms of "the hardy Scot" that it came as quite a shock to me to hear from a Scot who is not hardy.

Jock McKie, of Glasgow, in the course of a jolly decent letter cracking up "The Greyfriars Herald," admits that he is far from being hardy. He is pale and undersized, he says, and, what is more, the poor chap suffers from severe stitch whenever he goes out to kick a football about with his chums.

Towards the end of his letter Jock makes an admission that throws illumination on the whole of his plaint. He states that for a long time he smoked over thirty cigarettes a day, but since the price of "fags" went up he has cut down his ration to twenty! My hat! And he wonders why he gets the stitch!

PREPARATION FOR STRENUOUS SPORTS!

Now, the reason I have referred to Jock's letter in my "corner" is this: The essential requirement for sports of all sorts, particularly strenuous exercises such as boxing, footer, swimming, and so forth, is physical fitness. Far from being beneficial, many sports can prove actually harmful to the fellow whose body is not in a strong, healthy condition. Therefore, it is up to each of us to live a clean, normal life, and take sufficient mild exercise to keep the muscles supple and the wind in good condition, so that we can give the best account of ourselves when we take the cinder track, the footer field, or enter the boxing ring.

I should have thought that every fellow would have known cigarette-smoking to be harmful, but it seems necessary to inform my correspondent Jock that "fags" will spoil the wind and retard the normal growth of the body quicker than anything. To get fit and keep fit, keep regular hours, eat slowly at meals, don't spend all your pocket-money on sweetmeats, drink plenty of pure water, breathe deeply through the nose and not the mouth, and do a few simple exercises each day.

SIMPLE EXERCISES FOR IMPROVING THE WIND AND MUSCLES!

A splendid plan is to spend a few minutes on rising each morning at the open window, filling the lungs with long, deep breaths. Inhale through the nose slowly, and retain the breath for a few seconds; then exhale equally slowly from the mouth. Two simple physical exercises which, performed twenty or thirty times morning and evening, will prove of tremendous benefit, are these: 1. Stand erect with the hands by the sides. Slowly raise the arms, at the same time bending slowly backward. Then, keeping the legs rigid, with an easy movement bend right down and endeavour to touch the toes with the fingers. Raise the body slowly to the backwards position, and repeat the dose. 2. Bend down and place the hands on the ground in front of your feet. Shoot the legs backward to their fullest extent, supporting the body in a rigid position by the arms. Bend the arms, allowing the chin to touch the ground; then raise yourself slowly, keeping the body rigid the whole time. This splendid exercise may seem difficult at first, but with practice you will find you can do this stunt quite a number of times without getting tired.

HOW NOT TO TRAIN FOR SPORTS!

In doing physical jerks, remember not to overdo matters. Don't be like Bolsover major, for instance. Bolsover some time ago took it into his thick head to do some exercises, to improve his manly physique, and for the purpose he obtained a twenty-pound weight. Having raised this above his head about half a dozen times, the beastly thing slipped, with the result that, instead of raising his muscles, Bolsover raised a bump the size of a hen's-egg on his cranium, besides putting a crick in his back which necessitated his retirement to the "sanny" for about a week!

STARTLING FACTS ABOUT SPORTSMEN!

Charlie Williams, the goalkeeper of Manchester City in 1900, performed a feat at Sunderland which still stands as a remarkable record. During a League match he actually scored a goal for his own side, by kicking the ball from his own goalposts into the net of the Sunderland team!

Bolsover major has started taking exercise again—this time with the aid of a punching-ball. He read recently in a newspaper that Georges Carpentier has been offered over fifty thousand pounds for his share in a fight with Dempsey, the heavy-weight champion—win, lose, or draw. Bolsover says he could lose to Dempsey himself for fifty thousand pounds!

(Another Interesting Sports Chat Next Week.)





Our Hobbies Corner

Conducted by
DICK PENFOLD

HOW TO MAKE GRASS AND SNOW TOBOGGANS.

IN this snug little island of ours we are not granted a very long acquaintance with the Snow Queen. Very few of us, therefore, know the pleasures of tobogganing—the delights of flashing down a steep hill on a small wooden sled, with the air whizzing past our ears as the pace grows faster and faster—until—a bend in the track—we take it too sharply, and—thud!—our sled has overturned, depositing us upon the cruel, hard ground.

But tobogganing may be indulged in even when snow does not cloak the hillside. In summer, when the rays of the sun have baked the grass to a brown, slippery stubble, the tobogganist may still toboggan to his heart's content, for the sun-baked grass will form as excellent a "track" as the firmest of snow. Here, therefore, are instructions for making both a grass and a snow toboggan, and they will be found not only extremely simple to construct, but quite inexpensive, as well.

For the grass toboggan we shall first require two staves from a fairly large barrel. These may be taken from any empty barrel—which a few pence will readily entice from the local grocer.

Lay the two staves upon the floor, about 4 in. apart. Connect them together near one end by securely nailing across a piece of board A, Fig. 1, 8 in. wide, ½ in. thick, and just long enough to reach to the outer edge of each stave.

Now nail a second piece of wood, B, 2 in. wide and ½ in. thick, across the staves towards the other end, letting it project about 4 in. on each side. This is to act as a foot-rest. At each extremity of this foot-rest holes should be bored by means of a red-hot poker or a gimlet, and a loop of rope knotted through them. This loop may be termed the "reins," and by its aid the tobogganist is able to retain his seat upon the sled when it is in motion. On each side, between the hole and the stave, gouge out a hollow for the reception of the foot.

The toboggan is now finished, and a "track" must next be made.

Take the toboggan to the top of a steep hill, covered with dry grass, and get a friend, brother, cousin, or uncle—the heavier he is the better—and ask him to take a seat upon it. Then proceed to make your "track" by pulling him down the hill three or four times. After the grass has been "polished" by this performance, the toboggan will take its passenger down the decline by its own weight. Moreover, as the runners and the "track" get more polished, the faster will the pace become.

For the snow sled we shall require four more staves from the barrel, to act as runners. If the barrel be at all large, the staves may prove a trifle too long for our purpose, and in this case they must be shortened an inch or two at each end.

Having cut the runners to a suitable length, a block of wood must be nailed or screwed to the centre of each, as shown at A, Fig. 2. Now select two of the runners, and connect them together by nailing a strip of wood 8 in. long and ½ in. thick to these blocks. The other pair of runners must be similarly treated, the only difference being that the strip of wood must be 16 in. instead of 8 in. long, thus making a projection of 4 in. at each side. These projections should be roughly rounded with a knife, and finished off with coarse sand-paper, to furnish grips for the hands.

Having, for the time being, dispensed with the runners, we will turn our attention to the platform, or body of the sled. This merely consists of a piece of board 12 in. wide, ½ in. thick, and about 3 ft. long, the front being roughly shaped, as shown in Fig. 3, by having the two corners sawn off.

Now take the back runners—those without the projecting handgrips—and securely nail them to the under-side of the platform. This done, a hole must be bored in the centre of the remaining pair of runners. A red-hot poker is the simplest instrument with which this may be accomplished. A corresponding hole must also be bored in the front of the platform,

From a neighbouring ironmonger's purchase an iron bolt, and loosely bolt the front runners to the platform. A washer should be placed between the platform and the bar of the runners, to act as a kind of swivel upon which the latter can turn.

(Another Splendid Hobby Article Next Week.)



My Weekly Interview

By the Special Representative of
"The Greyfriars Herald."

This week:

GEORGE BULSTRODE

"I'll resign!" Harry Wharton uttered the words in ringing tones.

I couldn't help hearing the exclamation, for I was passing Wharton's study at the time, on my way to interview Bulstrode of the Remove.

"I'll resign!" Wharton repeated. "It's a thankless job, and I'm fed-up with it!"

Now, that could only mean one thing, I argued. Wharton was tired of being captain of the Remove, and he was going to relinquish the reins of office.

I passed on to Bulstrode's study with a thoughtful expression on my face.

Bulstrode was having tea—and a jolly tempting tea it was. He seemed to have bought up the tuckshop, for there were piles and piles of pastries on the snowy-white table-cloth.

"Look here," I said affectionately. "If you'll let me have a share in the feed, I'll tell you something to your advantage."

Bulstrode immediately sat up and took notice.

"Pile in!" he said. "But if you're pulling my leg, you'll leave this study on crutches!"

"I've no desire to pull your leg," I replied. "Now, look here. Once upon a time, you were skipper of the Remove, if you remember. "Well, the captaincy's yours again. Wharton's resigned. I heard him say so just now. The job's going begging, and all you've got to do is to grab it before anybody else comes along."

Bulstrode jumped to his feet. There was an eager gleam in his eyes.

"I—I can hardly believe it!" he muttered.

"It's true enough," I said.

At that moment, Wharton himself came into the study.

"Hallo, Bulstrode!" he said. "I wanted to see you about Saturday's match."

"Blow Saturday's match!" Is it true, that you've resigned from the captaincy of the Form?"

"Nothing of the sort!" said Wharton.

"But—but I heard you!" I protested. "I heard you say quite distinctly, 'I'll resign!'"

"Ass! By that I meant that I'd resign from the Remove Debating Society! I'm fed-up with being the secretary of such a dead-and-alive affair."

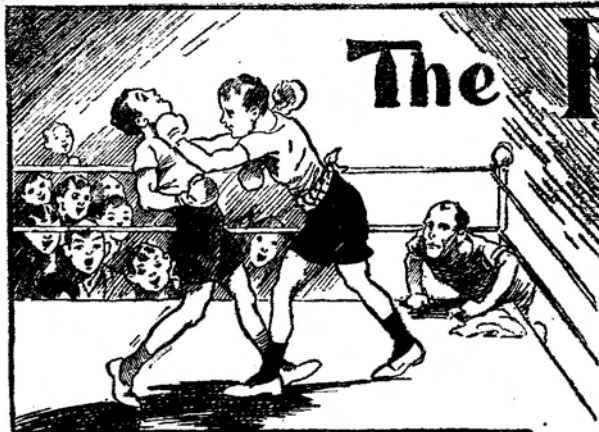
"Oh, crumbs!"

Once again I had jumped too quickly to conclusions. But I didn't jump too quickly to the door, for Bulstrode managed to let drive with his boot at the rear of my person.

Such is life!

THE END.

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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

READ THIS FIRST.

Jack Blundell and Guy Caldecott, both of St. Bartlemys, are rivals for school honours. Caldecott is a great favourite with the Head, and in his speech on the day of the contest between the two boys for the Public Schools' Championship, he expresses a hope that if Guy is not successful in winning the boxing championship he will be the winner of the big University Scholarship. Jack Blundell is the favourite of the majority of the boys, and when the Head takes sides in the matter they give Jack a rousing cheer. For a long time it looks as though Caldecott will win the great fight on points, but Jack is confident of success, and taking the advice of his chums and seconds, Paston and Tubby Paterson, he delivers the knock-out to Caldecott. The blow is a terrific one, and it is soon discovered that Caldecott has been very badly punished. There is a sensation when the school doctor, who dislikes boxing, announces that Caldecott is unconscious and that a merciless and cruel blow was delivered. Jack protests that it was a perfectly fair hit. But there is a bigger surprise to come. At that moment the Head comes hurrying back. "One minute, boys," he says to those who have started to move away. "There has been black work to-night, not only here, but in connection with the scholarship examinations, which take place in two days' time." The boys stare and gape as he explains that all the papers have been tampered with while he was away from the study. The Head demands that the guilty boy owns up, but there is silence. At last he turns to Jack. "Do you hear my question, Blundell?" he shouts. "Are you going to deny that you have been to my study?"

(You can now read on.)

The Confession!

JACK seemed to hesitate when the Head put the direct question to him. His eyes were wandering to the prone figure, now being lifted on to the stretcher.

"Why, no, sir," he stammered. "I was in your study. That's quite right. About three-quarters of an hour ago, sir!"

"Indeed! And why, pray?"

"To find you, sir. I was told you wanted to see me," answered Jack, quite innocently.

"To find me, when I have been seated here for the last two hours watching the display?" the Head reminded him, with emphasis so scath-

ing that the lad was forced at last to a full grasp of affairs.

His handsome face flushed. He recalled now that something was being said about exam. papers being stolen. Surely they were not accusing him!

But they were. Every boy in the building was agog, watching. Who was likely to send Blundell on such a wild-goose chase? they argued. If it had been anyone but Jack, they would have sniffed it as a shuffling lie. They held their breaths and waited.

The Head was eyeing Jack with unmistakable scorn.

"Indeed," he said coldly. "You admit then to being in my study, and you realise that question papers have been stolen from my desk there."

"But not by me!" exploded Jack. "You are not daring to suggest that I had anything to do with it?"

"Daring!" echoed the Head. "You dare to use that phrase to me, sir. I am asking you for explanations, and seemingly it is necessary to ask not once, but twice. I never sent for you to go to my study. Tell me who brought you the supposed message?"

"And why were you fool enough to act upon it, when you must have known and seen that I have been in this hall all the time?"

But Jack only glared at him. He could not yet get past the fact that he—the very soul of schoolboy honour, as he tried to be—was being accused of the dirtiest form of theft that he could possibly imagine.

"You are going to defy me with silence, is that it?" thundered the Head. It was unlike him to lose command of his temper. But Jack's savage handling of his favourite, Caldecott, had roused him.

His voice shook with rage.

"For the last time, Blundell, I ask you to substantiate this story by telling me the name of the person who sent you to my study?"

Jack Blundell glared at the Head of St. Bartlemys. Then he answered bluntly:

"I refuse!"

That was all. Dr. Dowler turned white with rage.

He took a turn up and down the boxing-ring considering how to deal with such open defiance of his authority. For the entire school was gathered there in the gymnasium, watching him.

This incident of the stolen exam. papers and the accusation that Jack Blundell, the school's finest athlete, was the thief, had come like a bombshell in the midst of the annual boxing competitions.

More dramatic than this even, it had come immediately on Jack knocking out his opponent, Caldecott, in the final of the heavy-weights. That victory made him not merely champion of St Bartlemys, but sure favourite for the heavy-weights in the Public Schools' Boxing Championships soon to be held.

But whether Jack Blundell would ever survive now to represent the school was more than doubtful. This charged, if proved, would ruin him. Yet he seemed to be making no effort to rebut it. The Head evidently was convinced as to his guilt.

"Go to your study, you young ruffian!" commanded Dr. Dowler, with a sudden outburst of rage, swinging round on Jack again. "Never leave it without my permission. And when reason and shame are restored to you, confess your wretched guilt and return those papers to me. Go!"

They had already carried his beaten opponent away to the school hospital ward. For Caldecott was badly knocked about.

Jack, with black wretchedness in his heart, turned on his heel, caught up his dingy old sweater and stalked out of the gym. The ranks of frightened boys opened to let him through.

He reached his study like one walking in a dream. Then, coming suddenly to his senses, he hurled the door to with a crash and dropped into a chair.

"Accused of stealing question papers! My stars! What a notion! Me!" was all he could mutter to himself. The mere idea staggered him. He thought he must be mad.

Who had sent him to the Head's study on that wild-goose chase?

Jack knew, of course. It was young Ken Allison, Jack's own stepbrother. For his pater had married again. He had married a widow, with a boy three years younger than Jack. The latter had hated the notion, but it could not be helped.

Ken, also was here at St. Bartlemys, a bright, good-looking lad and clever;

but too shy of sport, and to fond of fooling about in doubtful company of lads older and less innocent than himself.

Jack knew them all and despised them. Nash of the Sixth was one; Naylour and Gaslyn of the Fifth, fair specimens of the rest. A smoking, card-playing set who patronised Ken mainly for the "tin" which his dotting mother was always sending him.

"Yes, it was Ken," recollected Jack, piercing out the whole business in his buzzing brain. "He came to me just when I was crossing to the gym. I remember. I hadn't been in till then, so didn't know the Head was really there."

Why on earth his stepbrother should have played such a fool-joke on him, he could not think. But until he knew, he was not going to give him away. That was why he had answered the Head with that flat, "I refuse!"

"Stolen question papers," echoed Jack again, in dull perplexity. "Surely young Ken has had nothing to do with those? Why should he? He is not in for the exam."

And then another solution struck him.

"Great Caesar! Surely that can't be it!" he exclaimed aloud. "And yet I don't know. He is in for the exam, if Ken isn't. It would be like him to make a cat's-paw of the kid. And then his game would be to shove suspicion on me."

It was of Nash, this other Sixth-former, he was thinking. Young Ken and he were always together. And Nash was in for the scholarship, too.

"It can't be possible, surely," groaned Jack, stumbling to his feet. "I'll go and tackle Ken about it."

It was only when he was out in the corridor that he remembered the Head's stern injunction that he was not to leave his study without orders.

Heedless of that, Jack stormed down the passage. The Shell studies were across the staircase, in the same block. Jack strode there like a stalking vengeance.

"Come in!" called the doubtful voice as he smote the panel with his fist.

Jack threw open the door. Ken, within, rose slowly to his feet at sight of him.

Jack was not pretty to look at. He had not washed even since he had left the boxing-ring. Blood was still caked upon his cheek. Only his old sweater was knotted round his bare, bruised shoulders.

Ken's study companion, young Treeby, was also within. In curt tones Jack commanded him to clear, and the youngster obeyed. Jack faced his stepbrother.

"Were you at the boxing show?" he demanded grimly.

"No, I wasn't!"

"No, you wouldn't be," laughed Jack, with irony, knowing his stepbrother's tastes. "But you've heard what happened, I suppose?"

"About your knocking out Caldecott, you mean? He's very bad, I hear."

Jack winced. He had forgotten about Caldecott.

"No, I don't mean about Caldecott. It's about some question papers being stolen from the Head's study during the bouts."

Ken seemed to wince also. He stared hard at Jack, moistening his lips with his tongue.

"Well?" he queried, with an effort to speak easily. "What of it?"

"Just this. I am accused of stealing them. And the whole ground is, that I went to the Head's study while he was at the show. You know why I went there, don't you?"

Ken hesitated, licking his lips again.

"No, what do you mean?" he demanded, in almost a whisper.

"You don't know, you young cad?" exploded Jack. "Why you told me the Head wanted to see me, in his study."

"Not in his study, necessarily."

"You did. You said that. I asked you," thundered Jack. "You shuffling, little cad; you've landed me into

verted wit to suggest decoying another innocent person into their trap, in case of discovery. And meeting Jack, Ken had made a sacrifice of him.

Helpless against Jack's outraged wrath; scared that their plot, so cunningly contrived, should have been torn to shreds at the first encounter, Ken confessed.

He had crept into the Head's study and got hold of the question papers.

"Why? For whom?"

"You know. You've just said his name. Nash made me," the culprit snivelled.

"Made you?"

"Yes, I owe him money—lots. They did me down at cards. I couldn't pay, so Nash said he'd settle for me if I helped him in this. We were to copy the questions only and then put the papers back. But—"

"But what?" demanded Jack inexorably.



"I have no papers," retorted Jack. "No papers!" thundered the Head, who could see them bulging from the folds of the sweater. "Then what are these?"

this, and I'm going to get to the bottom of it."

Ken turned pale and began to shrink away.

"Do you hear? It's no good your lying. You know something about the theft of those papers, and to cover it up you sent me there on a wild-goose chase, so as to be able to turn suspicion on to me."

One look at the wretched lad's face was enough. Guilt was there in every line—guilt and terror.

Now Jack had no particular dislike for the youngster. In fact, for his dad's sake he had loyally tried to act towards Ken as an elder brother and pal. It was Ken who fought shy of this, deliberately making friends with chaps like Nash, whom Jack despised.

And now this set had been the youngster's undoing. Nash, who had no chance for the scholarship against Caldecott or Jack even, had determined to play false. He had stolen the question papers somehow, or had induced Ken to do it for him, more likely. It would be like Nash's per-

"I—I knew I hadn't been seen doing it," faltered Ken, on the verge of blubbing. "Yet I was in such a frightful funk, in case anyone had spotted me going in—"

"That you thought you'd cover yourself by sending me across afterwards, to walk into the trap," sneered Jack. "As I was in for the exam. It would be quite the likely thing that I should want to bag the papers, wouldn't it? Oh, you contemptible little beast!"

Ken's Letter!

THERE was silence except for Ken's snivelling. Yet even now he did not seem to realise the full horror of his action. There was no wild outburst of repentance. Jack marvelled to think what his pater would say to it all, if he knew.

The old gov'nor would have a fit. He would turn the youngster out of his home and never have him back. If there was anything on earth he could not stand, it was dishonesty and cunning. And as for this culminating

treachery against his own kith and kin, old John Blundell would never forgive him until his death.

So Jack had to walk warily. For the family name he must cover up the scandal as well as he could. He was trying to hit on the best way now.

On the study-table were inkstand and an exercise-book. He tore a leaf out of the latter. Thrusting out the pen to Ken's trembling fingers he bade him write.

"Write what?" whined the other.

"A full confession of all you did," commanded Jack. "Tell it just as you've told me."

"Oh, but—I couldn't. Think what it would mean. Nash would kill me," blubbered Ken in weak despair.

"Nash! Don't bother your head about Nash!" thundered Jack. There was no thought in Ken's heart for saving his good name he noticed.

"I'll settle with Nash, or the Head will," he promised him. "You write as I tell you, my son, and the quicker the better. Go on!"

"But how can I? What am I to say? The Head will expel me, and then—what then?" groaned Ken, in tears.

"The Head will certainly expel you if you don't. Can't you see, you young ass, that it's your only chance. After all you were the tool of others, though you must have a rotten, mean nature to give way as you did. But write. You've got to. Go on!"

But still the culprit only fumbled and moaned that it was no use. Jack stood over him, however, almost guiding the pen in those trembling fingers. Ken managed to scrawl the words, "To Dr. Dowler" and the opening words "I confess," then again he broke down into helpless tears.

Into the Trap!

"I CAN'T write—I can't," blubbered Ken. But Jack determined not to be baulked, pushed him roughly off the chair and plumped himself down.

"If you won't write, my son, I will," he told him emphatically. "I'll write it and you'll sign. See?"

On a fresh sheet of paper he began to write simple and tersely. Ken's snivelling grew less as he seemed to feel this much responsibility removed from his cowardly shoulders.

Then, as Jack bent grimly over the paper and the pen flew, Ken suddenly straightened with a jerk. A cunning, furtive light crept into his eyes. He had no love for Jack. He imbibed this from his mother, who secretly hated her husband's own son and heir.

Old Mr. John Blundell was rich, and made no concealment of the fact that young Jack was going to inherit nearly the whole of his fortune when he died. Jack's stepmother rankled under this. Mere jealousy at first had changed to rank dislike. He always felt that she would go to any length if she could only set his pater against him, and get her boy Ken instated in his place.

But it was Ken who was remembering this, not Jack. The latter was intent only on fending off a family disgrace. If he himself could take Ken's confession to the Head, the latter, he

believed, having so misjudged him, might show clemency.

So he wrote Ken's story of the theft, as he had been told it, the while Ken watched him closely as a lynx. Jack's back was half turned towards him. The folds of the sweater, flung carelessly round his shoulder, brushed Ken's sleeve.

Stealthily the younger lad began to wriggle a bulky packet free from an inside pocket, burrowing down in a hole in the lining to grope for it. Then, with the furtive gleam grown brighter and brighter in his half-closed eyes, he began to slip the package, little by little, into the folds of the sweater.

This done without attracting Jack's attention in the slightest, Ken rose, and on tiptoe slid to the door. Inch by inch he opened it, and a minute later had vanished like a thief.

All absorbed in his task of making every word tell, stating neither too little nor too much, Jack never noticed that he was now alone.

Four or five minutes must have passed. At last he had got the statement to his satisfaction and began to copy it afresh. Then he looked round.

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"Why, confound it! Ken, you young waster, where are you?" he exclaimed, and even looked below the table. Footsteps meantime were coming down the passage. Jack stared, nonplussed. Then the door was flung open, and the Head appeared.

White with anger, he stood regarding Jack. The latter quickly pulled himself together, gathering the sheets which would have been ready to present had Ken not played him false again.

But with a quick stride the Head prevented him. Brushing aside his hand, he swept up the papers himself. It was just at that instant that Jack caught a glimpse of his stepbrother, skulking, Judas-like, beyond the doorway. And then it burst upon him with a flash that he had put his head into a trap again.

"So," began the Head. "You defied my order that you were not to leave your study?"

"I did," was Jack's cold reply. "I wanted to see my stepbrother. I had something important to discuss with him."

"Indeed!" came the quick saucer. "The advisability of making full confession, so I understand."

"Confession!"

"That your story to me was a lie. That you stole the question papers after all. Oh, don't go back on the good you were doing! Your stepbrother has told me all, and, like a good lad, has pleaded for you."

Jack had recoiled. He had sensed a trap, but one so complete and hopeless as this he had not dreamed of. This confession was in his own handwriting. The Head could only believe that it was Jack's own. To start and explain that he was really writing it out for Ken to sign, would only bring down fresh rage and derision.

The Head was hurriedly scanning the scrawled pages. Ken had slunk back out of view again.

"Well?" demanded the Head, looking up.

"Well, what, sir?"

"Don't be impudent. So this is your story. All that remains, I presume, is for you to hand the question papers over to me, and I will then consider what steps I shall take with you."

"I have no papers," retorted Jack. "No papers!" thundered the Head, who could already see them bulging from the folds of the sweater round Jack's shoulders. "You incorrigible rascal! Then what are these?"

He plucked the papers from their hiding-place and thrust them before Jack's eyes. The latter stared at them.

However, the scene was over—that was one good thing. Drawing himself up to his full gaunt height the headmaster pointed to the door.

"To your study, sir," he commanded in a voice of flint. "This time someone will keep guard over you. To-morrow I will tell you what course I shall take to wipe this hideous stain from the honour of St. Bartlemy's. Go!"

Jack bowed his head pulling his sweater tighter round him. Suddenly, and only then, he felt deathly cold. All the light and hope had gone out of life. All the world seemed against him.

He could have spoken up, of course; proclaimed Ken traitor and thief and sneak. But what was the use? There, in the Head's clenched hand, was a confession in Jack's own fist, stating clearly in every line that Jack was the thief. For how else could they read it? Why should they believe it was a document he was drawing up for the real culprit to sign?

Moreover, the breed of the Blundell's was ever the first to shield its own. Jack was thinking of his pater, whom he respected and adored. He would right this hideous muddle. But now to keep a stiff upper lip, take all that was elung at him, and leave all to his dad.

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

HOW TO IMPROVE YOUR FOOTER!

By TOM CLAY

Right Full-Back of Tottenham Hotspur and an International

No. I. The Full-Back Game

PROBABLY if you asked the average young full-back what full-back play really consists of, you would get a reply something on these lines:

"Tackling strongly, and booting the ball hard when it comes to you."

As a matter of fact, though, full-back play really consists of much more than this—if it is to be successful in decent class football.

In the first place, the thing which the full-back must learn is that he has a partner, and must always work with him. A great deal can be done in effective defensive play by means of a proper understanding between the two full-backs.

First of all then, I want to tell you one or two things about the positions which good full-backs take up to dispose of the attacks of their opponents. Here a note of warning must be sounded against over-confidence. I can tell my readers from my own experience that very nearly the most dangerous time for the full-backs is when their own side is attacking. When one's forwards are hard at it near the opponents' goal, it is the most natural thing in the world for the full-backs to move up the field in the effort to help their front-line men to drive home those attacks.

In doing this, though, young full-backs should be careful, because there are such things as break-aways in football, and woe betide the two full-right down the centre of the field, when their own side is attacking.

Suppose, for instance, they move right up to about the half-way line—both of them. They are spread some distance away from each other, and that means that they leave a big gap right down the centre of the field through which an enterprising centre-forward may dash when the ball is kicked away from his goal. Only the other week in a First League match I



Tom Clay.

saw a tragedy on these lines. One side was attacking, and, confident of being able to do what they liked, the full-backs moved up even beyond the half-way line. Suddenly the ball was kicked out from goal to their opponents' centre-forward, and in the twinkling of an eye he was off through the gap left by the advancing full-backs. Before either could stop him, he was right through, and there was, of course, only the poor, helpless goalkeeper to prevent the forward from scoring. He scored in due course.

What full-backs should do then, when their own side is attacking, is for one of them to move well up, but the other should stay behind, and come across the field a little way to prevent the opposing centre-forward from dashing through in a sudden break-away in the manner of the incident quoted above.

In other ways, too, there is much in position play in regard to full-backs. Free kicks just outside the penalty area are dangerous occasions for the defenders of a side, because the goalkeeper generally only gets a very faint glimpse of the ball. What we

do at Tottenham, when defending on these occasions, is for the goalkeeper to take up his position at one side of the goal, and for one of the full-backs to stand under the bar at the other side. Thus, a side gets the same effect almost as if it had two goalkeepers. Not so long ago I was lucky enough to save a certain goal by taking up this position as I have explained.

From the free-kick the ball was fired in right to where I was standing under the bar, and I was able to head it out, although it was going at rather an amazing speed, and I felt a bit dazed for some little time. But who thinks anything about merely being dazed when a certain goal has been saved?

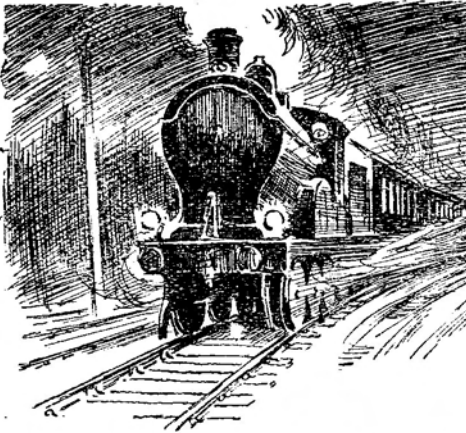
One full-back should also take up a similar sort of position when a corner-kick has been taken which has led to a terrific scrimmage near his goal. Apart from these occasions though, when it is wise for the full-back to become a sort of second goalkeeper, it is a good policy for the defenders always to give the man between the posts as much space to work in as possible, and a good chance to see where and how the ball is coming. Many a goal has been scored, and many a point lost by the full-backs crowding on to the goalkeeper unnecessarily, for thus they have prevented him getting a clear view of the ball as it came from the boot of an opponent.

T. Clay

Another instructive article from the pen of Tom Clay will be given next Tuesday. Introduce this fine series to your chums!



It is asking for trouble for the two full-backs to go too far up the field at some distance away from each other. By this means they leave a big gap through which an enterprising centre-forward may dash.



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W. MURRAY GRAYDON

Some Further Talk—The Appointment for the Night—Why Herbert Sleath Came to London—Steele's Hope.

THE two were silent, gazing at each other intently. Steele had overheard every word that had been uttered, and had grasped the situation. It was all clear to him now. He had been on a false scent. The man in the brown suit was Herbert Sleath, and his encounter with Ralph Vanderling had been a complete surprise to him. As for Vanderling, he had not been concerned in the slightest degree in the abduction of Squire Chumleigh's grandson. He had searched in Steele's bedchamber in the Red Lion Hotel at Newton Abbot merely because he had recognised the detective in the grounds of Chumleigh Hall, and had afterwards ascertained, by listening to the conversation between Steele and the old squire, that Peter Chumleigh was alive and in the clutches of the men Sleath and Flindt, and that the detective's young assistant had written to him stating that he had a clue to the whereabouts of the youth.

Such were Steele's theories, and it occurred to him at once what a significance this meeting might have; what a deadly menace it might be to Peter Chumleigh. Leaning indolently back on the couch, his eyes bent on a cigar he was smoking, he waited in the hope of hearing more.

"You are the very man I've been wanting to find," Ralph Vanderling repeated, after a short pause.

"And what do you want with me, sir?" asked Herbert Sleath.

"I can't tell you here. I must have an opportunity of talking to you in private. You are staying at Bonner's, I presume?"

"Yes, for a day or so."

"So am I. Let us go up to my room."

"I can't now, Mr. Vanderling. I have some business to attend to—an appointment that will keep me for an hour or so."

Again they exchanged intent glances, a shade of uneasy conjecture in Herbert Sleath's eyes. Vanderling's gaze giving no hint of what was in his mind.

"Where can I meet you later?" he inquired.

"Come to the Cafe Smyrna in Greek Street, Soho," Sleath answered. "Do you know it?"

"No, but I can easily find it," said Ralph Vanderling. "At what time?"

"Ten o'clock will suit me."

"And it will suit me, Sleath."

"Very well. I will be there before ten, and will try to get a table in a far corner."

The conversation had been carried on in very low tones, but the detective, who had abnormally keen hearing, had not missed any of it. The two men separated, Ralph Vanderling ascending the stairs to his room, while Herbert Sleath passed out into the street. And a little later Raymond Steele left the hotel, and bent his steps homeward, thinking of what he had learned. His shrewd brain was dissecting it, and forming deductions.

"The meeting was purely accidental," he said to himself, "and it was a surprise to both of those men. It is a sinister coincidence that they should have been thus brought together. Sleath has come up to London, of course, to call at the address in Lambeth in the hope that there will be a letter there from Squire Chumleigh. And Vanderling, having learned that Herbert Sleath and his accomplice, Flindt, have Peter Chumleigh in their clutches, intends to propose to Sleath to-night that the youth should be put out of the way for good and all, so that he can secure his uncle's fortune. And in all likelihood the proposition

will be accepted, the men realising that they can get much more money from Ralph Vanderling than they could from the old squire. What shall I do? Whip over to Lambeth and watch for Herbert Sleath? No, it would be a mistake to arrest him at this stage of affairs. I will get into disguise, and go to the Cafe Smyrna, where I shall probably glean some information of value."

At the Cafe in Soho—A disappointment for the detective—An Awkward recognition—Lights Out—Steele Loses His Men, and Decides to Return to Devonshire.

IT is said that Greek Street is the worst street in London, and in some respects perhaps it is. Be that as it may, however, police are seldom seen there after dark except in couples. As for the Cafe Smyrna, it was the resort of many persons of shady reputation, and it was also frequented by more dangerous individuals. Raymond Steele knew it well, and he was aware that he might find there one or two criminals who had a grudge against him. But when he walked into the place at five minutes past ten o'clock that night he was not afraid of his identity being suspected, so skilfully was he disguised. He had rubbed a brown stain into his face and hands, and he wore shabby clothes, soiled linen, and a soft hat with a wide brim.

The Cafe Smyrna was of a cosmopolitan character. The large room reeked with the fumes of vile tobacco, and was lighted by a cluster of electric bulbs that hung from the low ceiling, and were screened by a red shade. At numerous little tables sat a score or so of men, the majority of them foreigners, who were drinking red and white wine, smoking pipes and cigarettes, and jabbering the languages of half a dozen countries. By the door was the cashier's desk, occupied by a frowsy young woman with a swarthy complexion; and at the rear was a zinc service-bar, behind which stood the proprietor, a villainous old Greek.

Steele did not hesitate. Having thrown a sweeping glance around him, he went straight to an unoccupied table that was against the wall on the left, and sat down. He ordered a small bottle of Chianti of a waiter who was moving to and fro, and when

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 Daymoor, and Oliver, who is seeking him, is also captured. Ralph Vanderling, Peter's uncle, whom Steele has been shadowing as a suspect, meets Sleath accidentally at Bonner's Hotel.

(Now read on.)

the wine had been brought to him, and he had lit a cigarette, he took furtive observation of two men who were seated at a table that was directly in front of him, and in a back corner of the room.

The men were Herbert Sleath and Ralph Vanderling, and they were not disguised. Sleath was dressed as he had been at Bonner's Hotel, while Vanderling had changed his evening-clothes for a suit of tweeds. They were talking in low tones, with their heads together, and unfortunately there were between them and the detective two tables that were occupied. It was impossible for Steele to hear even a word of their conversation, nor was there a vacant table to be had in a more advantageous position than the one at which he was seated.

"I'll have to wait," he reflected. "I may be able to get a seat nearer to them presently."

The night wore on. Half an hour passed, while customers entered and departed, but Steele did not get such an opportunity as he wanted. At length the door was opened, and there came into the cafe a tall man with a florid complexion and a fair moustache, flashily attired, who might have been taken for a professional gambler. He strolled carelessly to the left, glancing here and there, and he was about to go by Steele's table when he noticed him. He stopped short, and sat down opposite the detective, staring at him in bewilderment.

"By Jove, it's Raymond Steele!" he said rather loudly.

At the moment, as it happened, there was a lull in the hum of voices. Steele gave a quick start, and put a warning finger to his lips. He at once recognised the man who had addressed him, as the latter was thinly disguised.

"Perrick!" he whispered.

"That's right," assented Inspector Perrick of Scotland Yard. "How did you guess?"

"Easily enough. It isn't the first time I've seen you wearing that false moustache. But how the deuce did you know me?"

"By that seal ring on the third finger of your left hand, of course."

"Ah, I see!" muttered Steele, in a tone of chagrin. "Confound my stupidity. I should have removed the ring!"

"The cleverest of us make mistakes sometimes, don't we?" said the inspector, with a smile. "What are you doing here?"

"Watching a couple of men yonder. And you?"

"I am looking for a Greek waiter who stole a lot of silverware from the Coruna Hotel in Piccadilly. He is in the habit of coming to the Smyrna."

"Well, Perrick, be careful how you talk. I am afraid you have spoilt my game as it is."

"You needn't worry. No harm has been done."

Steele was not so sure as that. He sipped his wine, and lit another cigarette, and then, as Inspector Perrick was speaking to the waiter, he threw a furtive glance at the two men in the corner, and saw that they were not paying any attention to him. His apprehensions were relieved and he

was thinking of the object he had in view, wondering how he was to achieve it, when Herbert Sleath said something to his companion, and rose to his feet.

He did not look towards the detective. He sauntered across the room, a stick in his hand, and paused beneath the cluster of shaded lights. The next instant he raised the stick, and struck a smashing blow. The electric bulbs fell in tinkling fragments to the floor, and the cafe was plunged in total darkness.

"What the deuce!" gasped the inspector.

"The daring scoundrel!" Steele exclaimed. "I know why he did that!"

They jumped up as they spoke, and were at once knocked down and trampled upon in the rush that had begun. They scrambled to their feet, and they had moved only a pace or two when they were wrenched violently apart, separated from each other. The room was in a turmoil, ringing

thrust out. For a little time the detective stood on the pavement, watching the hurrying figures; but he did not get a glimpse of either Herbert Sleath or Ralph Vanderling, and he knew that they could not be in the cafe.

"They have escaped by now," he reflected, "and it would be useless to look for them. They tricked me neatly."

With a shrug of the shoulders he walked down to the corner of Old Compton Street, and there he met Inspector Perrick, who was also in a dishevelled state.

"Ah, here you are!" he said. "I was just coming back to search for you. By Jove, what a scrimmage that was! We were lucky to get out of it alive. Some rascal got his hand into my pocket, and stole a purse with silver in it. What about you?"

Steele smiled grimly.

"I have lost my watch and cigarette-case."



In error and confusion, the customers swarmed madly to the door, and with them went Raymond Steele, fighting his way inch by inch.

with panic and confusion. Yells and oaths, and floundering steps, mingled with the clatter of falling chairs and tables, and the sound of breaking glasses and bottles.

The proprietor's voice rose loudly above the tumult, calling for order, but nobody paid any heed to him. In terror and confusion, shrouded in pitch blackness, the customers swarmed madly to the door, and with them went Raymond Steele, jostled and buffeted, fighting his way inch by inch, thrusting aside those who were in front of him. He was finally swept out into Greek Street, bruised and dishevelled, his hat missing, and his collar torn from his neck. He was in a hot temper, and to make matters worse he discovered that his pockets had been picked, and that he had been robbed of his watch and a silver cigarette-case.

The Greek was in the doorway shouting to his customers, who were all in rapid flight. A police-whistle shrilled, and a couple of constables appeared. Windows in the vicinity were thrown up, and heads were

"I don't wonder. But why the deuce did that fellow smash the lights? Was he one of the men you were watching?"

"He was, Perrick, and he plunged the room in darkness so that he and his companion would have a chance to give me the slip. He heard you address me by name, you bungler!"

"Well, it can't be helped. I'm very sorry. Your men have got clean away, I suppose."

"Yes, no doubt they have. I dare say they were the first to rush from the room."

"My man wasn't there to-night. I'll find him another time. Will you come down to Scotland Yard, Steele, and have a chat and a smoke?"

"No, I have something else to do, Perrick. I am working on a difficult case, and you will probably hear of it one of these days."

They walked together as far as Piccadilly Circus, where they parted company, Inspector Perrick bending his steps towards Whitehall, while Steele hailed a cab and bade the chauffeur take him to Welbeck Street. He was intensely irritated by his

failure, and there was a dark shadow in his mind as well. Though he had not been able to overhear any of the conversation between the two men, he was satisfied that murder was the gruesome subject that had been discussed; not doubting that Ralph Vanderling had proposed to Herbert Sleath that the squire's grandson should be put to death, and that Sleath had lent a favourable ear to the proposition. What would be their next move? Steele believed that he knew.

"It would be useless to keep Vanderling under surveillance," he said to himself. "He and Sleath will be on their guard after what has happened to-night. They know that I was watching them. They will probably go down to Dartmoor, and discuss the affair with Jason Flindt. At all events, I shall travel to Newton Abbot by the first train to-morrow, drive over to Tor Farm, and help Oliver to search for Peter Chumleigh. It may be that by now the lad has learned where he is."

Free at Last—The Lad Overhears a Startling Conversation—Peter and Oliver Make Their Escape.

IT was on the day when Raymond Steele went up to London, with the intention of shadowing Ralph Vanderling, that his young assistant ventured into the lonely valley of the Dart, and fell into the clutches of Jason Flindt and Tom Cobleigh. He was placed in a cot in a small room that was in darkness, securely bound and gagged; and there he remained that night, and during the whole of the next day, with the sullen roar of the stream dinning incessantly in his ears. No violence was offered to him, nor were his needs neglected. Food was given to him by his captors, both of them standing alertly by while he ate and drank, and when he had finished, his wrists were bound again, and the cloth was tied across his mouth. He was questioned alternately by Flindt and Cobleigh who tried to induce him to tell them where Raymond Steele was, and threatened him with death if he refused.

Oliver obstinately declined to speak, however, merely remarking that his master would soon find and rescue him. But he doubted if the men were deceived by his strategy, when he told them the same on the day after his capture. They must have taken it for granted by now, he reflected, that Steele had no knowledge of the whereabouts of his young assistant. He took a cheerful view of the situation, though. He had for consolation the thought that if Steele were to go to Tor Farm, as he would sooner or later, he would get from Molly Garrish information which would lead him to the lonely dwelling in the valley. As for Peter Chumleigh, he had no doubt that the kidnapped youth was in an adjoining room which communicated with the other one by a door. He heard footsteps there in the evening, and in the morning, and on the second occasion he heard and recognised Peter's voice in angry altercation.

"He is a plucky little chap," he

said to himself. "I wish I had a chance to talk to him."

It was towards the close of the second day, when captivity was growing very irksome to Oliver, that he conceived the hope of escape. At intervals during the afternoon he had strained at the cords which bound his wrists and ankles, and had succeeded in relaxing them very slightly. He waited until darkness had fallen, and renewed the attempt. It was hard and painful work, but he doggedly persevered for an hour, tugging at his wrist-fetters until, by strenuous efforts, he had loosened them still more. One final, desperate exertion, and he snapped a strand of the weakened cords. They dropped from his chafed wrists, and for a few minutes he lay still, gasped heavily for breath, utterly exhausted by the struggle.

When he had recovered he sat up, his heart throbbing with joy, and with nimble fingers he untied his ankles and tore the bandage from his mouth. Then he rose warily to his feet and considered the situation. To his left was the door communicating with the room in which he knew Peter Chumleigh to be, and to his right was another door leading to the kitchen of the house. The men were there and they were talking. Their voices could be dimly heard. The lad felt that he ought to at once rescue his fellow-prisoner, and try to escape with him, but he was tempted by the opportunity of learning something of importance.

"I'll risk it," he reflected. "There won't be any danger if I am careful."

He glided to the door on the right, and, stooping by it, he put an eye to the keyhole. He had a view of the room, and to his surprise he perceived three persons, whereas he had expected to see only two. Herbert Sleath had returned. He was seated at a table with Jason Flindt, and with them was a third man who was a stranger to Oliver. He was a man of about forty, well-dressed, with a black moustache and a florid complexion. The lad wondered who he was. He could hear nothing distinctly at first; but presently he caught a word or two that thrilled him, and immediately afterwards he heard mention a name that gave him another thrill. It was the name of Vanderling, and it was familiar to him.

"That's queer," he thought. "It must be Peter Chumleigh's relative from New York. The man who will inherit the million pounds if Peter should die. Ralph Vanderling in England, and with these scoundrels! What can it mean?"

Crouching closer to the door, still listening intently, he peered within and waited. The men had raised their voices a little, and the conversation was now audible to Oliver. It was Herbert Sleath who was speaking.

"That's all very well, Mr. Vanderling," he said. "We know the position you are in. You stand to win a fortune of a million by the boy's death, while we carried him off with the intention of demanding a stiff ransom for him. Murder isn't in our line. It would be a hanging matter if we were caught, and very likely

we would be, since Raymond Steele is on our track."

"He isn't now," Ralph Vanderling replied. "We shook him off at that cafe in Soho last night, and I dare say he is completely at fault. He has no idea where you have got Peter Chumleigh, and there is no chance of his finding his way here after he has discovered that his young assistant has disappeared."

"I'm not so sure of that, sir," Jason Flindt remarked. "There isn't a man in Scotland Yard half so clever as Raymond Steele. His boy Oliver wrote to him at the Red Lion Hotel at Newton Abbot, you told us. He must have mentioned in the letter that he had found some clue, and it will very likely lead Steele to our hiding-place."

"There is a grave risk," Herbert Sleath continued. "No doubt of that. At the same time, Mr. Vanderling, we might be inclined to accept your proposition. But if murder is to be done it won't be for the paltry sum of sixty thousand pounds."

Ralph Vanderling shrugged his shoulders.

"It is ten thousand more than you have demanded of Squire Chumleigh," he said.

"The circumstances are different. The squire is not the next heir to the boy's estate. You are, and you will inherit a cool million. You can afford to pay us considerably more than the amount you have offered."

"You are too greedy, Sleath. But I am willing to give you seventy thousand pounds."

"It is not enough, sir."

"Eighty thousand then, confound you!"

"No, Mr. Vanderling, you haven't touched the mark yet."

"Name your price, Sleath. What is it?"

"We must have one hundred thousand pounds, sir. We won't take a penny less."

There was brief silence. Sleath and Flindt glanced at each other, and looked at Ralph Vanderling, who hesitated for a moment.

"Very well, it's a bargain," he said reluctantly.

Oliver did not wait to hear more.

"Peter to be killed!" he murmured. "What an awful thing! But those villains won't have a chance to do him any harm. We will both escape while they are talking in there."

Having listened for a few seconds, the lad crept as stealthily as a cat to the opposite door, and found to his relief that it was not locked.

"Be careful!" he bade in a low tone. "Don't talk loud!"

"You here!" Peter whispered.

"We can't leave by that other door, Oliver, for it is locked."

"We'll have to try the window then."

"There's nothing else for it. The shutter is closed and fastened, but if we can break it open—"

"Come along," Oliver interrupted. "We haven't any time to waste. Every minute is precious."

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

THE CASE OF PODGERS, M.P.!

Our Great New Series dealing with
the Amazing Adventures of

HERLOCK SHOLMES
DETECTIVE

Written by

PETER TODD

The Mystery.

THERE was a distinct odour of kippers about Herlock Sholmes, as he came into our rooms at Shaker Street, late one afternoon. He laid a parcel on the table wrapped in several sheets of manuscript. I glanced at it inquiringly.

"Our frugal dinner, my dear Jotson," said Sholmes, with a smile, as he unwrapped the kippers. "It will not run to chips this evening. I almost wish, sometimes, that one of your wealthier patients would make a will in your favour, my dear fellow, and then allow you to operate upon him."

"My dear Sholmes—"

"The paper wrappings are of some interest," continued Sholmes. "As you see, they are written manuscript."

"Doubtless the work of some aspiring author, which has found its way to the waste-paper basket," I remarked.

"Not at all, Jotson. The handwriting is that of a well-known member of Parliament—a slashing opponent of the Government."

"The written copy of a speech delivered in the House?" I asked, with some interest, glancing at the sheet Sholmes had spread out on the table. It began, "The monumental stupidity and evasive disingenuousness exhibited by the honourable gentlemen opposite—"

I had read no further, when there came a tap at the door.

I had just time to whisk the kippers into the coal-scuttle, and Sholmes to slip the somewhat kippery manuscripts into his pocket, when the door opened, and a visitor rushed in.

He was evidently in a great hurry, for he did not wait for Mrs. Spudson to announce him.

The coast was, however, clear. Save for a lingering aroma of kippers, there was nothing to betray our dinner reposing in the coal-scuttle.

"Herlock Sholmes!" gasped the portly gentleman who had rushed in, sinking into a chair.

"Calm yourself, Mr. Podgers," said Herlock Sholmes quietly.

"You know me, Sholmes—Podgers, M.P.," gasped our visitor. "You must help me—save me—or I am lost. I have had a terrible misfortune, which bids fair to ruin my whole Parliamentary career!"

"Pray give me a few details," said Herlock Sholmes. "You may speak quite freely before my friend Dr. Jotson."

Mr. Podgers gasped for breath. He was in a state of great agitation, and it was some moments before he could proceed.

"Mr. Sholmes!" he spluttered, at

last. "My speech is missing! The speech I wrote out this morning for delivery in the House this evening. It is a slashing attack on the Government. It commences 'The monumental stupidity and evasive disingenuousness exhibited by the honourable gentlemen opposite—'"

I started.

Sholmes made me a sign to be silent. "You need not recite the speech, Mr. Podgers," he remarked. "Life is short, and Parliamentary eloquence is long. The speech is missing?"

"Yes."

"But doubtless you can remember sufficient to deliver the speech in the House?"

"I can remember every word," groaned Mr. Podgers. "But you do not understand yet, the fearful seriousness of the situation. My



Mr. Podgers stuffed the tell-tale manuscript into the fire!

speech was written out, a slashing attack on the Government, raking them, fore and aft, so to speak, and leaving them simply without a leg to stand on. I had finished writing it, when I was called away to answer the telephone."

Mr. Podgers paused to mop his perspiring brow.

"I was called," he gasped, at last, "to receive the offer of an official job, at a handsome salary."

"Ah!" said Sholmes.

"I accept the offer, and returned to my library to write out a new speech, upholding the policy of the Government, and pouring scorn upon its opponents and critics. Before doing so, however, I intended to destroy the first speech—it was no longer of any use, owing to the change of circumstances. But it was gone."

"Gone!" repeated Sholmes.

"Gone!" exclaimed Mr. Podgers, with a gesture of despair. "During my absence from the library, a maid had tidied up the room, and the manuscript had been removed. Ignorant of its value, the foolish girl had taken it simply for waste-paper. And it unfortunately happened, that a waste-paper merchant had called at the house a few minutes later, and all

the waste-paper had been sold to him, including my manuscript. Imagine my feelings, Mr. Sholmes!"

I gazed sympathetically at the unfortunate Member.

"I sought out the waste-paper merchant immediately, but in the interval, before I could trace him, he had disposed of some of his stock to various tradesmen, for use as wrapping-paper for their goods—and my manuscript was among the quantity he had disposed of. It had disappeared—gone, vanished, he did not know whither." Mr. Podgers gasped. "The manuscript may, of course, be used in the ordinary way of trade, and vanish; but if it should by some awful chance come to light, Mr. Sholmes—if it should fall into the hands of some enterprising journalist, it would ruin me! Once published, or even shown, it would deprive me of the post of Under-Sub-Controller of the Tin Tacks Department. Mr. Sholmes, I have heard of your wonderful powers. You must find the missing speech—find it for me, so that I can see it destroyed with my own eyes; and name your own reward."

HERLOCK SHOLMES was absent only a few minutes.

When he re-entered the room, he held in his hand several sheets of written manuscript, which had a greasy look, and an ancient and fish-like smell.

Mr. Podgers sprang to his feet. Never have I seen a man so amazed as Podgers, M.P., at that thrilling moment.

"Mr. Sholmes!" he stuttered.

"The missing speech, Mr. Podgers!" said Herlock Sholmes, negligently.

"You—you have found it?"

"As you see!"

Mr. Podgers grabbed the manuscript. He glared at it, and a grin of satisfaction overspread his beefy features. Without wasting a moment, he rushed to the grate, and stuffed the tell-tale sheets into the fire, driving them well home with the poker. Owing to the kippery stains the paper blazed up quickly, and was at once consumed.

The happy member wrung my friend's hand.

"Mr. Sholmes, you have saved me! Send in your bill—any sum you like!"

SHOLMES!" I exclaimed.

"Well, my dear Jotson?" said Herlock Sholmes.

"The manuscript, it was the wrapping round the kippers," I ejaculated. "You have been singularly favoured by chance in this case, Sholmes."

"Chance, my dear Jotson, is not a word in my vocabulary," he said coldly. "My success is, of course, owing to my astonishing insight and marvellous powers. Could it be otherwise?"

"But—"

"You bore me, Jotson. Take the kippers down to Mrs. Spudson, and dry up."

Next week's screamingly funny adventure will be: "The Case of the Cubist!"



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.

ANOTHER RIPPING HAMPER PACKED FULL WITH TUCK! WHO WILL BE THE LUCKY READER THIS WEEK?

A SCORE FOR THE FAGS.

Several fags had collected in a corner of the quadrangle, and one of them was holding a bugle in his hand.

"I wish I could play something on it," said one.

"I wish I could even make a sound on it," said another.

"Why, I can't even blow through it!" said a third fag.

At that moment Horace Coker, of the Fifth, came along.

"Hallo! Let me have a look at that bugle!" he demanded. "I'll show you how to play the thing!"

The fags gave it to him, and Horace Coker thrust his chest forward and took the breath preparatory to blowing the bugle. He had no sooner raised it to his lips, when he dropped it and yelled:

"What blithering chump has shoved mustard in the mouthpiece?"

But Horace Coker was alone in his agony. — Money prize sent to "A Reader," 142, Plashet Road, Upton Park, Plaistow, E. 13.

Prizes for all Contributions
printed on this page.

THIS WEEK'S HAMPER WINNER

TOOK IT FOR A GRAND STAND!

A certain village team arrived on the opponents' ground with a man short. The captain, finding himself with no reserves, pressed a burly navy to play for them as goalie. When the game had been in progress for about five minutes, a slow, dribbling shot was sent into the net.

The navy could have stopped it without the slightest effort, had he wished.

The captain, in a temper, shouted: "You blockhead! Why the dickens didn't you stop the ball?"

Whereat the navy replied in amazement:

"What's the bleomin' nets for?"

—Tuck Hamper sent to E. Clegg, 53, Laister Street, Accrington, Lancs.

RATHER PREMATURE.

"Why have they put you in gaol again?" asked a philanthropist of Jim McHasbeen, who was playing draughts with his nose on the grated window of his cell.

"Because I had the luck to find Colonel Martin's watch."

"But it's not a crime to find a watch."

"Yes, I know. — But, you see, I found it before he lost it." — Money prize sent to David Taylor, 29, Constitution Street, Dundee, Scotland.

A BAD SHOT.

A Cockney was out shooting one day, when he happened to fire a shot through a hedge. A man was standing on the other side, and the Cockney's bullet went straight through his hat, but missed the bird the Cockney had aimed at.

"Did you fire that shot at me, sir?" roared the man.

"Oh, no, sir," replied the shrewd sportsman; "I never hit what I fire at!" — Money prize sent to Cyril Ford, West Downie Mount, Tayport, Fifeshire.

APPARENTLY HE HAD.

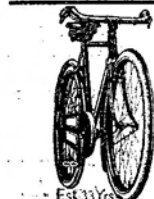
A man who worked in a little country office, on going to the seaside for the first time in his life, was confronted by his wife just before he left. She asked him to bring her home a bottle of sea-water, because it was so good for rheumatism. When he got there he went up to a salty old tar and asked him how much was a bottle of sea-water.

"Half-a-crown," replied the sailor. The countryman bought a bottle, and went for a stroll in the town.

When he arrived back to the shore the tide was out, and, on seeing the sailor, he exclaimed:

"By Harry! Have you sold all that lot already?" — Money prize sent to A. Wood, 9, Bridge Road, East Ham, E. 6.

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